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Sunday

July 15, 2018

God Why Can't I Hear You?

Truly God Speaks To Our Hearts. It Is Up To Us To Listen

Have you ever had someone tell you about a book, but they just jumped right in and started telling you about the part right where they were reading. They hadn't quite finished the book so they couldn't tell you how it ended and they didn't tell you the very beginning - just the part they were reading right then.

Well, today I want to share a little about the story God is writing in my life. I can't tell you end of the story because it is not written yet, and I won't take time now to tell you the beginning chapters, but I will jump right in starting at just over a year ago and tell you what God is doing in my life right now.

A year ago....

July 1, 2017 I wrote in my journal, "I desperately want a word from You if You are willing, O Lord."

July 2, 2017 I wrote in my journal, "Father, why can't I hear you? Why do I not know what to do?"

I continued with other journal entries asking God why I couldn't hear Him begging Him for direction and to let me hear Him. I have heard that pleasure is God's whisper to us, and pain is His megaphone, but even in a time of great pain in my life I couldn't clearly hear His voice to me.

I am a born again believer in the Lord Jesus Christ and have been for many years. I believed in my Heavenly Father; I was His child. I knew factually that He loved me. I trusted Him and talked to Him regularly. I wrote things I felt He showed me or impressed on me in my journal, but I couldn't have conversations with Him where His words to me flowed in fellowship and comfort. I wanted something that was missing - something maybe Adam and Eve experienced in the garden with their fellowship with God their Creator. Isn't that why Jesus died on the cross and rose again - to restore fellowship with us and between us and the Father.

I had stacks of journals, but mostly they were one-sided conversations with me doing all the talking, begging, and pleading trying to figure out how to live without making more mistakes that would displease my Heavenly Father and bring about more consequences in my already messy life. I knew in my heart that there had to be more to being a Christian than living with an aching hole inside that couldn't be filled and healed.

Then through a series of events that really began almost three years ago, the Lord began to show me that, yes, I was His child, but I had no understanding of His grace outside of a definition on a piece of paper. My knowledge and relationship with God was real, but it leaned toward being very academic in nature. In experience I was aching to know Him - really know Him. Through the painful unfolding of circumstances, He began unraveling my lifelong beliefs that were deeply rooted and ingrained in my mind. I knew His Word, but in many areas I had gotten truth out of balance and truth out of balance equals error. The process was slow and painful because much of what I believed was right but the error had to be untangled and removed.

The lack of grace left me in a place where I was unable to worship God from my spirit. I sang songs and wanted to worship, but even in my attempts something again was missing. Then at the end of 2017 and the beginning of this year (2018), the Lord picked me up and took me out of my comfort zone and put me in a place I would have never chosen on my own - here at Living Hope Church. But in this place the unraveling accelerated and the building back of grace and truth accelerated with it.

In that process the most beautiful thing happened. When the grace came the worship began to grow inside of me. He showed me that, yes, I had been grateful for Jesus, my Savior, and His work on the cross, but gratefulness is not the same as gratitude. With the gratitude came grace, and with the grace came worship. And worship is only an outward expression of an inward heart of gratitude.

By March or April God opened the door for me to participate in a prayer ministry here at LHC. The Lord used that first appointment to teach me to "see" Jesus. It was the key that turned the lock to the door that opened for me to experience fellowship with God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit. Before this, of course, Jesus was the way to the Father, but most all my prayers were just to the Father. I wondered why Jesus seemed so distant to me, though He alone was the way to the Father. In that same appointment a name was mentioned that God had already brought to my attention by another person. I did an unusual thing and contacted a person that I had never met. Then she did an unusual thing. She having never met me volunteered to disciple me through a book on Hearing God's Voice. How could she have known the desperate cry of my heart almost a year prior. I gratefully accepted her offer and through multiple phone sessions she took me through a book that God has used to radically change my communication with Him.

Shortly after finishing that book, I returned for another prayer ministry appointment. A dear member of LHC recommend that I participate in a particular session called Restoring the Foundations. How could she have known that I had just been through almost 3 years of unraveling. Through that session came a new freedom from three particular wrong beliefs that dictated much of my decision making. Through the ministries at LHC and several other ministries one of which has been Celebrate Recovery, God has put a new strength in me that I have never had before - I know it is His strength and His Spirit as I surrender fully to Him. I am no longer bound by my emotions. Yes, I still feel them and acknowledge them, but they are not my decision makers any more. I have a peace in my heart in the middle of an ongoing storm, and my trust is now in a God that I know and communicate with daily - a God that I can hear speak to me in my heart and spirit, a God that is three in One and all are present when I communicate with Him and when He communicates with me, a God that said to me "Stop looking at the storm and put your focus on Me, a God that said to me, "I've got this," a God that said, "Be strong and courageous. Do not be afraid," a God that said, "I love you. You are my child, my daughter. I am with you. I will not leave you nor forsake you," a God that has filled and healed the aching hole in my heart. I cherish that moments of experiencing Him in community with other believers where His Spirit is present and alive and active. He is my God and He is good.

These are only baby steps to what is still needed to be accomplished in me. I know that with each new level of maturing in the Lord there will be new struggles and areas to surrender, but I know He is faithful and will complete the work He has begun in me. Thank You, Father, for finding me, loving me, and beginning Your work in me. To You, Father, I say hallelujah, I will praise You.