

Listen

Gustavo Guerra

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Word Count: 391

I see you and all that you are going through. I see the mess you're in, the life of sin you've chosen. I see your heart is withering, family splintering and how your mind is almost broken. I see your tears like liquid shame staining your face, streaming with blame...

You are not forgotten.

You may think you are lost in the debris of your destruction, but I know exactly where you're at.

I hear you and your desperate prayers, asking me where I am and if I really care. You want deliverance, begging for a second chance, spewing curse-filled rants because there was no expedience to your request.

I hear the pain in your voice.

The concern for your mothers and fathers, your sons and your daughters. Prayers for addictions and impending evictions, for jobs and for marriages and for neighbors that act like savages.

I hear you and my heart breaks for the condition you're in, the presence of sin in a world that's broken.

I feel you. What? You don't think so?

I feel every heart break, the despair and depression, those thoughts of suicide you keep inside and don't ever mention. I feel the regret and remorse and the guilt you impose on yourself. It does not come from me.

I have said you're free,
then made you free,
and if I set you free,
then you are...in deed. Not in thoughts or in wishes, but as in "it is finished," words that resonate from Calvary.

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I know exactly what you are going through.

You are not forgotten.

Remember, you exist in a broken world, once created by my spoken word, yet still you have a choice. It is the gift I offer all humanity, if only they would heed my voice. I have set both life and death before you. I know it seems dark right now, just know that I am for you. You may just be surviving somehow, know that I uphold you. I am the footprints in the sand, strength to your feeble hands. He who understands.

I Am; do not lose heart.

Choose life that you would live, that you would thrive in the freedom I give.

I see you and all that you are going through.

I hear you and your desperate prayers.

I feel you.

Remember.

You are not forgotten.