

"Sinners in the Hands of a Gentle God Or God in the Hands of Angry Sinners?"

for Elissa Rae

"The arrows of death fly unseen at noonday; the sharpest sight can't discern them."
~Jonathan Edwards, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God"

Why? What the fuck, God?!
How could you do this?
Another beautiful young body ravaged by cancer.
Another bright young spirit taken from us too soon.
Heart-breaking
Soul-aching
A life of such promise ended
A marriage of two loves severed

*Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide! . . .*

Why have I survived and not her?
What is my purpose?
When I can barely take care of myself every day,
How can I go on?
How do *they* go on. . . the survivors. . .
to keep living, working, smiling,
dancing, dreaming?

I'm so devastated, so numb I can't even cry.
We were going to do things together.
Now my heart aches
And my soul breaks
And my mind can't comprehend
another loss.

Are we not loving beings in the hands of a gentle God?
Or are we just angry sinners destined to be powerless?

EMM
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