

Seeking to the Death

It seems that the human cannot well stand much repetition. So, there's always the danger than any approach to seeking God will wear thin.

We do well to find alternate ways to worshipfully seek our God.

If we have any bent toward writing at all, to record our efforts to seek the Lord may be of great help no matter how repetitious we think we are.

From time to time, to sing to God may help our seeking. So may the scriptures, especially those we have hid in our hearts. And so may praise. Or to repeat "God," or "Jesus, or "Lord," or His other names. Or plead with Him for His presence.

To allow open-ended time as often as possible is most vital. And so is to return to seeking Him as frequently as we can.

And so may being grateful to Him . . . thanking Him for Himself and Who He is . . . especially being grateful for the privilege of seeking Him, and for whatever response we receive.

When we get physically tired or emotionally drained from the seeking, return to the silence of solitude and quiet resting, no matter the result.

Most of all never give up. Never quit.

Beware of having to experience or feel. Be prepared to do without the joy that is sometimes felt and known. Even if peace should flee, let it be so. Else we'll be guilty of seeking something more or less than God . . . just God . . . only God.

Then we'll be in the greatest danger of wanting to give up seeking the Lord.

Even if we must leave the quiet place in disappointment, let us leave with a commitment to return to the place of seeking as quickly and for as long as possible.

I cannot do without God. If only to seek Him, if only to so very little find Him. To find Him at all is to give me some faith, some hope, some love without which I do not care to live longer in this physical world. Having once tasted of the good things of God, to be so deprived of them is not tolerable.

I feel I ought not so to speak . . . that I should take from God's good hand whatever He chooses as enough for me. But, can longing to experience the God I love, however poorly I love Him, be amiss?
Let me long for Him even to the death, no matter what.

I have seen dying men
not so grand in their dying
As our love would have wished . . .
and through lack of desire:
Oh, that we may die
Languishing, burning, and sighing,
for God's last grace and best
is to die all on fire.
-Frederick W. Faber



