



ME TOO

August 2015

Praise be to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of compassion and the God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our troubles, so that we can comfort those in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves receive from God.

2 Corinthians 1:3-4

In their book *Jesus Wants to Save Christians*, Rob Bell and Don Golden quote Anne Lamott who said that the most powerful sermon in the world is two words: "Me too."

This sermon is especially true when we find friends who can feel what we're feeling when we're hurting, friends who can identify with us, friends who can say: "Me too." Do you have friends like that? Friends who have compassion because they understand what you're going through?

If all of us, as friends, were to share with each other more freely - our aches, pains, financial worries, emotional worries, doubts about God - I think we would, many of us, be able to say to each other: "Me Too."

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What I find most healing is when friends I love honestly share their troubles and pain with me. But too often they hide it and so they continue to struggle as I do, alone, feeling that people don't care. And - although their pain would be different than mine - I know that when we share we're sharing in the suffering somehow. My own pain would not hurt as badly. We would be closer as friends. More compassionate.

Part of the Lamott poem Rob Bell and Don Golden share:

*Me too.
When you are struggling,
when you are hurting,
wounded, limping, doubting,
questioning, barely hanging on,
moments away from another relapse,
and somebody can identify with you -

when someone can look you in the eyes and say, 'Me too,'
and they actually mean it -
it can save you.*

I ran into a mentally challenged young woman who I had met before. When I greeted her I got her name all wrong. At first I used the wrong name altogether. The second time I left off the last part of her name. She was quite annoyed with me and I was terribly sorry and embarrassed.

I went on to tell her how bad my memory had been lately and how badly I feel about it. Then she told me about the many times remembering names – or at least, getting names right – is hard for her. Pretty soon we were both, quite passionately, sharing with each other how it felt to have these problems. We talked about how humiliated we feel and wishing that it weren't so for us. We totally understood each other.

In sharing like this we had become friends. How good it felt to meet someone who I could identify with to such a great degree!

It's so comforting to have people in our lives with whom – when we share with each other – we can say, “me too.”

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