

The God who



30 Daily Meditations on Some of God's
Unexpected Character Traits

I pray God uses these meditations to speak to your heart!

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A huge thank you to my sister-in-law Hannah for THE BEST Christmas present that inspired this devotional! She gave me a booklet of "Unusual Names of God" with Scriptures, and as I shared some of them on my Instagram alongside my own thoughts, the idea for this devotional was born.



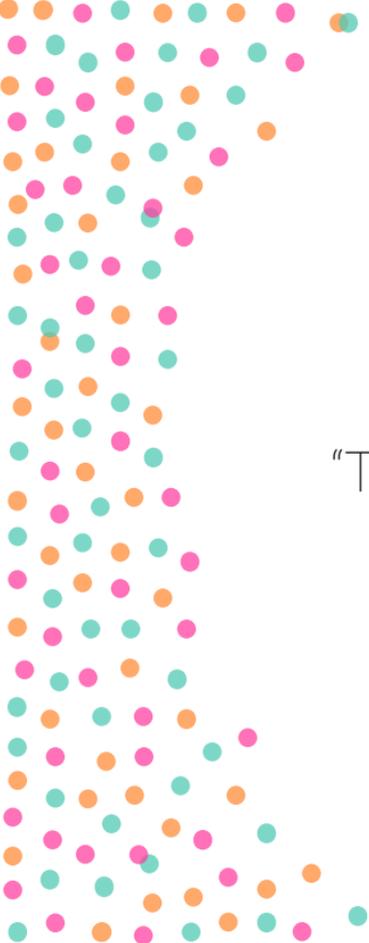
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Let's explore some character traits of God that we don't often hear about. Traits that actually seem out of character for the King of the Universe. Maybe that's what makes them so beautiful. I pray that over the next 30 days, you would rediscover the God who sees you, knows you and loves you completely.

Love, Tiffany Dawn

PS - Come join us on Facebook to share what YOU'RE learning through these daily meditations during the month of May—and be encouraged by the other people using this meditation booklet! You will receive an invitation to the Facebook group in your email. If you don't receive one, email me at tiffanydawn@tiffanydawn.net.



The God who sees you

“Thereafter, Hagar used another name to refer to the Lord, who had spoken to her.

She said, ‘You are the God who sees me.’

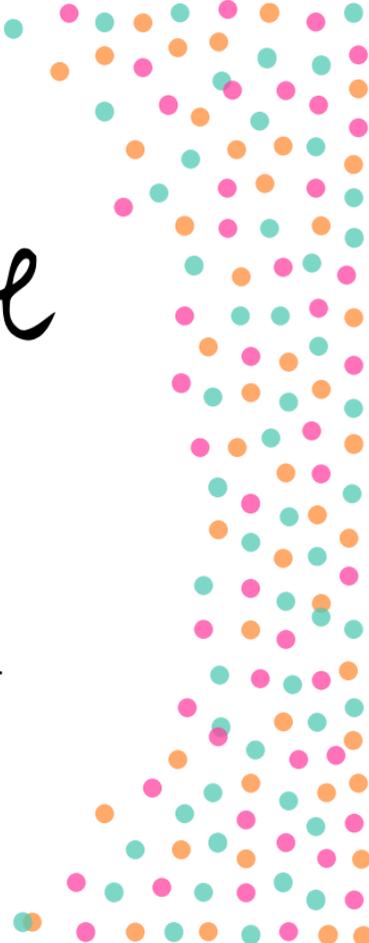
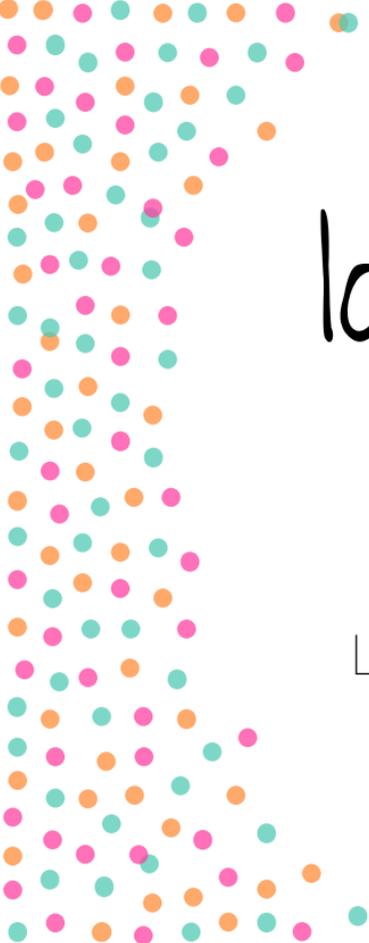
She also said, ‘Have I truly seen the One who sees me?’”

(Genesis 16:13)



The God Who Sees You

To think that God sees me here. Right now. When no one else is around. He is so big and I am so small, and yet He takes the time to see me. I feel that so much of what I do is unseen. Much of my daily life is not witnessed or shared by anyone. There have been seasons when I've felt invisible because of that, unknown and unseen. One day I asked God what to do with that feeling, and I felt like He answered: "I see you, and that needs to be enough for you." At that time, I was striving for human recognition from pastors and peers. I wanted them to notice me and the work God was doing in my life, but no matter how much affirmation I was given, I still felt unseen. I had to accept that much of my life will not be witnessed by another human, but every moment is seen and recorded by our Father God. His eyes are always on us. And if we let it, that knowledge can satisfy our hearts.



The God who loves your voice

“My dove is hiding behind the rocks,
behind an outcrop on the cliff.

Let me see your face; let me hear your voice.

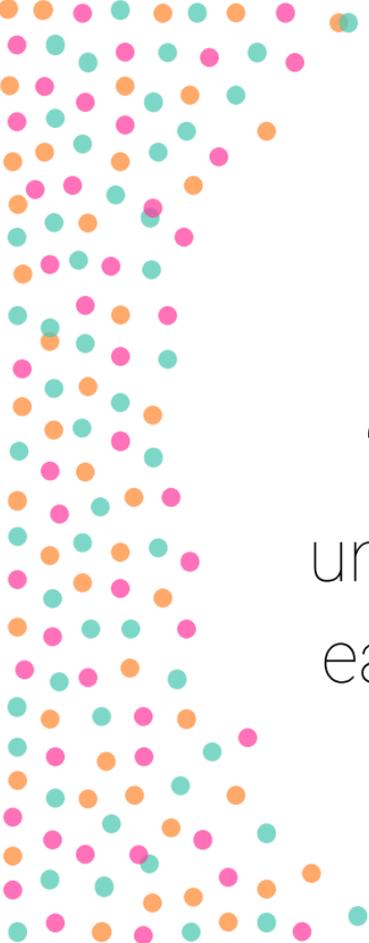
For your voice is pleasant,
and your face is lovely.”

(Song of Solomon 2:14)



The God who loves your voice

My daughter Natalie seriously has THE CUTEST voice I've ever heard. James says it sounds like a bird chirping. It's a little bit raspy but so sweet. I try the craziest things just to get her to laugh and "talk" to me with her baby noises. I could listen to her forever. Every time I say, "Girl, you have the cutest voice," I then think of this verse. That's the way God feels about me! I've often prayed, "Lord, let me hear your voice! I want to know you." But I never realized that God was saying the same thing to me: "Tiffany, let me hear your voice! I want to know you. You have the sweetest voice I've ever heard. Come, talk to me."



The God who pours



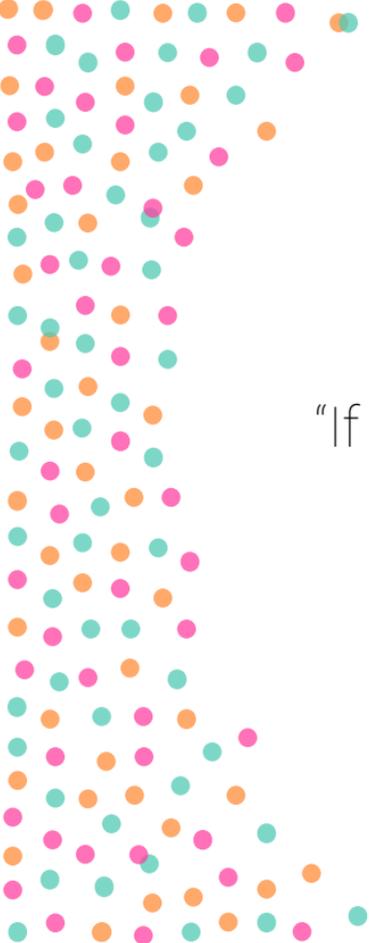
“But each day the Lord pours his unfailing love upon me, and through each night I sing his songs, praying to God who gives me life.”

(Psalm 42:8)



The God who pours

I've often thought I had to try and earn His unfailing love. I had to desperately ask—almost beg—for it, and receive what little was given. But this verse paints an entirely different picture. He doesn't just “offer” His unfailing love and begrudgingly wait for me to come get it. He doesn't just sprinkle me with a little bit of it, enough to get me through the day. No, He “pours” it over me—lavishly, abundantly, an unending flow of His delight. Each day I can simply sit under the flow of His constant love.



The God who searches

“If a man has a hundred sheep and one of them
gets lost, what will he do?

Won't he leave the ninety-nine others
in the wilderness and go to search
for the one that is lost
until he finds it?”

(Luke 15:4)



The God who searches

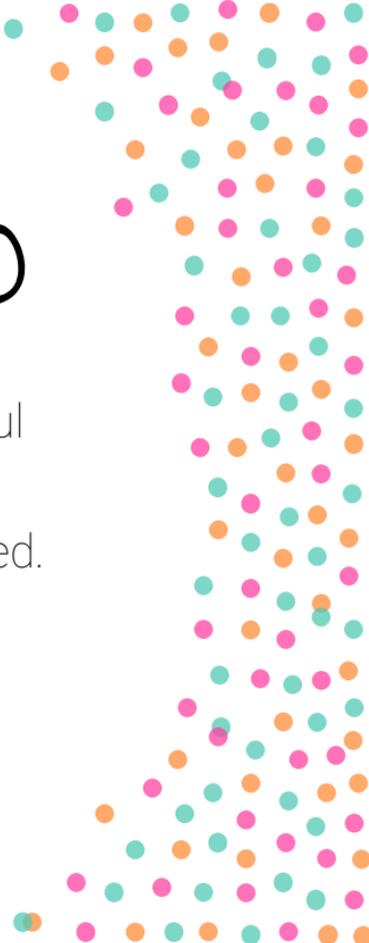
I've read that shepherds in this culture would never have left 99 sheep to go find one. They'd say, "Ninety-nine is close enough. I don't want to risk the others to find the one." But not Jesus. He goes after the one, the seemingly insignificant. Have you ever thought about God searching for you? It's a crazy thought. I often felt like I was searching for God—and there's truth to that. But what if God has actually been searching for me this whole time, far more than I could ever search for Him?



The God who NEVER gives up

“Love is patient and kind. Love is not jealous or boastful or proud or rude. It does not demand its own way. It is not irritable, and it keeps no record of being wronged. It does not rejoice about injustice but rejoices whenever the truth wins out. Love never gives up, never loses faith, is always hopeful, and endures through every circumstance.”

(1 Corinthians 13:4-7)





The God who never gives up

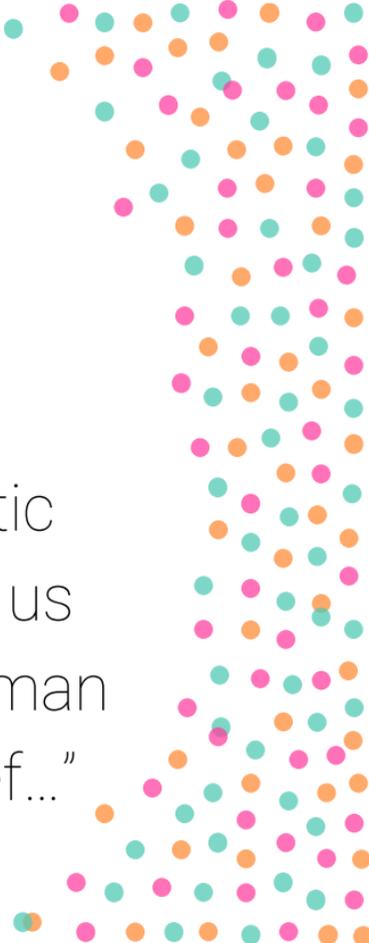
I used to read 1 Corinthians 13 like a laundry list of the ways I wasn't loving enough. "Not jealous? Not irritable? Never gives up on someone? Man I have a long way to go." But now...I read it more as a description of who God is and how He loves me. To think that God never gives up on me, and is always hopeful. To think that He doesn't keep a record of all the ways I've failed. To think that He's not irritated with me, but is patient and kind. Now I see 1 Corinthians 13 not as a list of my insufficiencies, but as a description of how God loves me.



The God who grieves

“...There was nothing beautiful or majestic about his appearance, nothing to attract us to him. He was despised and rejected—a man of sorrows, acquainted with deepest grief...”

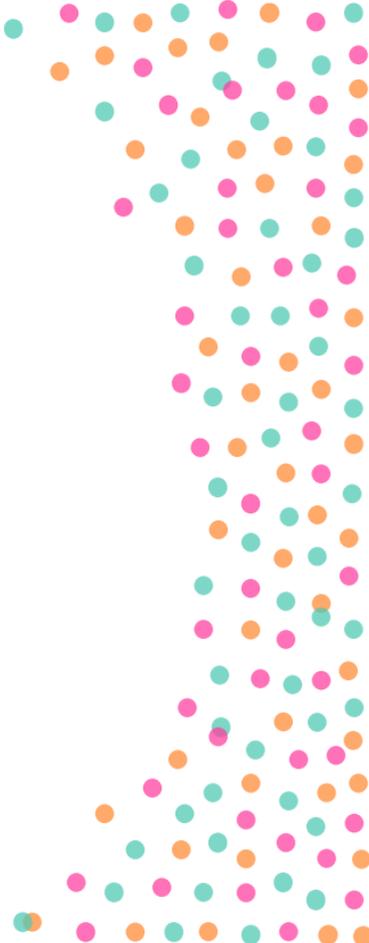
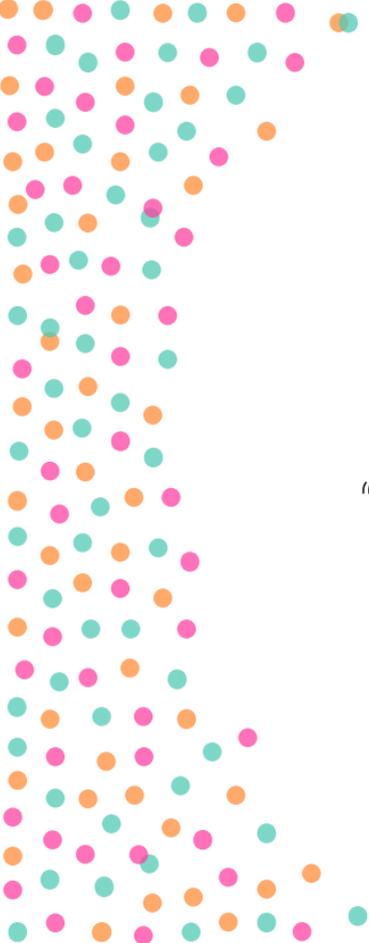
(Isaiah 53:2b-3a)





The God who grieves

This verse is so beautiful that I could cry. He grieved. He was rejected. He wasn't beautiful. Those are all things that I've felt. He gets it; He truly understands the most painful parts of my life. He understands the loss of my miscarriage last year, the grief I still carry within me. He understands the many moments I felt overlooked by guys that I liked, because someone else was more beautiful than I was, and the guys noticed her instead of me. Our God stood in my shoes and came not only as the God of Glory, but as a Man of Sorrows. As one familiar with pain, as one familiar with grief.



The God who is Right here

“Look! The virgin will conceive a child!

She will give birth to a son,
and they will call him Immanuel,
which means “God is with us.””

(Matthew 1:23)



The God who is right here



Sometimes I go through my day forgetting that God is with me, right beside me, present in this moment. I push through the hard moments and rush past the beautiful ones, forgetting He's here too. These everyday moments aren't ordinary; they are holy moments. The God of the Universe is right here, right now, with me and with you. He is close by. I picture Him sitting across the table from me as I write this. His presence is in the air I breathe.

Every moment I live, He shares it with me.



The God Who Weeps

When Jesus came to see Lazarus, who had died, this is what happened:
“Where have you put him?’ he asked them.
They told him, ‘Lord, come and see.’
Then Jesus wept.”
(John 11:34-35)



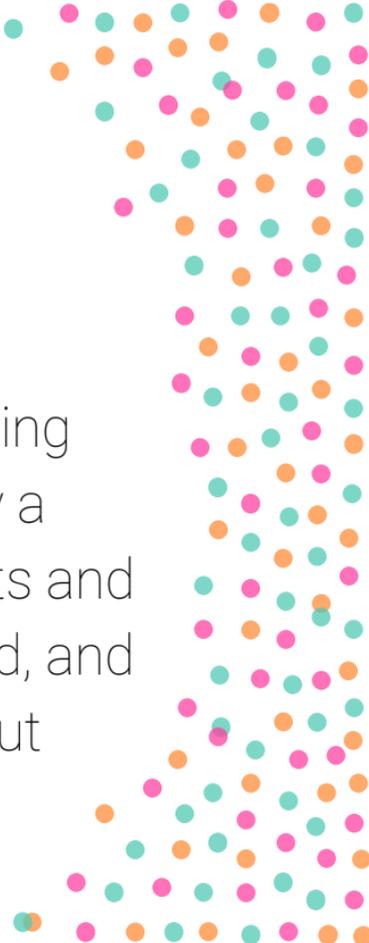


The God who weeps

Sometimes we think negative human emotions are wrong. Emotions like anger, sadness, grief and discouragement. But the God who came and walked in our shoes felt them all. I believe that God wants honesty in the depths of our hearts. Not a fake smile and rote, "Life is good because Jesus is good." In reality, sometimes life leaves us just wanting to weep. And Jesus knows that more than anyone. Surprisingly, He didn't shove it all down and hide His sadness as some unholy emotion; instead, He wept. I've wondered why He wept. Was it sadness? Was it seeing everyone else weeping? Was it because people didn't believe He could raise Lazarus from the dead? I don't know. All I know is: We have a God who weeps.



The God who gets messy



“For John [the Baptist] didn’t spend his time eating and drinking, and you say, ‘He’s possessed by a demon.’ The Son of Man, on the other hand, feasts and drinks, and you say, ‘He’s a glutton and a drunkard, and a friend of tax collectors and other sinners!’ But wisdom is shown to be right by its results.”

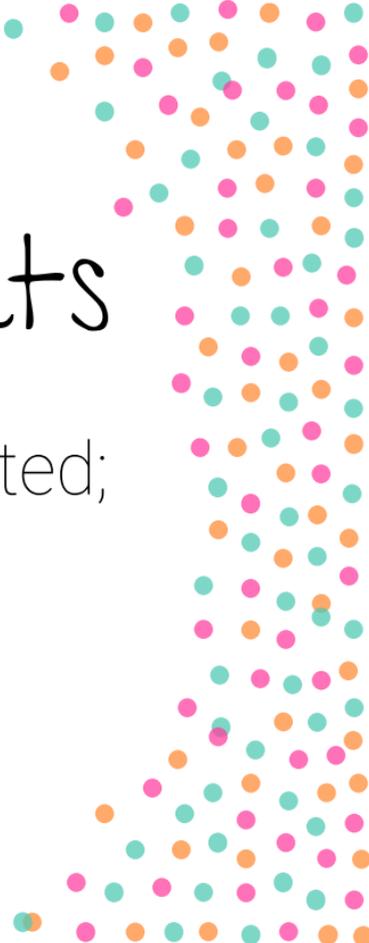
(Matthew 11:18-19)



The God who gets messy

Jesus wasn't afraid to get into people's real lives, even when they were messy. When I think about reaching out to people who need help, I think about volunteering at a soup kitchen or inviting someone to church. But to really get involved in their daily life? That sounds...messy. I remember going to a child's birthday party at someone's home. Their social circle was very different from my own, their house itself was very different than what I'm used to, and I felt really uncomfortable. I didn't want to be there.

My attitude that day makes me sad. Why do I want to keep people at arm's length, instead of stepping into their real world and inviting them into my own? That's what Jesus did. Why is it so hard for me?



The God who Rescues BROKEN hearts

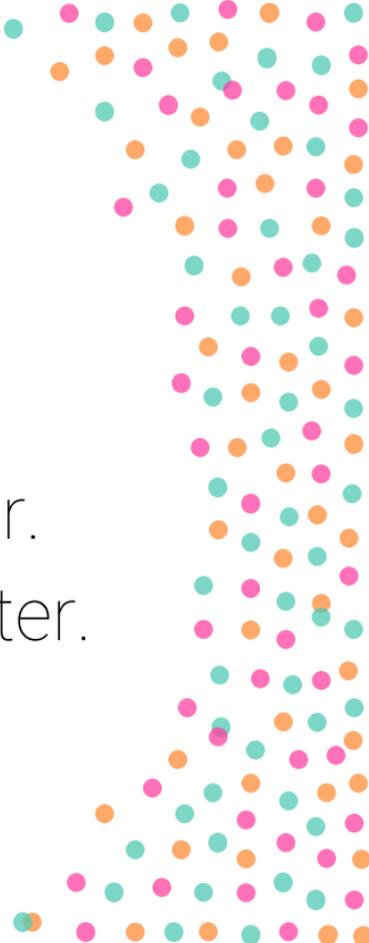
“The Lord is close to the brokenhearted;
he rescues those whose
spirits are crushed.”

(Psalm 34:18)



The God who Rescues BROKEN hearts

God doesn't run from our pain; He runs to us in our pain. The most painful seasons of my life have also been the times when God felt the closest, closer than my next breath. I was so aware of His presence all around me in those moments. I'd be curled up in a ball, alone with my tears, and it was like He stood in the room with me. He is not a God who runs from our pain, but a God who runs to us with tears in His eyes and arms open wide.



The God who is a potter

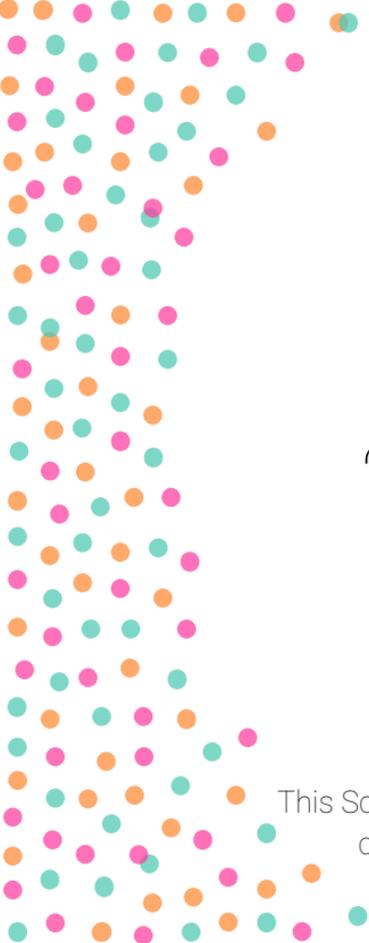
“And yet, O Lord, you are our Father.
We are the clay, and you are the potter.
We all are formed by your hand.”
(Isaiah 64:8)



The God who is a potter



I always thought a potter would focus on the mistakes in the clay. I thought He would see all my flaws and desperately try to fix them. Maybe he'd even get frustrated sometimes, like, "Man, we still have a lot of work to do on Tiffany! Will it ever end??" But as I read this verse today, I'm realizing: The potter isn't focusing on my mistakes; rather, he sees the beauty in my unformed clay. He's not fixated on my flaws, but on the process of shaping. In fact, I think my flaws probably look bigger to me than they do to Him. Because He has a vision. He sees the person He's shaping me to become. And those "mistakes" are not permanent; they're just part of the shaping process.

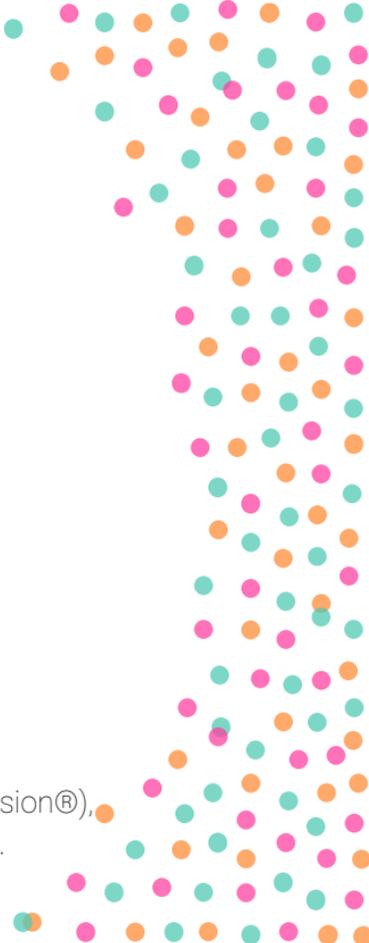


The God who wounds

“For he wounds, but he binds up;
he shatters, but his hands heal.”

(Job 5:18, ESV)

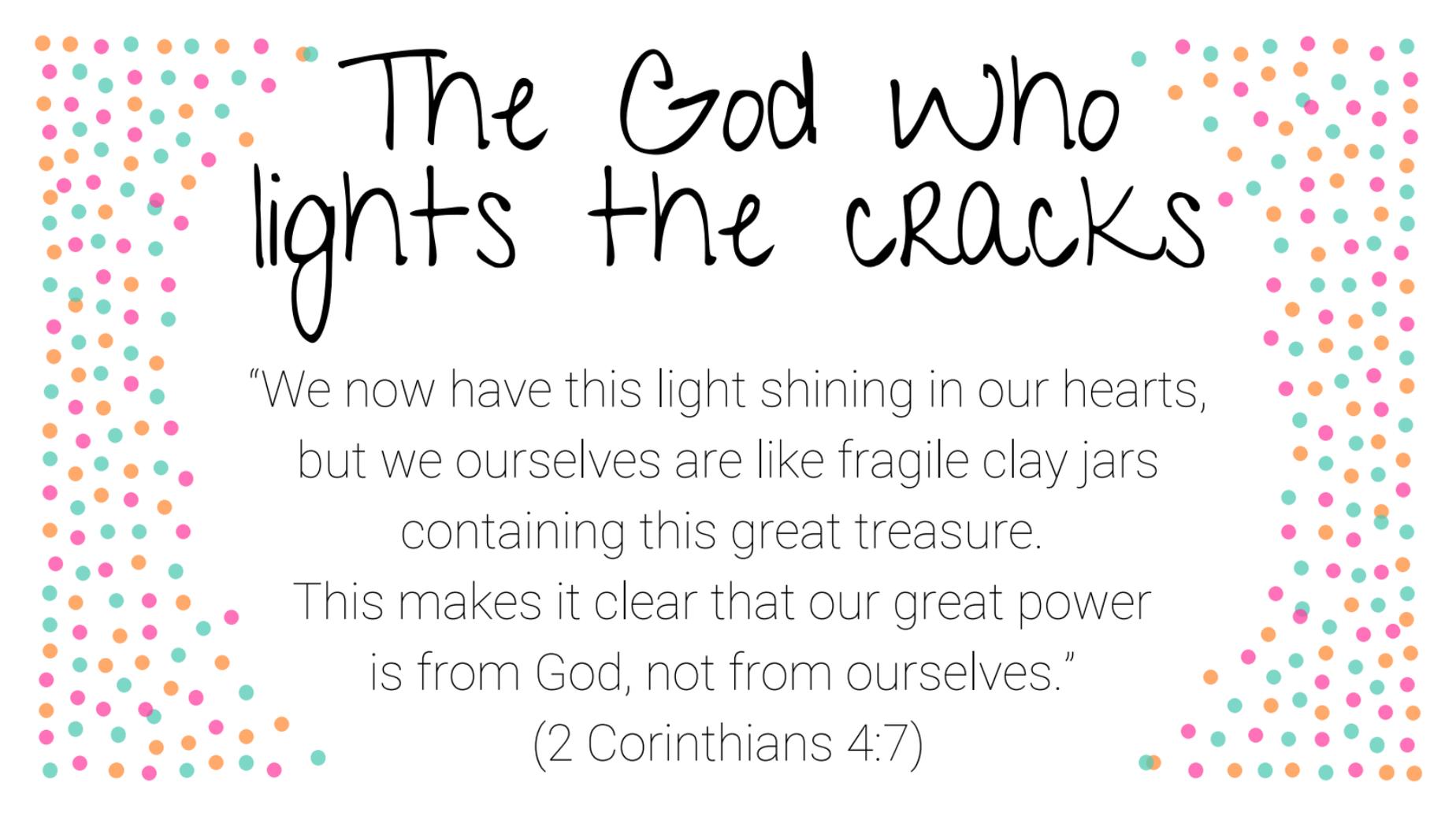
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The God who wounds

I used to hate this verse. I thought it sounded like a weirdly abusive relationship. But today I'm looking at this verse with fresh eyes. Even His wounds are about love and healing. They're about freeing us from what hurts and enslaves us. A few weeks ago, Natalie was having a tough time with a sore throat. She was in so much pain! So we bought some baby Tylenol and tried to put it in her mouth...and she screamed bloody murder. She hated the taste of it! But we did it to heal her, not to hurt her. I think God does the same thing for us. There have been times when I've felt pieces of my life shatter—when a boyfriend (who wasn't good for me) treated me so badly that I was finally willing to leave. When I got rejected from every single job I applied for. Those things felt like wounds at the time, but I see in retrospect they were gifts, because now I'm married to a man who treats me right, and instead of working full-time, I was able to travel and speak at events. This is NOT to say that every bad thing that happens to us is caused by God. I don't believe that at all. There are some horrible things that happen simply because we live in a sin-filled, selfish world. But even in those moments, God wants to step in as our healer. So the next time I see my world shattering, I'll have to stop and ask, "Is this baby Tylenol? Is this wound actually a means to my healing?"



The God who lights the cracks

“We now have this light shining in our hearts,
but we ourselves are like fragile clay jars
containing this great treasure.

This makes it clear that our great power
is from God, not from ourselves.”

(2 Corinthians 4:7)



The God who lights the cracks

I often wish I had fewer cracks in the clay vessel of my life, that I was a little more perfect and well-put together. Surely God could use me more if that were the case! But quite the opposite—He intentionally **CHOOSES** fragile jars of clay, not heavy-duty, golden treasure chests. He chooses people that are weak so His strength shines through. He chooses clay that can crack, and He lights it from within. And I wonder if our cracks just let a little more of His light shine through.



The God who longs

“O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, the city that kills the prophets and stones God’s messengers!

How often I have wanted [longed, in the NIV] to gather your children together as a hen protects her chicks beneath her wings, but you wouldn’t let me.”

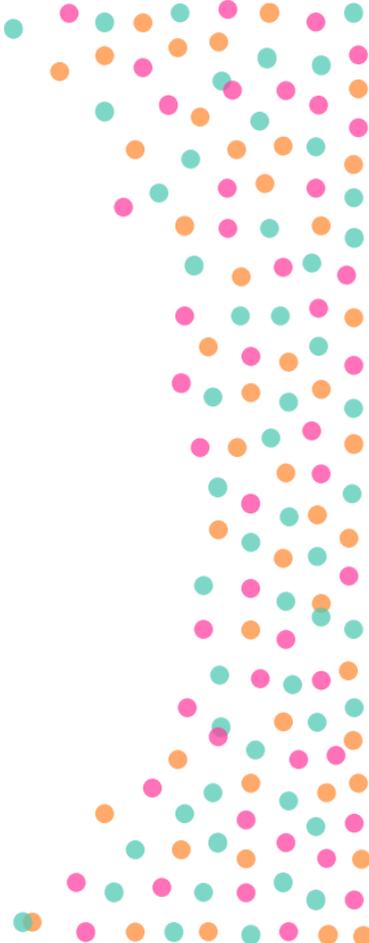
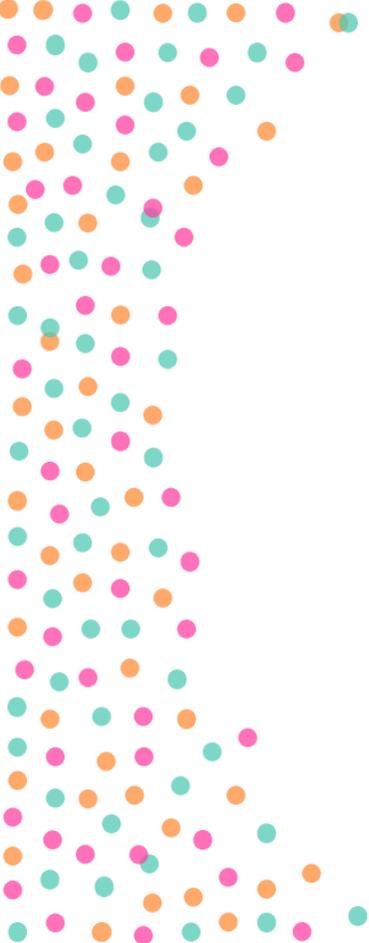
(Matthew 23:37)





The God who longs

Longing is vulnerable. It speaks of unmet desire. To think that I could be God's unmet desire—wow. I think of myself as someone who wants to long for God, but do I realize that God longs for me? And I can't stop wondering at who God is longing for: a city who has killed the messengers God has sent them. And yet He keeps sending messengers. To think not only that God longs for us, but also that our sin doesn't make Him stop longing. Our brokenness doesn't scare Him. He knows exactly how broken we are, and He wants to be with us anyway. We just need to let Him draw us close, because He won't force anything on us.



The God who satisfies

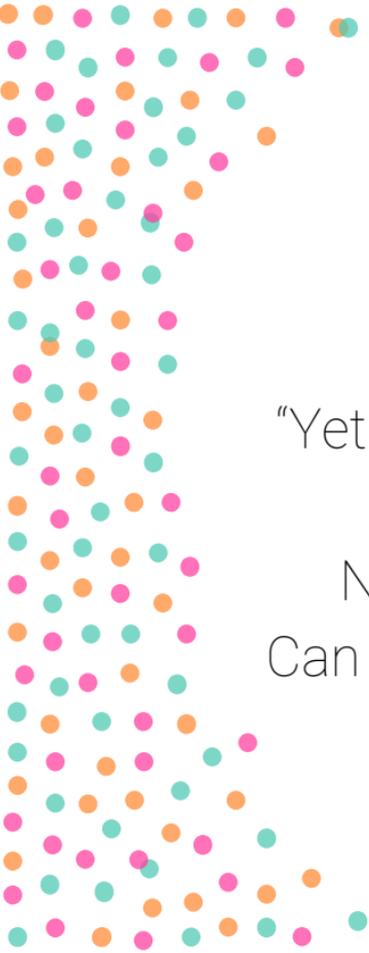
“When you open your hand,
you satisfy the hunger
and thirst of every living thing.”

(Psalm 145:16)



The God who satisfies

I need this today. I'm sitting here, just wanting to get on with my day. Honestly, I don't want to pause and spend time with God when I have so little baby-free time to get things done. My kitchen is a mess, the laundry isn't put away, and I really, really want to work on this devotional. But I know there's only one hand that holds satisfaction for all my soul hunger and thirst, and it's His hand. I might not feel anything special when I spend time with Him this morning. But I know that a life of spending time with Him regularly is a life that finds deep satisfaction. Those little quiet times spent with God over days and weeks and months add up, and that consistency with God is what fills our hearts.



The God who mothers

“Yet Jerusalem says, ‘The Lord has deserted us; the
Lord has forgotten us.’”

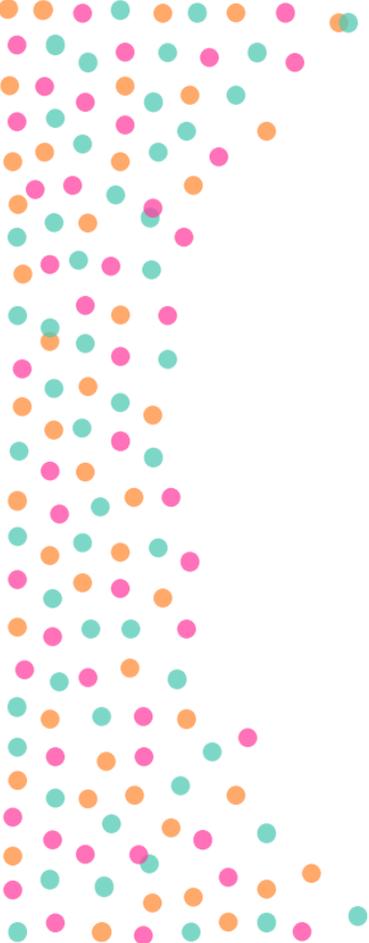
Never! Can a mother forget her nursing child?
Can she feel no love for the child she has borne? But
even if that were possible,
I would not forget you!”
(Isaiah 49:14-15)



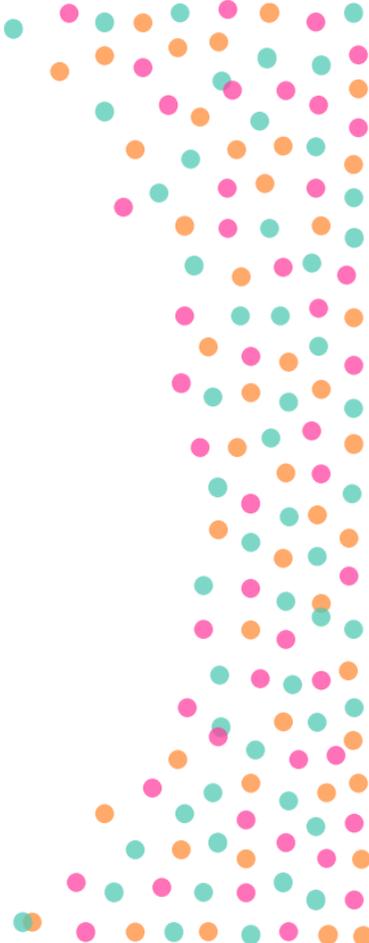


The God who mothers

I love that God gives us human relationships to describe the ways He loves us. We often talk about God loving us like a father, but we almost never talk about God loving us like a mother. This verse has special meaning to me now that I'm a mom. Not a second goes by that I forget Natalie. Even when James and I are out on a date night, she's always on my mind. Sometimes she might think I'm far away, when she needs to learn to sleep in her crib and cries for a few minutes. But I'm waiting and listening, hovering right outside her door, often with tears in my eyes. To think that God sees me that way, and even more. That I'm always on His mind, and even when He feels far away, He has not forgotten me.



The God who is a husband



“I will return her vineyards to her and transform
the Valley of Trouble into a gateway of hope.

She will give herself to me there,
as she did long ago when she was young,
when I freed her from her captivity in Egypt.

When that day comes,’ says the Lord,
‘you will call me “my husband”
instead of “my master.”’”

(Hosea 2:15-16)



The God who is a husband

This is one of my favorite verses in the whole Bible. When I was dating my first boyfriend, I was introduced to a version of God who was a harsh “master.” I had to get it just right or He’d be upset with me. He was all about rules—at least, that’s what I thought. After that relationship, I wanted nothing to do with this kind of God, a God waiting for me to mess up and guilt-trip me into perfection. As I wrestled through the break-up, God began revealing Himself to me as a husband rather than a harsh master. Husband is such an intimate term, someone who knows you fully in the most vulnerable ways, and yet has committed his life to loving you. God began to restore my view of Him to one of love instead of control.



The God who welcomes



“So he [the prodigal son] returned home to his father.
And while he was still a long way off,
his father saw him coming.
Filled with love and compassion,
he ran to his son, embraced him,
and kissed him.”

(Luke 15:20)



The God who welcomes

I can never fully wrap my mind around this scene. That the prodigal son returns with a half-hearted apology and questionable motives, and the father responds with such over-the-top love. He barely waits to listen to the half-hearted apology before ordering his servants to throw a party and celebrate the son's return, to welcome him home! When I feel far from God, this is the last thing I expect. For some reason, I always expect God to meet me with disappointment in His eyes. I think I need to clean myself up and get back into the habit of having devotions before God will accept me. But that's not who God is. God is the welcomer. He takes one look at you, one look at me, and he books it to meet us right where we are. And then He throws a party.



The God who takes delight

“The Lord directs the steps of the godly.
He delights in every detail of their lives.”

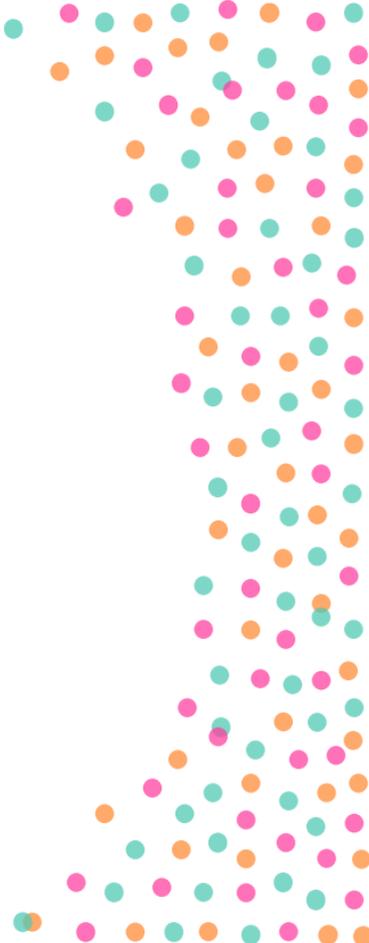
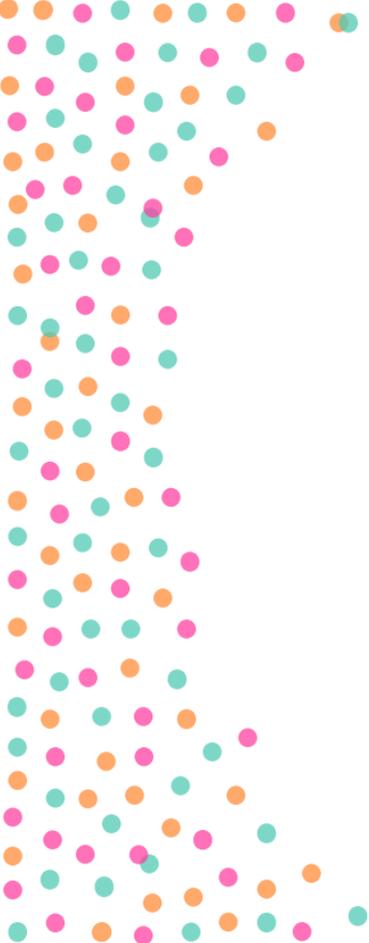
(Psalm 37:23)



The God who takes delight

It's easy to separate our lives into sacred and secular. To think there are certain moments God inhabits and certain ones we work through on our own. But God delights in "every detail" of our lives. He invites us to share every little moment with Him.

There's nothing that's TMI, nothing that's unworthy of this fellowship. He's never too busy to hear the little things that concern us; He delights in that—in every detail.



The God who sings

“For the Lord your God is living among you.

He is a mighty savior.

He will take delight in you with gladness.

With his love, he will calm all your fears.

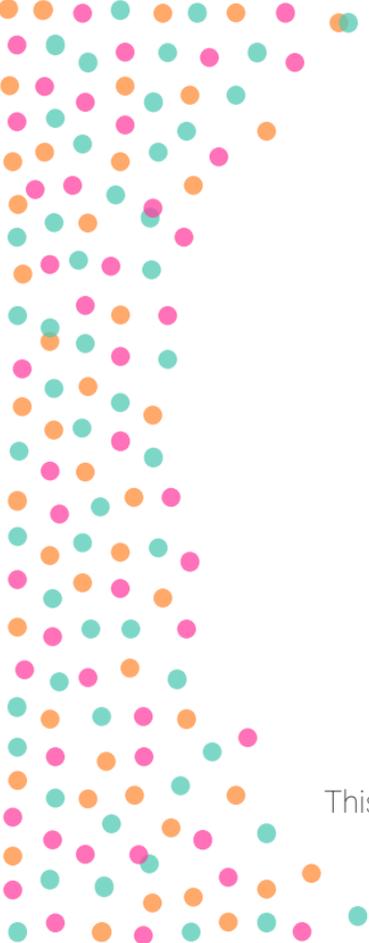
He will rejoice over you with joyful songs.”

(Zephaniah 3:17)



The God who sings

James and I love singing over Natalie. Not only do we sing her to sleep, but we also make up these ridiculously silly songs about what we're doing that day. Our days are filled with singing. Recently my friend Susannah (who's also a new mom) said, "I had this revelation about God singing over us." She said she always understood this verse as "a vague sense of Him singing a lullaby or hymn, something formal. But now I feel like perhaps it might mean the same sort of spontaneous little melodies that my child inspires in me!" What if God is singing over you during the little moments of your day as well?



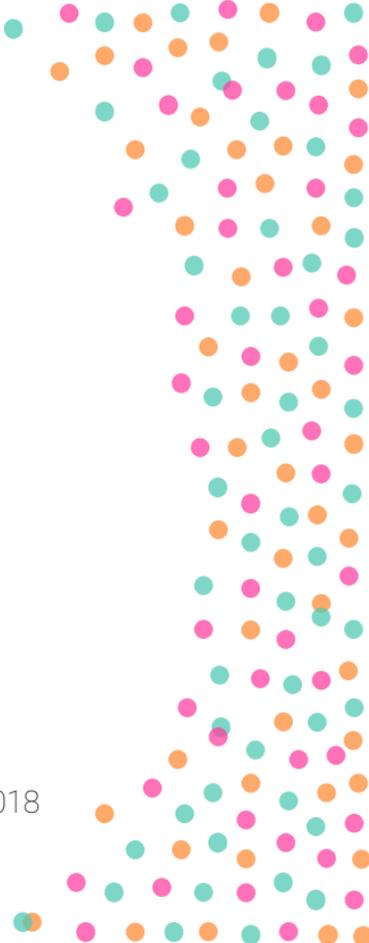
The God who chases

“Your beauty and love chase after me
every day of my life.

I’m back home in the house of God
for the rest of my life.”

(Psalm 23:6, The Message)

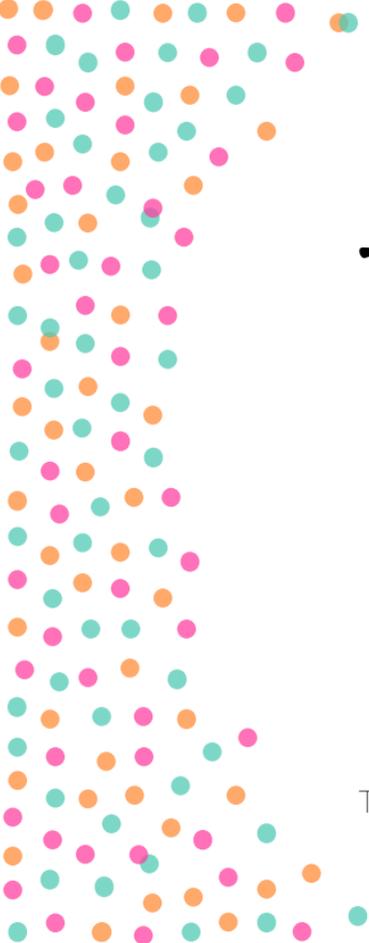
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The God who chases

I used to be the girl who chased the guys. I wanted so badly for them to like me, but they didn't pursue me. At least, not the ones that I wanted to—the charming, handsome ones. And so I chased them. Chasing felt like a powerless place to be, a place where you were sort of giving power to the other person, giving them a say in how you felt about yourself. It's empowering to be chased, but it's humbling to chase. So it's shocking to me that the King of the Universe, the One we ought to be chasing, came down to chase us. It's undignified. It's unexpected. And it's beautiful. He never gives up, but He keeps coming to find us wherever we are.

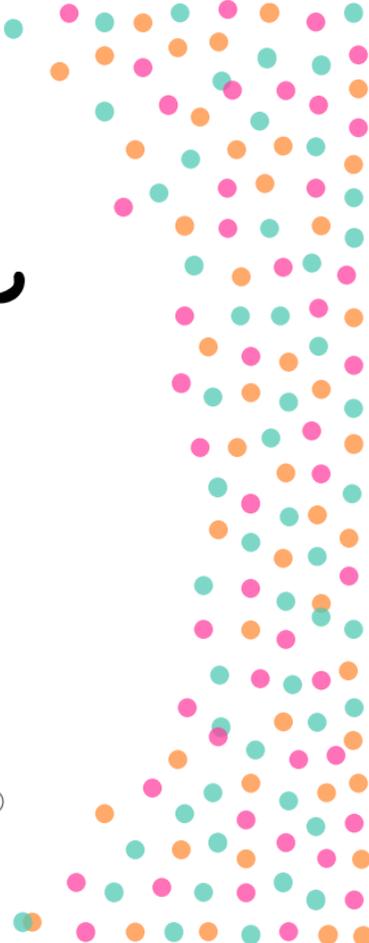


The God who fights for you

“The Lord will fight for you;
you need only to be still.”

(Exodus 14:14, NIV)

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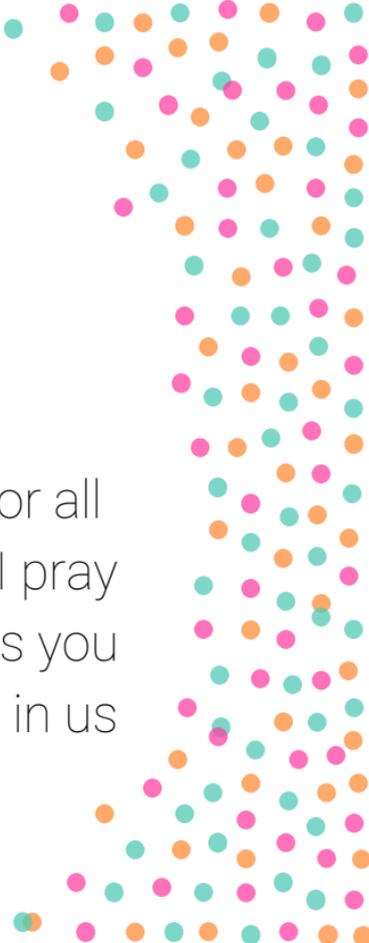




The God who fights for you

There's this beautiful song that says: "I've been told to pick up my sword and fight for love. Little did I know that Love had won for me."* There are certainly times that God asks us to "fight," but there are also times when He says, "Just sit back and let me fight for you." It reminds me of Psalm 23:5: "You prepare a feast for me in the presence of my enemies..." Being so secure in the love and strength of God that even when we are surrounded by chaos, difficulty and the sin we wrestle with...we can SIT DOWN and FEAST. Sitting down is a vulnerable position; you're not standing, ready to defend yourself at a moment's notice. You're sitting, relaxing and enjoying food with laughter. Fully confident in the One who is all the while fighting for you.

* "We Dance" by Steffany Gretzinger and Amanda Lindsey Cook.
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The God who prays

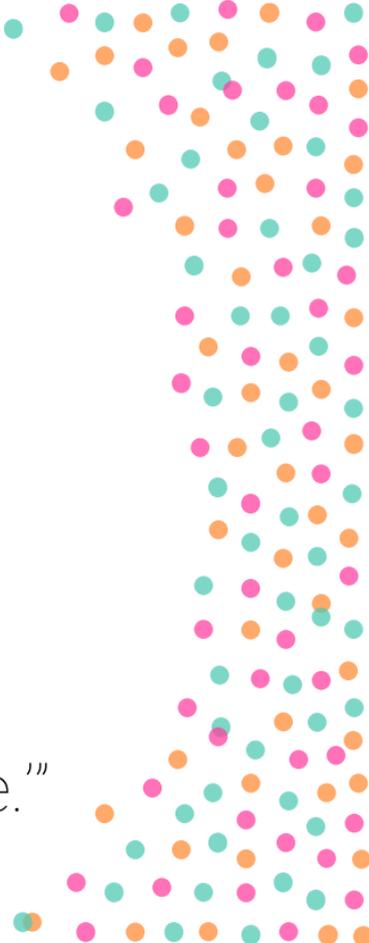
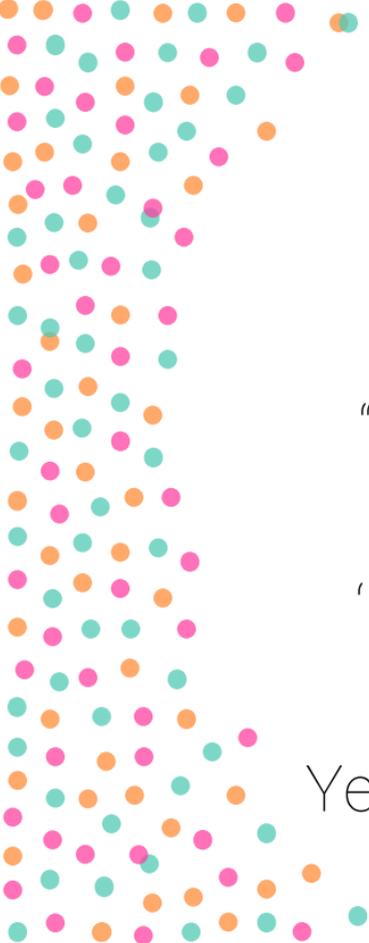
“I am praying not only for these disciples but also for all who will ever believe in me through their message. I pray that they will all be one, just as you and I are one—as you are in me, Father, and I am in you. And may they be in us so that the world will believe you sent me.”

— Jesus (John 17:20-21)



The God who prays

When I read this, the first thing I think is, "Wow! Jesus prayed for ME? Before I was ever born, He was praying for me!" The second thing I think is, "Wow, Jesus PRAYS." The God of the Universe came to earth in the body of a man...and He prayed to His Father all the time! If He needed to get away with God and pray, how much more do I? And that makes me think: I'll bet prayer looks a lot different than I think. Jesus praying meant that He got away and talked and listened to God. Sometimes I make prayer more formal than it needs to be. Sometimes I'm so focused on "doing it right" that I forget it's simply fellowship with God. Sometimes that's a conversation, and other times I can sit in silence before God, letting my heart sit beside Him wordlessly.



The God who SURRENDERED

“He went on a little farther and bowed with his face to the ground, praying, ‘My Father! If it is possible, let this cup of suffering be taken away from me. Yet I want your will to be done, not mine.’”
(Matthew 26:39)



The God who surrendered

I used to think surrender should be easy, or else I wasn't a mature Christian. But what strikes me here is Jesus's honesty with God the Father. He didn't say, "Yes, I will fake happiness about this surrender." Instead He said, "If it's okay with you, please could we go a different route? But no matter what, I will choose to obey your will." And then to see the agony throughout the rest of this passage—that droplets of blood came out with His sweat, that's how agonizing this surrender was. Sometimes when God asks me to surrender, it feels terrifying. But Jesus understands even that! When Jesus asks us to surrender, He's asking as One who already has surrendered—as One who surrendered EVERYTHING. He gets it. He gets the fear of the price to pay, and the agony of wrestling with the choice and the pain. I'm starting to think that He never asks us to do something that He hasn't already done Himself.



The God who is yoked

“Then Jesus said, ‘Come to me, all of you who are weary and carry heavy burdens, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you. Let me teach you, because I am humble and gentle at heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy to bear, and the burden I give you is light.’”

(Matthew 11:28-30)





The God who is yoked

All of us are yoked to something—whether that's our fierce independence or an addiction to being accepted, a person we depend on for our happiness or the drive to be successful. We serve what we are yoked to, and rely on its strength to get through life. In this passage, Jesus is inviting us to be yoked to Him. In farming, a yoke binds two animals together, so that they can pull a load as a team. It forces the animals to go at the same speed and in the same direction, and it allows the animals to share each other's strength. If I was Jesus, I wouldn't invite someone like me into His yoke.

I'd invite someone stronger, someone who gets less distracted, someone who can get more accomplished in a day. I tend to pull in the wrong direction, and sometimes I fall down because I'm a little clumsy and always tired. I feel like I'd slow Him down (not that I could ever really slow God down). But the God of the Universe invites us into His yoke, invites us onto His team, invites us to move with Him and carry only the load He gives and carries with us. He invites us to receive His strength, so we can find rest. I just love that picture: Sharing a yoke with Jesus, and (let's be real) He's doing all the heavy lifting.



The God who Rested

“On the seventh day God had finished his work of creation, so he rested from all his work. And God blessed the seventh day and declared it holy, because it was the day when he rested from all his work of creation.”

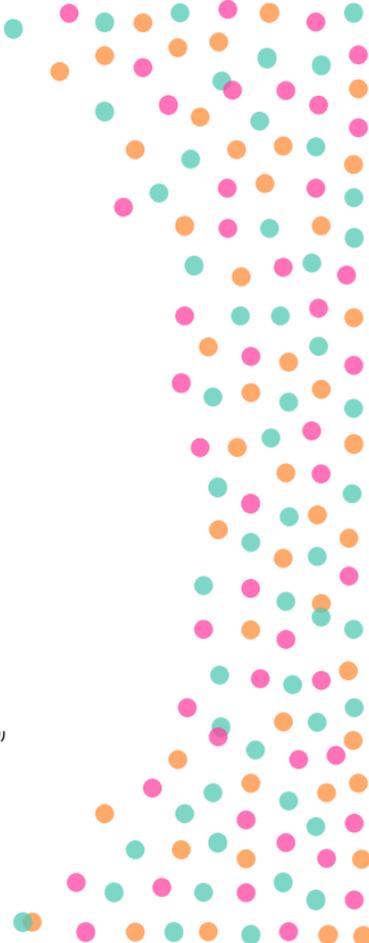
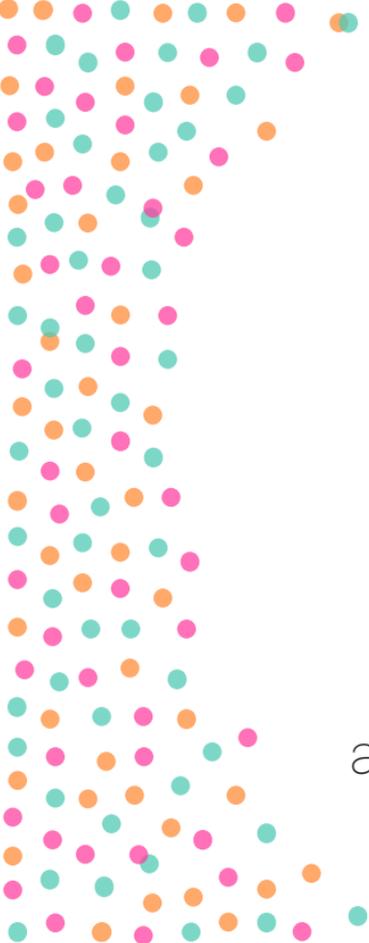
(Genesis 2:2-3)



The God who Rested

I think of God as always being active—listening, working, moving—and He is. But somehow, because He's God, He is also able to rest. I often feel guilty for slowing down and resting. There's so much that needs to be done that I feel like I can't stop going. But

if the God of the Universe rested, then so can I. It seems like everything God asks us to do, He has already done Himself. He completely understands the path He asks us to walk, because He's walked it too.



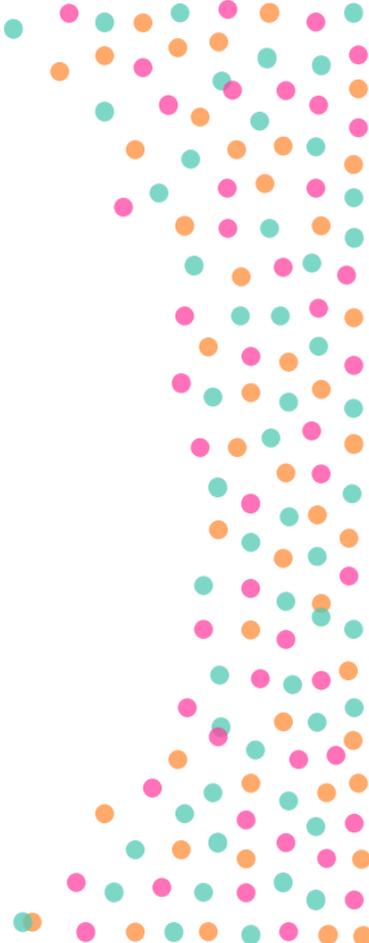
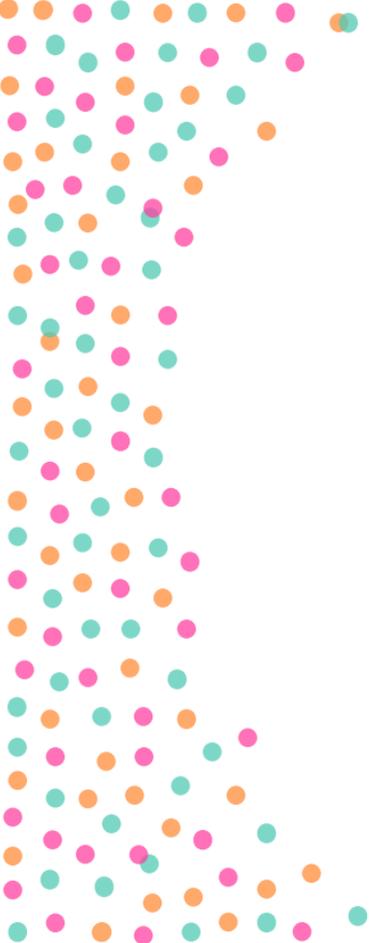
The God who is generous

“But who am I, and who are my people,
that we could give anything to you?
Everything we have has come from you,
and we give you only what you first gave us!”
(1 Chronicles 29:14)



The God who is generous

When James and I first got married, we started going to a liturgical church, and they used 1 Chronicles 29:14 in their liturgy every week. The first time I heard it, I couldn't stop thinking about it. Everything I have is a gift from God. Even the things He asks me to give back to Him or to others—it all came from Him to start with. My personality, abilities and finances are all gifts from Him. He gives us even what we need in order to give. What a generous God!



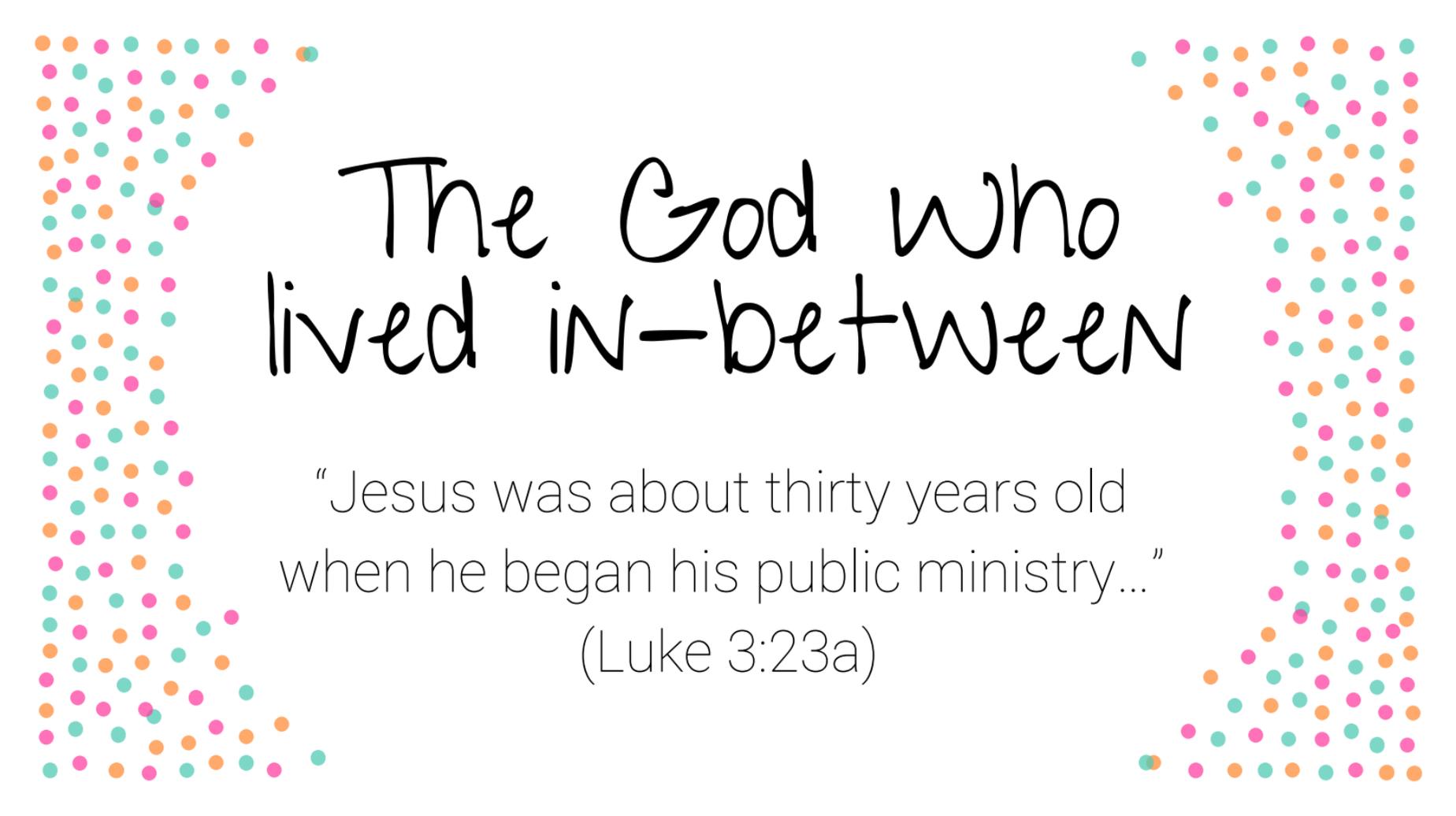
The God who shepherds

“The Lord is my shepherd;
I have all that I need.”
(Psalm 23:1)



The God who shepherds

When I read this verse, I am first struck by the humility of God. That the King of Glory would choose to call Himself a shepherd—a lowly position held by the poor and social outcasts of that society. He is already identifying with the commoner. And the next thing I feel is gratitude. Because sheep are completely defenseless without two things: The shepherd to fend off lions and bears, and the pack to keep them all together in one big mass. I definitely feel like a sheep some days, and I'm so relieved to have a Good Shepherd to guard and guide me alongside His other sheep. I really need to stay close to Him and to the other sheep. That second part is the hardest for me. I often want to wander off on my own with Jesus, but part of the protection He offers is staying in community with His other sheep.



The God who lived in-between

“Jesus was about thirty years old
when he began his public ministry...”

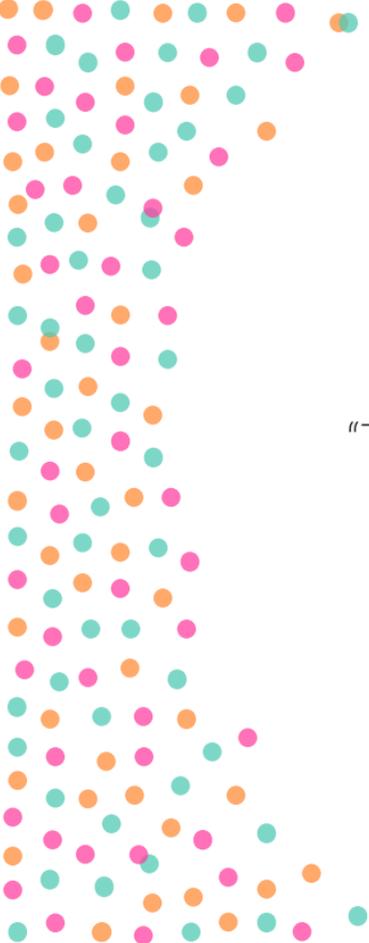
(Luke 3:23a)



The God who lived in-between

I tend to think of life as measured by two things: 1) Seasons when you accomplish something meaningful, and 2) Seasons when you are just waiting. College felt like a waiting season I would have preferred to skip. Singleness felt that way too, as did the ninth month of pregnancy. They felt like seasons that shouldn't really exist; they should just give way to the next. Singer Francesca Battistelli calls those seasons "the time in between."* But even Jesus lived in-between seasons. His birth was recorded and celebrated, and then we wait for 30 years. We hear a small peep from him at age 12, but otherwise there's nothing recorded. Jesus was GOD—and yet we know very little about most of His life. It was mostly time spent in-between. This makes me wonder if the time in-between is more important to God than all our accomplishments. It makes me wonder if those in-between seasons are a time to build intimacy with Him. It makes me wonder what He's trying to teach me in my own waiting seasons. He's in no rush, so why am I?

* "Time in Between" by Francesca Battistelli on "My Paper Heart" © 2008 Fervent Records/Word.



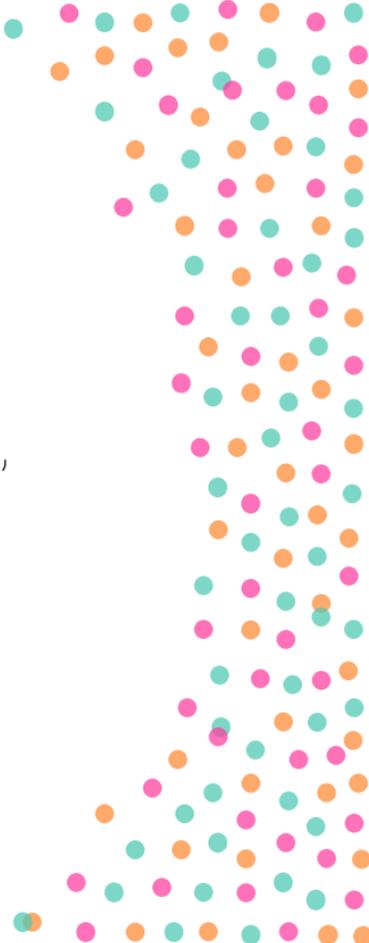
The God who is eternal life

“This one who is life itself was revealed to us,
and we have seen him.

And now we testify and proclaim to you
that he is the one who is eternal life.

He was with the Father,
and then he was revealed to us.”

(1 John 1:2)





The God who is eternal life

“Now this is eternal life: that they know you,
the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom you have sent.”

(John 17:3, NIV)



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I used to think eternal life started after death. It was about this mystical place called heaven, where our souls would go after death. But what if eternal life begins now? What if the whole point of eternal life is to be alive in our spirits, because we are in relationship with God? What if you are full of eternal life right now, simply because the God who is eternal life lives inside you?

