

Psalm 18: 1-6, 16-19

- ¹ I love you, Lord, my strength.
- ² The Lord is my rock, my fortress and my deliverer;
my God is my rock, in whom I take refuge,
my shield and the horn of my salvation, my stronghold.
- ³ I called to the Lord, who is worthy of praise,
and I have been saved from my enemies.
- ⁴ The cords of death entangled me;
the torrents of destruction overwhelmed me.
- ⁵ The cords of the grave coiled around me;
the snares of death confronted me.
- ⁶ In my distress I called to the Lord;
I cried to my God for help.
From his temple he heard my voice;
my cry came before him, into his ears....
- ¹⁶ He reached down from on high and took hold of me;
he drew me out of deep waters.
- ¹⁷ He rescued me from my powerful enemy,
from my foes, who were too strong for me.
- ¹⁸ They confronted me in the day of my disaster,
but the Lord was my support.
- ¹⁹ He brought me out into a spacious place;
he rescued me because he delighted in me.

The Testimony of Dana Myers (Based on Psalm 18)

“He rescued me because he delighted in me.”

I’m a “delight”?

Growing up, I rarely ever thought of myself as a “delight,” not to those around me, and most certainly not to God. Yet when I walked through the doors of Home Church into the open embrace of the Moravian Church and her theology, I began to suspect that maybe God at least didn’t hate me. Maybe God even had a plan for me? Could I one day be a delight to the God who was willing to rescue me?

After a few years of seminary education, of relational community and holy storytelling, of discovering myself and my place within God’s world, I have begun to realize that not only am I a delight—crafted by the same God who crafted hummingbirds’ wings and orchids’ petals—I am a delight worth rescuing.

When I cried out to God in my despair and sorrow, God rescued me. God delivered me. God heard my cries, felt my pain, embodied my experience. The same God who painted stripes on a zebra saw me as someone worth saving, as someone worth rescuing! Henriette Maria Louise von Hayn (the writer of “Jesus Makes My Heart Rejoice”) said in her memoir that joining the Moravian Church “was as though I found a hundred fathers and mothers all at once.” Not only did God bring me a hundred fathers and mothers (plus siblings, aunts/uncles, cousins and even a nephew!) but God brought me to a safe place, wiped my tears, held my hand, and gave me a home.

Father, I may not always be delight-full, but I rest in your promise that I am your Delight. Thank you for rescuing me, for giving me a home, and for preparing me to invite others into your loving embrace. Remind us that your arms are always wide enough, that there is always room in your home for more of us, and that we are always welcome here. Amen.