



Psalm 18:6 (NLT) “But in my distress I cried out to the Lord; yes, I prayed to my God for help. He heard me from his sanctuary; my cry to him reached his ears.”

We spent the summer of 2002 waiting. As Rod’s health worsened, we waited for the call that would give him a chance at life. It was the call that would tell us a liver was available and he would have his transplant. But waiting has never been my gift. Simply put, I’m not a good waiter.

I would love to tell you that I never worried, never doubted, and totally trusted God while we were waiting. But if I did, I would be lying. And I would be lying if I told you I never complained or felt sorry for myself. Didn’t I have every right to complain? Didn’t I have every right to feel sorry for myself and my family? Didn’t I have every right to worry? We had problems!

We were blessed to have wonderful support from our family and friends. They were always ready to hear my complaints and offer encouragement. But while they were good listeners, they really couldn’t help. They couldn’t provide a liver for Rod and they couldn’t make him well. They couldn’t solve our problems.

When problems arise and we start to worry and doubt, rather than feel sorry for ourselves and complain to others, we need to take our complaints to the One who can really help. It’s easy to pick up the phone and call someone but it’s even easier to drop to our knees and cry out to God. When we are crying out in the depths of despair, He is the One who hears us. He is the One who rescues us. He is the One who is wise and can provide what we need. He is the One our hope should be in. We can have confidence as we cry out to God that He sees our sorrows and afflictions and is ready to comfort and sustain us.

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Psalm 130:1-2 (NLT) “From the depths of despair, O Lord, I call for your help. Hear my cry, O Lord. Pay attention to my prayer.”

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