

SUBMISSION

O God of Jacob ...

When will my wrestling end?
The tormented struggle within me.
When will rest come?
When will my spirit prevail?

To submit means more than giving up my wants.
To submit means admitting my need.

This burden is heavy; I am tired of carrying it.

The prison of self-sufficiency binds my soul.
The chains of rugged individualism, against which my soul does strive, shackle me.
My solitary confinement – a judgement rendered by one intimately closer than my peers.

O God of Jacob . . .

How my soul desires to stop resisting . . .
Can you hear my desperate screams?

to collapse into your arms and as a helpless infant, depend on the care of my Parent, my
Provider.

Catch me, God . . .

I no longer want to bear this weight upon my shoulders.

My soul is heavy – saddled with my need to not be
indebted.
vulnerable.
in need.
imperfect.
exposed.
out of control.

I'm tired and I'm weary of this fight.
Why won't my feet leave this shore? My souls longs to leap from its deceptive safety and be
swept up into your breathless wind – to float, to let go, to lose sight of the shore, to be a
child.

I need you. Why are those words so difficult to speak?

Bless me, God. Consume me. Let me see Your face.

I want freedom.

O God of Liberation . . .
rescue me from myself.