

How Much of a God?

I'm convinced a question lurks down inside each of us that we'd like to ask God. We've probably never formulated this question in our minds, much less in our mouths, but I think our hearts ask it. As we seek God in the face of our needs, whether big or small, we probe for an answer:

How much of a God are You willing to be in my life?

I believe God exists up there somewhere. I believe He is real, that He forgave my sins, and that someday He'll bring me to heaven. But I have needs now, especially on the inside. I want to know what He is really willing to do and be in me. How much of a practical part can He play, or will He play, in my daily life? For example:

- I have anxieties that waste my energy and destroy my peace of mind.
- I need guidance and wisdom in a thousand hourly decisions and problems, big and small. Uncertainty and inadequacy eat away at me.
- The same old temptations keep returning, and they're hard to face. Can I really be the victor every time and escape all the guilt and frustration that failure brings?
- Can I be free from self-centeredness to be thoroughly loving all the time?
- Am I good enough? Am I who I should be, and can I ever totally please God?

I've been a Christian for more than fifty years, and I grasp for such answers. I want to know how constant and how sufficient God will be in all such areas.

But I continue to make exciting discoveries. I'm finding that whenever I turn to Him with anything, no matter how daily or small, He is there, my *refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble* (Psalm 46:1, NASB).

When I remember to take my problems to Him, specifically, simply, openly, I find *Him who is able to do far more abundantly beyond all that we ask or think, according to the power that works within us* (Ephesians 3:20, NASB).

I find a God who constantly prompts me to speak to Him; who hears and understands every murmur of my heart, every unspoken question, every secret shame; who longs to draw me closer and never stops forgiving me; who, for His part, will never let anything come between us.

And I realize that if any silence is in my life and in my relationship with Him, He is not the silent One. The silence is from my own preoccupation with other things. It is the silence of my indifference to Him. It is the silence of my unbelief.

What needs does your Father see you face, yet never hear you share with Him? What concerns does He deeply feel with you that you never bring to Him?

How many simple prayers would our God gladly, beautifully, bountifully answer if we simply prayed them?

How much of a God am I willing to let Him be?

Listen and sing:
Hymn: *Ever Standing in Your Presence*
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