

Just call me Jonah.
I pride myself on being obedient
But tonight I'm being Jonah.
I'm finally alone for two hours,
an unheard of treat.
But I'm avoiding God.
I hate it when I'm too ashamed to go to Him.
I hate it when I'm disobedient.
I hate myself tonight.
I had two good opportunities to pray for someone in misery.
I even gathered with others to pray for her.
But I couldn't bring myself to say what I felt in my heart to pray.
I wanted to curse that rash and command it to go.
That's all.
Simple really.
One sentence.

But no. I hesitated until it was too late.
Even alone in the car with her I couldn't bring myself to.
She'd tell her parents that I cursed her.
Or even just that I prayed for her.
And there's a good possibility that they would even ask me
not to pray for her anymore.
Fear of man raised its ugly head, and as usual I cowered before it.
I'm so tired of having to repent for the same thing over and over.
I've done it so many times that I'm embarrassed
to ask God to forgive me anymore.

So, I've made two phone calls to friends that
I usually have a lot to catch up with,
but neither one can talk.
Wonder if that's God?
Now what?

I could repent and get it over with.
I will once I postpone it as long as possible.
And I'm pretty much there.

Hmm

Well.

I can tell myself all day that I'm dirt and deserve nothing.
I don't deserve for God to even forgive me anymore.
He knows that I'll just do it again.
So my repentance isn't really sincere or I'd change.

But I know better.

I know that God loves me and it's not that I'm dirt,
it's that I've grieved Him.
I hate to be stuck at the level where God can't give me anything big because
I always fail the small stuff.

You know, Holy Spirit, You're supposed to give me boldness.

(I really want to blame Him and make it His fault.)

But again, I know better.

I'm the one with the will.

I'm the one who makes the choice.

Why are the choices so hard?

And this one was a small choice.

I sure get tired of myself a lot.

But if failing is a choice, then coming to God and
admitting that I failed is a choice.

Maybe it's not so much that I fail over and over
but the fact that I hate to disappoint Him and I'm sorry.

I wonder if a person can fail so much that God gives up
and picks somebody else.

Yikes!

I'd better get to repenting quick.

I don't have the guts to repent.

Maybe I'll just start with crawling into God's presence and admitting that I'm ashamed and sorry.

Then He can take it from there.

All right ... boy this is hard.

It's me God. That scum ball. Okay, okay, I know better.

But it makes me feel better if I beat myself over the head.

Maybe deep down I feel like if I do the beating You won't have to.

Or if I beat myself up You'll see that I'm really sorry.

Okay, I'm stalling again.

I'd better get off of here and get down to business.

After all, I can't swim and I don't like whales.