

TRUST

All emotions allowed.

Outlawed?

Allowed...permitted...invited...honored.

A-L-L-O-W-E-D.

Stuck...confused.

Conflicted...confined.

Holding my breath.

All emotions allowed.

Put up with?

Allowed...WELCOMED.

Writhing...squirming.

Wrenched gut...constricted.

Sick to my stomach.

All emotions allowed.

Tolerated?

Allowed...EMBRACED.

Pain...disconnection.

Sore neck...migraine.

Choking up.

All emotions allowed.

Endured?

Allowed...OUT LOUD.

Paralysis...powerlessness.

Disfigurement...suffering.

Suicidal.

All emotions allowed.

Dead air...speechless...silence.

Come...Welcome Home...My Son.

Allowed...UNDONE.

Written by Kate Young

July 2012

Watching the poem come out of my fingers as I typed it on the keyboard was an experience in itself and as it all come together, there was a sense of Wholeness that just came over me. Great encouragement I send along with you knowing that every seed planted will bear fruit. It never matters what it is looking like on the outside. If a person keeps showing up and going through the process, they are inwardly saying "yes" to the process of transformation into living Christ-life. Also a lift to those who encounter much confusion and unrest through their own processes. It is those in particular who, if they continue forward, will find clarity and deep levels of Peace...they just need the encouragement of knowing it is all part of the process to feel all these things through...feeling ALL with no judgment...100% allowance.