



Singing God's Song

*“Around midnight, Paul and Silas were praying and singing hymns to God,
and the other prisoners were listening.”
(Acts 16:25 NLT)*

Down in the mouth?

I am the Source of Music, Rhythm of Life, and the Melody of Triumph.
Grace notes fill your hours ... background descants enrich your journey.
Even if you don't feel like a robust hymn, you can hum a quiet song.
Francis of Assisi was right –
*Burning sun's golden beam, silver moon's softer gleam,
strong rushing wind, sailing clouds, and evening lights find a voice.*
Listen for My voice and you can sing even when you don't feel like it.
Clear flowing water makes music for Me to hear ~ you can do the same.

Whistling in the dark?

Even at midnight, listen carefully and you can hear My stardust melody.
Invulnerable joy emanates from Light beyond light.
Ceaseless prayer tunes your heart to sing My grace.
Humble gratitude composes spiritual songs of loudest praise.
Crying washes your eyes so you can see Me more clearly.
Ancient psalm tunes are contemporized when you sing on bended knee.
Heartache of your long dark night will turn to celebration at dawn.
Quit singing earth's blues ~ jump for joy listening to heaven's jazz prelude.

Suffering from depression?

Even in a dark and dismal dungeon, I am your Night Light.
You're never in solitary confinement -- I am with you every heartbeat.
Though you walk a trail of tears, your destination will be tearless.
Though you suffer dismal situations, your Savior will help you survive.
I was with Paul in jail and inspired him to write New Testament letters.
I was with John in exile and revealed My ultimate plan to his mind.
When your life's in a minor key, take My hand ~ enjoy My company.

Feet in the Devil's stocks?

Even if you feel restrained and stifled by the world, I can liberate you.
Don't trudge to a circumstantial dirge . . . dance to My innerstantial jig.

Imprisoned by fear? *Quit wringing your hands . . . fold them in prayer.*

Handcuffed by the evil one? I am your Key to freedom.

I taught Joni Eareckson Tada My praise song in a confining wheelchair.
I taught Corrie ten Boom My love song in a Nazi concentration camp.
I taught Richard Wumbrand My hope song in a torture chamber.
I can teach you My peace song no matter how chaotic your world gets.
Take your harp down off that weeping willow tree ~ sing My praises.
Other prisoners are listening . . . sing well.

