

This is the Day...Monday

January 17, 2022

The Refuge

“But as for me, it is good to be near God. I have made the Sovereign Lord my refuge; I will tell of all your deeds.” (Psalm 73:28)

We all need a refuge at times; a place where we can go that we feel safe, protected, and loved. A place that is exclusively our place. Some may not understand our refuge. Some may not understand the meaning of the place. They may call it silly or superstitious. But to us, it is the only place that can be our refuge in those times when we need to feel love.

In the early fall of 1989, I became acquainted with Martin Harris and his wife Judy. Martin and Judy were what I would describe as “perimeter participants” in the church where I pastored. They never completely engaged in the activities and worship of the church. Their worship attendance was undependable at best. There were times when they would attend every event in the church for several weeks and then they would simply disappear for a few weeks. They were very guarded with their relationships with others and kept everyone at an arm’s length. Martin and Judy had a very sweet daughter, Kayla who was in middle school at the time.

In the hopes to become more acquainted with the Harris family, I visited with them in their home on several occasions and even shared Sunday lunch with them a few times. While I never understood their guarded attitude toward others, it was obvious that they were a very close family. Kayla simply adored her father and they often spoke about adventures they would share. They would often talk about going to “the big rock.” Kayla described the big rock as a place on a beautiful hill in a pasture near their home where she and her dad would sit and talk for hours. It was their special place to share together.

One can only imagine the heartache that came to this family when Martin unexpectedly died of a massive heart attack in the spring of 1990. When I went to the home to see Judy, I noticed that Kayla was not there. After some time, consoling Judy, I asked about Kayla. “She’s at the big rock. That is where she has been all day.” The big rock was Kayla’s refuge. It was the place where she last experienced the love of her father. It was the place where she felt protected and safe. It was the place she went to remember all they had shared together.

We all need a refuge at times. A place where we can feel safe, protected, and loved. That is what God wants to be for us. Our refuge. A place where we can go and remember all the ways He has been there for us. All the times He has carried us through the storms. All the ways He has shown us His love. On this day God has given you, take refuge in Him. No matter what you face today, He is your refuge and strength, an ever-present help in times of trouble. He is your big rock.