

BOOKMARK

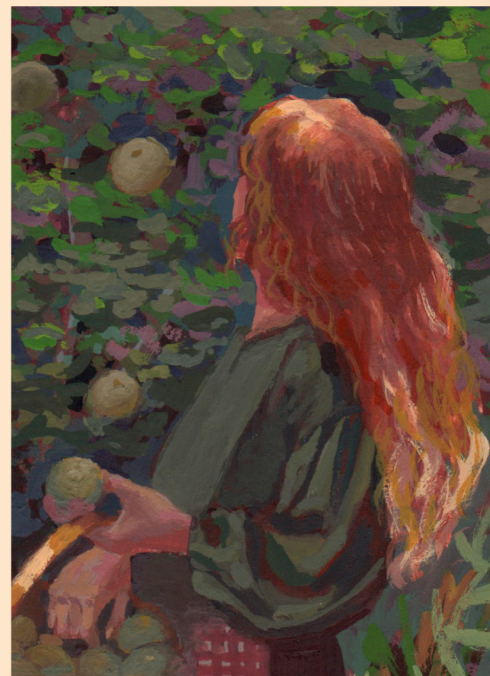
Waiting for the Dove

Oftentimes on our drive to church down a long open road bordered by farms, my eyes settle out on this one particular very old oak tree, positioned in the middle of a cornfield. As we approach it and pass by, I look longingly, almost lovingly, at the big lonely tree, a stately Queen of the field. There is a quiet grandeur to her. She has a comforting restfulness and stability about her that leads me to imagine birds flying in from all parts of the county to rest in her big safe branches. The corn grows, the corn is cut down, the stalks turn to pale yellow and crumble over in shaggy heaps, but there remains the faithful old oak in the middle of the field.

I think I love her for two reasons. The first is that she reaches out her arms far and wide. The second is that she stretches straight up high. Month after month, she stays put, reaching out and up, expecting the rain showers and the sun showers to come down upon her and grow her acorns. And she expects the birds to fly in from all corners of the region and nest in her sturdy boughs.

The loving Father who created her, created us. And the loving Father who gives her the rain and the sun she needs longs to give us spiritual blessings, but we must want them. Then we must reach out like she does, at all seasons, and all times, and open our hands. We must choose to make Him the one that fills us, and let Him be the one that satisfies the longings of our soul.

- "Waiting for the Dove" by Kelly Havens Stickle



*Waiting
for the Dove*
DEVOTIONAL

“Thou openest
Thine hand,
and satisfiest
the desire of
every living
thing.”

PSALM 145:16