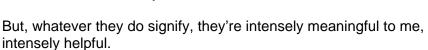
Tears

God has granted me a blessing I'm not sure He has granted to all.

Tears!

I'm sure that
Sometimes
I've misinterpreted their meaning.
Sometimes
I've made too much of them.
Sometimes
I've equated them
to being in God's special presence.
And even now
I'm not sure that's always amiss.



When the tears flow as I seek the Lord in love, I feel like something good is happening in my relationship with God . . . something encouraging. something intensely satisfying.

I don't want to tell anyone they should share in my blessing of tears. I certainly don't want to set anyone on a quest for tears as a sign of something . . . anything.

All I can say is that for me they're a great blessing and encouragement in the Lord.

And without them I am saddened.

I grieve as for a very best friend.

In fact, I may never have felt anything more sharply than I have the loss of the sense of seeking or experiencing something of God's presence . . . and the tears that for me are so vital a part of it all.

May I never again be long deprived of them, I pray. If I am, may I gladly accept it as a part of God's working all things for my good.

At the same time, may I apply my heart, mind, and spirit fully to seeking, no, not tears, but God Himself lovingly, worshipfully, restfully, peacefully, quietly, even silently.

And be glad when He graciously grants the blessing of tears.

