

Giving God our burdens

Daily challenges, the difficulties of coping with a routine that is not feeding my soul anymore with the nourishment it needs, and my many personal limitations generate varying levels of stress that breathe in and out in an exhausting and consuming cycle. After time goes by, in my attempts to cope with the many afflictions, my daily struggle becomes a burden. As time went by and after observing no long lasting results regardless of how I tried, frustration kicked in. As a result of this, just a few days ago I prayed to you Lord, so that you would take control of my life. I had no solutions to conflicts that trapped me under my own human frailties so out of despair, I gave you my burdens.

Peace immediately overtook me. I was no longer trying to control everything and everyone around me because I simply gave up. My logic is that under your absolute perfection and power, wisdom and beauty, if the Cosmos itself is weaved from your essence in an ever changing and perfect fabric, my tiny problems are no challenge to you, and of course this is true.

A few more days went by and somehow I discovered some guilt hiding behind the lights and shadows within. Just today I realized that even while I know you will remove all of my burdens, you also gave me the capacity not only to cope with them, but to transform them. I believe I can do better than this and furthermore, that this may be the reason why we are human beings today. If I sit back and give up, you will shower me with the best possible options in my life, yet I will no longer learn from trial and error. So where does the balance lay between giving you all my burdens on one hand, and becoming responsible for my own actions, omissions, words and thoughts?

You are not only the creator of all living beings, of every parallel dimension, of the unfolding Universe and the Cosmos itself, including tiny me as well: you ARE everything. I do understand that my concept of creation is a product of my personal opinion about it, woven through the messages of my own physical senses. I know reality is far larger than I could ever experience as a human being and that I do not have the capacity to stand in your presence without probably ceasing to exist as I am today. Through my own limitations I believe that the Cosmos (including me) is but an expression of your magnificent, incomprehensible perfect self. Yet I can only conclude that what I experience through my limited senses leads me to believe we are all extensions of you Lord, something that would resemble small leaves and branches of the infinitely large tree of God. Everything that exists, every person, animal and thing is an extension of you.

Jesus told many people who received the grace of a miracle through Him that if they believed it so, wonders would happen. The blind would see, the lame would walk and the deaf would hear once again. Miracles are real and they depend on the person to happen more than on a third party. A reminder of the power of faith was all that was needed to remove the cultural fears and limitations learned after a lifetime of erroneous indoctrination.

I do need to give you all my burdens at times God: I have done it several times and each of them you have cleaned and healed me. On those occasions I do need to remove the burden from my shoulders just to be able to breathe again. Once I recover from my exhaustion, I will continue to ask you to give me the strength to cope with my own challenges with love and compassion.

I ask you Father to remind me the joy of forgiveness when my enemies intend to damage me; to transform my darkness into a reflection of your light, so that the clouds of my own pessimism are removed by your constant presence. I thank you for reminding me that we are never lost because you are our own essence, and as such we cannot ever lose you even if we close our eyes. I know I have a responsibility to try to shine above my own darkness, to forgive beyond my own fear and to become a source of compassion to so many that are exhausted from struggling, because I know what it feels to be so tired.

After years of being afraid of hunger, poverty, sickness, criminals, wars and all kinds of imaginary monsters that hide in my darkness, I know well that there is only love. Everything else is simply mistaken perceptions. A life lived while immersed in this love is the only real freedom.

I ask you God to transform me into an instrument of your love, by giving me the strength to radiate joy to those who are afraid; to allow me to bring hope to those that are stuck in darkness; to become a source of forgiveness to those that have been victims of injustice. Guide me so I may cease to search for security from the many imaginary horrors that do not exist, and instead to be a source of compassion to all human beings in need. I know it is not easy to walk on the world as it is today, but I also know that your presence is stronger today than ever, because light is more visible when seen from the darkness.

Thank you God for the temporary gift of human life, and thank especially for my being aware of you.