



Trapped

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Trapped. The pressure was suffocating me. I was in a cavernous pit, caught between the walls of pain from my past, and the unpredictable pressure of my future. The weight of carrying it all was crushing me. It was becoming more than I was able to bear anymore. Breathing in and breathing out became a nearly impossible task. The sun seemed to mock my despair as it rose again each day.

God had been a part of my life since I was little, but now I wasn't sure I believed he existed. If he did, I was furious with him! He obviously had no concern or care for me. The innocence had been torn from my tiny body and heart. People I trusted had betrayed me, and the God I loved had done nothing to stop it all. I didn't want it say it out loud, but I was afraid I was beginning to feel hatred toward God.

It was dark. I felt alone. It all seemed hopeless. Life was becoming impossible. I was increasingly unwilling and unable to cope. The voices grew louder in my head. My ability to quiet them and manage their accusations was dissolving. I began to agree with their assessment that I was not worth the air I breathed.

Based on the song "Keep Breathing"

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LYRICS:

Sometimes it feels like the sun will never rise
Like the birds will never sing again
The night is dark, not one star in the sky
and no one you can call a friend
In so deep, it feels like you are drowning
So afraid, you can hardly catch your breath

CHORUS:

*Keep breathing, take it in and let it out
Keep Breathing, it's gonna be OK
Believe in a power greater than what you
are going through
When you don't know what to do
Keep Breathing*

You know the one that reaches through the hurt
A comfort for the broken heart
But in this place even prayers are painful
Life isn't 'sposed to be this hard
When relief is more than you can hope for
And the wounds seem deeper than your faith

Don't give up, even though you want to
Don't give in, you've already come this far
It's alright, the Lord knows what you're needing
And he'll meet you where you are

Words & Music by Scott Krippayne & Steve Siler
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The expectations of those around me were far beyond what I had the strength to meet anymore. I felt condemning stares and wagging fingers as I flailed about, trying to keep the plates spinning. My thick façade of normalcy was beginning to crack.

Pieces of me had frozen solid. People around me carried on with their lives unaware of how utterly shattered and fractured I was. I was expected to maintain the course, keep it together, and not rock the boat. I was sinking deeper. Soon the waters became more than I could swim through. The thick, dark blanket of depression became a bed I snuggled into, the place I went to kill off the rest of what was left of me. There was no hope. My desire for trying departed. My existence was a desolate, dark pit – a pit, I began to pray, that would swallow me and choke the breath of life completely out of me so I could finally rest.

Are you tired? Are you at the end of trying?

Spend some time writing out what has exhausted you in life. What brings you to this place now?