

Praying To Die But Living To Suffer Another Day

*“Why is light given to one burdened with grief,
And life to the bitter of soul, Who long for death, but there is none,
And dig for it more than for hidden treasures;
Who are filled with jubilation,”*

Job 2:20-22 (NASB)

Job is known for his extraordinary patience in the midst of unspeakable suffering. His suffering was physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual. We cannot fathom the depths of sorrow in which he was drowning. He prayed to die but lived to suffer another day. Many questions flooded his mind. His various forms of pain made his petition to die speciously urgent.

Those who have never had overwhelming suffering cannot clearly understand the idea of praying to die. Some even think it is sinful to pray to die, and harshly judge Job for a lack of faith. I have seen enough suffering in the lives of others—and had my own trials—that I cannot speak negatively of anyone who wants to be done now with their suffering and enter the glories of heaven.

The design of our Creator was to have a sinless, joyful people to inhabit His home where they might continue to grow in the knowledge of him forever. This is eternal life, to go on knowing more and more

about our glorious and sovereign Lord and Master. Such an amazing prospect captures the imagination of every child of God.

If you are, or know someone who is praying to die, be assured that such a prayer is totally acceptable to our Father in heaven. He is listening to your cry for help and will provide you with grace to endure until, like Job, you will be restored to a fully functional life or else you will be blessed with angels coming to you and escorting you to your Father’s home in heaven. So pray as you wish, and may our loving Father give you the desires of your heart.

Jesus, wondrous Savior!
Christ, of kings the king!
Angels fall before Thee,
prostrate worshipping;
Fairest they confess Thee
in the Heav’n above.
We would sing Thee fairest here
in hymns of love.

Fairer far than sunlight
unto eyes that wait
Amid fear and darkness,
'til the morning break;
Fairer than the day-dawn,
hills and dales among,

When its tide of glory
wakes the tide of song.

Sweeter far than music
quivering from keys
That unbind all feeling
with strange harmonies.
Thou art more and dearer
than all minstrelsy;
Only in Thy presence
can joy’s fullness be.

All earth’s flowing pleasures
were a wintry sea,
Heav’n itself without Thee
dark as night would be.
Lamb of God! Thy glory
is the light above.
Lamb of God! Thy glory
is the life of love.

Life is death if severed
from Thy throbbing heart.
Death with life abundant
at Thy touch would start.
Worlds and men and angels
all consist in Thee:
Yet Thou camest to us in humility.

Jesus! All perfections
rise and end in Thee;
Brightness of God’s glory
Thou, eternally,
Favored beyond measure
they Thy face who see;
May we gracious Savior,
share this ecstasy.

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