

Oh to Seek God Wholly Holy

Oh, that there were words to express my holy longings for God.

Oh, that my longings for God were entirely holy and pure.

But, I give thanks and rejoice that He accepts my longings as though they were untainted by selfishness and sin.

My pen cannot be still though my tongue is silent in the presence of divine perfection.

Just to seek God is my greatest joy.

When I stop seeking, longing, desiring God, life is one long pain. Oh, may I never again be long without the joy of seeking Him.



To say death would be better would be to speak as a fool. For what could be so very undesirable about mere physical death? It will simply usher me into the perfect perfection of all things in limitless presence, and complete and constant communion with the God I long for . . . and which I find but so poorly here.

Surely the deprivation I feel, when robbed of the sense of seeking God, is an infinitesimally small taste of what hell is for those damned to be deprived forever of God and all that is good.

May this knowledge drive me to seek constantly to bring the lost to the Savior and life eternal. Oh, my Lord, teach me, with Your Spirit, to woo and win them to You.

While seeking for God is at times such joy, it is also touched with its own unique brand of pain, as it seems everything in this life on earth must be. But, if pain, it is surely pain of the most delightful kind. This pain is a reminder, not only that nothing here is complete, perfect, without fault or flaw, but that our God alone is perfect beyond limitation. Our seeking Him here is but a prelude to our finding Him entire over there.

Our seeking Him here, to be complete, must be mixed, as all else godly must be, with resting. Just to rest in God may be even more joy than is seeking Him . . . but only if combined with seeking. For resting may be only physical and emotional, rather than spiritual, if not accompanied by seeking . . . and perhaps the reverse as well. So, let rest be mixed with seeking. Let seeking be mixed with resting. . . . and the object of both be God alone.

Lord, Thou art Life, though I be dead;
Love's Fire Thou art, however cold I be:
Nor heaven have I, nor place to lay my head,
Nor home, but Thee.