

Ps. 145:18 Comfort for Your Difficult Day

Let's start with the Chinese food that I heated up in the microwave for lunch on Saturday. When I pulled out the plate, a piece of rice exploded and landed inside my nostril, burning me until I could retrieve it. There were no witnesses, but who could possibly make up such a thing?

Then there was my attempt to caulk the new trim that our friend kindly put in down in our basement. I followed the directions on the tinting caulk kit and felt quite proud that I figured out how to use the syringe to insert the paint and the thickening agent. Once that was done, I squeezed and squeezed that tube like a giant tube of toothpaste and could not get the caulk to come out.

May I ask just one question? Why in the world didn't the directions say, "Now put the caulk into a caulking gun for application"? I mean, people are just supposed to know these things? So I cried in frustration and gave up.

After that, I got into the shower to get ready for church. I was supposed to be there early to set up the Lord's Supper trays, but when I got ready to leave I could not, for the life of me, find my glasses anywhere. It took me 15 minutes to find those, which meant I left late and had to hurry to get my job done.

After this series of unfortunate events, I went to church and stood up to sing. I cried instead. We're in the middle of moving, you know, and I was fried and everything was going wrong. *Lord, I said. Can I just come be with you and feel exhausted and have a good cry in church?* It certainly wasn't a night when I was victoriously raising my hands and singing *glory*. It came out more like moaning and saying, *Oh*

Father, I'm so tired.

So this message is for all of you who feel like you're having a hot-rice-in-your-nose, can't-figure-out-caulking, glasses-lost, weary-beyond-belief kind of season:

"The Lord is near to all those who call upon Him, to all who call upon Him in truth" (Ps. 145:18).

Sit with Jesus and feel his love and acceptance. You don't have to be awesome and have your hands raised in worship. He just wants you to come to him with the truth: *Here I am, Lord. I'm tired.* Let him see your tears and frustrations and fatigue, because He wants to come in close on days like this.
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This article originally appeared at .