The Habakkuk Cry

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Cystic Fibrosis . . . really, God? She couldn’t have just had allergies or something – you had to do it up big. Cystic Fibrosis.

I don’t even know what to say to you. I’m not sure I have anything to say to you right now. But I sure have some things I’d like to hear from you – like *just what are you thinking??* She’s seven, God. Seven! The sweetest, kindest little seven-year-old girl you’d ever know – and she *loves you*! I look at all those other mean, self-centered brats in her class – they’ll probably live long, happy, healthy lives in all their meanness, but my baby . . my sweet girl . . .

I begged you, God. I pleaded with you for her health. Were you even listening? Do you even care? Why did I bother? Why do you tell us to come to you with our requests if you’re not going to do anything anyway?

No. I have nothing to say to you. There’s nothing left to say. Not on my end, anyway. But you -- you have some explaining to do.