

Whenever I'm down it seems I find myself going through the Psalms and looking at how David dealt with tough times. I love the Psalms because they are so real. David and the other writers of the Psalms truly laid their hearts out before God, warts and all. David didn't worry about sounding pious, about having all the right catch-phrases. He didn't worry about what other people thought. Somehow, he knew that God wouldn't mind how he said things. God cared about his heart, his emotions and motivations. David knew that.

So many times I've read Psalm 18 and thought of David hiding in a cave, while Saul's armies scoured the countryside, looking for him, to kill him. How could David ever sleep under those conditions? How could he find any peace of mind?

Time and time again, we see David share his anxieties, his heartbreak, his disappointments, and disillusionment. He came right out with it. But, we also find him going over the promises of God. Reciting them. Reminding himself of them. Asking God to once again, come through for him. He remembered other times when God had faithfully come through. And he entrusted himself to his creator, knowing that He would once again come through for him.

When we go through a long period of discouragement, it is so wonderful to feel that discouragement lift. To know that God is working in and through you. To know that God hasn't forgotten his promises, and that He will joyfully restore you. I love that. God is a God of restoration. He is a God of hope and compassion.

After going through a prolonged illness, God's answer to my prayer to write a song was such a refreshment in my life. God continued to pour out some of the most beautiful, peaceful songs I've ever heard. That gave me a sense of purpose, once again. It gave me joy at being given a gift, and also of being used in a positive way by the Giver. God is continuing to lift my spirits. To wrap me with his arms of love. He is changing the direction of my life for the better. And I thank Him for that!