

Love grammar

After having tasted of the sweetness of God's amazing gift of the Holy Spirit, in August 2001 if my memory is right, I plunged into His Word. The hunger I had was one of an intense kind and certainly not self-made. Writing about this resembles writing about falling in love. Yes, the memories of reading nonstop because I desired to absorb more of Him bring a smile to my face. Each time I discovered much more about so many things. Before He came living in me, I had been numb, blind to what I had been reading and now that deadness had been taken away. The Holy Spirit created a hunger for Him and His Word in me and opened my mind.

Making a leap in time to now, December 2007, I see that my initial desire to get to know the Father has gone through seasons. During these six years I have seen the other sides too, I have had times of spiritual crisis. Times that unbelief seemed to take over and thoughts of hopelessness resounded in my head and came back time after time like a broken record. Tough and painful times, but very good in the sense that God used them to shape me. I got to know the love of our Father by His discipline, as written in Proverbs 3:12 and Hebrews 12:6.

A better season came and I was given rest unto my soul. Like the green pastures, the still waters, described in Psalm 23. Yet after being in this better season for some time, I slowly let go off this passion for Him. Not that I turned my back on Him, but so many other things were interesting too. Distractions and self-realization: my hidden idols. I recall writing about regaining passion¹ for Him in the period that I felt my first love was slipping away. Strangely it did not dawn on me, my heart did not accept what I had written myself. Even though I felt nothing was changing and that too many things were in my head to hear, let alone listen to the Holy Spirit, I wasn't able to understand why my love was so halfhearted. This is the very reason I write this. To show my failure and His forgiveness, patience and wisdom in teaching me, disciplining me in His merciful way.

The patience of God goes beyond my stubbornness. Repeatedly He has shown me the foolishness of my ambition to have "all the knowledge, insight, wisdom" instead of depending on Him. I had been occupied with my agenda to become more independent instead of relying on Him. He made me realize that, by my striving I would not achieve, by my efforts I could not receive. Yes, the sin of proud self-sufficiency is not unknown to me.

Still the question remained: where was the love for Him and His Word and how would it come back? Just recently, as I was listening to an excerpt of a sermon, I felt the amazement, the awe for His Word like I used to feel it. My question was answered in such a graceful, non-condemning way and my need for direction was met. By giving back to me some of that good old excitement about Him, the Holy Spirit reminded me of what He had been saying to me more than once.

Love is spelled priority, written with the ink of choice.

¹ "Regaining purified passion": February 13, 2007