

February 6, 1931 - Only doorway to the heart of God –

Tonight, lonesome and half ill with a cold, I am learning from experience that there is a deep peace that grows out of illness and loneliness and a sense of failure. These things do drive me up my hill to God, and then there comes into my soul through the very tears a comfort which is so much better than laughter.

It is "the peace of God that passes all understanding" unless one has it. God cannot get close when everything is delightful. He seems to need these darker hours, these empty-hearted-hours to mean the most to people. You and I have known that over the coffin. We have known it when we parted and our hearts were sore. We have known it when we lay in bed helpless. Is this a deep truth in the very heart of nature?

Is the cross the only doorway to the very heart of God?