



Orphans

Assyria will not save us, we will not ride on horses; nor will we say again, 'Our god,' to the work of our hands; for in You the orphan finds mercy.

Hosea 14:3

I read the feature verse this morning in the last chapter of Hosea and found my heartstrings plucked. I needed the reminder this verse sparked, and I am thankful to my Father for guiding me where I needed to go. The phrase "for in You the orphan finds mercy" struck a chord with me. It made me remember what it felt like to be without Him.

The perspective of time is a peculiar thing. Events and/or situations from the past take on a different hue when viewed through the lens of time. It is tempting to think that things weren't all that bad in the before. To convince ourselves that we've embellished things, made them out to be worse than they really were. Especially when our current situation gets hard, we tend to look back and see only the good things from the past.

But when the Holy Spirit, through the Word of God, strips away the rose-colored glasses, we remember the way things *really* were. I remember how tired I was, I remember how discouraged, defeated and depressed I was. I remember how lonely I was, how hopeless I was. The aching, grinding, never ending and never satisfied *need* to belong, to be chosen, to be picked and wanted and loved. I remember how it felt to be an orphan. Adrift, aching, alone.

And I remember how it felt to be rescued. To sit stripped bare of all my defenses, all my lies, before the Sovereign King, and find that He reached *for* me, not away from me. Finally, *finally*, for the first time in my life, I belonged. I felt loved. I felt chosen. I felt wanted. Oh the relief of that! The balm of healing that spread through me brought tears to my eyes time and time again.

In Him, the *orphan* (the lonely, the bereaved, the bereft) finds *mercy* (love and compassion, belonging). Nothing that was before can compare to what is when we belong to Him. No matter the circumstance we are walking through, no matter how hard the climb, how dark the night, how dismal the future appears, we still belong to Him. Psalm 68:5-6 remind us that He is "a father to the fatherless, and a judge (or advocate) for the widows" and that He "makes a home for the lonely" and "leads the prisoners into prosperity."

Don't let the darkness of your today blind you to the truth of His word. You may, like I do, feel that there is no prosperity, no well-being in the circumstance in which you find yourself. But you belong to Him. And He has rescued you. And you have hope.

Father, we thank You that You have rescued us. We thank You that we are no longer orphans. You are our Savior, our Redeemer, our Father. Help us to remember that in You we have a future and a hope. You are the Father to the fatherless, and in You we find mercy.