



HAVE YOU EVER...?

August 2017

*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

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Have you ever been on a journey like King David describes here? Have you too had a hard time waiting patiently for the Lord to rescue you from the dark place you've been in? From the mud and mire where you had been stuck so long?

You might have been grieving, facing a bitter loss. In mud and mire. Feeling helpless—wishing you could escape somehow. You almost forgot that you might conceivably be rescued—that wellness was possible.

Crying out to God, only half believing he would hear, you asked him to take the agony away. But the pain would not stop.

Despite that, you did continue believing that God exists. That he is the Almighty. That he is real. That he loves you. You hung onto God, not letting go of his hand.

And in that faith, you found the patience the psalmist talks about.

After some time, and to your amazement, God answered. He lifted you up, drawing you up from the pit. He freed you from the mud, setting you on a solid rock. A clean, firm place to stand. The ache, though still there, faded. Desperation for release eased.

The world returned to what it should be. A sense of new beginnings entered your heart. You longed to tell others of how God has worked in your life—of how he can work in everyone's life. You want to share the joy, unable to keep it shut inside. God has given you a new song!

Have you been there too?

Has God given you a new song as well? After what you've been through, it's a remarkable thing to be able to lift your voice with such enthusiasm! And you wonder: where will this new song take me? Where will God take me now that I've witnessed his healing power and found him giving my life back to me? How will he use me?

Has this happened to you too? Quite a wonder, isn't it?

But . . . you may be thinking: This is not my story at all. And—in desperation—you say, "I don't believe it ever could be my story."

If this is you talking, take courage—the kind of courage our great God can give. Learn from this story and believe it to be the true one it is. Cry out to God like David did. Talk to him. He will hear, though it may be hard to believe. Your pain and your grief may be deep, but never forget, his love for you is even deeper. Hang onto God. Never let go of his hand.

One day this story could be yours as well.

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