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Here's Hope

by Rev. Jerry Rea

### **A Refuge for the Soul**

In the Old Testament there were cities of refuge. They were set up by God as a place to which the Israelites could run for safety until they could receive a fair trial. The people always knew they had somewhere to run. They could go there and be safe. It was (and became) a true safe haven. The book of Psalms teaches us repeatedly that God is our refuge... a place to hide. In Him is safety. He is always on our side. He is our protector. He is our shield. He is our fortress and stronghold.

The writer of the book of Hebrews (6:18) says that our "hope" is a refuge for our souls. We "lay hold on" that hope. It serves to strengthen and buttress us in the trials and storms of life. We run there. We lay hold on hope. The verse sounds as if we are clinging to that hope. Our need drives us there and our souls are desperate to lay hold on our God's provision.

Hope makes all the difference. If you have times when life knocks the wind out of your sails, you need hope. If you're out of energy, what you're looking for is hope. When clouds cover your life and your future, you need hope. When frustrations drive you to the end of your rope... you need hope.

It's not a bad thing to need a refuge. Perhaps, we might say it's a necessary thing. All of us need a place to which to run. So, where do you run? When the lights go out where do you run? When you get kicked in the gut where do you run? When you run completely up against a wall where do you run? What is your refuge?

We have a hope won for us by Jesus, our Savior. By His shed blood He paid the enormous price required for our salvation. We have been saved from an eternal punishment. We have been saved from the consequences of our own actions and sins. We have been saved from the world's evil pressures. We now have an anchor for our souls. Hebrews 6:18-20 tells the details. Read it now. Here's another thing. Always remember you have a hope. Run there often, lay hold on the refuge God has provided in Jesus.

I Love You,

Jerry Rea