

## *Seeking and Finding*

We will never be satisfied in our seeking God except as we believe we have to some extent at least found Him.

This isn't to be equated to a good feeling of some kind . . . nor to tears flowing freely.

We will only really find Him in our searching to the extent to which we lose ourselves in Him. Our self-interest must dissolve into interest in Him. Anything that furthers this goal should be encouraged. Anything that detracts should be discouraged.

One of the ways in which we may further this goal is just to quietly open our hearts to Him, allowing Him to reveal Himself to us as He really is . . . not mentally but spiritually.

In our conversations with Him, let us watch how many times we use the personal pronouns "I," "me," and "mine" versus how many times we use "You."

Let us seek to use as little as possible concepts that elevate ourselves in any way. Let us seek to use concepts that elevate our God as truly and thoroughly as possible.

Let us turn to Him in rest and peace and the silence of solitude as often and as fully as we can.

If worship, or praise, or thanksgiving, or love, or quoting scripture, or singing, or anything else removes our thoughts and concerns from ourselves and turns them to our God and His Christ, then gladly follow that pursuit. If it turns our attention from the Lord to ourselves, let us reject it as undesirable and even hurtful . . . for so long as it does.

Let us seek as often and thoroughly as possible to please our God and give Him pleasure. How different this is than our natural self-pleasing and selfish pleasure!

But only so is there room in our affections for the God we seek.

Even our desire to find God can be for the pleasure it gives us, a form of self-seeking that prevents us reaching that goal.

Let us lose ourselves in our great God who alone demands and deserves the preeminence for the benefit of all.

Only so shall we find Him.

O past and gone!  
How great is God! How small am I!  
A mote in the illimitable sky,  
Amidst the glory deep, and wide, and high



Of heaven's unclouded sun.  
There to forget myself for evermore;  
Lost, swallowed up in Love's immensity.  
The sea that knows no sounding and no shore,  
God only there, not I.

-Gerhard Tersteegen