



## HEARD

Becky Nordquist

A grey haze rested across the horizon. The landscape of my life was unrecognizable. All that I once held dear and had embraced as truth had become blurred and disfigured. The solid ground my feet had rested on shook and crumbled until I was falling endlessly into an abyss. With nothing to hold on to anymore I cried out for help.

Silence.

I screamed anger at the sky.

Silence.

I pounded my fists longing for someone to hear my need for help.

Silence.

“God, if you are real, I need you now. I need you to show me you care at all about me and what I have been through. I am not sure you even really exist. If you do, now is the time I need to see that. Otherwise, I have to go a different way.”

I took my Bible into my lap and let it fall open.  
I looked down to see Psalm 88.

“Lord, you are the God who saves me;  
day and night I cry out to you.  
2 May my prayer come before you;  
turn your ear to my cry.  
3 I am overwhelmed with troubles  
and my life draws near to death.  
4 I am counted among those who go down  
to the pit;  
I am like one without strength.  
5 I am set apart with the dead,  
like the slain who lie in the grave,  
whom you remember no more,  
who are cut off from your care.

### Listen to the Music for the Soul Song “You’re With Me” [LISTEN HERE](#)

#### LYRICS:

I can’t see you  
I don’t feel you  
I can’t hear you anymore  
Are you listening? Do you see my tears?  
My heart is shattered on the floor  
I’ve always believed you’d never leave my side  
Is it true?  
Can I trust through the darkest night?

#### CHORUS:

*You’re with me  
You’re for me  
You love me and you’ll never let me go*

Hope was lost  
Dreams were dead  
As if my prayers had been ignored  
But you heard me and you lifted me  
and now my faith has been reborn  
I know that you never left my side  
and I cling to this truth deep in my soul tonight

You go before me, You are behind me  
Your love surrounds me, You’re always near  
You are above me, You are beside me  
Jesus who saves me, I will not fear  
’cause you didn’t bring me here to leave me  
Even in silence You hold me here

Words & Music by Becky Nordquist, Steve Siler, & David Baroni  
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6 You have put me in the lowest pit,  
in the darkest depths.  
7 Your wrath lies heavily on me;  
you have overwhelmed me with all your waves.[d]  
8 You have taken from me my closest friends  
and have made me repulsive to them.  
I am confined and cannot escape;  
9 my eyes are dim with grief.  
I call to you, Lord, every day;  
I spread out my hands to you.  
10 Do you show your wonders to the dead?  
Do their spirits rise up and praise you?  
11 Is your love declared in the grave,  
your faithfulness in Destruction[e]?  
12 Are your wonders known in the place of darkness,  
or your righteous deeds in the land of oblivion?  
13 But I cry to you for help, Lord;  
in the morning my prayer comes before you.  
14 Why, Lord, do you reject me  
and hide your face from me?  
15 From my youth I have suffered and been close to death;  
I have borne your terrors and am in despair.  
16 Your wrath has swept over me;  
your terrors have destroyed me.  
17 All day long they surround me like a flood;  
they have completely engulfed me.  
18 You have taken from me friend and neighbor—  
darkness is my closest friend.

He heard. He understood my heart in that moment, and it was ok. I was ok. There was no condemnation or shame for the circumstances of my life. No expectation for me to have greater faith, better belief, or more maturity.

Just loving arms speaking comfort in the fact that I was not the first to question these things. Not the first one to hurt because of the brokenness of life. Not to first one to wonder where Almighty God was at in it all. I was not the first or the only one to stare into the blue sky and shake my fist asking if I had been overlooked, forgotten, or hated.

He saw me. He heard me. He got me. That was what I needed.

As you read Psalm 88, does it help to know that you are not alone in your anger, questions and sorrow?

Which part do you resonate with the most?

Take a moment to write your own “Black Psalm” to God. Be brave. Be honest. It doesn’t need to be pretty. He already knows how you feel and what you are thinking... and He loves you right where you

are. He loves you so much that He wants to heal you and bring you out of this place that has you in so much pain.

He is big enough to hear you and take your pain and anger. Trust Him with it.