

Wednesday, March 31, 2010

Who Will Help Me?

Where am I? How did I get here? Who can I ask to comfort me? How will I break these chains of sin that enslave me? Whose eye can bear to look at these ugly spiritual wounds that disfigure me? Whose hands will anoint me with oil that I may be healed? Who will help me unless it is you, O God?

Whenever I think of the glorious freedom which you promise, my slavery to sin seems even more oppressive. Whenever I think of the beauty of your Son, my spiritual ugliness seems even more terrible. Whenever I think of the joyful music of your love, my soul sinks into despair.

Dear God, what will become of me?

~Hildegard of Bingen