



Prayers for my Dad

Description

God's loyal love couldn't have run out, his merciful love couldn't have dried up. They're created new every morning. How great your faithfulness! I'm sticking with God (I say it over and over). He's all I've got left. (Lamentations 3:22-24, MSG)

On April 17th, my dad was in a terrible motorcycle accident. These last two and a half weeks have been filled with all kinds of emotions. I can tell you that it has been the roughest time I think I've ever faced in my life. And I've faced a lot. It has tested my faith. It has shown me how much I need God's strength. I have never felt such anxiety before and the need to constantly reorganize my thoughts to find the peace of God. I can't say that I have ever remembered a time where I have felt more weak, emotionally spent, and just barely surviving. This has really shaken me to the core!

I say all this because I'm learning a lot about myself through this. Isn't that what we all do when crisis hits? We turn inward, we look at where we have gone wrong, how we could do better, and how much it hurts us individually.

This event has really thrown me off my game. I came home on a high from our vacation in California and less than 24 hours later my world turned upside down. I wish I could say that I have glided through this and handled every event of it well, but that would be a lie. I have been fumbling my way through this.

I have hurt some people I really care about, I have said things I didn't mean, I haven't had the best listening skills, and I've lost compassion for other things going on right now. I've been swallowed up in my own pain. I've been hurting and trying to survive my hurt. So this weekend, I stepped away from it all. I need to get a better perspective on the situation. I need to look at it with the eyes of the Lord. I need to see things from His perspective. I need to remember that God is in control. He has not let go of me. He did not step off the throne the day my dad was in the accident. He has not changed! He has been with us all along. He has been orchestrating details that I can't begin to explain to you. Details that blow me away.

On our vacation, I remember God pointing out different details along the way. We saw Yosemite

National Park and I remember seeing these little tiny flowers splashed every where. We walked to waterfalls, big and beautiful, displaying God's glory and I saw the tiny ladybug resting on a leaf. We walked the Redwood forest with trees big enough for a car to drive through them and I saw the 3 leaf clovers on the ground. I kept noticing all these little details and I felt God say, "Sarah, pay attention to the details." Every detail matters to God! God was using that trip to prepare me for my current storm. He was showing me that I need not focus on the storm and how big it is. I need to focus on the beautiful details splashed throughout the storm and recognize how big God is.

God is unchanging! His love is amazing! He is my strength when I'm too weak to make the next step. He is my peace when the waves of the storm hit hard. He is my constant companion. The captain of my soul. He is my fortress that I run to. My safe refuge! He is my everything!

So instead of focusing on the fact that my dad can't talk right now, I'll focus on the fact that he can communicate through a white board and marker. Instead of grieving that my dad has a long road to full recovery, I'll rejoice that God has given Him more time on this earth. Instead of thinking how things could be different, I'll do my best to see that God has a perfect plan through this. Instead of entertaining the lies of my enemy, I'll acknowledge God's Truth through this. Instead of hiding from this, I'll be a voice through it. Instead of running from this, I'll run to the Father. Instead of trying to be strong through it, I'll seek God and lean on His strength. Instead of holding it all together, I'll stay a little longer in the embrace of my Father and see that He holds this all together.

I pray that I can seek the Lord just a little bit harder and find refreshment in His Word. My dad wrote down a passage the other day for his visitors and I would like to share it with you. He wrote Lamentations 3:22-23 on his white board.

It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness. (Lamentations 3:22-23, KJV)

My dad is using God's Truth to rise above this storm. He is ministering to every person who comes to his room. He is not wallowing in his pain or feeling sorry for himself. He is being a testimony for the Lord and choosing to focus on God's goodness through this. If he can do that in his condition, then I can certainly be a voice for the Lord through this. I need to rejoice in the work of my Father God and trust that He will not fail us now.

Lord, I come to You with the burdens of my heart! Please help me to remember that Your mercies are new every morning. May I walk through this knowing that You have a perfect plan and that You will not fail us now. Please help me to trust in You with every ounce of strength that I have. Thank You Lord!

Trusting in the Lord,

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