

March 14, 2022

Call Out to God

[Psalm 91: 1-2; 9-16](#)

¹ *You who live in the shelter of the Most High, who abide in the shadow of the Almighty,^[a]
² will say to the LORD, “My refuge and my fortress; my God, in whom I trust.”*

He will call on me, and I will answer him.

Don't know about you, but I struggle with the literal words of these verses. God is really going to keep me safe? I've had numerous broken bones yet only near misses squishing snakes. I've managed to avoid lions, although I think it's best to chalk that up to "location, location, location."

Maybe some think I wasn't living right when I broke bones, but I was when I avoided snakes? Sorry, I don't buy that. I've seen too many dedicated, thoughtful Christians suffer, and I ask, why? I've never once considered they were "deserving" of their misfortune.

What *do* I believe? I believe what I have personally experienced through God's gracious and merciful loving arms. I've endured, as we all have, periods of darkness. Even when my faith was weak, I never lost the belief that if I just trust **Him**, things will work themselves out, eventually. Will they work the way I want, the way I pray? Maybe; more likely not. Despite my brimming self-assurance that I alone know what's best for me, is it possible God knows better?

Many people simply aren't wired to allow someone (or something) else to be in charge of their lives. We revel in our misfortune. We wear our injustices as a badge of honor. Often, misery becomes our best friend.

I believe it takes great strength to call out to God, to turn oneself completely, fully and totally over to God and allow Him to be our strength, particularly when we can't see our way out of darkness. On the other hand, why wouldn't God want me to be happy or have peace even in the midst of terrible tragedy? Why wouldn't God want a wonderful future for me, even if it is not the future I think I want?

Step 1: God – HELP! Step 2: Refocus my eyes to see the blessings that I might otherwise overlook in my darkness. Step 3: Repeat.

There is release in letting God take over, and there is peace in His answer, like resting in a cool shadow on a hot day. God is *my* refuge; He never has and never will fail me, although sometimes I simply wish He'd be quicker and more obvious with His response . . .

Prayer: *God, thanks for being there. Thanks for listening. Thanks for answering. Amen.*

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