

“I’m fine...”

“I’m fine.” Isn’t that what we say? Perhaps we have no words to capture our inner turmoil. All we know is that we’d rather be busy, distracted, or distant. Emotions are a funny thing. Sometimes it’s hard to connect with our most vulnerable emotions. If we connect with those feelings, if we let the dam of emotions burst, we might break apart. Voicing our deepest fears is too scary. What if they come true? Expressing our deepest pain requires more strength than we can muster. After all, talking about it might only make it worse. On the other hand, some of us have spent so long talking about our problems, we have nothing left to say. So, we say, *“I’m fine.”*

But underneath it all, the color is draining out of our life. We numbly go through the motions. When we cannot be with our pain, we cannot be with our joy. And there we find ourselves; suffering, exhausted, wordless; claiming to *“be fine.”*

The Spirit of Jesus meets us here. *“The Spirit helps us in our weakness. We do not know what we ought to pray, but the Spirit intercedes for us through wordless groans. The One who searches our hearts knows the mind of the Spirit, because the Spirit intercedes for God’s people in accordance with the will of God.”* Romans 8:26-27

3-5 minutes: God doesn’t need your words today, but God does want your groans. Fold your hands in front of you to match the picture and let the Spirit wrap its arms around you. Simply focus on the picture and let the Spirit meet you here. Let out a sigh, a groan, or a breath as a way of releasing the things you have no words, no strength, or no courage to say. It is ok. Let the Spirit speak the words that capture the darkest and brightest colors of your life. Trust that the Spirit is speaking the prayers you are unable to say. Listen for the Spirit praying, longing, hurting, hoping, and loving. Accept the Spirit’s prayers, healing, and life. Feel the color coming back.

Open Reflections: Share about your experience of listening to God through this picture.

Artwork *“Praying Hands”* by Mark DeRaud.