



Listen

When I ask you to listen to me
And you start giving advice
You have not done what I ask

When I ask you to listen to me
And you begin to tell me why I should not feel that way,
You are trampling on my feelings.

When I ask you to listen to me
And you and you feel you have to do something to solve my
problem,
You have failed me, strange as it may seem.

Listen! All I asked, was that you listen.
Not talk or do – just hear me.
Advice is cheap
And I can do it for myself; I am not helpless.
Maybe discouraged and faltering, but not helpless.

When you do something for me that I can and need to do
For myself, you contribute to my fear and weakness.

But, as you accept as a simple fact that I do feel what I feel,
No matter how irrational, then I can quit trying to convince
you and get about the business of understanding what is behind this
irrational feeling... and when that is clear,
the answers are obvious... and I do not need the advice.
Irrational feelings make sense
when we understand what is behind them.

Perhaps that is why prayer works,
because God does not give advice or try to fix things.
He just listens and he lets you reflect on your thoughts.

So please listen and just hear me. And, if you want to talk, wait a
minute for your turn; and I will listen to you.