



I Will Give You REST

“Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest. -Matthew 11:28

It never stops!!

It's like when the big kid approached you on the merry-go-round at the park. He/she would take great pride on how fast and powerful they could make it spin. I wanted off but was afraid I would be ground into powder from the gravel landing. So, I just closed my eyes, held on tight and fought like ever to not throw up.

I feel like that often as an adult. No, I don't ride the curs-ed merry-go-round at fifty. But I am still spinning, pushed by someone else and feeling nauseous from being out of control. Things like deadlines (whoosh!), kids (whoosh!), money (whoosh!), time (whoosh and whoosh!!), etc. I feel my life is spinning out of control and I can't stop it! More is piled on!. More is expected! More! More! More!

Then I feel a hush. A soft voice. A quiet whisper. “Come.” I'm not even sure if it's real. “Come to Me.” A whiff of a breeze like a sound rolling off the wing of a butterfly. “Come to Me...I will give you rest.” My eyes close and my shoulders drop. The ringing in my ears subsides. Peace.

The greatest word to the believer's ears. Peace. A stop to the constant noise. His peace. The gentle exit from the chaotic world. His peace “that passes all understanding.” The moment of communion between the Father and the child. The place where perspective is applied, and heaven has the ability to reign on earth. Just a moment. Just a time of heaven on earth. Peace.

Why is it so sporadic in our lives? Why is it hard to find? Why does it seem to be a quick, fleeting distraction instead of the “norm” of life? Didn't Jesus promise us this peace? His gift to us? Then where does it reside? I always seem to be too busy to find it. Besides, who has time to stop?

Perhaps that's the problem. We have become hoarders of, not only things, but time. We get and we get to find we have to take care of these things we have found we don't really want. After a while, things and time seem to own us and we have to spin and spin until we are too afraid to jump off.

But we must jump. You don't find this peace on the merry-go-round. You only find it in the arms of our Lord. But He doesn't intervene by grabbing the bars. He just stands and calls, “Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest.”

So let go and jump...into the arms of a Savior. Only there will you find rest from the constant spin of this world.

From My Heart,

Billy