✨SPEAK: (a Summer Series)

1 Samuel 3:10, 'The Lord came and stood there, calling as at the other times, "Samuel! Samuel!" Then Samuel said, "Speak, for your servant is listening."' (NIV)

When my daddy called my name as a child, I came running. Mostly. Depending upon his tone, that is. I did not get into trouble very often when I was growing up, but when he strung my three names together—Michelle Elizabeth Gott!—like sinkers on a fishing line, I would slink slowly toward him. Mostly, if my daddy called out to me, I ran to him with anticipation and delight. There are few things I wanted more when I was growing up than to garner my daddy's attention, and bask in his affection.

We would grow apart. Like water over time harshly erodes the earth so too can hard times and difficult circumstances break down relationships. As the Lord would have it, He restored the raw years that life's crises had devoured (Joel 2:25). My dad and I would be recipients of His grace, sanding away rough edges and repairing fault lines, and I came whenever he called, right up until his final breath. Every now and again, I take out my saved voicemails just so I can hear my daddy's voice once more.

So it is with our Heavenly Father. He desires as children, when He calls, we come. There are a few occasions I know by the sound in His voice, He is chastising rebellion in me, or perhaps rebuking an unclean spirit that is trying to creep up. But most frequently, I hear Him call, and all I fancy doing is running to Him, to see what He wants. And do you know, often, He whispers my name. I can hear Him because He is close. The God of the Universe is close enough to this insignificant person that I can hear Him whisper, "Daughter."

So, it happened this morning. Sitting in our church service, with the upheaval and chaos, sadness and confusion. And I heard Him speak. "You're not here to worship a platform or a people; you are here to see Me see you. To be filled not with the disabled ways of the world, but to be filled with My Spirit, to worship the One Who sees you and knows your hurt." The peace came, like a river. And I was reminded, it is He who deserves my intent. He alone is worthy of my intention. He warrants my magnification. Not the crisis, not my circumstance. If the enemy were to get his way, he'd keep us stuck in this dissension, mired in the sludge of doubt, fixated on lies, forced to pick sides, drenched only in human understanding. But, with You, Lord, I can see above and beyond the situation; I can see Your face, Your majesty, Your goodness.

The foothold crumbles, and all that remains, is You and me. 'Speak, Father; Your child is listening.'