

He Will Rejoice Over You With Singing

While worship pressed against the exposed rafters and painted ductwork at church this morning, my firstborn stood close to my side. His figure entered my peripheral vision, and it registered that we are solidly out of the "little boy" stage with this one. At nine, he is only a head shorter than me, and his features give a strong nod to his daddy, this day seated four chairs away.

As songs crescendoed and fell, he gradually inched nearer to me until my arm crept around his shoulders and we sang together. I wondered how many more months would pass before he found this unacceptable, rejecting me in favor of social status or, at least, status quo.

Another song, a reading.

Soon, the inching resumed and I found that he stood directly in front of me; this time both of my arms found their way around his shoulders. The prickle of his buzz cut scratched against my chin and I held him tighter, reveling in the fact that he allowed it and was content to stay. How precious to worship with my son!

As *Holy, Holy, Holy* began and I considered each word, **it occurred to me that I was *singing over my son*. And it brought to mind a beautiful picture of our God.**

[Zephaniah 3:17](#) "The LORD your God is with you, the Mighty Warrior who saves. **He will take great delight in you; he will quiet you with his love, he will rejoice over you with singing.**"

Consider for a moment that you are standing near the Father. That you brave his side, and then hide under his wings.

[Psalm 17:8](#) "Keep me as the apple of your eye; **hide me in the shadow of your wings**"

Consider for a moment that you're close enough feel the deep vibrato of song erupting from the mouth of God. And that you realize: ***He is singing over me because he delights in me; because he loves me.***

What a picture of intimacy! What lavish care! **Ultimately, it is a glimpse at love we cannot comprehend:** that the creator of the universe would care for me -- would know the hairs on my head -- and that this love and delight would cause him to sing *over me, tenting me in the canopy of his grace.*

And so I snuggle up to Him, allow my own hair to scratch and catch, feeling the weight of his arms

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around me.

And I sing all the more.