

## **THE DAILY AMEN Devotional**

### **January 16, 2018 by Amy Dalke**

“And my God will meet all your needs  
according to the riches of his glory in Christ Jesus.” (Philippians 4:19, NIV)

The concept of God’s faithful supply is woven throughout scripture from beginning to end. So why is it difficult for me to grasp (and believe without a doubt) that God will supply MY needs?

I’m convinced the answer has a whole lot to do with my perception of “need” and absolutely nothing to do with God’s ability or desire to provide for my needs.

First of all, we are embedded in a culture of human supply. If we want it, we find a way to get it. (Thank you, Amazon Prime.)

Take food for instance, which undoubtedly falls into the need category. I can eat meal after meal and completely miss the fact that God provided an agricultural process that makes every snack or feast possible. Especially since many of those meals are generated through a drive-thru window. (Don’t judge.)

Or what about clothes? That’s also a need. (Yes, *it is*.)

However, when it comes to clothes...well, truth be told, I rarely consider that God is the Provider when I swipe my debit card to pay for the clothes I technically don’t even “need” at Nordstrom Rack or Target.

Evidently, I’m so far removed from a physical dependence on God, that I live most days unaware of his loyal provision. (Ouch.) Not only that, I’ve fooled myself into believing that the things I want are actual needs.

There may or may not have been a recent conversation at our house in which I tried to convince my husband that a vehicle with a back-up camera and heated seats was an actual need. And every time I crack my phone screen, it’s sort of assumed that I *need* a new phone. (Yes. I can be agonizingly shallow. Now you know.)

But y’all. Jesus didn’t promise us a comfortable, easy suburban lifestyle. He promised to give us what we need. Somehow, I don’t think he meant that we’d all have 3000+ square feet and a BMW.

I recently got myself all worked up and worried over something I perceived as a threat to my comfort. Just to clarify, this was not as minor as a broken phone. For two whole days, the fear that I would “suffer” literally consumed my mind. But as I got ready for bed one evening, it occurred to me that I had taken about 20,000 breaths that day, and I didn’t worry that a single

one of them would be available. (I don't always have great epiphanies like this, but when I do, I get really excited.)

See, we can't even provide for ourselves the breath we need to live. God wired our bodies with a respiratory system and cells that work together to keep us alive. And he created an atmosphere composed of the exact ratio of oxygen, nitrogen, and carbon dioxide that's necessary to sustain our breath. I mean y'all, if nuclear forces, gravitational pull, and atmospheric pressure were even a bit out of balance, we'd all pass out or blow up to smithereens.

All that to say, God is actively supplying our every need, every single day. He has given us life and breath and food and Jesus, and we've done nothing to deserve it.

(So maybe the next time you think God has forgotten you, just check your pulse.)