

when we're in the dark

"I will give you the treasures of darkness and hidden riches of secret places." isa 45:3

in the famous lace shops of brussels, there are certain rooms devoted to the spinning of the finest and most delicate patterns. these rooms are altogether darkened, save for a light from one very small window, which falls directly upon the pattern. there is only one spinner in the room, and he sits where the narrow stream of light falls upon the threads of his weaving. "thus," we are told by the guide, "do we secure our choicest products. lace is always more delicately and beautifully woven when the worker himself is in the dark and only his pattern is in the light."

may it not be the same with us in our weaving?
sometimes it is very dark. we cannot understand what we are doing. we do not see the web we are weaving. we are not able to discover any beauty, any possible good in our experience. yet if we are faithful and fail not and faint not, we shall some day know that the most exquisite work of all our life was done in those days when it was so dark.

if you are in the deep shadows because of some strange, mysterious providence, do not be afraid. simply go on in faith and love, never doubting. God is watching, and He will bring good and beauty out of all your pain and tears. - j.r. miller

the shuttles of His purpose move
to carry out His own design;

seek not too soon to disapprove
His work, nor yet assign

dark motives, when, with silent tread,
you view some sombre fold;
for lo, within each darker thread
there twines a thread of gold.

spin cheerfully,
not tearfully,
He knows the way you plod;
spin carefully,
spin prayerfully,
but leave the thread with God.

- canadian home journal

yes, God is driving our hands to complete His perfect work in each of us. this writing makes me think of corrie ten boom and how she used to display needlework from the back side, revealing all it's ugliness, and then turn it over to reveal the beauty it had produced.

if we will but leave the weaving to God, He will provide the finished work, and you may be sure it will be beautiful for He does all things well. when we walk through those dark places in our lives, we are never really alone. our Lord is walking with us. He knows the path well, for He has traveled it before.
achieving the victory

"for our light affliction, which is but for a moment,

is working for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." 2 cor 4:17

"is working for us," mark. the question is repeatedly asked – why is the life of man drenched with so much blood, and blistered with so many tears? the answer is to be found in the word "working"; these things are achieving for us something precious. they are teaching us not only the way to victory, but better still the laws of victory. there is a compensation in every sorrow, and the sorrow is working out the compensation.

it is the cry of the dear old hymn:

nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee,
e'en tho' it be a cross that raiseth me.

joy sometimes needs pain to give it birth. fanny crosby could never have written her beautiful hymn, "i shall see Him face to face," were it not for the fact that she had never looked upon the green fields nor the evening sunset nor the kindly twinkle in her mother's eye. iIt was the loss of her own vision that helped her to gain her remarkable spiritual discernment.

it is the tree that suffers that is capable of polish. when the woodman wants some curved lines of beauty in the grain he cuts down some maple that has been gashed by the axe and twisted by the storm. in this way he secures the knots and the hardness that take the gloss.

it is comforting to know that sorrow tarries only for the night; it takes its leave in the morning. a thunderstorm is very brief when put alongside the long

summer day. "weeping may endure for the night but joy cometh in the morning." – songs in the night

there is a peace that cometh after sorrow,
of hope surrendered, not of hope fulfilled;
a peace that looketh not upon tomorrow,
but calmly on a tempest that it stilled.

a peace that lives not now in joy's excesses,
nor in the happy life of love secure;
but in the unerring strength the heart possesses,
of conflicts won while learning to endure.

a peace there is, in sacrifice secluded,
a life subdued, from will and passion free;
'tis not the peace that over eden brooded,
but that which triumphed in gethsemane.

"that i may know Him and the power of His resurrection,
and the fellowship of His sufferings, being conformed
to His death." phil 3:10 knowing Him will mean He
knows you. confessing Him will mean that He confesses
you. dying His death will mean that you share His
newness of life.

say "yes" to Jesus - e'en tho' it be a cross that
raiseth me.