



Articles and Sermons :: The Arrow of Prayer? winslow

**The Arrow of Prayer? winslow - posted by hmmhmm (), on: 2007/5/3 2:17**

"Prayer Out of Soul Depths"

"Out of the depths have I cried unto You, O Lord." Psalm 130:1.

Beloved, out of the depths of your difficulty,  
your need, your sorrow, cry mightily unto God.

There is....  
no depth so profound,  
no darkness so dense,  
no privation so pressing, or  
perplexity so great, but from it you may  
cry unto God; the Lord inclining His ear to  
the softest, faintest breathing of your soul.

Sink the soul as it may, the arrow of prayer,  
feathered with a divine promise, springing  
from the bow of faith, and winged by the  
power of the Spirit, will overcome every  
obstacle, pierce every cloud, and fasten  
itself upon the throne of the Eternal God!

Cries out of the depths of 'soul distress' have  
a peculiar eloquence and an irresistible success  
with God; just as the plaintive wail of a sick  
and suffering child reaches and penetrates a  
parent's heart more quickly and more deeply  
than all others.

Tried and desponding soul, you can never  
sink below the everlasting arms of God!

God frequently permits His children to descend  
into great "depths" of spiritual and mental conflict,  
and even temporal need, that He might display  
His love and power in stooping to their necessity.  
"I was brought low, and He helped me."

We are but imperfectly aware how low the great  
God can bend to our case; how condescendingly  
Christ can stoop to our condition!

We may be brought very low;  
our case sad and desperate;  
riches may flee;  
poverty may come upon us as an armed man;  
character may be assailed;  
children may try;  
friends may change;  
enemies may wound;  
death may bereave; and  
our soul be plunged as into fathomless depths.

Nevertheless, sink deep as we may, we shall but  
sink more deeply into the embrace of  
Christ, 'the everlasting arms' still underneath us.

"He sent from above, He took me;  
He drew me out of many waters."

Oh we must descend into great depths  
of affliction, of trial, and of need, to  
fathom, in some measure, the soundless  
depths of God's love, of the Savior's  
fullness, of the Spirit's comfort!

Your heavenly Father waits to enfold  
you to His loving and forgiving heart!

Soon the soul desponding saint will ascend  
from the lowest depths of earth to the loftiest  
height of heaven. Long before the body springs  
from the dust, your soul, O believer, will have  
taken its place amid the blood-ransomed throng,  
clustering in shining ranks around the throne of  
God and the Lamb. And, reviewing all the way  
the Lord your God led you, through the wilderness  
and across the desert, you shall blend the old song  
of free grace with the new song of eternal glory!

**Re: The Arrow of Prayer? winslow - posted by enid, on: 2007/5/3 3:17**

Tiredness.

You do get tired. Weary. Weary of battles against the world the flesh and the devil.

Weary of words that do not edify.

Tired of being tired.

Thank God that He does hear and answer.

So much more I could say, but I won't.

God bless.