

Blessedness during Trials [1]

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In my experience, the end of the year is mostly marked with stress and fatigue. For scholars and pre-graduates, it is exam and assignment time. For post-graduates, it marks the weariness of the degree. For others, the end of the year is a time of an as yet unattained finish of a long term product. Yet others, like teachers, look forward to a time of quietness during the long December holidays which we traditionally enjoy here in South Africa.

I have been feeling the heat myself. The past few weeks has been particularly trying. But I have the strength to persevere because God grants it to me, and I know that there is a lesson to be learned from every situation, appealing or unappealing. Below are some of the things which have been happening:

During Sickness

Several weeks ago my father became seriously ill. He was hospitalised and moved to the ICU four days later. This week, after 5 week in the ICU, he has finally been moved out of ICU. Praise God! He might be discharged by the end of the week. He will still need therapy and rehabilitation, as he was already not very strong going in and has now spend weeks lying down.

But the several points during these past few weeks, the situation looked much bleaker. At times the hospital staff did not think that he was going to make it: at one point in particular we were called in the early hours of the morning that, "if we want to see him one last time", we should go to the hospital. That is a tough situation for anyone to face. As he oscillated between doing better and worse, we started building up a defence inside of ourselves to guard against getting too excited and too depressed. Even now I find it hard to accept it as a given that my father will return home soon. So, yes, it has been a trying time.

During this time, my father and the rest of us has enjoyed a huge amount of support from family and friends. I am especially thankful for my brothers and sisters at TBT who have been amazing in their support! At first I tried to keep the situation quiet, but over time the news seeped out. Through their prayers my father has had a "miraculous" turnaround and my family and I have managed to keep our sanity. Through their fellowship I have been able to confide and smile and laugh, which at times seemed far away. Thank you Lord for these people and bless them! Return this upon them a thousand fold when they are one day staring tragedy in the face!

During Adversity

Problems can be big or small, but even the small ones can leave you with a headache. Last week Thursday my Bible study group attended one of John Piper's [talks held at St. James](#) [2] as part of the [Rezolution](#) [3] initiative. I offered the other guys a lift in my car. My car had been giving me problems for a while now, but nothing serious and now show stoppers until now. As we stopped outside St. James, however, all the water just gushed out of the engine. Afters some friends-of-friends (who know more about engines than I do) came to have a look at the car. They had a poke around, tightened a nut or two and said we should be fine, but to be careful.

While this was going on, an older couple (who incidentally have been trying to get more involved with the students this year) stopped to offer help. The man asked whether we should drive in a convoy, but I assured him that we would be fine and that the guys were hungry, so we would be making a stop at Micky Dees anyway. So they left us and we set off on what promised to be an epic journey on a long and mostly dodgy road.

We scarcely made the 1km to the Mickey Dees before the engine completely overheated again. Opening up the water tank and pouring in more water only resulted in a impressive al be it small Vesuvius. It seemed like we were stuck a long way from home. As one of the guys remarked how we never should have let the other people leave without us, they came around the corner as if heavenly sent (although, in my opinion, still an actual miracle)! So we all piled into their care (I won't say how many we were) and made the journey back home, leaving my car in the parking lot for the night. The following day another small miracle occurred as one of my friends serendipitously had to pass along that way any way (otherwise I would have had to inconvenience someone greatly). I found the car unscathed and eventually saw it reach safety were it could be repaired.

The lesson here was twofold. Again, the sheer trust and joy of fellowship with other Christians, even if you don't know them or they are much older or whatever. And while I was sorry to inconvenience other people, they assured me that it was part of the joy of helping out others. The second lesson was one in trusted God for a solution. At one point the situation looked dire as we were stuck a long way from home. But the Lord provided. It is important to realise that this lesson does *not* mean that you should absolve yourself from taking responsibility, but that, rather than trying to look for a way out *on your own*, you should trust that our Father in heaven will provide.

During Stress

What can I say? I have but a few weeks left in which to finish my thesis and much work still remains. But I have also managed to do a lot of work lately. The Lord is keeping me safe and sane in this respect as well. And not only me, but a host of my pre and post-graduate friends as we toil away at theses, assignments, tests and exams.

I am also in the process of looking for work for next year as well. That can also be a stressful endeavour, especially intermingled with thesis work. May God place me where He wants me and where I am needed.

The Lord is good and sometimes we need a "show of force" to remind us of that. I won't pretend that I am not exhausted at the moment and that I do not yearn for an island holiday for a few weeks now, but, alas, such is not my lot at the moment. Perhaps God will grant me a couple of weeks in December, but until then I have to keep doing what man has been placed on earth to do *even before the fall*: work!

Praise be the Lord Almighty!

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