

## God Sees Us In Our Quiet Places

*Tina Washington*

*“The Lord is near to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit.” (Psalm 34:18)*

When we think about “desert” or “wilderness” experiences in the Bible, our minds often go to men like Moses, David, and others who walked through literal deserts for all kinds of reasons. But Scripture also shows us women who faced their own wilderness seasons—different in form, but just as real and just as painful.

Naomi is one of those women. She and her husband left their home during a severe famine and settled in Moab with their two sons. In time, the sons married Moabite women—sisters. But then life struck Naomi with three devastating blows. One by one, the men in her family died, taking with them not only companionship but also financial security and stability. With a broken heart, Naomi urged her daughters-in-law to return to their families while she made her way back home, hoping at least for the comfort of familiar faces. Ruth, however, refused to leave her. And as the story goes, Naomi becomes the one guiding Ruth toward the protection and kindness of Boaz, their kinsman-redeemer.

My story and Naomi’s share a similar rhythm, though my wilderness was the loss of my daughter and granddaughter—an unthinkable grief no mother ever imagines bearing.

Like Naomi, my wilderness wasn’t a barren landscape of sand and heat. It was a wilderness of the heart—marked by deep loss, aching loneliness, and the kind of sorrow that makes the world feel upside down. Even while holding tightly to my faith, hope felt distant. I imagine Naomi knew that same heaviness, that same question of how to keep moving when everything familiar has been stripped away.

God didn't meet Naomi with miracles like He did for Moses or David. Instead, He worked quietly through Ruth's loyalty and the provision built into the kinsman-redeemer law.

And in my life, God's providence came in ways just as steady and just as personal. He made a way for my granddaughter to finish her last two years of college without her mother and without student loans. And after many years of prayer, He brought a future wife and step-daughter into my son's life—people who will walk with him and shape his daughter's formative years with love and stability.

I made it through because God was faithful. His providence carried me, and His blessings—often delivered through the kindness of others, arrived exactly when I needed them.

***Dear Father, thank you for being close to us when we experience sorrow and for walking with us through our grief and uncertainty when life feels like our private desert. You steady our hearts with Your love and remind us that we are never alone. Because you are always faithful. Amen***