Infertility: a woman's lament to the Creator

Creator God,
You have all of life covered.
You are the Life-giver and Life-sustainer,
You are the involved and intricate Designer,
You are the perfect Planner,
You set the time limits of life,
You are the Great Physician with power to heal,
You are the Re-Creator, the Resurrection and the Life,
So, I cry to you.

Why can't I have a baby?
You have the power to create and heal – why am I broken and child-less?
It is your creation command to be fruitful and multiply – and I can't.
You have given me such strong desires to be a mother – which are unfulfilled,
Who am I if I'm not going to be a mother – I'm lost and confused.

My body is broken. You designed it perfectly but it's not working.
I know you can fix it but you haven't.
Every monthly cycle it's in my face – and it hurts, physically and emotionally.
Why does the curse have to stretch this far, and affect me in this way?

Why does this have to hurt so much?
Something that should be the greatest blessing is my greatest curse,
Something meant to be so beautiful is so ugly and horrible -
Something that is life-giving is destroying my soul.

Time is ticking on my biological clock.
There is only a limited window of opportunity, and it's running out fast.

This all feels cruel – to know you can, but haven't, given me a baby;
To have afflicted me in the one thing I so desperately desire – when it's a good, God-given desire and others aren't afflicted in this way.
Why me? Why this?

All around me others seem to get pregnant so easily – even those living outside of your will.
It hurts that the evil seems to prosper, while the righteous suffer.

Arise, and act on my behalf, O God.
You know my first and foremost request is for you to heal and put right all that is broken – and give me a child – just one.
I plead with you, that you do it soon, as time is running out and I am overwhelmed.

I want to bow to you and continue to love and serve you. But I have all these questions.
I know you are good and faithful, and I am clinging to your promise when you say, '*For I know the plans I have for you," declares the LORD, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future'*

How will this work if I have no children?
What am I to do if I'm not a mother?
Who will look after me when I'm old?
What signs will you give to show I'm loved, and you truly are for me?
I can't see how any good could come out of this.
What are you doing in my life?
Why did you design this wilderness experience for me?
How do I deal with my feelings that this is the worst thing possible for me?
How long will I be distressed and overwhelmed?
When will this end – and how?

Will you answer these questions and help me to understand?
Help me with my grief and unbearable pain.

You tell me in the Psalms to quieten my heart and not concern myself with great matters.
I want to come to acceptance – to know that I'm living in a broken world and to expect to find brokenness everywhere.
I'm not immune from experiencing that.
I want to know you will redeem that and bring 'beauty out of ashes'.
But right now, I'm not seeing how to get out of the place I'm in.

Hear my cry.
Speak, Lord, your servant is listening.
Give me a child … and if not, birth and grow a new understanding of you and your ways in me.
Keep me, because I feel like I'm falling, and I could be lost.
Resurrect me in your way – and give me life.