

I met Jesus during a famine
when I was grieving the loss of who I thought I was
when everything that made me who I was
died
and I was left without

I remember hiding my face
from people who had once known me in my fullness,
for fear they would recognize all that I had lost
and ask
“Is that her?”

And I would say to them,
“Call me no longer delightful
admirable
successful
a source of pride
with a promising future

Instead call me failure
disappointment
incompetent
weak and unfit for the world

“Jesus,” I said. “Turn back.
why will you go with me?
Turn back,
go your way
for I have let you down,
I have nothing to give you,
I am not worth it
you don’t want me.”

It was then
when I had been brought back empty
when I had nothing
when I was nothing
that Jesus clung onto me
and we wept together.

“Do not press me to leave you,” he said.
“Where you go, I will go
Where you stay, I will stay.
You are my people

and I am your God.”

Over and over again
I push him away
because I don't know how to receive
his love, his grace,
this *hesed*
that is so determined to follow me
even when I rename myself to identify with the loss that defines me –
I am left speechless.

*Where can I go from your Spirit?
Where can I flee from your presence?
If I go up to the heavens, you are there;
if I make my bed in the depths, you are there.*

There's famine in my land
But Jesus says,
“Come home –
it's the beginning of the harvest.”