

NO PROBLEM!

“Don’t worry if you have problems!” That is easy to say until you are in the midst of a really big one, I know. But the only people I am aware of who don’t have troubles are gathered in little neighborhoods. Most communities have at least one. We call them cemeteries.

If you’re breathing, you have difficulties. It’s the way life is. And believe it or not, most of your problems may actually be good for you! Challenged and tested, we come alive! Physical demands can cause us to grow stronger. Mental and emotional stress can produce tough-mindedness and resiliency. Spiritual testing can produce strength of character and faithfulness.

So, you have problems—no problem! Just tell yourself, “There I grow again!”

—Cindy Ludwig



He wants us to not be hothouse plants, but storm-beaten oaks; not sand dunes driven with every gust of wind, but granite rocks withstanding the fiercest storms. Many of us need no other argument than our own experiences to prove that suffering is indeed God’s testing room of faith.

—Streams



One thing we may be sure of: For the believer all pain has meaning; all adversity is profitable. There is no question that adversity is difficult. It usually takes us by surprise and seems to strike where we are most vulnerable. To us it often appears completely senseless and irrational, but to God none of it is either senseless or irrational. He has a purpose in every pain He brings or allows in our lives. We can be sure that in some way He intends it for our profit and His glory.

—Jerry Bridges

Light shining out of darkness

BY WILLIAM COWPER

God moves in mysterious ways
His wonders to perform.
He plants His footstep in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

A PRAYER OF ST. AUGUSTINE

God of our life, there are days when the burdens we carry chafe our shoulders and weigh us down; when the road seems dreary and endless, the skies gray and threatening; when our lives have no music in them, and our hearts are lonely, and our souls have lost their courage.

Flood the path with light; run our eyes to where the skies are full of promise; tune our hearts to brave music; give us the sense of comradeship with heroes and saints of every age; and so quicken our spirits that we may be able to encourage the souls of all who journey with us on the road of life, to Your honor and glory.