

Where is God When it Hurts so Badly?

Life's tragedies come to all of us . . .

- None are exempt.
- None are immune.

Genesis 5:28-29 (NKJV)

²⁸ Lamech lived one hundred and eighty-two years, and had a son. ²⁹ And he called his name **Noah**, saying, "This *one* will comfort us concerning our work and the toil of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord has cursed."

Hebrew root word for Noah:

- Rest
- A Giving of Rest
- Resting Place
- Settle Down
- Quieting
- Soothing

This is what Noah's father Lamech was reaching for when he named Noah.

Our English word: Comfort

- To give strength to another.
- To ease in the time of grief or trouble.
- To console (counselor) someone.
- To encourage as to give hope.

In Psalm 42 – Sons of Korah

Psalm 42:1-11 (NKJV)

Two questions are asked, not once - but twice . . .

Why are you cast down, O my soul?

And why are you disquieted within me?

Each time the two questions are followed by the statement:

Hope in God.

It is as though these song writers struggle with the theology of a God who is there, who is present.

And yet . . .

The very turbulent condition of their soul.

Can I ask you to be honest with yourself for a moment?

Haven't you ever been torn between the theology of what you know about God.

And yet . . .

You felt the overwhelming emotions of your soul seemingly to consume your strength?

Psalm 42

¹ To the Chief Musician. A Contemplation of the sons of Korah.

As the **deer** pants for the water brooks, **So** pants my **soul** for You, O God. ² **My soul** thirsts for God, for the living God. **When** shall I come and appear before God?

³ **My tears** have been my food day and night, While they continually say to me, "Where is your God?" ⁴ When I **remember** these *things*, **I pour out my soul within me**. For I used to go with the multitude; I went with them to the house of God, With the voice of joy and praise, With a multitude that kept a pilgrim feast.

⁵ **Why** are you cast down, O my soul? And **why** are you disquieted within me? **Hope in God, for** I shall yet praise Him *For* the **help** of **His countenance**.

⁶ O my God, **my soul is cast down within me**; **Therefore** I will remember You from the land of the Jordan, And from the heights of Hermon, From the Hill Mizar.

⁷ **Deep** calls unto **deep** at the noise of Your waterfalls; All Your waves and billows have gone over me. ⁸ The **Lord will command** His lovingkindness in the daytime, And in the night His song *shall be* with me-- A prayer to the God of my life.

⁹ **I will say to God my Rock**, "**Why** have You forgotten me? **Why** do I go mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?" ¹⁰ As with a breaking of my bones, My enemies reproach me, While they say to me all day long, "**Where is your God?**"

¹¹ **Why** are you cast down, O my soul? And **why** are you disquieted within me? **Hope in God; For** I shall yet praise Him, The **help** of **my countenance and** my God.

A Famous Hymn –

- It is Well With My Soul
- Horatio Spafford

Why are you cast down, O my soul? And why are you disquieted within me? Hope in God; For I shall yet praise Him, The help of my countenance and my God.

This hymn was written after three major traumas in Spafford's life. One was the loss of his son, to scarlet fever. The second was the great Chicago Fire of October 1871, which ruined him financially (he had been a wealthy businessman).

Shortly after, while crossing the Atlantic, all four of Spafford's daughters died in a collision with another ship. Spafford's wife Anna survived and sent him the now famous telegram, "Saved alone."

Several weeks later, as Spafford's own ship passed near the spot where his daughters died, the Holy Spirit inspired these words.

It is Well With My Soul

Verse 1

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

Verse 2

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

Verse 3

My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

Verse 4

For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live:
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

Verse 5

But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
Oh trump of the angel! Oh voice of the Lord!
Blessèd hope, blessèd rest of my soul!

Verse 6

And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
Even so, it is well with my soul.

Chorus

*It is well, with my soul,
It is well, with my soul,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.*

David wrote in the **23rd** Psalm . . .

³ He restores my soul; He leads me in the paths of righteousness For His name's sake.

David said in Psalm **25:1**

To You, O Lord, I lift up my soul.

- It is a picture here of an offering of sacrifice presented to God by a priest at the altar.

So many of the Psalms share the intimate feelings of a man torn between the theology of what he knows about God, and the emotions of his soul ripping at his heart.

Psalm 30:1-3 (NKJV)

¹ A Psalm. A song at the dedication of the house of David.

I will extol You, O Lord, for You have lifted me up, And have not let my foes rejoice over me.

² O Lord my God, I cried out to You, And You healed me.

³ O Lord, You brought my soul up from the grave;

You have kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.

Where is God when it hurts so badly?

- He is wherever you allow Him to be.

Why are you cast down, O my soul?
And why are you disquieted within me?
Hope in God; For I shall yet praise Him,
The help of my countenance and my God.