

In God Alone

by Amy Harpstead

“I waited patiently for the Lord to help me, and he turned to me and heard my cry. He lifted me out of the pit of despair, out of the mud and the mire. He set my feet on solid ground and steadied me as I walked along. He has given me a new song to sing, a hymn of praise to our God. Many will see what he has done and be astounded. They will put their trust in the Lord.” Psalm 40:1-3

Last year, I found myself struggling through two miscarriages. Both of them were completely unexpected because I had already had two healthy, uneventful pregnancies. The second loss was even more profound for me because I had so counted upon the randomness of such a thing, and was sure it couldn't happen twice in a row. But when the second one happened, I found that I had put my faith in statistics, in the words from books and my doctor that I hoped would be true, that the chances were small that it would happen a second time. I so counted on that, and it turned out to be a false idol for me.

Not surprisingly, I had questions – particularly for God! How could this be happening when I had been praying for a healthy baby?! What was wrong with that?! Didn't such a prayer reflect what God wanted, too?!

Thankfully, I was surrounded by caring people, and in time began to find the answer that satisfied. I was never, in this life, going to know the reason why I would not hold those two babies in my arms, but I was to know that God was holding me. He had been all along. When I found the scripture printed above in a daily devotional, so perfectly timed during one of those days, I finally had a clear picture. It was so vivid to me: the strongest arm imaginable had reached down and was bringing me comfort, showing me the way through this despair. God was walking beside me, giving me direction and strength. Most tangibly, that was happening through other people's concern. But there was also this sense of support that I couldn't see. I began to understand that it was the only place I needed to put my faith.

Faith in God was the way to find solid ground and a steady course in the face of sadness and confusion. In time, even though my prayer was not answered as I expected, I was able to sing that “hymn of praise to our God”, because He is always with me.

Dear God, help us to put our trust in You alone. Thank you for using other people to reach out to us when we are hurting. Help us, even when we have more questions than answers, to continue to walk in faith. And may we daily have a sense of your loving embrace – so much so that we can sing the “hymn of praise to our God.” In Jesus' name, AMEN.