

our dwelling place

"Lord, you have been our dwelling place throughout all generations." psalms 90:1

"i remember a summer in which i said, 'it is the ocean i need,' and i went to the ocean; but it seemed to say, 'it is not in me!' the ocean did not do for me what i thought it would. then i said, 'the mountains will rest me,' and i went to the mountains, and when i awoke in the morning there stood the grand mountain that i had wanted so much to see; but it said, 'it is not in me!' it did not satisfy.

ah! i needed the ocean of His love, and the high mountains of His truth within. it was wisdom that the 'depths' said they did not contain, and that could not be compared with jewels or gold or precious stones. Christ is wisdom and our deepest need. our restlessness within can only be met by the revelation of His eternal friendship and love for us." – margaret bottomore

"you cannot detain the eagle in the forest. you may gather around him a chorus of the choicest birds; you may give him a perch on the goodliest pine; you may charge winged messengers to bring him choicest dainties; but he will spurn them all. spreading his lofty wings, and with his eye on the alpine cliff, he will soar away to his own ancestral halls amid the muniton of rocks and the wild music of tempest and waterfall.

the soul of man, in its eagle soarings, will rest with

nothing short of the rock of ages. its ancestral halls
are the halls of heaven. its munitions of rocks are
the attributes of God. the sweep of its majestic
flight is eternity!" – macduff

my home is God Himself"; Christ brought me there.
i laid me down within His mighty arms;
He took me up, and safe from all alarms
He bore me "where no foot but His hath trod,"
within the holiest at Home with God,
and bade me dwell in Him, rejoicing there.
o holy place! o home divinely fair!
and we, God's little ones, abiding there.

my Home is God Himself; it was not so!
a long, long road i traveled night and day,
and sought to find within myself some way,
aught i could do, or feel to bring me near;
self effort failed, and i was filled with fear,
and then i found Christ was the only way,
that i must come to Him and in Him stay,
and God had told me so.

and now "my Home is God," and sheltered there,
God meets the trials of my earthly life,
God compasses me round from storm and strife,
God takes the burden of my daily care.
o wondrous place! o home divinely fair!
and i, God's little one, safe hidden there.
Lord, as i dwell in Thee and Thou in me,
so make me dead to everything but Thee;
that as i rest within my home most fair,
my soul may evermore and only see
my God in everything and everywhere;

my Home is God.

– author unknown

God is indeed our home and we are all headed home very soon now. yes He has been our resting place in all generations and the eternal rest He has promised all who love His name will soon be ours. fret not what to bring with you. bring only yourself and love. the furnishings will be fully provided more abundantly than we could ever imagine. God Himself will be our shelter.