

I'M SCARED, GOD  
*By Dawn Shorts, June, 2001*

I'm scared, God.  
Something's wrong with me medically.  
I know You're in control; I know You care.  
I believe in miracles.  
But I don't like not knowing.  
I'm older now, and I know I just have to accept that I'm going to have more physical problems.  
I don't mind going gray, I'll just dye my hair.  
I don't mind getting wrinkles, I'll just use makeup.  
I've dealt with being overweight.  
I've dealt with being tired, feeling older.  
I can't climb mountains anymore, that's okay.  
But this--something is wrong with my body,  
and I have to take medicine the rest of my life;  
Or--there's no cure--is hard to take.  
When I felt bad when I was young, I knew I'd get better;  
Feeling bad would pass, be history.  
Now when I feel bad, it's the long haul;  
Maybe medicine, maybe therapy,  
maybe just deal with the change in me.  
I know You're a God of miracles.  
But with fifty million people going through the same problems as they get  
older,  
It would seem better that I go through this,  
So I could share how Your love and care helped me through the whole  
problem.  
I thought as I got older I'd have back problems, dentures (I'm still trying to  
prevent that from happening), wrinkles, and have-to-soak-my-feet-every-night  
problems.  
But diseases?  
Thyroid disease. Diabetes insipidus disease. What disease is next?  
I don't want to complain, God. You've seen me through horrible situations.  
You're my Savior, holding my hand.  
How you helped me quit smoking five years ago, is a total testimony on prayer,  
having a whole church pray for me.  
I hope all my trials and tribulations can be a testimony to You; to Your love, to  
Your caring.  
Help me to stay focused on You. Help me to remember those in wheelchairs,  
that have had a disease their entire life. Help me to remember my sister, Helen,  
who has MS; or my cousin, who has a brain tumor, or that woman who worked  
at the nursing home, who when she found out she had cancer, continued  
working faithfully.  
What stamina! If I found out I had cancer, I'd want to stay home and mope.  
I just want to pray for everyone with a medical problem.  
For everyone going through therapy.  
For everyone stuck in a hospital, not knowing when they're going home.  
I'll pray for them all day; then perhaps I won't mind when I hear the doctor say  
what I have.  
I just want to praise You for everything You've done.  
An entire lifetime of things You've done for me.  
I always want to remember.  
One time You had me write out a list of everything You'd ever done for me;  
every time You were there to comfort me, to rescue me. What a long list!  
I'm not scared anymore, God.  
Thank You. With a great God, like You, looking out for me, how can I ever be  
scared?