

Remember

By Christine Anderson

*I waited patiently for the LORD; he turned to me and heard my cry.
He lifted me out of the slimy pit, out of the mud and mire;
he set my feet on a rock and gave me a firm place to stand.
He put a new song in my mouth, a hymn of praise to our God. –Psalm 40:1-3*

A few weeks ago I was waiting impatiently for some test results to come back from the doctor. I've been having a myriad of problems and I was thinking perhaps they were all related. The doctor drew seven vials of blood from my arm so we could test for just about everything under the sun.

The results came back on a Tuesday morning. Completely normal.

That should have been good news. That should have made me do cartwheels. Who doesn't want to hear that they are the picture of health?

Someone who doesn't feel well, that's who. Someone who hasn't felt well in years.

As that Tuesday progressed I was getting more and more upset. I began to feel hopeless. I knew where I was headed because I have dealt with depression for as long as I can remember, but I didn't care. I willingly walked into that pit of hopelessness with both eyes wide open.

I spent all of Wednesday in a fog. I didn't get dressed, I didn't eat – I took care of my kids and that was it. I just didn't care. There was no point in caring because nothing was ever going to get better so why bother? I didn't call anyone to talk about it because they wouldn't understand anyway so what was the point? When people called me I did my best to sound as normal as my test results said I was and for the most part I succeeded. Those who knew me a little better knew something was wrong and they knew I was upset about the results, but they didn't know the depth I had sunk to.

Here's the strange thing – I knew better. I knew what to do when these thoughts reared their ugly heads. I knew and I didn't care.

Wednesday afternoon one of my dearest friends called. For some reason she wouldn't let it go. I told her it was fine, that it was no big deal – you know, all the junk we say so people won't dig too deep into our lives. But she didn't believe me. She knew me too well I guess.

She reminded me that I needed to get into the Word. She reminded me that it is only through Christ that we can stand in the face of depression. She reminded me when I didn't have the ability to remind myself.

That night I started paging through my Bible and writing out the verses that I had marked "depression." (Yes, I already had verses marked – I've walked this road many times before.) These scriptures remind me of who God is. They remind me of who I am as His child. They remind me of the hope we have in Jesus Christ. Within a few hours I was starting to see light again. I found the energy to shower and have something to eat. God was using the power of His word to pull me out of the pit. Remembering who God is allows us to praise Him no matter how we feel or what is going on in our lives.

Praising God has a way of changing us. We are in error to think God needs our praise. He is God – He doesn't need anything. We need to praise Him. We need to remind ourselves of who He is. We need to be reminded that nothing is hopeless when our hope is in Jesus Christ. He IS our hope. I can't put my hope in my health or my money or my job or my husband or even my church. All of those things can fail or be removed from me at any moment. But Jesus is constant, He is faithful, He is secure. He will never

leave you, nor will He forsake you (Deut 31:5). He is our refuge and strength, an ever-present help in trouble. (Psalm 46:1)

Friends, I don't know where you are right now, but my heart is aching because I know there are some who are reading this who feel hopeless. Turn to God. Let Him minister to you through His word. He loves you and He wants to lift you out of the slimy pit; put your feet on the rock and put a new song in your mouth. Go to Him...He is waiting for you.

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Lord Jesus, I lift up everyone reading this who is struggling right now. Lord, be their comfort. Show Yourself real to them. I pray that Your love will shine through to them as they open Your word. Thank you, Lord for your faithfulness to us. Thank You for Your truth and Your unending love. To You be the glory! In Jesus name, Amen.

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