



## My Bucket of Sand

How precious to me are your thoughts, O God!

How vast is the sum of them!

Were I to count them,

they would outnumber the grains of sand.

Psalm 139:17–18

The thoughts of God are vast, uncountable, infinitely far reaching. As the Psalmist says, they outnumber the grains of sand. Have you ever tried to count teeny, tiny grains of sand?

God is gracious. He shares his thoughts with us. His people. His children. The citizens of his kingdom.

He who forms the mountains,

creates the wind,

and *reveals his thoughts to man*,

he who turns dawn to darkness,

and treads the high places of the earth—

the LORD God Almighty is his name.

(Amos 4:13, emphasis added)

Through his indwelling Spirit, the Lord God Almighty

opens up to us his heart, his mind, his plans, his dreams. And he doesn't view it as casting his pearls to the pigs. How loving of him. How trusting of him. How amazing of him.

"No eye has seen,  
no ear has heard,  
no mind has conceived  
what God has prepared for those who love  
him"—

but God has revealed it to us by his Spirit.

The Spirit searches all things, even the deep things of God. For who among men knows the thoughts of a man except the man's spirit within him? In the same way no one knows the thoughts of God except the Spirit of God. We have not received the spirit of the world but the Spirit who is from God, that we may understand what God has freely given us. This is what we speak, not in words taught us by human wisdom but in words taught by the Spirit, expressing spiritual truths in spiritual words.

(1 Corinthians 2:9–13)

Are we grasping this? No one knows the thoughts of God except the Spirit. And then...we have received the Spirit who is from God. So the Spirit, who lives inside us, reveals the thoughts of God to us. He is the only one who knows them, and he is commissioned to share them.

When I consider the thoughts of God—those uncountable grains of sand—I feel like a barefoot child walking on the beach with the shoreline stretching as far as I can see. I am carrying a small bucket with me that is full of sand. The sand is in my bucket, but it isn't mine; it comes from the boundless store that is all around me.

Any thoughts that are true are first his thoughts. The sand in my bucket is his sand. In this book I am sharing with you some of the sand God has graciously put in my bucket.



## Connecting the Dots

Remember when you, or your kids, labored over connect-the-dots pictures? You took your pencil point from dot to dot, and then finally, ta-dah, there it was: a picture of something you could recognize.

But think about a connect-the-dots picture that has too few dots that are spaced too far apart. Your pencil meanders between dots, inventing a whole new picture than the artist had in mind. Maybe you come up with a wagon, but what was intended was a school bus. You need enough dots close together to draw an accurate picture.

How often do we do this in life situations? That is, we have a few life “dots,” and since we can’t see the big picture, we put them together in a way that makes sense to us. We don’t realize that our big picture is lacking dots, or perhaps the dots are spaced far apart, and therefore our picture is inaccurate.