



MORNING HAS BROKEN

March 2014

*I waited patiently for the LORD;
he turned to me and heard my cry.
He lifted me out of the slimy pit,
out of the mud and mire;
he set my feet on a rock
and gave me a firm place to stand.*

*He put a new song in my mouth,
a hymn of praise to our God.
Many will see and fear the LORD
and put their trust in him.*

Psalm 40:1-3

My favourite place on early spring and summer mornings is in my Muskoka chair on the patio. Nothing makes me happier than to have my first cup of coffee there, my journal

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and Bible on my lap. I usually get outside while it's still dark, waiting for the sun to rise and the birds to start their chirping. It's the best time of day.

One morning I had my camera out with me, hoping to capture the flock of tiny nuthatches that liked to flit amongst the stems of the daisies only feet away. They didn't appear. But the sunrise didn't let me down. It lit up the daisies and fuchsias beautifully. I played with my camera, trying to photograph the magical scene using various angles and compositions.

Breathless. Exhilarated.

Isn't that how we feel when we awaken after a long period of grief, pain, or depression? There's nothing like the relief of knowing we have our life back, like the sparkling light of a new morning. At least, that's how it is for me as a person living with bipolar disorder.

But oh how patiently we sometimes have to wait for this to happen! How we cry out to the Lord for release from the pain!

He *will* come through for us though, eventually. God *will* lift us out of our muddy existence. He *will* once more give us a firm place to stand. As surely as day follows night, our pain will lift. This is God's promise to us if we will trust Him.

Morning *will* break.

I'm so glad David wrote Psalm 40. It reflects my experience with depression. David understands and it feels good to be understood, especially by a person who was a man after God's own heart.

The intensity, the brilliance and sense of freedom seem like a strange phenomenon after so many dark weeks and months. And yet this is how it is. A fresh new morning after a never-ending night. We can't help but sing a joyous new song of praise to God. And how we'd love to sing it everywhere we go! Our transformation is amazing, yet this is how God works.

marja