

It could have been a dream: I was running. Pursued. Through the ~~skse~~ shiny black streets. Panting, Exhausted, running. Down alleys, across fields, scrambling over fences. Chairs and brush and barrels and tables I overturned as I raced by, leaving them in the path of the one who came behind. I could see no face as I glanced back, no person, but a presence that threatened to engulf me, ~~always closer,~~ faster, faster still. Terror.

I walked. I could run no longer. And that presence that pursued slowed with me, like a shadow, ~~never further, never closer,~~ always there. Still I cluttered the path with debri, but to no avail.

It could have been a dream. It is my life.

It happened Monday. A man asked about something at the church. He made no accusation, he asked a simple question, Did I know why this work has not been done? But instead of a simple answer he heard blaming. It is someone else's fault I said, Like a child pointing a finger at a brother or a sister, afraid of the truth was I. A simple question he asked, but I reacted as if it was that ^{faceless} faithless presence coming to engulf me and took what ~~was~~ ^I was handy and made it into debrii to be thrown into the path.

And the presence grew closer, more threatening still.

~~xixstandbeforeyouaddressedinxwhitex~~

Always that is the temptation, to blame. Or to excuse. Everyone else is doing it, so why shouldn't I. When that inner voice of accusation rises up, points the finger, I'm only human I reply as if that is sufficient answer to the dark thoughts inside. I hear that pursuing presence crying out, hypocrit liar, pretender. I pile up more blame, more excuses.

What will happen if I stop, no more running, no more excuses, ~~xxx~~ no more blaming? A man did ^{once} ~~stop.~~

Have mercy on me O God, ~~accordingtothyrsteadfastloxe~~

I know my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me. Against thee, thee only have I sinned and done that which is evil in thy sight, so that thou