



## How Long

*How long, O Lord? Will You forget me forever? How long will You hide Your face from me?  
How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart all the day?  
Psalm 13:1-2*

Oh these verses resonated with my heart when I read them again! I love how the word of God speaks so precisely to any given situation you or I may face. Even though you may have read a particular passage in the past, even *many* times in the past, there are occasions where some familiar scripture just arrows straight to the wound in your heart and spreads its healing balm over it.

I had turned back to Psalms for comfort during a dark and despairing time. To be quite honest, I had flipped from book to book within my Bible seeking comfort, encouragement, something, and nothing seemed to hit the right spot. I settled on Psalms again because it's a book I've always been able to find solace in. I began at the beginning, and it took twelve full Psalms before that comforting balm was opened and poured out.

"How long?!" I cried to my Father from the depths of my heart. How long will I feel this way? I felt like He was hiding from me and I was wandering in a deserted place, trying to find my way. "Will I ever have what I used to have with You? Will I ever be able to feel that sweet communion with You again?" How long, O Lord? How long will each day feel like a long walk with a heavy pack through thick mud?

There was no immediate audible answer, but the reality of being *heard*, of being understood, touched something deep within my soul, the throbbing wound that I wasn't fully aware was there. This took place on a Sunday morning, and in His exquisite goodness, the blessings of God, that I in no way deserve or could earn, poured out on me in the church services I attended that day.

At last I was able to breathe. At last I could inhale His grace, exhale my fear and despair. At last I could stand straight and lift my head. I was not abandoned. I was not left to figure it out on my own. I *could not have* figured it out on my own. The cry to my Father is what had to happen in order to crack that seal around the wound, so that He could then heal it. Mercy, our Father is infinitely wise and compassionate.

I'm sure I will encounter more dark and despairing times before His purpose for me has been met on this earth. I pray that I will remember that His word will *always* have hope and truth and life for me, and that He is always near, inclining His ear to hear my faintest cry.

*Father, we thank You for Your mercy and grace. We thank You for Your word, Your love letter left for us. We thank You that Your word is living and active and is the road map to You. Help us to hold on to You, to pour our hearts out to You in times of doubt and fear, trusting that You love us unconditionally.*