

The Lie

Judith Doctor Journal Entry, 1983

*I am given to understand that some time a
Universal catastrophe will succeed in destroying all.
Where this idea comes from I am not entirely certain,
But this I know, I want to survive it.
ME! I want to,
But how?
Do I think I am God?*

*The thought occurs,
Maybe if I can just be good enough.
There is buried in the heart of every man, woman and child,
The knowledge that we don't measure up.
We are not good enough.
But oh, I cry,
I MUST be good enough!*

*How can I make it?
"Look how you have blown it", the voices say.
Accusations come day after day and wear me down.
I punish myself, castigate myself,
Cut myself into pieces.
I wear filthy rags around my eyes and head,
To never let me forget,
I am not good enough.*

*Sometimes my footsteps barely stumble along.
I am unable to lift my head,
Unable to think and plan, unable to enjoy life.
Every moment seems a drudgery,
Every moment a sighing, and a groaning.
While I labor under some primordial knowledge
I am not good enough. Never have been, and never will be.
I'll never escape!*

*But then something stirs within.
I refuse the never-will-be part, and I think and think,
"Tomorrow will be different," I tell myself.
I can do it!
Tomorrow I will make it.
I won't do anything wrong tomorrow.
I will do everything right.*

*There's "the lie"! Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow!
But looking back at thousands of tomorrows, 44 years worth, I see,
That with a million tomorrows I could never make it.
Oh God, help me to "see" this,
Totally and finally and completely,
Deep inside where it counts.
To know it in the deepest fibers of my being,
That with a million tomorrows, I could never make it,
Never be good enough.
So the useless toil and struggle can stop.*

*How do we stop striving and find rest?
To be free of the lie,
"Tomorrow we can make it"?
We are unable to cope with the truth,
That we are unable to be good enough.
Why God?*

*Help me to see, to understand this.
Help me to know this deep inside, Father.
I could write all the truth, I know it all.
What Jesus has done,
I've experienced your love, grace, strength,
Forgiveness, mercy, peace and power.
Yes, each one many times, over and over.
But still the lie persists.
That "today, yes today, I'll be good, I'll be better".*

I feel like the little girl trying hard to please her mother,

*Setting about to do it all right .
Trying to make mother pleased with me,
Daddy pleased with me.
Oh God I want to please You.
I want to please somebody.
I want someone to be pleased with me!
I try so hard.*

*The Bible says, I am sick from head to toe.
There is not one good thing in me.
Matthew says, those who know their condition
And mourn and weep are blessed.
God, give me the grace to see,
So the useless toil and struggle will stop.*

*How do I quit striving and find rest?
To be free of the lie?
How can I finally stop all this useless pandering
of all my energy?*