

The God I Don't Always Get



Look at that picture for a moment. It is an artist's rendition of the Milky Way. **Genesis 1:1** says God made that.

Somewhere in one of the arms of this spiral galaxy floats our little solar system. Three planets out from the sun in our solar system hangs our little planet. Somewhere on this planet sits little ol' me, banging away on my tiny computer. **Genesis 1:1** reminds me God is "bigger" than me. When I try to wrap my little brain around the immensity of this, I recognize God made me. I did not make Him. I live by His rules. He does not live by mine.

This has certain ramifications on a practical level that many people struggle to accept. If God made us and we didn't make God, then our God is going to surprise us sometimes. If God does not live by my rules and does not follow the thoughts in my head, He is not always going to be completely in line with what I conceive. He is going to do and say things that shock me. He is going to do and say things that do not fit in with my sensitivities or my preconceptions. Let's face it—God doesn't have to ask my permission before He acts. He doesn't have to make sure it fits in with what I expect before He speaks. He is God.

I don't know how many times I have heard people claim, "I just can't believe in the God of the Bible. I don't think God would ever _____" (fill in the blank with something shockingly violent, shockingly judgmental, shockingly merciful, shockingly shocking).

Sometimes, I begin to wonder myself. Could they be right? Would God really act like that? Then I remember the Milky Way. God made that. I didn't. God made me. I didn't make Him.

If the god in which I believe has only ever acted in ways that made absolute perfect sense to me, I probably don't believe in the real God, but in a god of my own making. The real God is not limited by what makes sense to me. As **Isaiah 55:8-9** says, the ways and thoughts of the true God are above my ways and thoughts.

So, I admit it. I serve a God I don't get sometimes. But He is God, so I serve Him. Maybe when I enter His physical presence, I'll have some questions to ask Him. Then again, maybe I'll be so shockingly happy to be in His presence none of those questions will matter anymore. I probably won't be all that worried that I didn't always get Him. I'll just be glad He got me.