

A testimony to the Lord's love: At night his song is with me

I want to mention the intimate love and care that the Lord has for his people. His ways of watching over us and directing us are, it seems to me, personal and suited to an individual's personality. For instance, I love the hymns of our faith. There are times in my life when I will wake up in the night hearing a hymn running through my mind, usually repeating over and over until I pay attention. Once, there was a time when I was unsure about a choice I had to make. I was torn because I did not want to choose any of the options open to me. I wanted my life to go on just as it had been, and that was not one of the options. I was torn inside, unsure of which way to go, but I do not remember being any more upset than I had been for several weeks as I went to bed and fell asleep.

Sometime during the night, I began to wake up, and just kept hearing a line, over and over, set to the music a hymn that was familiar to me, but I could not remember any other line from the hymn, or any of the rest of the music. The line I kept hearing in my mind was, “. . . feeds me with the living bread.” I went back to sleep. In the morning when I woke up, the first line of the hymn was repeating in my mind, “All the way my Savior leads me . . .”, so I got my hymnal and looked up that hymn. Sure enough, the second verse of that hymn reads:

All the way my Savior leads me, Cheers each winding path I tread,  
Gives me grace for every trial, Feeds me with the living bread.  
Though my weary steps may falter, And my soul a-thirst may be,  
Gushing from the rock before me, Lo! A spring of joy I see.

Of course, I started to cry. That was the word from the Lord I needed for the situation I was in; that he was actively leading me, even if I did not see it. So, I decided to follow the choice that seemed the best when the time came and trust that the Lord would give me the right choice when the time came, which is what actually happened.

A couple days later I was reading Psalm 42:8, which reads:

By day the Lord directs his love,  
At night his song is with me –  
A prayer to the God of my life.

At night his song is with me. Since this event, I have paid better attention to what my mind is doing when I wake up, and sure enough, there in my mind is the refrain of a hymn that is relevant to my day ahead, or the one that just passed, or some issue that is weighing on me. This does not happen every day, but when it does, it is always just the right hymn at just the right moment. His love indeed is never ceasing; his faithfulness is everlasting.

Judy Kitchen