

In the unrelenting pain of my spirit I must speak

29 May 1998, Vassula prays:

In the unrelenting pain of my spirit I must speak,
lament in the bitterness of my soul;
come, I beg You, look at me;
have You done away with me?
My roots are thrust in You,
yet in my silence I say:
"The Lord God surely is upset with me;
He will surely cut me off one of these days;"
I look for light to understand,
but there is only darkness;
have I been maybe insensitive to Your Goodness?
have I disappointed You in any way or neglected You?
or has the sight of the sun in its glory,
or the glow of the moon as it walked the sky,
stolen my heart from You, so that my hand blew them a kiss?