



Caring or ...Carrying?

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Eternally Speaking Now

*"Therefore **humble** yourselves under the mighty hand of God,
that He may exalt you in due time,
casting all your **care** upon Him, for He **cares** for you."
1 Peter 5:6,7*

In the past few weeks, I found myself more and more frustrated with a situation that **wasn't** changing. Maybe you relate-- the job arrangement that **never** improves, a loved one who **won't** repent, a physical condition that **won't** heal, the relational pattern that **doesn't** improve, a stronghold that **never** ends.

You pray and pray,
and may even see improvement for awhile,
but then...*it returns.*
With a vengeance.

Well, I came to the Lord for what seemed to be the hundredth time, again asking Him to bring **freedom** and healing to this '**never ending**' thing. I'd fought in the natural realm, engaged in warfare in the spiritual realm, wielded the sword of the Word of God, fasted and prayed. I felt like I'd come to the **end** of the tiny thread at the **end** of the string that hangs at the **end** of the rope.

Why, Lord? Why isn't this changing? Why does it persist?

As I waited on the Lord, this was His response:
"You're **caring** too much."

I sat there for a moment, a bit stunned, yet considering these words.
I was convicted, but also confused.
"Lord," I asked, "isn't it good that I **care**?"

Aren't we supposed to **care** for others?
My **care** was driving me to pray, to intercede,
to show compassion.
It was motivating me to seek solutions.

"Yes, daughter, *do* **care**. *That's My heart.*
But it's become an idol, and you're **carrying** it.
Cast it on Me. *I care for you.*"

God's Word flooded me with truth, as He reminded me that He **cares** even more than I do. He holds it all in His palm. He knows the end from the beginning. He's got everything taken **care** of. **He can be trusted.**

I prayed again, yet this time differently:
I finally cast it upon the Lord for *Him* to **carry**. **Completely.**

And then came the **freedom**. No, the situation I'm still praying about hasn't changed yet, *but my heart has.*

I'm free. **Free** to genuinely **care**, while no longer **carrying** it on myself, no longer desperately clenching my fists around promised deliverance. Instead, I'm **freely** casting my **cares** upon the Lord who **cares** for us (and all those for whom we pray).

He *will* deliver, but it will be in His timing and His way.
HIS is always best, and He can be trusted. **Completely.**

CHALLENGE:

There are two letters that set apart the words '**caring**' and '**carrying**':
an 'R' and a 'Y.'

Are we asking why too much?

At some point, (earlier than later, I'd recommend) we need to **humble** ourselves before God and **let it go**. *To Him.*

We aren't humbling ourselves and casting our **cares** on a dead, pagan god. We aren't worshiping an idol!
Rather, we're casting our **cares** upon our Heavenly Father, who **cares** for us.

Something special happens when we do this. It's almost like we get out of His way (in a good way), leaving Him to do His thing, and leaving us to hear Him more clearly on how to partner with Him in His good work.

The Lord has eyes that lovingly see,
ears that compassionately hear,
hands that gently hold, and
shoulders that strongly **carry**.

May you be blessed and **set free** as you **carry** your **cares** to Jesus!



"Even to your old age, I am He,
and even to gray hairs I
will **carry** you!
I have made, and I will bear;
even I will **carry**,
and will deliver you."
Isaiah 46:4