

As a Babe Seeking God

“The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life.”
- II Corinthians 3:6

It seems we will never learn.

We instinctively seek to know as though to know were life.

Perhaps we seek even to be, but we fail so generally to seek God . . . to our eternal loss.

The tears roll as I write. And with them comes joy unspeakable. . . . and pain, too, at the remembrance of the days, the months, the years when I was robbed of the tears, and the joy because I'd lost the how to seek.

I'd forgotten that the seeking could be simply silence and solitude before Almighty God. I know that makes no human sense. But then what genuinely spiritual truth, what divine truth, ever does make sense to the so-limited human mind?

I cannot keep to myself such wonders of the divine, revealed to the seeking heart. I could not if I would. But in the sharing, in the need to share, I see the ugly serpent head of pride wanting to be accepted and praised as something special, where I am just human flesh . . . stinking putrefaction that deserves nothing.



. . . In fact, that has nothing of good about it except what is given it so graciously and generously from the hand of the loving, giving, perfect God who looks beyond my sin to His redemption in me.

Yet, by God's grace, I dislike even the introspective "I", and long to get back to seeking "Him." And I do so, sometimes in active worship and adoration, sometimes in the silence and solitude of resting in the perfect God.

Now, I know too much. And the knowing makes it difficult for me to seek beyond the human knowing for the God Who cannot be known by human knowing. And this makes it difficult for me to simply seek as a needy, often hurting baby, begging . . . crying . . . for its mother.

Let me, then, be needy, really needy and undeserving, truly undeserving. Not to try to be needy and undeserving just to succeed in seeking God. Rather, simply to return, as God may make it possible, to seek Him in silent solitude or worship, or to turn to scripture or saints for needed stimulation.

For the lack of desire is the ill of all ills;
Many thousands through it the dark pathway have trod.
The balsam, the wine of predestinate wills
Is a jubilant pining and longing for God.
- Frederick W. Faber

