

"And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in Thee."
Psalms 39:7 KJV



The garden tomb is empty! *"And if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain...If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead!"* Hallelujah! I see the stars; I hear the rolling thunder; God's power throughout the universe displayed! I do not hope in platitudes or spiritual feelings. I hope in the unseen, but not unheard, Jehovah, whose Still small Voice of Comfort guides my thoughts and life as I read and meditate on His Word! Many times in the night have I felt forlorn and forsaken when precious promises permeate my musings and assure me I am not forgotten or forsaken! Often, the next day, an unexpected provision is manifested in my life. Months ago, I was experiencing difficulty getting approved for a new power chair by Social Security. My old one was failing fast. I finally quit fretting, stepped back, and let it go. I told God, "It's your decision. If you desire it, it is impossible for even the government to deny it, and if you do not, then I am content to be as I am." I heard nothing and, to be honest, did nothing about it for weeks. Oh, I occasionally pondered it, but I refused to meddle. Day before yesterday, I got a phone call telling me my chair was approved and could they come and deliver it. My physician had not only written the prescription, but had ordered it, as well! Two days earlier, my income tax refund had been deposited and I had the money to pay the entire balance owed on delivery! God never is before His time and never is behind! I have a good who wife cares for me better than any nurse, even though her health is also poor. Other times, I have had visits, phone calls, and emails that encourage my soul. But the most treasured part of my day is, now, when I sit and ponder God's Word for the content of the day's muse. You may have noticed I've revisited and revised some earlier muses. These, too, have rejoiced my heart, because God grants new insights and assurances as I write. *"For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: And...in my flesh shall I see God!"* Persecute, torture, and kill me if you wish; I cannot deny the Voice I hear in my soul nor the bounty provided by His hand in my life! *"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!"* You can't threaten me with Heaven!

Not by works that I have done,
Will I behold Christ's kingdom come,
But by His righteousness and grace,
I shall, at last, behold His face! ~CGP

I say again, "The Tomb Is Empty!" I need no other proof of God's love and existence than the *"still small Voice"* of comfort and consolation that so opportunely communicates with my consciousness. (It will not, however, if you do not know God's Word.) "It is the spade of trouble that digs the reservoir of comfort." (Spurgeon) The greater the trouble, the greater the comfort! I have great comfort, because I have great trouble. Paul fretted over his trouble until God reassured him, *"My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness."* Paul then capitulated as do I:

"...Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong." 2 Corinthians 12:9-10 KJV