

## **Why?**

### Psalm 2

**Why** do the nations rage  
and the peoples plot in vain?  
The kings of the earth set themselves,  
and the rulers take counsel together,  
against the Lord and against his Anointed, saying,  
"Let us burst their bonds apart  
and cast away their cords from us."

He who sits in the heavens laughs;  
the Lord holds them in derision.  
Then he will speak to them in his wrath,  
and terrify them in his fury, saying,  
"As for me, I have set my King  
on Zion, my holy hill."

I will tell of the decree:  
The Lord said to me, "You are my Son;  
today I have begotten you.  
Ask of me, and I will make the nations your heritage,  
and the ends of the earth your possession.  
You shall break them with a rod of iron  
and dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel."

Now therefore, O kings, be wise;  
be warned, O rulers of the earth.  
Serve the Lord with fear,  
and rejoice with trembling.  
Kiss the Son,  
lest he be angry, and you perish in the way,  
for his wrath is quickly kindled.  
Blessed are all who take refuge in him.

*Why?*

Such a little word, but such a big question. And maybe the most often asked question in the world.

Have you ever asked God *why*? Of course! We all have.

Why did those hurricanes happen?

Why did I get this disease?

Why can't I find a good job?

Why aren't you helping me Lord?

*Why?*

The psalmist asks that question too. Maybe it was the Assyrians rattling their swords against Israel again. Or the Egyptians tuning up their chariots for an advance against Jerusalem. Or the Babylonians on the march, or the Philistines, or the . . .

*Why Lord?*

I don't understand Lord.

Why are we being attacked, Lord?

I thought it would be different, Lord.

How does God answer?

*He laughs.*

Not at us, not at you, not at the one asking the question, but at the trouble, at the enemy that is raising its head against you.

Maybe that's not the answer we're looking for, but what does it tell us? Maybe that what looks so big and bad to us isn't so big and bad to God. Like the spider on the wall that children are afraid of, but the parent just laughs at - *and then squashes like a bug!*

*I got it*, God is saying in this psalm. Those buggy nations coming up against you, no worries. *I got it*. My King is in charge. My Son will break them. And I will bless you.

The truth is, God often doesn't tell us the answer to our *why* questions. Sometimes He does. But really, He couldn't answer them all. There are too many such questions and the Bible isn't big enough - *couldn't* be big enough! - to answer them all. Instead, He reassures us. *I got this*.

And then the psalm ends with a promise: *Blessed are all who take refuge in him*.

*Blessed*. That's another big word. It doesn't mean that everything will work out exactly as you want - things rarely do! But it does focus us in the right direction: on the Lord, who has promised good to us. On the Lord, who sent His Son to save us. On the Lord, who is your Father and you His dearly loved child.

So next time you are afraid or overwhelmed or asking why, be quiet and listen. See if you can hear your Father laughing. And then, O blessed child of God, laugh with Him. The bugs will not last long.

*Lord, help me to trust in You, especially when things don't seem to be going my way. Help me to see that my troubles are no trouble to You, and that You will use these things to bless me - maybe in ways I cannot now even imagine. Amen.*