

# Faith In Practice

Life Changing Medical Mission



## My Wandering Heart

And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground  
and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life;  
and man became a living soul."

Genesis 2:7

"The dream-crossed twilight between birth and dying..."

Ash Wednesday

TS Eliot

Life, the moment God leans in and breathes us into being. Death, the recognition that without God's breath coursing through us, there is no life. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, we are. And, yet, enlivened. Uniquely and wonderfully enlivened and sent out into the world, into the dream-crossed twilight between birth and dying. Sent out and yet continuing to yearn for the moment that escapes memory. The moment when God leaned in and breathed us into life. The nearest we have ever been to the very heart of God.

It is this yearning that drives me to scripture from which emerges:

God's beckoning voice, 'You will seek me and find me when you seek me with all your heart[i].' My own stammering plea, 'I seek you with all my heart; do not let me stray from your commands[ii].'

God's gentle assurance arises, 'I will give you a new heart and put a new spirit in you.[iii]' My silent cry rising up within me, 'Create in me a pure heart, O God, and renew a steadfast spirit within me[iv].'

Knit together, bound together we are, the One who breathed me into being and I, the one whose wandering heart never ceases to yearn. Knit together, bound together in love, and yet, a chasm between us remains. Borne out in scripture time and time again. Borne out in my own life time and time again. A chasm tempered with wisps of Spirit, yes, but a chasm all the same as, in the dream-crossed twilight, I draw near and then wander from the God I love.

And so, once again, in the quiet of Ash Wednesday's early dawn, I begin the journey to his cross. Journeying to the moment when the breath will leave his body, and I will breathe in the truth that I struggle to embody. The truth of a love so great it breathed me into being. So great it shall forever step into the chasm between my wandering heart and the heart that forever is calling me home.

My prayer for this Lenten Season. The prayer of my life. Bind my wandering heart to Thee. Dear God, please, please bind my wandering heart to Thee.

### Come Thou Font of Every Blessing

Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be  
Let Thy goodness like a fetter  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee

Prone to wander, Lord I feel it  
Prone to leave the God I love  
Here's my heart, oh take and seal it  
Seal it for Thy courts above

May your Lenten Journey draw you into the very heart of God as together we journey to his cross and to his rising. And to our own.

Rev. Linda L. McCarty

President & CEO

[i] Jeremiah 29:12

[ii] Psalm 119:10

[iii] Ezekiel 36:26

[iv] Psalm 51:10



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