

## **WHO IS THIS COMING UP FROM THE DESERT LEANING ON HER BELOVED?**

### **SONG OF SONGS 8,5**

This verse always stirs the depths. Gone are the days of reckless running over the mountain ridges, leaping o'er hills like a deer. The singer exults in the beginning of the poem, "See! The winter is past, the rains are over and gone, the season of singing has come..."(2,11). The early love, the first love fires up the soul, body and mind to leap over mountains like small puddles of water. There is transparent joy, the world is bathed in liquid love, the light of transfiguration blazes out from every pore and surely it is the season of singing. But there is a time to get down from the mountain, to step into the darkness carrying the light of the Mount of transfiguration, the love of the Cross.

Down in the plains, the world closes in with a vengeance. Swimming bravely and not sinking, still looking at those eternal eyes and running the race with patience towards the author and perfecter of faith. The routine seems to choke out the new mercies everyday. Even prayer becomes a routine. The Touch of God, those mountain top experiences seem so distant, somewhere tucked in the deep past and are dated(On this day and this place, this hour the Lord ...) It is as though anointing is a one day affair and I faithfully recount the-touch -that -day and lock that back into the memory shelf of the heart, for future reference. At times wondering was it all a dream at times even wondering was it all real. Forgetting the Call, content with the ministerial duties day by day running around the same mill....When the Lover comes knocking I am so worn over by our ministries I simply refuse to fellowship with the Source and He walks away disappointed and hurt(5,3).

Then comes the valley and the desert. Immediately I realize I have lost my Shepherd a long way back. My life is a riot and storms are ripping apart everything decent in my life. But somewhere the anchor held. The anchor of the Word of God, the anchor of the love of the Father, the Comforter. Remember Paul said, "We were faithless, He will remain faithful, for He cannot disown Himself." (II Timothy 2, 13). Suddenly I also realize though I had left Him and strayed my own paths, my Shepherd had followed me, knowing that I would need Him, only Him, only Him to hold me, to comfort me, to dry my tears, to rock me to sleep. Yeah He knew I would need Him and He came after me softly whispering, " Even though you walk through the valley of shadow of death, I am with you. My rod and my staff they comfort you." What a God ! What a Father! What a Shepherd! What a friend!

Now I know I can't go alone. I know that I have to stick to my vine and that I can do nothing apart from Him(John 15,5). There is no leaping but this is the time of leaning, leaning on the Vine, leaning on the Beloved, sustained by His strength. Though wracked by pain, the leaning times are the most wonderful, to know it is not me but God alone, the deep dependency makes Jesus grow in us.

It is worth all the pain, the tears, all the betrayals, all the rejection, just to know that now I can still walk again leaning on my Beloved. All who see me, will see me walking, leaning on my Beloved. The world will know what I am and what I have become is only because I walk leaning on my Beloved. Jacob knew this so perfectly. He knew his beginning, what he really was and at the end of his life, he worshipped leaning on his staff.(Hebrews11,21) (My rod and my staff they comfort you). He knew what it is to lean on the Lord. It is good that the Lord touches the socket of our hip so we get our limp and learn to lean on the Lord. To be only identified with Him. To be always known as His...

As Andrea Crouch sang, "I thank God for the mountains, I thank Him for the valleys and I thank Him for the storms He has brought me through. If I never had a problem, I would never know that God could solve them, I'd never know to depend upon His Word." But I would say if I never had a valley, I would have never had a limp and I would have never known the joy of walking up from the desert leaning on my Beloved.

Dear Dear Father,

You know my ways Lord and yet you came after me. Thank you for the Cross, thank you for the relentless chase, thank you for always loving. Lord, thank you for all the valleys, the tears, the pain, the betrayal, the loneliness, If not for those strange ministers, I would have never had a limp and I would never know what it is to walk leaning on the Beloved. Lord this is my prayer that as long as I live, let me always walk leaning on the Beloved. Love you Lord. In Jesus name. Amen. Amen. Amen.

***LET THE BELOVED OF THE LORD REST SECURE IN HIM FOR HE SHIELDS HIM ALL DAY LONG AND THE ONE THE LORD LOVES RESTS BETWEEN HIS SHOULDERS. Dueteronomy 33,12.***

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tFzdFzzBqTc>

I wrote this message in June 2007. I was suddenly reminded of it and thought I'd post it today. God bless.