

A Prayer

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?
Why are you so far from helping me, from the words of my groaning?
O my God, I cry by day, but you do not answer;
and by night, but find no rest.
My heart is in anguish within me,
the terrors of death have fallen upon me.
Fear and trembling come upon me, and horror overwhelms me.
And I say, "O that I had wings like a dove!
I would fly away and be at rest; truly I would flee far away;
I would lodge in the wilderness;
I would hurry to find a shelter for myself
from the raging wind and tempest."
It is not enemies who taunt me — I could bear that;
it is not adversaries who deal insolently with me —
I could hide from them.
But it is you, my equal, my companion, my familiar friend,
with whom I kept pleasant company;
we walked in the house of God with the throng.
My companion laid hands on a friend and violated a covenant with me
with speech smoother than butter, but with a heart set on war;
with words that were softer than oil, but in fact were drawn swords.

*"Understanding sexual abuse by a church leader or caregiver" 2nd edition, Mennonite Central
Committee Canada, p. 11.*