

When God Feels Silent: A Word to the Generation Asking “Why?”

In response to Allison Eide's “Why, Why, Why”

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I recently ran across a song while listening to a playlist in Amazon Music. She’s a new artist – Allison Eide and her song “why why why”

(https://youtu.be/onfCfXVRH0A?si=VWYuh_baKGyYyoXT) captures what so many young people are feeling right now:

“Why are all my friends depressed? And why's the church ignoring them? Why'd my generation grow up just to spend a lifetime healing?”

If that's you, if you've been singing loud with your hands high while dying inside, if you've been sobbing on the bathroom floor wondering why God feels silent, I need you to know something:

Your questions aren't betrayal – they are real and valid and many in the Bible share them. They're faith refusing to let go.

The Castle of Depression

Depression isn't weakness. Anxiety isn't lack of faith. They're rooms in your castle—dark halls where the lights have gone out, where you can't find your way between the rooms anymore.

Sometimes those halls went dark because of trauma. Sometimes because of loss. Sometimes because of chemical imbalance in your brain that has nothing to do with how much you pray or worship.

And here's what the church often gets wrong: they want to turn the lights back on with a Bible verse and a worship song, as if depression is just a spiritual problem that needs a spiritual band-aid.

But depression is deeper than that. It's your foundation cracking. It's your storerooms overflowing with pain you've been stuffing away. It's your tower where you've been watching everyone else live while you feel stuck behind cold stone walls.

You can love Jesus and still be depressed. You can worship with hands high and still want to die. These things aren't opposites.

“I Gave You All My Faith, Just to Lose Everything”

I hear you. You trusted God with your dad's life—and he died anyway. You prayed for your friend's healing—and got the call she's gone. You begged God to take away the pain—and He's been silent.

And now you're standing there with empty hands, wondering if faith was a lie.

Here's what I learned when my dad's cancer came back after we'd prayed for healing:
God's "no" to what I asked for wasn't "no" to me.

The night I found out the cancer had returned, I was reading my Bible and landed on Psalm 61: *"When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the rock that is higher than I."*

I didn't get the healing I wanted. But I got His presence. And somehow – not immediately, not easily, and through many tears, but eventually, it was enough.

Paul begged God three times to remove his suffering. And God's answer? *"My grace is sufficient for you, because power is made perfect in weakness."*

Not the answer Paul wanted. Not the answer you want. But God's answer.

Why Your Friends Are Depressed

Your generation didn't create this. You inherited it.

You grew up watching:

- Parents' marriages collapse
- School shootings become routine
- Economic crashes steal futures
- Social media turn connection into performance and lies
- The church split over non-foundational issues
- Leaders you trusted fall in scandal after scandal

You built castles early because you had to. And now you're realizing those walls that were supposed to protect you are actually suffocating you.

Here's the truth about your generation: You're not weaker. You're more honest.

Previous generations built the same castles, we just called them "fine" and stuffed the pain in storerooms where no one could see. You're the generation finally saying: "I'm not fine. None of us are fine. And we need help."

I am proud of you even if others can't see it, especially within the church. Hear this – God see's it and hears it. Doesn't mean he'll respond the way you want and you might need some help along the way. But it's not weakness - it's courage.

Why the Church Is Ignoring You

Not all churches. But too many.

Because depression and anxiety force uncomfortable questions. Because many within the church don't understand that the request to say "hi" shake hands or hug someone can be absolutely crippling. They require sitting with pain that doesn't resolve with a prayer. They

demand we admit that faith doesn't always equal healing, that worship doesn't cure chemical imbalance, that sometimes God's answer is “not yet” or “not the way you want.”

And some churches would rather hand you a verse and tell you to have more faith than sit with you on the bathroom floor while you sob and ask “why?”

But that's not Jesus. Jesus wept at Lazarus's grave even though He knew the ending. Jesus asked “Why have You forsaken me?” from the cross. Jesus understands when your faith and your feelings don't match.

If your church is ignoring your depression or doesn't know how to handle your anxiety, that's the church's failure – not yours.

Find people who will sit with you in it. A counselor. A therapist. A small group where masks come off. A trustworthy mentor. A friend who won't try to fix you but will just show up.

You need a courtyard – a place where you can confess “I'm dying inside” and people respond with “me too” instead of “just pray harder.”

What to Do When You're Sobbing on the Bathroom Floor

1. Tell someone the truth. Not “I'm fine.” Not “just going through something.” The actual truth: “I'm struggling with depression” or “I'm having suicidal thoughts” or “I can't get out of bed most days.”

Say it to a friend. A parent. A counselor. A pastor. Anyone safe.

Bring it out of the dungeon and into the light.

2. Get professional help. Therapy isn't lack of faith. Medication isn't spiritual defeat. If you broke your leg, you'd go to a doctor. Your brain is an organ too. Treat it like one.

God can work through therapy and medication just as much as through prayer and worship. Don't let anyone shame you for getting the help you need.

3. Keep asking “why”—but don't demand an answer. Job asked “why” for 37 chapters. God never gave him a direct answer. But God showed up. And somehow, that was enough.

Job's first response to devastating loss was surrender: “The Lord gives and the Lord takes away, blessed be the name of the Lord.” But that didn't stop him from spending the next 37 chapters wrestling with God, demanding answers, questioning everything.

Both responses are faith—the initial trust AND the later questions. God honored both.

Your questions are holy, keep asking them. But also know: you might not get the answer on this side of heaven. And learning to live in that tension is part of faith.

Can you say, in the midst of whatever trial you're facing: “Blessed be the name of the Lord” – even while you're still asking “why”?

That's the tension. Trust and questions. Surrender and wrestling. Both at the same time.

4. Don't isolate. Depression lies. It tells you you're alone, that no one understands, that you're a burden.

All lies!

Force yourself into community even when it hurts. Text a friend even when you don't want to. Show up to small group even when you feel numb. Go to therapy even when it's hard. Ask for help even when you feel unworthy of it. Ask forgiveness even when pride says you shouldn't have to.

You cannot heal in the same isolation that made you sick.

5. Hold onto the thread. Maybe you can't believe in healing right now. Maybe you can't muster worship. Maybe all you have is “Jesus, I'm angry, but I'm still here.”

That's enough. That's faith. Faith isn't always singing loud with hands high. Sometimes it's sobbing on the bathroom floor and saying “I don't get it, but I'm not letting go.”

Hold the thread. Even if it's frayed. Even if it's the only thing you're holding.

“Jesus, I Trust You Are in This”

That line in the bridge – after all the questions, after the pain, after the broken *“Jesus, I trust You are in this.”*

Not “I understand.” Not “it makes sense now.” Just “I trust You are in this.”

That's the prayer when you don't have answers. When God feels silent. When your friends are depressed and the church is failing and your generation is exhausted.

I don't get it. But I trust You're here.

The castle you built to survive can't hold you forever. Depression is your foundation cracking, anxiety is your walls shaking, and sometimes the only way forward is to let the King in – even when you're furious at Him.

He can handle your anger. He can handle your questions. He can handle your “why.” Read the Psalms – David felt this way more often than not.

What He won't do is force His way in. You have to open the door.

You're Not Alone

Your generation isn't broken. You're the ones brave enough to say you're hurting.

Your depression isn't proof God abandoned you. It's proof you're human in a broken world.

Your questions aren't sin. They're the cry of a heart that won't stop believing there has to be more than this pain.

And your bathroom floor sobs? God hears every single one.

“You keep track of all my sorrows. You have collected all my tears in your bottle. You have recorded each one in your book.” (Psalm 56:8 – NLT)

He's counting. He's keeping record. And one day – maybe not today, maybe not this year, but one day... He'll wipe every single tear away.

Until then: hold the thread, get help, tell the truth, stay in community, and keep asking why.

The answer might not come the way you want. But the Presence will.

And when everything else fails, the Rock that's higher than you will hold – all other ground is sinking sand.

If you're in crisis:

- Crisis Text Line: Text HOME to 741741
- National Suicide Prevention Lifeline: 988 (call or text)
- International Association for Suicide Prevention:
https://www.iasp.info/resources/Crisis_Centres/

You matter. Your life matters. Please stay.

From William James Meyer, author of “Do You Live in a Castle? Breaking Free from the Walls That Hold You Hostage.” I’ve been in the tower, the dungeon, and the bathroom floor—and found that the drawbridge can still lower, even when it feels like it’s rusted shut.

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