



A GENTLE PRAYER

I Have Not Looked Away

Before you fall asleep tonight, I want to tell you something true. Not the version of you everyone else sees. The real one.

I know the version of you that shows up in photographs — the one who smiles on command, who says “I’m fine” before anyone even asks. I didn’t come for that one tonight. I came for the one underneath.

The one who lies awake replaying things you can’t undo. Who has carried a weight so long you started calling it normal.

I see the nights you cried without making a sound, so no one downstairs would hear you. I see the mornings you got up anyway and told no one what it cost you.

You think if people really knew everything — the anger, the doubt, the thing you still haven’t forgiven yourself for — they would look at you differently. I already know all of it. And I have not looked away.

Two thousand years ago I said, “Come to me, all who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest.” I didn’t say, “Come to me once you’ve cleaned yourself up first.” I said: come as you actually are.

You don’t have to hold it together in front of me. That was never the invitation.

So tonight, just for a moment, put it down. You were never meant to carry it alone. I am with you. I have always been with you.

Rest now. I’ll keep watch.

“Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

MATTHEW 11:28 (KJV)