

Lord, I'm Afraid of You

Lord, I'm afraid to commit myself to you,
to put my fate in your hands,
because I'm frightened of suffering,
of injustice, of loneliness.
So I still can't say to you,
"Make me into your love
and mould me as you will,
as a husband holds and moulds his wife's shoulder..."

I'm afraid you'll lead me toward the unknown
where I'll be left alone to face you,
nothing between us,
where your will
might oppose my own so strongly
that it would change my whole life.

Anyway, Lord, I know my fate
is altogether in your hands.
I know that no matter what I do,
you will have the last word.
My soul belongs to you,
because you love me.

I love you too.
So where does my fear come from,
my holding back, my rebellion at times?
Is it because I don't have enough faith?
Yes, Lord, that must be it.
I don't have enough faith...

Still, there's something else...
In these times, you decided to be
one of the "pariahs:" the ragged, the humiliated,
the unknown living in the depths of destitution.
You decided to be one of these people who frighten me.

Just as they did before,
for so many days and nights,
you too will lead me through
one string of sacrifices after another,
one terrible trial after another.
You will cast me naked before my wretched brothers and sisters.
You will render me up to their mercy,
to their misery, and their solitude.

This is why you frighten me,
because you tell me,
from the depths of their being:

“These children are my brothers,
these women are my mother.
And I am Lazarus who disgusts you,
Mary Magdalene who tempts you,
the thieves who rob and insult you,
the leper, skinless and stunted,
who repels you.”

Lord, have mercy on me.
Do not deliver me,
bound hand and foot, to these brothers and sisters.
Do not deliver me, helplessly, to your love.
No! Not that, Lord.
For pity's sake, do not let it happen.
But since this is what you demand,
I will let it be done.
All the same, I'm afraid of you,
oh Lord.

