

Not Really Alone

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Walking home from the church meeting, the pastor walked alone with his thoughts and the darkness in his soul increasing with each step.

"How can they do this? Why would they respond to me in this way?"

He has faithfully sought to preach the word (in season and out of season). He had regularly visited in their home and ministered compassion in moments of distress. He had gone to the hospitals and mortuaries to pray and console in life's darkest hours. And remembering the meeting he was leaving, all that was forgotten, neglected and ignored.

His heart broke as he remembered words spoken in anger. His mind raced wondering what would become of him if the congregation turned their backs on him. His soul yearned for something more – wanting to know that his work, his ministry, his life was not a waste of energy, time or himself.

With every step, he rehearsed the words that were carelessly thrown about. With every remembered utterance, he felt more and more alone. With the impending loneliness, he felt rejected by the people and worse, he felt abandoned by God.

He only sought to find his way to his bed and collapse under the weight of the burden he was carrying. If he could only find rest. If he could only find a reliable companion to help shoulder the load. If he could but just find one soul to connect with where he could vent his pain.

And so on the journey, he began to whisper – he whispered to himself, and God happened to be listening.

He said, "I am alone. No one understands...no one really cares. I am tired. I am abandoned. I am working for nothing because nothing will ever change."

Feeling the gentle breeze upon his neck he felt a shudder – as though something electric was in the air. He suddenly sensed a presence beyond words and description. He felt a warming of the heart, and quickening of the mind, a sensitivity of the spirit.

"YOU ARE NOT ALONE," he heard and his heart leapt.

“I HAVE NOT ABANDONED YOU,” he sensed and his spirit began to life.

“YOU ARE MY CHILD AND MY GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,” he felt and mind felt at ease.

God met him on the walk and reminded him that though he may feel alone – he really wasn’t. Though he may feel opposed by all the powerful around him – they were not all that powerful. Even though he may sense a failure in his work – he was not for he was faithful.

And in the stillness of his nighttime walk home, the pastor was reminded that His God is greater and his service faithful and that he must continue on.

He fell into his bed that night with a smile on his face – because he knew he was not alone; he had not been abandoned; he was still faithful to his call. He slept well because he knew he was safe in the arms of God.