

Reflection on Psalm 13

“How long, O Lord?

Will You forget me forever?

How long will You hide Your face from me?” (Psalm 13:1, NASB)

I pray, but I sense no response.

I feel engulfed in darkness,

 ignored,

 abandoned,

 alone.

How long, Lord?

How long?

But Jesus felt this way, too.

He was fully, perfectly one with You,

 perfectly pleasing to You,

 perfectly holy.

Yet in the garden, on the night of His arrest,

 He told His disciples,

 “*My soul is deeply grieved, to the point of death.*” (Matthew 26:38, NASB)

He was in deepest need.

But when He reached out for human support,

 He received none.

When He prayed,

 You gave Him no way out –

 only a way through.

Father, when I can't see You acting or

 sense Your presence,

I trust Your power.

 I trust Your wisdom.

 I trust Your love.

I pray with Your Son,

 “*Not my will, but Yours be done.*” (Matthew 26:39, para.)

I trust You, Lord.

Hymn: [Psalm 13](#)