Overworked- A Confession

I confess I have used every excuse, telling myself everything I need to hear.
I have convinced myself those extra hours in front of my screen are a virtue.
I have judged those around me, measuring their output against my unsustainable pace.

I confess I enjoy working myself sick; mind, body, and spirit.
My productivity has taken the place of peace.
My life is slipping by, and people are slipping through the cracks.

I confess I don't know how else to live.
I love the rat race, and knowing how busy I am.
I hold my identity in my impossibly long to-do list.

I confess I need you, as much as I want to do it on my own.
I need you, when I think you move too slow for my fast pace.
I need you, behind me, beneath me, before me.

Written for the Worship for Workers Project of Fuller Seminary by Kristy Bootsma from Grand Rapids, Michigan