

Title: When Life Doesn't Make Sense | When I am doubting God's plan
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God is indeed good to Israel,
to the pure in heart.
But as for me, my feet almost slipped;
my steps nearly went astray.
For I envied the arrogant;
I saw the prosperity of the wicked.
They have an easy time until they die,
and their bodies are well fed.
They are not in trouble like others;
they are not afflicted like most people.
Therefore, pride is their necklace,
and violence covers them like a garment.
Their eyes bulge out from fatness;
the imaginations of their hearts run wild.
They mock, and they speak maliciously;
they arrogantly threaten oppression.
They set their mouths against heaven,
and their tongues strut across the earth.
Therefore his people turn to them
and drink in their overflowing words.
The wicked say, "How can God know?
Does the Most High know everything?"
Look at them—the wicked!
They are always at ease,
and they increase their wealth.
Did I purify my heart
and wash my hands in innocence for nothing?
For I am afflicted all day long
and punished every morning.
If I had decided to say these things aloud,
I would have betrayed your people.
When I tried to understand all this,
it seemed hopeless
until I entered God's sanctuary.
Then I understood their destiny.
Indeed, you put them in slippery places;
you make them fall into ruin.
How suddenly they become a desolation!
They come to an end, swept away by terrors.
Like one waking from a dream,
Lord, when arising, you will despise their image.
When I became embittered
and my innermost being was wounded,
I was stupid and didn't understand;

I was an unthinking animal toward you.
Yet I am always with you;
you hold my right hand.
You guide me with your counsel,
and afterward you will take me up in glory.
Who do I have in heaven but you?
And I desire nothing on earth but you.
My flesh and my heart may fail,
but God is the strength of my heart,
my portion forever.
Those far from you will certainly perish;
you destroy all who are unfaithful to you.
But as for me, God's presence is my good.
I have made the LORD God my refuge,
so I can tell about all you do.
(Psalm 73:1-28)

A great windstorm arose, and the waves were breaking over the boat, so that the boat was already being swamped. He was in the stern, sleeping on the cushion. So they woke him up and said to him, "Teacher! Don't you care that we're going to die?" He got up, rebuked the wind, and said to the sea, "Silence! Be still!" The wind ceased, and there was a great calm. Then he said to them, "Why are you afraid? Do you still have no faith?"
(Mark 4:37-40)

Stewarding doubt strengthens faith.

Scripture is the CSB unless noted.