



## Longing for God

### Description

A white-tailed deer drinks from the creek; I want to drink God, deep draughts of God. I'm thirsty for God-alive.

I wonder, "Will I ever make it—arrive and drink in God's presence?" I'm on a diet of tears—tears for breakfast, tears for supper. All day long people knock at my door, Pestering, "Where is this God of yours?"

4 These are the things I go over and over,  
emptying out the pockets of my life.  
I was always at the head of the worshiping crowd,  
right out in front,  
Leading them all,  
eager to arrive and worship,  
Shouting praises, singing thanksgiving—  
celebrating, all of us, God's feast!

5 Why are you down in the dumps, dear soul?  
Why are you crying the blues?  
Fix my eyes on God—  
soon I'll be praising again.  
He puts a smile on my face.  
He's my God.

6-8 When my soul is in the dumps, I rehearse  
everything I know of you,  
From Jordan depths to Hermon heights,  
including Mount Mizar.

Chaos calls to chaos,  
to the tune of whitewater rapids.  
Your breaking surf, your thundering breakers  
crash and crush me.  
Then God promises to love me all day,  
sing songs all through the night!  
My life is God's prayer.

9-10 Sometimes I ask God, my rock-solid God,  
"Why did you let me down?  
Why am I walking around in tears,  
harassed by enemies?"  
They're out for the kill, these  
tormentors with their obscenities,  
Taunting day after day,  
"Where is this God of yours?"

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~Psalm 40 (MSG)

### Category

1. Following Jesus

### Tags

1. Deer
2. God
3. Pants
4. Psalm
5. Soul
6. Water

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