

Thinking I'm Something

by Catherine J. Foote

"You really think you're something, don't you?" It's forbidden.
Me thinking I'm something, me caring for me, me feeling for me is forbidden. Liking
myself is forbidden. Me listening to me--it isn't allowed.
"Who do you think you are?"
All-knowing God, how could you love me?
Don't you know who I am?
Small, stupid, ugly, bad. Dirty, clumsy, dumb.
And inside, deep inside, there's something wrong with me.
How could you love me? Don't you know me?
Don't you know how scared I get? how sad? how selfish? how angry?
Wise One, if you know me, you can't love me.
Gracious One, if you love me, what do you know?
Yet your love breaks through, as you hold me close, as you look into my face and into my
soul.
You look at me like an old friend, like someone you know well, like someone you know
completely, and you say I love you.
You love me, and you know me, even better,
even more than I know myself.
Give me strength to trust your knowing and your loving.
Give me courage to go on with the knowing,
in faith that it will lead to loving.
My soul runs from you. My self hides.
Will you say, "You really think you're something, don't you?"
Or are your words the ones I long to hear:
"I really think you're something. I'm really glad you're you."
Amen

Catherine Foote, *Survivor Prayers*, Westminster John Knox Press, 1994.