



Cry From The Heart

Woe to them, for they have strayed from Me! Destruction is theirs, for they have rebelled against Me! I would redeem them, but they speak lies against Me. And they do not cry to Me from their heart when they wail on their beds

Hosea 7:13-14a

I made a choice in the summer of 2010 that set me on a path of destruction. There were a lot of hard days and harder nights in the ten years that followed. This path I was on was a 180-degree turn from the path of righteousness. As I went deeper and deeper into destruction there were times when I could hear the Voice of God calling me to come back. I ignored Him and continued on. I would have to change, you see. I would have to give up certain things, and would have to dethrone the idol I worshiped in place of God. There were times during that ten-year span that I cried out to God when things got too difficult to bear. But it was a false cry. I did not cry to Him from my heart. I know this, because there came a day when I *did* cry to Him from my heart.

For a long time I believed the lies the enemy whispered in my ear. I took those lies and manufactured lies of my own. I would lose everything if I did what I knew to be right. I would be miserable and never have what I needed if I gave up my sinful life. I believed that God would forgive me, but that He would hold my sins against me, and I would forever be trying to make up for the wrong I had done.

When the worst happened and I lost everything, I began stepping a toe in the right direction. But it was still false. It was still seeded in rebellion. I expected God to be proud of me because I was glancing at Him from time to time. To pat me on the back and make everything okay again. But in the way of a sinful and prideful heart that is being chased by the Almighty, things got worse. On the outside everything looked good, but on the inside my heart was withering away and I was drowning in the misery caused by my rejection of my Savior.

When the day came that I did cry to Him from my heart, it was not a pretty cry. It wasn't filled with theological terms and beautiful words. It was the cry of one who is drowning and knows they cannot rescue themselves. I looked up, and I cried out to Him, and He rescued me.

The lies that I believed came tumbling down in the wake of His redeeming love for me. He did not hold my sins against me, because when I confessed them they disappeared under the flow of the blood of Christ. I lost everything I thought I needed but found what I had always been looking for. God heard and responded to the cry for Him from my heart. He always will.

Father, we thank You for Your listening ear. We thank You for leaning into us and hearing the genuine cry from our hearts. Help us to hear You, to lean into You, to follow after You and submit to You. You supply everything we need.