

All I Can Give

**Here I am, my God. Were you looking for me?
Do you need something?
My most precious possession was stolen from me
and I have nothing left to give, except....
My wounded soul is still bleeding
and my heart just can't stop grieving
the child I lost so long ago.
So I have no good deeds to offer you today,
but I ask you, Lord, who sacrificed your life for me,
to let me go back in time,
so I can offer you my innocence before they snatched it away
so I can give you my wounds,
the tears I cried then and
the tears I still weep.
I offer you my loneliness as a child,
as an adolescent and as an adult.
I offer you my inconsistencies and weaknesses,
my anxiety,
the feeling of vulnerability and inadequacy
that have long been my close companions.
This is all I can give you now.
I ask you only this one thing Lord: Heal me!
Remove the lead from my heart,
and the desperation,
and in their place give me the joy of knowing you love me,
and that you always have.
Tell me you were there while those horrible things were being done to me,
that you were holding my hand
and that you were crying with me.
Tell me that you read every word I scrawled on my bedroom wall
and the ones I haven't had the courage to express,
that are still locked away in my heart!
Most of all, give me the strength to love myself,
to help me break the chains that tie me down,
so that I may become ME
and that I may come to know and love you more.**

Maria Pia De Simone