

Would You see my face Lord.

It is one of those days when a single verse from the Word leaps and sticks in your heart like a sharp arrow. This morning as I was turning the pages of my precious Tamizh Bible to my regular portion, my eye for a second caught this one line,

“அப்பொழுது கர்த்தர் யோபின்

முகத்தைப் பார்த்தார்.” Job 42,9

meaning, then the Lord saw the face of Job. (I searched at least a dozen versions in English and it was given only as “ the Lord accepted Job’s prayer” except in Young’s literal translation where it is “Jehovah doth accept the face of Job”)

It stopped me on the tracks. How would it be when the God who dwells in unreachable blazing glory, who cannot be seen with mortal eyes , looks on the face of

His children! Would God really see my face? If He sees my face what would He find there. Pure and earnest intercession like Job or will He see just the emptiness behind the facade of smiles and hellos.

To look into my heart needs much courage, to face myself, to put myself in the table of examination, my thoughts, my schemes, my own working out and to see what God sees in me. I realized it was too easy to put a finger on other people criticizing, condemning rather than looking into my own depths. This verse was turning in my heart like a double edged sword.

Will His eye look into my eyes and reach to the root of my heart? What will He see there and what will He think about me?

It was good to be reminded once again, that the eyes of the Lord watches over it all. One moment He calls the starry host by name, all those countless billions and at the same

moment He can look deep into my face. This blows my mind apart. Too much to comprehend and too humbling.

It was my prayer again, that He would only be pleased when He looks at my face and find in my heart intercession for my nation, for all the peoples of the world.

It is so true God is so pleased when He looks into a face that intercedes. God was so pained with the sad faced cynical Jonah and asked him, “Will I not be concerned about the lost?”

It is so easy to become so preoccupied with this existential humdrum that we miss out on the bigger plane of intercession that God wants every one of us to be part of. It is so easy to grumble about a withered vine, when millions are marching to hell.

Why is it so easy for my heart to forget the millions who are lost? Why is my heart preoccupied with myself?

I don't know why

But this is my prayer that the Lord puts His heavy burden of intercession on my life and so when He looks at my face interceding, He would then smile. For then it is advantage- Kingdom of God

Dear Lord, I don't understand why I do not pray the way I should. Lord it is so easy to get carried away by something trivial as a withering plant and yet be totally insensitive to millions who are lost every second. Lord let Your word pierce my heart till it bleeds with passion for the lost. Lord when Your eyes rest on my face, may You see pure and earnest intercession and Lord turn away the captivity. Lord teach me to pray, teach me to intercede, teach us to reach out... Teach us dear Lord... Teach us... In Jesus Name Amen.