

THOUGH HE SLAY ME, YET WILL I TRUST HIM or Stepping Stones Out of Hell

Let me begin with my story:

Springtime had come to Costa Mesa and the awakening of the trees and the birds and the ducks in our pool all were the signs that the seasons were changing. They definitely are not as pronounced as in colder climates, however, all of nature has its seasons.

It was the early morning, and as we gathered for our walk in the fields of wildflowers that border our homes, the air was alive with the sounds of these fluffy little creatures singing as if their little hearts would burst if they did not let the world know the joy of just being. They seemed to have no apparent reason for singing in the dark stillness of the morning.

How does that little fluff ball make all that beautiful music??? And then my mind went to why does that little fluff ball make all that beautiful music??? Why is he so happy when I sense the stalking crows ready to pounce on his nest and eggs?? And why are the trees all budding and opening up after their long night of sleep only to die again in the fall???

Praise seemed as natural to that little fluff ball as eating and building his nest. Let us learn a lesson from this little creature who was not in a church building, he was not told to be thankful, he did not read the Bible nor even know what the word praise means. And yet, his praises rang through the still morning air lifting all of our spirits so we too began praising the Lord.

Are you suffering from worry, from depression, from anxiety, from hopelessness and despair????

David gave the antidote to all these ailments: "I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance."

The word psalm is a song of praise to our God. David wrote the Psalms. Now, I am sure David did not write these beautiful praises to God while he was screwing his best friend's wife nor while he was the great infallible king. Nor did he praise the Lord while getting all honor from men for being king and having all the luxury the world has to offer.

As a matter of fact, these very things did not satisfy him so he looked beyond what was rightfully his to the pastures on the other side of the fence.

The psalms were written in times of humiliation and pain and while bearing the disgrace of seeing himself as God sees him.

David thought he had rights as we all do. After God took his rights not only as a king, but as a human being who basks in his own self righteousness, David began to praise the Lord.

So we find the antidote to quiet our fears, lift our spirits, have health and prosperity, is to be thankful for all things and praise the Lord not for what He does for us but for nothing more than He is God. A grateful heart leads to a heart in constant praises to the One that takes us beyond our prison walls of self. Praise the Lord all ye saints and you will become His praises to a sick and troubled world.



Marie Kolasinski