

Half Empty or Half Full?

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I am the kind of person who sees negative things
I focus on the bad circumstances of life
I center myself on the woeful conditions I encounter
Or I dwell on fear and anxiety about what may come.

The age old question rings in the mind:
Is the glass with water in it...
Is it half full or
Is it half empty?

My mind answers with the hearts cry:
I'm thirsty...who cares?
Give me water...give me more water.
I focus on the thirst, the need, the desperation
Not the glass, not the water, not the provision.

My spiritual life has often been like that
I have focused on the desperation rather than the provision.
I have centered myself on my circumstances
I have paid more attention to the difficulty

And instead of enjoying the water,
Instead of allowing it to refresh my soul
I have ignored the glass because of my thirst.
Instead of using whatever water is present,
I have endured with a thirst which nurtures my anxieties

So for today...instead of remembering the bad
I remember the glass with water
Whether it is half full or half-empty
I don't know...and that's not really the point.
I remember the water that has been provided.

So for today...instead of remembering my thirst
I remember the provision.
Instead of remembering my need
I remember my God!

There was the parched moment of my parents divorce...

And God was present in that desperate moment.
He wrapped his arms around me (in the form of my wife)
Whispered that God was still on his throne
That there is grace in the mist of life's wreckage.
I was reminded, then and through the years,
God is able to redeem the worst of our mistakes

There was the arid experience of my teen rebellion,
I knew enough...I wanted to please myself
I struck out on my own...independent of God
And God, in my thirst and desperation gave me drink
He gave me forgiveness in the dust of my repentance
He gave me light in the darkness of my guilt
He gave me a renewed heart in the presence of my wasting away.
He redeemed me when I thought I was beyond hope.

I recall the scorched feelings when my mother was ill and passed –
God was present in her final moments
God embraced her (and me) with assurance and love
God reminded us both of his hope in the midst of death
And Water in the midst of thirst.

I have experienced the barrenness of rejection and hostility –
The judgment of some deemed me heretical, irresponsible, misguided.
I heard their words and condemned myself in their voices...
And in the barrenness of those moments I heard another voice
A stronger voice, dripping with refreshing and relief
God spoke words of affirmation and healing
God was comforting and guarding my heart and ministry
I was refreshed by the presence of His Spirit, His Word, His Voice.

There were the driest and darkest hours of my life sitting in the ICU...
I watched as the wife of my youth fought for her life
And while watching and waiting my heart was thirsting and yearning
And God was there with the refreshing water of his Spirit
He sustained me bodily in doing what I had to do
He strengthened me spiritually to embrace hope in the midst of death
He empowered my mind to renew itself in the moment thorough the words of
Scripture.
He refreshed my body in allowing me moments of rest and renewal.
God provided water to my thirsty soul.

So many times I have focused on the dryness of my life
I have remembered the parched and arid moments

And I must confess that there are moments I thought the dryness
Was the only thing there was.

But it wasn't.
God was with the refreshing water for my waterless heart
And one could argue whether the glass was half-full or half-empty...
But for me that misses the point.

I was thirsty...
And he gave me drink.
Let's not argue about the glass
And celebrate the presence of God's refreshing
In the dry moments of our lives.

As I remember the refreshing water of His Work...
He never gave just half...He always has given me enough.

Spring and Water of Life...
Thank you for your refreshing Work!