Infertility: lament of turmoil and pain

Mighty Deliverer, Storm Calmer,
One who came to shine light into the darkness,
One who came to straighten out the crooked paths,
One who came to bring wisdom and understanding,
One who came to bring peace,
All sufficient One - come to me,
I am distressed - help me.

I'm troubled, confused, desperate, scared, ashamed, guilty, angry, disappointed, weary, lost, hopeless, helpless, bleeding emotional pain, dying.
All on the inside - all at the same time.

What a tangled mess that is choking me!
Divine Un-tangler, come and stay with me to weave a masterpiece out of my pain.
Help me to separate out each individual thread in my head, and to understand what's going on,
To find the words to capture this experience; to meet my need in bite-sized chunks.
The spotlight keeps shifting to focus on these different things inside my head.
Make sense of it all!

I'm helpless to do anything to fix this brokenness, to change my circumstances.
I don't like being helpless. I'd like to fix it all. I'd do anything to fix it.
But I can't. You are my only hope. I know that you can help me.

I'm scared of the gap between who You so clearly are and what I'm experiencing.
I can't make the connections. I'm floundering in the gap. I don't get the gap. My soul is troubled.
You who came from heaven to earth to bridge the gap, bridge this gap for me.

I don't know who I am. That's so scary.
I'm lost. What's my identity?
The imagined course of our lives, the long-held expectations of being a mother are slipping away.
These hopes and dreams I've been living for are lying shattered in front of me.

Being a mother feels integral to being a woman. Am I a real woman?
How can I be a real woman? This troubles me.
If not this, then I don't know who I am. I need a new identity. Before I die.
It feels like a living death, the death of all my hopes and dreams and expectations.
O One-who-declares "I am the resurrection and the life" - remake me. Reshape me. Give me a vision of a re-imagined me - the person I am meant to be. With a secure identity in you.

I'm spent. All my energy and resources are being consumed by this.

I'm having to timetable my life around it all. I'm emotionally exhausted from all this deep emotional pain.
Bring me relief from Your wounded side, O Source of the Fountain of Life.
Be my strength! Re-energise me! Replenish me, O Restorer of Fortunes!

These strong emotions are screaming from the side-lines:

> Anger - It's not fair! Why me?
>
> Guilt – I must have done something to deserve this.
> I have done things wrong, the wrong way round. I have dealt badly with this so often.
> And somebody has been watching me. And somebody knows. God knows. And I am guilty.
>
> Disappointment - it speaks for itself in a heavy tone. All I ever wanted. It just never happened.
> How can there be hope beyond this?
>
> More fear - Who will look after me when I'm old? I fear that nobody will. My nest is empty.
>
> Shame – You're right about yourself! You're practically worthless, you're an irrelevance to so many, dare I say everybody. You've got nothing to offer, you're as good as dead and done for already.
> What is there to keep going on for? Best keep it all hidden away.
> If others knew all this about you it would all become worse. Much, much worse.
> Oh shame, you stick a knife into my wounds and twist it expertly,
> To hurt me where I think I couldn't possibly hurt any more. And so I cry.

Tear-collector - O One-who-can-see through the darkness - Dry my tears through your comfort.
Expand my vision to see your vision for me, my redemption in history.

Honoured One, Despiser-of-shame - Overwhelm me with our unity.
Strengthen my feet to follow in your footsteps, through the crowd of despising voices, all the way home.
Joyfully. To be with royalty.

Great Physician, Divine Heart Surgeon - Clean my wounds with the balm of your words.
Turn my wounds into a scar. Gloriously - to tell a story. Permanently - of your life-saving rescue of me.

Divine Caregiver, Guardian of widows and orphans, Reassurer-of-trembling-hearts - extend your care for the vulnerable to me.
Address each fear singularly. Grow my testimony, that when I am afraid, I will trust in you.

Alpha and Omega, The beginning and the end, Hope of all help, Hope for all change, Hope of glory -
Show me the twist in the story, where hope breaks through, because of You: the Redeemer.
Substitute, Saviour, Guilt-absolver - get through to me.

Headline with mercy, you treating me undeservedly. Let me experience Your forgiveness full and free.
Righteous-One, Treated unfairly by humanity - replace my sense of entitlement with humility.
Enlighten me to see the big picture of where we'd all be without your intervention
It's a different story. Why not me?
Wisdom-of-God, grow my capacity to give over to You my uncertainty,
So problems become mysteries, safe in your steady, tender, nail pierced hands.
Peace-of-God, grow my capacity to rest easy because I'm trusting you for eternity