

Devotional Thoughts :: A Ruined House - A Repentant Heart - A Harvest

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O Lord my God when I first knew of you Lord in the recess of my heart, I was yet a child. Though I could not understand the magnitude of your throne and the breadth of your canopies, I knew that you were true God. In my childish manner I was received into your courts, and as a child I believed that all my friends were good. So as I looked at them in the quiet place of needing to understand why Christ died, I saw that none were weeping Lord. In my consternation I asked myself why? Yet I cannot say O Lord that they despised you or that they did not have their thoughts and neither can I say that they did not have their burdens and their pains also. In that instant Lord, I knew only that you were my Lord and that you had given your life on the cross. And I knew that I wept and my friends were dry. Selah

Now O Lord these many years later I come before you a child, no longer innocent of offending your glory and no longer innocent of the breadth and depth of your great love with which you have loved all men. It is as though I am ruined, Lord. It is as if I have thrown all your tables down and scattered your plates. Hear my cry O Lord. Restore unto me O Lord the joy of your salvation and renew a right spirit within me. Forgive me, Father, that I no longer look through eyes that are sanctified by tears, which when as a child I knew in my childish innocence. Forgive me O Lord that now through the trials of life by which I have come to know that though my friends were dry, their pain was real and their consternation was no less than my own. You knew them all O Lord and yet you gave me tears. Selah

Forgive me Father, that I have walked only in the remembrance of my childish tears seeing that Christ died, and grant me the burden to remember that it was my sins that brought your Son to the cross. Cause me to know Father, that the remembrance of my innocence when I wept of your Son, and my childish tears will not now deliver my wretched friends for who's sake He also died. Forgive me, Father, that I have taken confidence in childish tears which by now are a ruined house, and ought to have come into your dominion wherein it is no longer possible to see only my pain and my grief in life, but must now also see the great love with which you have loved all men through your beloved Son. Forgive me Lord my God, that I have thrown down your tables and scattered your plates so that my friends who were dry when I wept, are now scattered also. Have mercy O Lord, and gather them into your fold. Amen