

Calling on God

I paused this morning on my knees and began to think about talking to God. Here I am on this cold morning in my warm comfortable living room, while outside I see the white frost laying like a blanket across the field. And I thought about addressing God. Then I began to think that I was only one of hundreds, thousands, perhaps millions at this very moment calling on God, and I stopped, wondering that he should hear me. For me it is how I start the day; a prayer to God, thanking him for the care through the night and requesting his presents to go with me through the day; sharing with him my soul troubles, longing to feel his love in return for my request. As I knelt there, I began to wonder about the never ending cacophony of voices that at that very moment God was hearing and responding to, and my mind slowed to a crawl. Who am I to approach God? He says we are to come boldly to the throne of grace, so I have a right to come to him, in fact he wants me to come. Yet I felt small, thinking of a being so great that he can listen and respond to my simple prayer, giving me comfort, while around the world others were crying out in desperation to be heard, perhaps not knowing if a God exists. Other places people crying in grief, sorrow, as well as those who may be at this very moment lifting their voices in praise and adoration. Some are honest seekers needing to feel God near, while others create sounds of empty praise, only adding to the din of voices and noise.

I was reminded of the times I would take a bottle of milk to feed the calves at feeding time. When they saw me coming they would come to the fence, pushing, shoving, and crying, all eager to be fed. Sometimes one who was not as aggressive or strong would linger at the back of the group, hungry and longing, but unable to push through the crowd. Then I wondered, "Is this how it seems to you God? Is the earth full of hungry demanding people, all vying for your attention?"

I picture God as the good shepherd moving quietly among his sheep, unperturbed by it all. Nothing and no one slips by without him noticing; sincere or otherwise. He hears the faintest call for help, among the loud voices of empty praise.

I felt small considering approaching God; after all who am I that he should take a personal interest in me? And then I am only one of multitudes of people who claim a relationship with him just like I do. How can it be?

In my finite mind, I am limited to having a few personal relationships with those around me, but God can have a personal relationship with all these people without letting any others slip. He personally knows my struggles the same as he knows yours, and every other person in the whole world!

In human relationships, we are limited to returning love for love. Beyond that we can have compassion and empathy, but not that personal relationship where we give our hearts to someone and they do the same in return. Our minds are limited to those of our acquaintances; unlike God who knows everyone. God did not create us to be like him in this area; instead he created us to love those around us, fostering and building relationships. Our closest relationships are limited to those who are nearest and dearest to us, but God has no such limitations. His relationships extend to everyone who chooses to accept his love and listen to his voice. He is ever seeking those who need him, and calling those who have not yet learned to know him.

My mind cannot grasp it, but by faith I believe it. This God, giving comfort to me, answering desperate pleas for help, for not just one, but hundreds and thousands around the globe at this moment is beyond human comprehension.

Truly I can say, "What a mighty God we serve!"

The Unlikely Writer

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February 1, 2024