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Naming My Fear

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Naming my Fear

Fear lives within me. A ghost from the future!
Pains from the past are its food.
Hearing its whispers produces such torture
Causing my spirit to brood.

Questions it asks me: the answers are dark,
Black with the fear of the night
Driving out light and the song of the lark
Shutting out all that is bright.

What do they want, these fears from within?
Why should they care about me?
I am not guilty of some sordid sin
That I should no longer be free.

One thing fear fears, that's being named
Owned and dealt with and done.
Failures and faults are feeding my fear
But naming them means I have won.

People I've hurt, things I have said
Selfishness, anger and spite
Fear loves to dredge up sins that are dead
Dragging me down in the night.

Love lifts me up to a dawning that is new
Life is a gift from God's Son.
With him he gives me a friend that is you
We share a life that he's won.

I've tasted freedom and the love that forgives
I am reborn to the light
Why am I lured by the fear that still lives
There in the dark of the night?

Doubting the love that is full and so free
That is the sin that I own
Knowing that you really care about me
Helps me to see God on his throne.

Knowing your love imperfectly given
See how it warms and delights
Basking in light that is so freely given
Wipes out the fear of my nights.

Max Schaefer