



Listen

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

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

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

Listen! All I asked was that you listen,
Not talk or do – just hear me.

Advice is cheap: 10 cents will get you both “Dear Abby” and Billy Graham
In the same newspaper.

And I can do for myself; I'm 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, when you accept as a simple fact that I feel what I feel,
No matter how irrational, then I can quit trying to convince you
And get about the business of understanding what's behind this irrational
feeling.

And when that's clear, the answers are obvious and I don't need advice.
Irrational feelings make sense when we understand what's behind them.

Perhaps that's why prayer works, sometimes, for some people, because God is
mute

And He doesn't give advice or try to fix things.

“They” just listen and let you work it out for yourself.

So, please listen and just hear me. And, if you want to talk,
Wait a minute for your turn, and I'll listen to you.

~ *Anonymous*