

“How lovely is your dwelling place, O Lord of Heaven’s Armies. I long, yes, I faint with longing to enter the courts of the Lord. With my whole being, body and soul, I will shout joyfully to the living God. Even the sparrow finds a home, and the swallow builds her nest and raises her young at a place near your altar, O Lord of Heaven’s Armies, my King and my God! What joy for those who can live in your house, always singing your praises. Interlude” Psalms 84:1-4 NLT

lectio // Psalm 84

The Psalmist writes of this place to go, belong, rest and find fulfillment and safety. Where is this place? Where is that one-stop shop where I can feel all those emotions that RESTORE and not deplete? They write, in God’s dwelling place! For them, this place was the center of all that is good and right. A place where God’s presence and peace guaranteed protection. For them, it was the tabernacle, then later the temple. A very temporary place and space where God himself would visit. Of course, God cannot be contained or even defined by a building, especially one made by human hands. The Isaiah 66:1 says the earth is God’s footstool. So, no matter the elaborate beauty or architecture and art, it’s still nowhere near the wonder of the footstool, our blue ball. So where is this place? How do I find it? How do I get in? I desperately need a place that is so peaceful that sparrows and swallows feel safe and cozy enough to raise their little ones (when the nest is safe, birds will raise several generations of baby birds there). Good news. Although this place is slightly hidden it is not impossible to find. More good news, if you know the doorman, he will personally let you in! No need to pay him or bribe him either. It doesn’t take good looks, money or an entourage of fame to persuade him. The place is a presence. The place is a moment spent in raw honesty and humility. The place is God himself and the doorman is his son, Jesus. Knowing Jesus gets you access to this expansive, deep and peaceful experience with God himself. This place is not a secret building somewhere, it is on a walk, on a mountain or a beach, on a front porch, a swing or a chair in front of a roaring fire. And, oh, what a beautiful and restorative moment it is. Consider this your personal invitation. I know the doorman and the secret place the psalmist writes about in Psalm 91:1. Know Jesus, find peace. Know Jesus and get access to this place where God dwells!

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Dad,

In the secret, in the quiet place - Psalm 91:1–2 (NKJV)

He who dwells in the secret place of the Most High

Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the LORD, “He is my refuge and my fortress; My God, in Him I will trust.” I want to know you there, I want to be there. Oh, how much I need your presence to sustain the responsibilities you’ve called me to serve.

contemplatio

rest in the presence of God, allowing the words revealed to take root