

{ Day 278 }

Record my lament; list my tears on your scroll—are they not in your record? Then my enemies will turn back when I call for help. By this I will know that God is for me. In God, whose word I praise, in the Lord, whose word I praise—in God I trust; I will not be afraid. What can man do to me? **—Psalm 56:8-11**

I imagine David sitting somewhere by himself, crying, “O God, I hate disobeying You. I love You—you know that—but I’m so afraid. I know I’m disobeying the prophetic word. I know that I am telling lies and deceiving people. But I am so afraid right now.” We have all been there, crying tears of repentance. Maybe one of David’s men walked up to him and said, “Get up and quit crying, you hypocrite! God doesn’t want to hear your blubbering. If you really loved God, you would stop sinning and go back to Israel like He commanded. Obey God or shut up.” Yet in this moment, the Lord whispered in David’s ear, “I have captured every one of your tears and put them in My bottle in heaven.” David knew his tears were not despised by God; they were precious. Though the men around him likely thought he was a hypocrite, God saw genuine love in David’s heart. David believed that God was for him while he was in Ziklag, and this was the secret to his recovery.

{ PRAYER STARTER }

Father, like David, I hate my disobedient spirit. I long to be Your obedient child. How precious to me is the thought of You scooping up my tears and placing them in a bottle. You care so much for me. Revive my cold heart and help me to burn with love for You.

**We need to put our cold hearts before that same
fire of revelation that warmed David’s heart.**