



Feeling Blah

Description

A few weeks ago, I woke up feeling blah. I'm sure that you are familiar with that feeling. That feeling where you would be happy to just lay in bed all day. A feeling that comes out of no where and really has no reasoning behind it. The week before I was feeling great! I felt like God was doing some great things in and through me. It was exciting! There was really no good reason for me to be in a "Blah" state of mind. Here are the words I wrote down that night before I went to bed.

I had a blah week. Blame it on hormones, blame it on tiredness, blame it on a number of things. But the blame needs to go directly on me. I take the blame! No matter what anyone says, it's a choice. I had a choice to stay in this blah state of mind or seek The Lord. I chose the blah. The blah sucked me in and made it difficult for me to escape. The blah stole moments from me this week. The blah lasted a lot longer than it should have.

My enemy was waiting for a moment to sneak in the blah, the mundane, the boring. God was waiting for me to come to Him to lay the blah at His feet. I didn't come. I waited for it to pass. But it didn't pass. It never does!

Well, at least not until I make a conscious effort to overcome it. I have to take a stand against my enemy. He only messes with me if I let him. Gods Word provides the perfect escape, His Word pierces the darkness in my weary soul, His Word refreshes my tired heart, and his word gives hope to my mundane moments.

God is for me. He loves me. He chose me before the foundations of the earth. He's not letting go. I must cling to His promises, cling to His Truth, cling to what matters. I must move forward in His strength alone.

*I'm not going to let another day pass in this blah blah blah.
Tomorrow is a new day. I cling to Gods promises and rejoice in His goodness. I choose to dwell on The Lord and His goodness.
Thank u Lord for loving me through the blah!*

This got me to thinking about the night Jesus was betrayed. He was in the Garden of Gethsemane and He prayed these words...

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“Father, if you are willing, take this cup from me; yet not my will, but yours be done.” (Luke 22:42)

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I can't help but think did the “Blah” try to suck Jesus in. There He was on His face, sweating drops of blood, and asking God if it was possible for this cup to pass. Yet, in the same breath He said, “*yet not my will, but yours be done.*” Jesus wanted God's will to be done. Do I? Do I want God's will to be done in my life even when the “Blah” hits? I don't know what your “blah” is right now, but I can tell you that God knows it. He knows what you are facing. He sees it and He will give you strength to walk through it. He will help you overcome this blah moment. He will be Your refuge and strength!

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“As for God, his way is perfect; the word of the LORD is flawless. He is a shield for all who take refuge in him.” (2 Samuel 22:31)

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Dear Father God, Thank You for being my refuge through every storm of life. God, thank You for giving Jesus the strength to finish the task He came here to do. Thank You Jesus for dying for my sins. Thank You for taking on the weight of the world, the weight of my wickedness, and the weight of my sin. Thank You for being the perfect sacrifice for my sins! I pray that I will live my life to honor You and the sacrifice You made on my behalf.

Faithfully Yours,

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