

Finding our Wings in Desperate Moments

“The word of God transforms me from a crawling caterpillar to a free flying butterfly. My quiet time is a time of letting go of time frames and agendas and allowing God’s word to settle into my spirit.”

(Interior Wisdom),

From Streams in the Desert March 9-

“Come with me my spouse.....look from the top of Senir and Hermon, from the lions dens, from the mountains of the leopards” (Songs 4.8).

“My heart is severely pained within me and the terrors of death have fallen upon me. Fearfulness and trembling have come upon me, and horror has overwhelmed me. Oh that I had wings of a dove! I would fly away and be at rest”(Psalm 55.4-5).

Bearing the burdens of crushing weight actually gives Christians wings. Enduring severe trial, David cried, “Oh that I had the wings of a dove! I would fly away and be at rest” (Psalm 55.6) Yet before he finished his meditation, he seems to have realized that his wish for wings was attainable, for he then said, “cast your cares on the Lord for he will sustain you”(Psalm 55.22). The word burden is described in one bible commentary as being “what Jehovah has given you.” The saints’ burdens are God-given, leading us to wait on Him. And once we have done so, the burden is transformed into a pair of wings through the miracle of trust, and the one who is weighted down will “soar on wings like eagles” (Isaiah 40.31).

One day when walking down the street, on business bent, while thinking hard about the “hundred cares” which seemed like thunderclouds about to break in torrents, Self pity said to me: “You poor thing, you have too much to do. Your life is far too hard. This heavy load will crush you soon.” A swift response of sympathy welled up within. The burning sun seemed more intense. The dust and noise of puffing motors flying past with rasping motors incensed still more the whining nerves, the fabled last breaking straw to weary, troubled, fretting mind.

“Ah yes, it will break and crush my life; I cannot bear this constant strain of endless, aggravating cares; they are too great for such as I.” So thus my heart consoled itself, “enjoying misery,” when lo! A “still small voice” distinctly said “Twas sent to lift you – not to crush.” I saw at once my great mistake. My place was not beneath the load but on the top! God meant it not that I should carry it. He sent it here to carry me.

Full well He knew my incapacity before the plan was made. He saw a child of His in need of grace and power to serve; a puny twig requiring sun and rain to grow; An undeveloped chrysalis; A weak soul lacking faith in God. He could not help but see all this and more. And then, with tender thought He placed it where it had to grow – or die. To lie and cringe between One’s load means death, but life and power await all those who dare to rise above. Our burdens are our wings; on them we soar to higher realms of grace; without them we must ever roam on plains of undeveloped faith, (for faith grows but by exercise in circumstance impossible). Oh paradox of Heaven. The load we think will crush was sent to lift us up to God! Then soul of mine, Climb Up! Nothing can e’er be crushed save what is underneath the weight. How may we climb! By what ascent will we crest the critical cares of life! Within His word is found the key which opens His secret stairs; Alone with Christ, secluded there we mount our loads, and rest in Him.

(Streams in the Desert)