

## The Hill Mizar

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*O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.*

*– Psalm 42:6 –*

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We live in a very advanced age, yet the most troubling problems of the human condition remain the same since Adam's fall in the Eden. The psalmist was facing one of man's greatest tormentors when he penned the forty second Psalm, and one that still continually taunts not just the fearful and the unbelieving, but also the most spiritual among us, even today – depression.

Sadness is as natural to man as laughter, and perhaps even more so. Consider the Lord Jesus. We are on sound theological footing to assert that the Savior knew the whole panorama of human emotion, including joy. But note that it is never once mentioned by the Gospel writers that He laughed, while it *is* recorded that He wept, and that on multiple occasions (at the tomb of Lazarus, over Jerusalem, with strong crying and tears in the garden, etc.). Indeed, Isaiah's seemingly natural appellation for the great sin-bearer is that He would be a "man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief" (Isa. 53:5)

A life free from sadness would indicate a callous and impenetrable heart. But sadness and depression, while a difficult and necessary corollary to the curse, need not be a permanent state for any believer. It may overwhelm for a moment or even a season, but ultimately serves a sovereign purpose, becoming the vestibule to the sanctuary of exultant worship.

Being "cast down" makes us vulnerable to the promptings of the Spirit of God and permits us to recall His plan and purpose for us. Hence the psalmist's recollection of the hill Mizar. This place has no national import. It boasts no great battle or special event or crowning achievement of the Israelites. Nonetheless, it was evident to the psalmist that God *did something* there – something *uniquely special* – and He did it for the him *personally*. Whatever it was, we are not told, but it served as a timeless Ebenezer of God's undying devotion to the saddened writer, enough so to permit him to pivot in his heart and mind toward a deep communion and happy hope that the same God who met him at Mizar is with him still.

Dear friend, do you remember your hill Mizar(s)? The place or moment (or both) where the God of all creation – the very Ancient of Days Himself – condescended to meet *you* with a sense of His presence that was palpable, and wrought a deliverance for *you* that was so inexplicable that you *know* it was undeniably your Savior. If He loved you that much *then*, does He love you any less *now*? If He was with you *there*, in all of His sovereign faithfulness and care, will He abandon you *here*? Is there any logical reason to remain cast down in what you are facing? No, no, no – a thousand times, no! Let us traverse this moment of sadness and hope in God. Let us praise Him Who is the health of our countenance, and our God!