

To Many Shadows

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Last night I found sleep after much tossing and turning. Around 10:30 the voice of vomit woke me and I stood up quickly lest its burning reflux cast me into pain I could not bear. I went into the basement main and began my walking and walked for night 30 minutes until my left foot, which has a pinched nerve, was numb. My legs were exhausted but the taste of vomit was still there so I took a dash of Dr. Pepper in a class as it has a tendency to calm my stomach. I prayed and sought God as usual and I struggled to retain a calm between my soul and heaven. There were words spoken and more stolen by the devourer.

Yet in this moment of trial I realized that more than a year has passed since this all began. Sometime around February 22, 2005. Was it that exact date? I think so but I'm not sure I want to remember all the trials I've been through. So many difficulties and yet so much prayer and warfare. People talk about spiritual warfare but I suspect few really grasp the reality of it. Yet again that is the not the desire of my heart this day.

Last night sis found she had been put on standby at the airport. She called discouraged as she had prepaid and there should have been no reason for this to happen. Mom came down and said "Lets agree together that she will get on the flight." So I did and I thanked the Lord because he found a seat for her and a few minutes later she called to say they had come through for her.

Dad went to the hospital a few days ago with a stroke. They said it was a small stroke but this seems to be his third. People say "It was only a small stroke" but each stoke is like a wound, a stripe he carries on his tired body. He looks wore out beyond ability to describe.

So where do I go from here. I trust in God with all my ability but it hasn't moved my body into healing mode as yet. My parents still bear the brunt of pain. Mom spends so much on her health. I continue on barely able to communicate. Some days are better and I can talk but it sometimes means I save up strength for those moments until people are gone back to their lives.

So what do I bring to the table? What gift do I have that I can

bring to the Lord? What little do I have to offer Him who owns all and has all? It seems my gift to God is small. I offer myself. A tiny, tiny portion of prayer each day. That's what I give. And in the struggle of life I ask myself the question "Do I give enough?"

So from the shadows sitting
I find myself in prayer
the room is dark and cloying
and I move from bed to chair
The chair holds little promise
and soon I begin to walk
and I wait for God to inspire me
that we might begin to talk
but the hour is late
and I want to sleep
but the war is on
and the fight is deep
and if only they would listen
if only they would care
if only I could make them understand
that He is always there