

1-21-2022

Crash

Emma M. Foster
Cedarville University, efoster210@cedarville.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview>



Part of the [Nonfiction Commons](#)

[DigitalCommons@Cedarville](#) provides a publication platform for fully open access journals, which means that all articles are available on the Internet to all users immediately upon publication. However, the opinions and sentiments expressed by the authors of articles published in our journals do not necessarily indicate the endorsement or reflect the views of DigitalCommons@Cedarville, the Centennial Library, or Cedarville University and its employees. The authors are solely responsible for the content of their work. Please address questions to dc@cedarville.edu.

Recommended Citation

Foster, Emma M. (2022) "Crash," *Cedarville Review*: Vol. 21, Article 11.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol21/iss1/11>

Crash

Creative Commons License



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 4.0 License](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/4.0/).

CRASH

EMMA FOSTER

“What are you doing here?”

I don't know how I got here. Aren't you the God Who plans all things? Did You plan for me to hit rock bottom like this? And now You're asking me why I'm here because I placed myself here on my own free will. But it is my turn to ask the questions: what are You going to do about it? It's all my fault, and if You agree that I sent myself into this abyss, I should end my mistakes now. If I put myself in this prison, I can break myself out, with the key that takes many forms, like the expired pills from the back of the bathroom cabinet. All I ask is will You stop me from using my free will just before I cave in?

“What are you doing here?”

Will You pull me out of the dark? Will You stop me from ending the pain that You gave me? You must believe I'm stronger than I realize, but I've been told through Your words that I am the weak one. I can't crawl out of this hole on my own, and dear God, I hope I don't have to. The pain is too much for me. These guilty hands, stained with blood, keep slipping on the jagged sides of my heart. Send down Your anchor and let me grab onto it just so I could hold onto something, even if it drags me under.

“What are you doing here?”

Did You place me here, in the bottom of my soul, to give Yourself the opportunity to drag me up and into Your glory? Does Your pleasure in my pain give You purpose? Or do You find pleasure in my

purpose alone? I've been told my purpose is to give You glory, and can I do that with blood on my hands of those I have killed and the blood pouring from my teeth from every curse I threw at You? Would my suicide give You any glory at all?

“What are you doing here?”

I don't know. I apologize for misusing my free will since you gave it to me. I guess the only way for Your glory to shine through me is through my scars. If my purpose is to remain in this hollow void forever, I will scream Your name just so people can hear me. Keep me in this dark. I want to see Your Light when I look up.