

I Am Asking, Father

Father, I know that You bless us with many good things, sometimes without us even requesting them. But with other blessings, we only seem to get them if we ask.

Why is that? Doesn't Your heart desire to pour out on us everything good?

But I think of myself with my own children. When they were growing up, I provided for all their basic needs whether they asked or not. I also provided special requests when they asked and when it seemed good for them. And I gladly gave them gifts they didn't expect or request.

But some things I did not share with them unless they came to me, opened the subject, expressed a sincere interest, and gave me the chance to talk with them about it.

This is true of my writing. It is near and dear to me. It burns on my heart, and I gladly talk about it when someone expresses a sincere interest and gives me the chance to talk. But I will not force myself on anyone.

So, Father, I am coming to You. I am asking: I want to know You better. I have begun to realize that knowing You is the sweetest part of life.

Father, what do You want me to know? Is there anything You long for me to understand? What does Your heart want to tell me about Yourself?

Also, I ask this for the sake of Your children and Your glory: Enable me to express Your truths, and the truths about You, in ways that will make them most effective in turning hearts to You. May my words somehow make the real You more real to them. I ask this in Jesus' name, only as pleases You, and for Your glory alone.

*Even as a believer,
most of the discontent in my life
flows from a heart that
sees too little of God.*

Hymn: [I Want to Know You](#)

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