

It seems to me that in the fullness of life there are great paradoxes. There is truth that I know in my heart, but yet cannot understand. God has foreordained me to be His child, but it is fully my choice. I am created in His image and yet formed from the dust. I am called to obedience, yet there is nothing I can do to earn His love and favor.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, declares the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts. Isaiah 55:8-9

The longer I walk with Him, the deeper these divides seem. I wrestle and plead and cry and work and pray myself toward Him - all the while resting before Him. I must wait for Him to do His work in me.

How do I hold suffering and joy together in my hands - without denying either one? He is sovereign and His will is done; yet I am told to bring my [requests](#) to Him. Does He change His mind?

I strive to “run the race” (or even walk it), struggling against my flesh and selfish desire. Yet my works are as rags before Him and its only His grace and mercy that draw me close to Him.

Bless You, Lord, King of the universe. What a wonderful God we have whose ways are beyond understanding. Yet You reach down in love to Your people. Teach me and guide me until that wonderful day I see Your face.

For now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then I will know fully just as I also have been fully known. 1 Corinthians 13:12

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