

We're about seven weeks into our Covid-19 lifestyle, and I'm observing several disconcerting developments in our country. Not with everyone, but with many.

The developments are these: fatigue, fear, and frustration. People are emotionally, physically, and intellectually tired. From parents who aren't used to being with their kids 24/7, to those who are tired of being cooped up at home, to those who have discovered the internet doesn't provide all the mental and social stimulation necessary to live a full and meaningful life.

Then there's fear. Fear of getting the coronavirus, fear of being out of work and not being able to pay the rent/mortgage, fear of a second wave of the disease. Fear of the unknown and the uncertain.

And lastly, frustration. Frustration that others aren't wearing a mask "as they're told to." Frustration that "we're being told" to wear a mask. Frustration that the beaches are closed, the trails are shut down, the stimulus check hasn't arrived, and frustration that our expectations haven't been met by the government, family members, friends, and others. The definition of a frustration is: "a blocked goal." I want to do something, get somewhere, fulfill an objective, and someone or something is preventing me from doing so.

An implosion of mind, body and soul is on the horizon. It reminds me of the prophet Elijah. He had been in a spiritual battle with the prophets of Baal and came away the victor. In fact, we're told that following that encounter (1 Kings 18:46) *The power of the Lord came upon Elijah*. You'd think that would be enough to fuel your spiritual life for a very long time.

But, when Queen Jezebel (a bad woman) learned of Elijah's victory she (1 Kings 19:2) *sent this message to Elijah: "May the gods strike me and even kill me if by this time tomorrow I have not killed you just as you killed them."* In other words, "There's only room in this town for one of us, and it's not going to be you. You're as good as dead."

Suddenly, *the power of the Lord . . . upon Elijah* faded into darkness. In verses 3-4 we read, *Elijah was afraid and fled for his life. He went to Beersheba, a town in Judah, and he left his servant there. Then he went on alone into the wilderness, traveling all day. He sat down under a solitary broom tree and prayed that he might die. "I have had enough, LORD," he said. "Take my life . . ."*

Fatigue from the battle. Fear for his life. Frustration that despite his faithfulness to the Lord and his sacrificial service, nothing changed. The U.S. Department of Health and Human Services recently termed this, for what we are currently facing, the "death of despair." Then the Lord stepped into Elijah's myopic vision.

First, the Lord corrected his perspective. He told him (18) *You're not alone. I will preserve 7,000 others in Israel who have never bowed down to Baal or kissed him!*

Second, the Lord corrected his presumptions. Elijah was expecting to see God in *a great and strong wind that tears into the mountains and breaks the rocks in pieces, or by earthquakes or by fire* (11-12). Instead, God showed up with a *gentle whisper*. God is with us and His power is unquestionable, but His ways differ from our human expectations.

The Lord's prescription for our fatigue, fear, and frustration is not only to hear us and draw us closer to Himself, but also to teach and guide us.

1 Corinthians 13:7 *Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.*

Please note: believing and hoping is sandwiched between bearing and enduring. We're not to walk by sight - as things appear to us. We're to walk by faith in the sovereign control and providence of the Lord our God.

Put that on your refrigerator door.