

# It's Just a Cry



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by [Dave Butts](#)

I have a confession. Sometimes I still get anxious before the Lord. And when I do, my words to him are a bit like a baby's cry. I don't typically know why I'm anxious or upset, so I can't always articulate it. It's just a cry. It's always uncomfortable and troubling. The psalmist speaks powerfully of the solution to this in Psalm 131:2-4: "But I have stilled and quieted my soul; like a weaned child with its mother, like a weaned child is my soul within me. O Israel, put your hope in the Lord both now and forevermore."

One night a few years ago, our less-than-4-month-old grandson came for a visit while his mommy went on some errands. For most of the visit he was a delightful, smiling, playful little

baby. But then, something happened to change this scenario. None of us knew what exactly was wrong and baby Jack certainly couldn't tell us. Although he had been fed and changed, he was still angry and upset and he had no way of telling us what the matter was. We hugged him, talked to him, bounced him, sang to him, walked him and did all we could do to calm him down but he was inconsolable until his mommy came home a few minutes later—thankfully! He needed what only she could give him.

I realized how the psalmist pictured me as baby Jack when I am anxious before the Lord. An unweaned child, still dependent upon his mother's milk, has no real way of telling you what's wrong. Often, there are just tears and/or anger until we receive the peace that only a loving Father can give us. God calls me (and you) to still and quiet ourselves before Him. The example Scripture gives us for dealing with our discomfort or unrest is of a child that is now older—still a child, but now old enough to communicate the problem or issue that is troubling them.

Jack has an older sister, Luci, who is about 3 1/2 years older. She is like the weaned child of Psalm 131. Still a child with tears and issues, she can usually communicate what is wrong. One day she dissolved in a fit of anger. Her mother had talked to her earlier about such things and just watched her. Suddenly, in the midst of the tears, Luci sobbed, "I'm . . . so . . . out . . . of . . . control!" Her mother calmly replied, "Yes, you are. Would you like to talk about it?"

What a picture of how real God is with us! He will listen to us even when we cry and can't explain it. But His desire is for us to "still and quiet" ourselves before Him so that He can begin to clearly deal with the issues in our lives. More and more I find myself coming to the Lord in prayer and simply saying, "Today Lord, I choose to still and quiet myself before you." And, He is there, waiting to bring comfort and hope into my soul.

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