

No Place to Hide

“Where can I go from your Spirit? Or where can I hide from your Presence? If I ascend into heaven, You are there: If I make my bed in hell, behold, You! If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea, even there Your right hand shall lead me, And Your right hand shall hold me” (Psalm 139. 7-10).

God’s comprehensive knowledge of us is still in focus in His omnipresence. Not that the believer would hide from Him, get away from Him. No, His Presence with us is capital comfort. But the futility of anyone’s attempt to do so reveals the insanity of sin. We are always imminently in His presence, before Him. We commit our most hateful, treacherous acts before His very Face, in the glaring light of His Being! (Psalm 90:8-9)

God’s Spirit pervades the universe. There is no escape, no place to hide, to rid ourselves of the unseen Being and Power and Reality of Him. We cannot outrun God’s Presence, get away from our sensibility of Him.

Heaven? A heaven without God? The infidel hopes for, but vainly imagines a paradise, rest, peace and joy without God. A paradise without God and all that He is? It is God in His infinite Life, Goodness, Love, Reality, fulness of life that makes heaven heavenly. If we think God intolerable here, how shall we stand in heaven? If an unbeliever should go to heaven in his unreconciled enmity, God’s presence should make heaven a hell, for him.

Hell? Whether we call hell the grave, sheol, the depths of the earth, whatever one may make of hell, where is the place that has escaped God? May one run in the opposite direction from God’s throne? Which way would that be? His throne occupies the universe. But if such a thing were possible, when we arrived... *Behold, You!* Hell is hell for the unbeliever because the consciousness of God, His displeasure, His wrath is inescapably there, too.

Now the psalmist fantasizes further: If I could travel at the speed of light, the rate at which the morning light flashes from one side of heaven to the other. If I could find a place there so remote that no mariner, no ship has ever sailed, when I arrived I should find that God’s Hand should have led me there. I would be foolishly thinking I was leaving You far behind, but will learn that Your guiding Hand was ahead of me, leading all the way!

Far from exasperating the child of God, it is a matter of great comfort, confidence, and assurance that God’s *Right Hand*, the Hand of electing preference, the Arm of salvation, will not let him go. It will hold us up and keep us wherever we be or wherever we go.

- C. M.