

A menopause lament

How long will you hide your face from me? (Psalm 13:1)

Father,

There are days when I wonder if you have lost me. There are days when it's hard to believe I am still in your care. My body has betrayed me. My mind is letting me down. And every time I open my mouth, I seem to damage another relationship. I don't quite recognise myself these days. I was never perfect, but I wasn't like this – I used to be known for being loving and kind, gentle and patient, now that couldn't be further from the truth. I imagine people recoiling when I walk in the room. I don't blame them, I'm tempted to do the same each time I look in the mirror, I do not like the person I have become.

It feels as if your face is hidden. You may be a shepherd, but it seems as if your back is turned. How long, Lord – how long? I want to run but I have nowhere to go. You are the only rock and refuge that makes sense. I want you to ease the pain in my body – I want you to bring clarity to my mind – I long for you to guard my lips so that I might honour you and love those around. But more than that, I want to see your face again. I want to see your gaze of love and know that, even in this season of change, I am safe in your arms. I want to know that you are the Shepherd who always tends his flock well. I want to know I am safe.

You'll bring me to that point one day, I know. There is better ahead. I believe that – help me to believe it more. I want to follow. I want to be faithful. So, I ask that you help me to trust. Help me to trust that your plans are still good. Help me to trust that you have purpose in even this. Help me to trust that you will continue to lead and guide. Help me to trust there is hope and fruitfulness each day. And help me to keep trusting – even when your face seems turned away. Help me to keep trusting until that day when I can see you clearly once more.