

Need comfort in the storms?

Isaiah 40:1-31

“1 “Comfort, yes, comfort My people!” Says your God.

2 “Speak comfort to Jerusalem, and cry out to her, That her warfare is ended, That her iniquity is pardoned; For she has received from the LORD’S hand Double for all her sins.”

3 The voice of one crying in the wilderness: “Prepare the way of the LORD; Make straight in the desert A highway for our God.

4 Every valley shall be exalted And every mountain and hill brought low; The crooked places shall be made straight And the rough places smooth;

5 The glory of the LORD shall be revealed, And all flesh shall see it together; For the mouth of the LORD has spoken.”

6 The voice said, “Cry out!” And he said, “What shall I cry?” “All flesh is grass, And all its loveliness is like the flower of the field.

7 The grass withers, the flower fades, Because the breath of the LORD blows upon it; Surely the people are grass.

8 The grass withers, the flower fades, But the word of our God stands forever.”

9 O Zion, You who bring good tidings, Get up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem, You who bring good tidings, Lift up your voice with strength, Lift it up, be not afraid; Say to the cities of Judah, “Behold your God!”

10 Behold, the Lord GOD shall come with a strong hand, And His arm shall rule for Him; Behold, His reward is with Him, And His work before Him.

11 He will feed His flock like a shepherd; He will gather the lambs with His arm, And carry them in His bosom, And gently lead those who are with young.

12 Who has measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, Measured heaven with a span And calculated the dust of the earth in a measure? Weighed the mountains in scales And the hills in a balance?

13 Who has directed the Spirit of the LORD, Or as His counselor has taught Him?

14 With whom did He take counsel, and who instructed Him, And taught Him in the path of justice? Who taught Him knowledge, And showed Him the way of understanding?

Isaiah 40 says who you are.

Now remember that when storms come. Without God you are helpless.

15 Behold, the nations are as a drop in a bucket, And are counted as the small dust on the scales; Look, He lifts up the isles as a very little thing.

16 And Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, Nor its beasts sufficient for a burnt offering.

17 All nations before Him are as nothing, And they are counted by Him less than nothing and worthless.

18 To whom then will you liken God? Or what likeness will you compare to Him?

19 The workman molds an image, The goldsmith overspreads it with gold, And the silversmith casts silver chains.

20 Whoever is too impoverished for such a contribution Chooses a tree that will not rot; He seeks for himself a skillful workman To prepare a carved image that will not totter.

But now see who God is.

What is your strength?

21 Have you not known? Have you not heard? Has it not been told you from the beginning? Have you not understood from the foundations of the earth?

22 It is He who sits above the circle of the earth, And its inhabitants are like grasshoppers, Who stretches out the heavens like a curtain, And spreads them out like a tent to dwell in.

23 He brings the princes to nothing; He makes the judges of the earth useless.

24 Scarcely shall they be planted, Scarcely shall they be sown, Scarcely shall their stock take root in the earth, When He will also blow on them, And they will wither, And the whirlwind will take them away like stubble.

25 “To whom then will you liken Me, Or to whom shall I be equal?” says the Holy One.

26 Lift up your eyes on high, And see who has created these things, Who brings out their host by number; He calls them all by name, By the greatness of His might And the strength of His power; Not one is missing.

27 Why do you say, O Jacob, And speak, O Israel: “My way is hidden from the LORD, And my just claim is passed over by my God”?

28 Have you not known? Have you not heard? The everlasting God, the LORD, The Creator of the ends of the earth, Neither faints nor is weary. His understanding is unsearchable.

God gives you wings like an eagle to allow the storm to lift you up into His presence and also to overcome the enemy that caused the storm.

29 He gives power to the weak, And to those who have no might He increases strength.

30 Even the youths shall faint and be weary, And the young men shall utterly fall,

31 But those who wait on the LORD Shall renew their strength; They shall mount up with wings like eagles, They shall run and not be weary, They shall walk and not faint.”

Don't be a chicken, you are an eagle!

One day, an eagle's egg fell from its nest and rolled into a chicken pen. The eagle was born with the chickens and acted like a chicken, but it kept seeing a difference as it grew. No one was there to tell it that it was not a chicken, but an eagle.

When storms came, the eagle would rush off to the chicken house with the rest of the chickens, running for cover, but the eagle always looked over his shoulder and up, and he saw these other strange birds on the cliff. They were not afraid, they were not running. They were standing with their wings locked into special sockets (that makes them like a wing welded to the fuselage of an airplane), they gazed right into the storm, even though it was still miles away. They waited and waited and then, bang! The storm hit them but instead of hurting them all it did was make them soar. They went straight up into the air, up to 10,000 to 15,000 feet above the storm into clear air. The eagle would say to himself, “Oh man, look at those guys, I wish I were like them.”

One day he looked UP, and saw an eagle flying and soaring high with a storm. All of the sudden, he knew, “I am not a chicken, I am an eagle. Why should I run?” He climbed the hill, locked his wings, then he took off and soared!

My friend, you are not a mere human, you are not a chicken. You are made to soar in the heavenlies with Christ. Look up!

Now remember the parable of the sower in Mark 4 (read it). Satan comes to steal the seed of the Word of God sown in your heart. Today a seed of who you are was sown. Tomorrow, stand fast if discouragement comes through some circumstance. The Word is true! Circumstances come and go.

God turns your storms into victories for the Kingdom of God.

Notice in Psalms 37 and Matthew 5 that those that wait upon the Lord and allow God to raise them up above the storms as eagles shall inherit people for the Kingdom of God. When we are soaring above the storms of life as eagles, not only are we safe and in the presence of God, we are also soaring above our enemies and cause them to disinherit their “goods” which includes the souls of men, as in Luke 11.

Luke 11:21-23

“21 “When a strong man, fully armed, guards his own palace, his goods are in peace.

22 “But when a stronger than he comes upon him and overcomes him, he takes from him all his armor in which he trusted, and divides his spoils.

23 “He who is not with Me is against Me, and he who does not gather with Me scatters.”

Revelation 18:13 says that Mystery Babylon has to give up the souls of men.

“13 “and cinnamon and incense, fragrant oil and frankincense, wine and oil, fine flour and wheat, cattle and sheep, horses and chariots, and bodies and souls of men.”

Psalms 37:9-11

“9 For evildoers shall be cut off; But those who wait on the LORD, They shall inherit the earth. Inherit infers to bring the unbelievers into the Kingdom of God.

10 For yet a little while and the wicked *shall be no more*; Indeed, you will look carefully for his place, But it *shall be no more*.

11 But the meek shall inherit the earth, And shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.”

Psalms 37:21-24

“21 The wicked borrows and does not repay, But the righteous shows mercy and gives.

22 For *those* blessed by Him shall inherit the earth, But *those* cursed by Him shall be cut off.

23 The steps of a *good* man are ordered by the LORD, And He delights in his way.

24 Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; For the LORD upholds *him with* His hand.”

Matthew 5:5

“5 Blessed *are* the meek, For they shall inherit the earth.” Meek defined as gentleness of spirit, those who wait upon the Lord for they know that they have no power.

Taken from “Steams in the Desert 2” January 14th

“But those who wait on the LORD Shall renew *their* strength; They shall mount up with wings like eagles, They shall run and not be weary, They shall walk and not faint” (Isaiah 40:31).

Many are the lessons to be learned from the present chaotic world condition. We are taught the way of simple faith as we are driven back to the Word of God and prayer. We should make use of these adverse conditions. There is a lesson for us to learn from the eagles who sits on the edge of the precipice and watches the dark clouds overhead filling the sky with blackness.

There he sits perfectly still, turning one eye and then the other towards the storm as the forked lightings play back and forth. He never moves a feather until he feels the first burst of the breeze. It is then that he knows the hurricane has struck him. With a scream he swings his breast to the storm. It is the storm itself that he uses to soar upward into the black sky. He goes borne upon it. God wants this experience to take place in the lives of every one of His children! He wants us to “mount up on wings as eagles!” We can turn the storm clouds into a chariot!

We never get anywhere nor do conditions and circumstances change by looking at the dark side of life. A well known man of God once made this statement: “My religious organs have been ailing for a while past. I have lain, a sheer hulk in consequence. But I got my wings, and have taken a change of air.” It is so often true - we do not use our wings! We walk along the road of life as mere pedestrians and we tire so easily - for the ugliness of our circumstances burdens us down. In many different ways we can be put on the shelf or become bedridden - and “our religious organs are in danger of becoming sickly; of losing their brightness, both in mood and discernment.”

We who keep too close to the road of life and do not respond to the upward calling do not have time to breathe the lofty air of the heavenlies! But we who turn unto the Lord, the Omnipotent One, have the power of wings, and we rise from our tiresome journey into the higher heavens of the glories of our most high God.

I watched a bird upon a fragile stem;
It seemed it would surely break with him;

He did not seem to worry or to mind,
For all his swaying in the wind.
He sat erect and sang his lilting song.
He felt so very sure, so very strong.

FOR HE HAD WINGS!

Selected

Psalms 27:14 also speaks about waiting on the Lord.

14 Wait on the LORD; Be of good courage, And He shall strengthen your heart; Wait, I say, on the LORD!”

From Streams in The Desert.

Comfort, comfort my people, says your God. ([Isaiah 40:1](#))

Store up comfort. This was the prophet Isaiah's mission. The world is full of hurting and comfortless hearts. But before you will be competent for this lofty ministry, you must be trained. And your training is extremely costly, for to make it complete, you too must endure the same afflictions that are wringing countless hearts of tears and blood. Consequently, your own life becomes the hospital ward where you are taught the divine art of comfort.

You will be wounded so that in the binding up of your wounds by the Great Physician, you may learn how to render first aid to the wounded everywhere. Do you wonder why you are having to experience some great sorrow? Over the next ten years you will find many others afflicted in the same way. You will tell them how you suffered and were comforted. As the story unfolds, God will apply the anesthetic He once used on you to them.

Then in the eager look followed by the gleam of hope that chases the shadow of despair from the soul, *you will know why* you were afflicted. And you will bless God for the discipline that filled your life with such a treasure of experience and helpfulness.

Selected

*They tell me I must bruise The rose's leaf, Ere I can keep and use Its fragrance
brief. They tell me I must break The skylark's heart, Ere her cage song will make The
silence start. They tell me love must bleed, And friendship weep, Ere in my deepest
need I touch that deep. Must it be always so With precious things? Must they be
bruised and go With beaten wings? Ah, yes! by crushing days, By caging nights, by
scar Of thorn and stony ways, These blessings are!*

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