

"And Eli said unto her, How long wilt thou be drunken? put away thy wine from thee. And Hannah answered and said, No, my lord, I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit: I have drunk neither wine nor strong drink, but have poured out my soul before the LORD. Count not thine handmaid for a daughter of Belial: for out of the abundance of my complaint and grief have I spoken hitherto. Then Eli answered and said, Go in peace: and the God of Israel grant thee thy petition that thou hast asked of him."
1Samuel 1:14-17



Nothing is more personal than sorrow. Ever been where the whole world fades into the

intense anguish of soul that consumes even your very breath? You are unable to even utter sound in those depths of sorrow! Our Blessed High Priest, Jesus, has in all points been tempted and tried *"like as we,"* and there is no sorrow with which He is not well acquainted. He was tortured, alone, misunderstood, reviled, spit upon, hated, and forsaken by his Father in the moment of greatest need. He even knows the weight and guilt of sin, because, though sinless, He bore all the sin of mankind on His High Priestly shoulders as He hung and died for us. He is not only sympathetic to us, He is able to comfort and deliver us from even the very clutches of death! There is no depth He has not sounded, no height He cannot attain. There is no heart so broken He cannot heal. There is no penitent sinner He will not receive. There is no depth or height that can hide us from His love. There is no power that can sunder Him from His precious child! There is no loss He cannot restore. There is no safer place than the *"shadow of the Almighty."* There is no joy greater than His Presence. There are no softer whispers or louder thunders than the Voice of God. There is no humble prayer unheard or curse unpunished. There is no sparrow unnoticed or king too proud. There are no secrets that will not be revealed. He numbers every hair and stores every tear of His own. He is preparing a place and a city without equal for His beloved.

When grief and sorrow's depths unfold,
To take our breath with grip untold,
Fly to Jesus whose Life was sold,
To bring lost lambs into the Fold. ~CGP

"One glimpse of His dear face, all sorrow will erase, it will be worth it all, when we see Christ!"

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him: And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever." Revelation 22:1-5