CHAPTER ONE

“With My Whole Heart Have I Sought Thee”

Psalm 119:10
Time to Listen

Psalm 86

O God,
I am grateful
That, though You are
So busy running Your vast
universe,
when I come to You in prayer,
Anytime,
anywhere,
with any need,
You are ready to bow down
Your ear
to this, Your lowly handmaid.
With shame I confess that
too often I am only half listening
when my daughter comes to me
with an interesting happening
or my husband needs help finding
that misplaced receipt now.
Your Perfect Example
spurs me
to greater faithfulness.
Thank You for Your love
and patience
with me.

With love,
Your daughter
We See Jesus

Hebrews 2:9-18

I saw Jesus! No, not in person, but in a picture our new teacher put up at our Christian school. When I first saw the “modern art” of senseless blobs and dots entitled, “Christ,” I was disappointed at the lack of reverence for the Saviour. We asked our teacher about it.

He replied enthusiastically. If you focus your eyes beyond the blobs and dots, you will see Jesus on the cross, and in the bottom corners, a nativity scene and an empty tomb. The quest began. Day after day his students (and their parents) stood in front of that picture in search of Christ. Today I tried again.

My eyes were glued to the picture. Suddenly, the blobs began shifting and forming shapes. Something was emerging from the intricate confusion of patterns. And there was Jesus! A three-dimensional picture.

I gazed at the blobs, wondering where He came from—and He was gone. I shifted my focus off the blobs (it takes effort), and there He was! The longer I gazed, the more details I saw. It was astonishing.

There’s a lesson here. When my life seems to become a bunch of meaningless blobs, as happens sometimes, I want to concentrate and focus on the Crucified and Risen One. When I “see” Him, I realize life’s “senseless” trials have a purpose for my good.
while ago I came home from church,  
and entered the house.  
My children were all around me,  
But no husband—no David.  
I missed that person who had loved me,  
Who encouraged that little person in me.  
I had just worshiped God.  
I had taught the women’s Sunday school class.  
I felt God had touched the class with the lesson.  
But I longed for David,  
To share the richness of our spiritual lives.  
I longed for that depth of interchange with him.  
But he had slipped away from me  
Nearly two years ago already.  

I ached so much that I had to talk.  
I went to my twin and her husband.  
Tears flowed  
As they felt my anguish and loss;  
My desire and need.  
When finally they spoke  
They quoted a song—  
“Turn your eyes upon Jesus.  
Look full in His wonderful face,  
And the things of earth will grow strangely dim  
In the light of His glory and grace.”¹  

¹Chorus from “Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus” by Helen H. Lemmel
Lord, I bow before You again.
Take this aching heart
That knew such love, such oneness
As we together worshiped You.
I raise my head—and heart.
My eyes are on You.
Fill this void with Your being.
I know Your ways are right.
I cannot count Your tender mercies toward me.
My eyes are on You.
Stability, solace, comfort, and strength
Are drawn from You and Your Word.
Above all else I need You—and
I await the joy of heaven.