

Lead Me and I will Follow

By: Hazel Gay Lee © 2013

Dear Beloved Friend and Lover of My Soul,

Upon my bed tonight I am awakened by your spirit. My soul is moved and reaches out unto thee for strength. Within me my soul is full of unrest and I beseech thee to give it peace. Then suddenly I understand. It is thee, my beloved friend, who has caused this unrest within my soul. It is time for higher ground and something new in thee. It is time to reach out for something new. As Elijah, so am I. For surely he would have remained content and satisfied with what you provided for him as long as the brook flowed and the ravens brought him food. Yet it was time for Elijah to move on so it was you, my Precious Father, who stopped the waters from flowing so that the brook would run dry. If you hadn't stopped the waters Elijah would not have moved on. It is you who stopped the ravens from bringing food, for if you had not stopped them then Elijah would not have moved on. We will not move on either unless you makes us move on.

I understand more, my blessed savior and friend, it is thee who caused this deep unrest within me. It will be you who will provide me with the means to reach high ground and to move on in thee. I can do nothing. I am as the grass of the fields, but it is thee who owns the grass of the fields and can make the sun to stand still. It is thee who caused this turmoil within my being. I know that you will provide the avenue to quench this thirst within my soul. It is time to give myself unto thee in a manner I have never before. You will feed me as you fed Elijah. You will send unto me all the beast of the fields and the fowls of the sky to feed me. You will take me to the right place in thee. It is thou, and thou alone, who will overshadow me with a new hunger and thirst for thee. Now I must wait patiently for your time and season to move me on. While I wait I shall beseech thee for my needs. I am an empty vessel within your hands and thou art my molder. Thou can mold me into whatever thou desires. Yielded I am in thy hands.

I suddenly know that, although the unrest still remains, it is you who has caused it. As David prepared himself on the back side of the desert to be king of your people, so I am in preparation for a work that you have chosen for me. I ask that you make the way for me, but deep inside my being I know that you have already made the way. In your own time you will open the door to allow me to pass from where I am now to where you want me to be. I control nothing. You control my entire being and life. Oh God, I love thee. I need thee. I worship thee. I am only satisfied when I am within thy presence. Thank you for revealing to me that this unrest is from thee. Knowing that makes me understand better what will surely befall me. In your time you will move me into a new realm in thee. For now I will but prepare for what you want me to be and do. I am but clay within thy hands and you will mold me. Your master hands will mold me into what I am to be. I love thee. I appreciate thee from the deepest and uttermost part of my soul. I know that thou will make a way for me in my time of need. I know that thou will provide for me and perform a miracle that I cannot do.