



When I Ran from Him

By Tonya Hamilton

"And he arose and came to his father. But while he was still a long way off, his father saw him and felt compassion, and ran and embraced him and kissed him."

Luke 15:20 (ESV)

Disillusioned. Disappointed. Hurt. Anger seeped into my heart and spread through my veins. It pulsed through my body with a coolness that rivaled the kitchen freezer. "Don't You even care, God?" Well if you don't, why should I? Humph. I crossed my arms, turned, and walked away.

But He was there too. Always there, everywhere I turned. Quieter, but waiting.

Psalm 139 states that we can't flee from God's presence, but I tried. Each day I slipped deeper into the pit of sin. I shook my fist and taunted Him to call me out. I paraded my good Christian-girl façade each Sunday morning at church and checked the mask at the door for next week. I had no use for God, but cared what others thought of me.

I switched the radio station in my car and avoided songs of praise with the exception of the three and a half I sung with gusto in the sanctuary. Then one day, I pushed a button and switched to Christian radio.

I remember the exact location and song playing when He spoke to me. In the quiet of my car, not in front of others. He didn't embarrass or shame me. He named my sin, gave me hope, and extended His hands to me while I wept.

Friend, that day what I knew about God collided with experience. He is a gentleman, full of kindness and mercy. And that verse I learned years before proved true. While I was a sinner, He died for me (Romans 5:8).

Lord, wreck me with the reality of who You are. Help me see Scriptures come to life in Your everyday love.

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