

Ache  
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Chris Carlson

I wish I could tell of the ache I feel in my heart, but sadly this is something that has to remain between God and I. The ache I feel reaches to the depths of my soul and beyond.

Questions are all I seem to have, but answers are what I feel I need. Yet I know that God has a perfect plan for my life and as long as I strive to follow Jesus the answers will come. They will come slowly I'm sure, but when they do they will be like finding new hope of survival in a desert of pain and misery. Someday they will come. Until then I shall have to be content with prayer and the comforting that my Lord gives me during prayer and worship.

Guidance is what I seek. I know God has promised me he will not leave me. He's promised me he will help me if I call upon him. He's promised me he loves me more than anybody ever could. Yet there's still something missing, something that he almost seems to leave empty for some special reasons. I'm left asking for him to cure this ache. To fill this emptiness with what he intends to fill it with, only to find that it's not his time.

Strength is what I need. I know God supplements me everyday with his strength and Love. Sometimes he overwhelms me, but he only does that to grow me. Sometimes he gives me strength in prayer; sometimes it's in worship. Especially when I worship him with acts of Love and servant hood towards those that need it. I feel so charged when I serve him. I feel like I could stay in spiritual warfare forever without taking time to recharge through prayer, worship, and study. Though I know that I must recharge sometime or I will fall weak and worn, but even if I do fall weak and worn I know that Jesus will come to my rescue as he often does. I know then that he will recharge me and strengthen me and probably teach me something as well.

Love is what he gives me. God rains down his Love upon me, though I don't deserve it. He fills my cup, and then overflows my cup, and just when it seems that my cup can't take the pressure of the sheer volume of Love that God pours onto me. He takes my cup and enlarges it. Strengthens it and then strengthens me. Then he hands it back to me and says "Here, pour this out among your friends, family, the sick, the homeless, your brothers and sisters in other lands, and those who are persecuted for my name. And when your cup is empty I will refill it!"