A Hope that Lifts, Hope Thou in God

Psalm 42:11

Psalm 42:11 is a verse that speaks directly to the soul in distress, not with denial but with defiant trust. The psalmist doesn't pretend the sorrow isn't real; he names it, then calls his soul to remember *there is still a reason to hope*.

It is not the moment the trial arrives that defines us. It is the attitude we embrace and hold on to in the moments the trial is passing through our lives. The trial will always do whatever damage it can do. It has its own shape, its own weight, its own course. But the sustained damage, the lingering effect that follows us, weakens us, and colors everything we see, can be shaped, softened, even transformed by the attitude we bring into the moment it hits.

How we sit with the pain, how we interpret the suffering, how we respond in the moment, all of these either deepen our hope or drain it. The pain is what it is. The disappointment is real. We don't pretend it away. But our posture toward the trial, in the very moment it rises against us, determines whether we endure, whether we see something beyond it, whether we believe joy does come in the morning.

Hope does not deny the darkness. I want to keep that understanding in front of us. It doesn't claim the night is not night. Hope looks straight into the night and still whispers, "There **is** light, look again. Look with a different lens", look with a outlook that is hopeful. No one is able to see that light while clinging to, while gripping the darkness. No one finds air by holding their breath. It is the clinging, the tight grip we keep on fear, control, and **the outcome we imagine**, that suffocates us. When we hold fast to the very thing pulling us under, we have made that pain the center of our existence in those moments we hold tightly to it. We've crowned the trial as king in that time frame of our suffering. If we want peace born out of hope, we must take a different path.

Some may think this discussion is philosophical. And perhaps on some level, it is. But think back to a moment when you were in deep pain, grief, anxiety, exhaustion, and something pulled your attention away. Maybe it was a piece of music. Maybe a laugh. Maybe someone walked into the room unexpectedly. For a brief moment, seconds, maybe minutes, you weren't consumed by the problem. The pain hadn't disappeared, but the attention you gave to it did. That isn't philosophy. That's real. That's what a change in perception, a change in attitude can do.

But hope lifts, hope puts smiles on the faces of the lost and troubled. What is this hope? What is this hope that lifts us? It is the quiet certainty that dwells beneath our questions and doubts. It is not wishful thinking or blind optimism, but a profound anchor that holds fast when everything else gives way.

This hope is the recognition that our story is held within a greater narrative, one authored by a God who sees beyond our present pain. It is the understanding that suffering, while real and raw, is never the final word. It is the conviction that dawn follows even the darkest night, not by chance, but by divine design.

This hope rises not from circumstance but from relationship. It emerges from the sacred space of surrender where we finally exhale our control and inhale God's presence. It is there, in that vulnerable place of admitted weakness, that we discover a strength not our own.

This hope is a transformative vision. It doesn't change what we see, but how we see. It perceives meaning in suffering, purpose in pain, and possibility in limitation. It recognizes that our trials, while not sent by God, are still used by God to shape us into vessels that hold more of His light.

This hope is living remembrance, the collective testimony of those who have walked through fire and found themselves not consumed but refined. It is the heritage of faith passed down through generations who discovered that God is most powerfully present in their most powerfully felt absences.

This hope is the quiet miracle of "yet", I am broken, yet being restored; I am waiting, yet not abandoned; I am suffering, yet still believing. It is the courage to stand in the tension of the now and the not yet, trusting that what God has promised, He will fulfill.

Blessings,

Pastor Gool