

Shadow of His Wings

“O God, Thou art my God; early will I seek Thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;” Psalm 63: 1

How often, O child of God, have you basked in the Son Light, and partook of the benefits supplied by your Sovereign: yet amidst the blessings, your heart is made to yearn for something more. You are aware of a thirst that “things” are not able to satisfy. “Lord, I thirst!”

In response to your cry, an Omniscient Heavenly Father dispatches a cloud; it is a grievously dark cloud. It comes to where you are, looming overhead, hiding as it were, the face of the Son.

“O God! I thirst for your Presence! Why do you now forsake me in the midst of my need?” It is then, from that same cloud that (seemingly) brought forth darkness and separation, that Mercy begins to rain upon you. Your Heavenly Father showers you with His Sufficiency!

What reasoning is it that would cry, “Lord, send the rains to quench my thirst, but please withhold the clouds!” The Psalmist cried out, “Thou hast been my help!” In the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice!”

Look up! Behold the cloud! It is rather the Shadow of His Wings that hovers above you!

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