

The doubter

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [July 27, 2004](#) issue

Not that you couldn't reach Him if you tried
(maybe you couldn't) but that you no longer try.
Your last real prayer? In a plane, beseeching
Him, don't let me die. How actual He seems at
30 thousand feet, how passionately you love Him
in your hope for solid ground. Not unlike that day
you first felt Him ripping through your heart,
you driving fast, believing you'd foiled gravity,
dendrites of rain flowing up your windshield,
the sting of joy like spearmint in your mouth,
and now how improbable He seems. That Whoever
made the stars would even notice. You! A word
in His mouth? And yet you miss Him. If it
could be true! You think of trying to reach Him,
tell Him you've reconsidered.