

## Deliberations of Desperation

*“...my spirit is overwhelmed within me. My heart within me is distressed. I remember the days of old: I meditate on all Your works; I muse on the work of Your hands. I spread out my hands to You: My soul longs for You like a thirsty land. Answer me speedily, O Lord: My spirit fails! Do not hide Your face from me, lest I be like those who go down into the pit”* (Psalm 143:4 -7).

With the 143<sup>rd</sup> Psalm, the sorrowful mournings of the sweet singer of Israel ceases, and give way to uninterrupted songs of praises and exultations of divine worship.

But here we are taken to the depth of desperation in the soul of a child of God. His spirit is utterly overwhelmed with sorrow. Darkness of present circumstances and violent adversaries has hidden the Face of God. He knows better, but he cannot visualize himself any better than a lost soul, his body being lowered into the grave and his soul into the bottomless pit. What does he do? He seizes on his mind, and forces himself to think sound, undeniable, unchanging realities of the Living God! He brings to God no merit of his own, rehearses no history of his own deeds, faithfulness, worship and service. These cannot plead for Him. His plea is in God alone!

He remembers the days of old. From the time he was Jesse’s youngest, a smooth-faced boy feeding sheep in the wild, where they were threatened by every beast of prey. He found the Living God able to deliver him and the lambs from the paw of the bear and mouth of the lion. This deliverance did not arise from his skill in combat with wild beasts, but the faithfulness of the God who had made him a shepherd. That is the remembrance he took with him along with his slingshot and five smooth stones to put down towering, scowling, taunting, boasting Goliath. Remember! It helps. God has not changed.

He meditates on the works of God. He muses on the work of God’s Hands. Their very existence shouts out the reality, power, eternity and immutability of the living God. The multitude of them. The wonders of them. The magnitude of power necessary to bring them to pass, to uphold them in existence, to maintain their being and renewal. He lifts up his eyes again to the hills. From whence comes his help. His help must, and will, come from the God who made the heavens and the earth. He who made the immovable mountains will not allow the foot of His child to slip.

But remembrance of past blessings, joys, triumphs, meditations, and musings, on the works of God’s mighty hands come short of bringing the anxious soul to quietness and rest. Those are things past. The works of God’s Hands may abide while I perish. I must have God myself, personally and intimately. The soul in such circumstances can only be likened to the dry dust of the earth which, though once well watered and fruitful, is now barren, lifeless, and blown about with fickle winds. The soul longs for the refreshing rain of the life-giving Spirit of God.

Here is the suffering, sorrowing, soul in the highest mode of faith. Empty hands outspread, his face turned heavenward, his soul reaching into the Mercy Seat through the Blood of the Everlasting Covenant. He will be heard by He Who sits on the Throne forever and ever! The songs and shout of praises by God’s suppliants will be heard forever and ever!

-C. M.