

Thought for Today: November 6, 2007

Psalm 63 (NASB)

**O God, You are my God; I shall seek You earnestly;
My soul thirsts for You, my flesh yearns for You,
In a dry and weary land where there is no water.
Thus I have seen You in the sanctuary,
To see Your power and Your glory.
Because Your lovingkindness is better than life,
My lips will praise You.
So I will bless You as long as I live;
I will lift up my hands in Your name.
My soul is satisfied as with marrow and fatness,
And my mouth offers praises with joyful lips.**

**When I remember You on my bed,
I meditate on You in the night watches,
For You have been my help,
And in the shadow of Your wings I sing for joy.
My soul clings to You;
Your right hand upholds me.**

**But those who seek my life to destroy it,
Will go into the depths of the earth.
They will be delivered over to the power of the sword;
They will be a prey for foxes.
But the king will rejoice in God;
Everyone who swears by Him will glory,
For the mouths of those who speak lies will be stopped.**

God is our faithful protector—so says this psalmist. His mercy, His faithfulness, His never-ending “lovingkindness is better than life.” Tradition says that David wrote this psalm while hiding in the wilderness. If I was running for my life, living off the land, and dealing with fear, hunger, and anxiety, I’m not sure that I could write such words. I hope I could, but who could really say unless we’ve been “in a dry and weary land where there is no water”? It’s easier to ask “why?” or complain about our situation. It’s easier to get angry and demand God’s response.

The psalmist, however, can praise God and focus on the blessings in the Lord, because this isn’t the first time he’s meditated on God. He knows God; he’s spent time with Him before.

We can’t expect to be strong in life’s challenging times if we haven’t built up our spiritual resources during life’s gentler days. If we wait until we’re lost and alone, it may be too late to find God. Why wait? God is here for us now. He wants to shelter us in the shadow of His wings. Doesn’t that sound like a good place to be?

In Him,
Patrick Barber