

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.

But, whatever they do signify, they're intensely meaningful to me,
intensely helpful.

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.

