

July 13, 2026

# God I Need You

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*When the righteous cry for help, the LORD hears and delivers them out of all their troubles. The LORD is near to the brokenhearted and saves the crushed in spirit.*

PSALM 34:17-18

Reaching upward, I tugged on the kitchen cabinet where four shelves of spices were stored. What? It wouldn't open! I banged on it, wedged a knife in the small gap—nothing. For fifteen minutes I struggled, jiggled, and tugged again. Still stuck.

House guests were due to arrive in a few days. How could I prepare meals without my spices? Not wanting to break the cabinet door, I tried a few more gentle pulls and then finally stepped back in frustration.

Old habits from my years as a healthcare CEO kicked in. When a challenge loomed without resolution, I'd learned to step away—to let my mind rest until fresh ideas came.

As I opened my Bible I read, "When the righteous cry for help, the LORD hears and delivers them out of all their troubles. The LORD is near to the brokenhearted and saves the crushed in spirit." — Psalm 34:17-18

Far from being crushed in spirit, I bowed and prayed humbly, "Lord, I need Your help—I can't figure this out on my own."

Throughout the day, I'd pass through the kitchen and give that stubborn cabinet another tug. Nothing.

I knew Philippians 4:6-7 by heart—"Do not be anxious about anything..."—yet peace seemed just out of reach. So, on day two, I shifted my prayer. Instead of asking, I thanked God in advance for opening the cabinet. He already knew my request. It was time to trust Him for the outcome and rest in gratitude, even while it remained firmly shut.

Then I remembered something my friend Dr. John C. Maxwell once said: "If you want to be great, you can't be great by yourself—you have to bring other people around you."

Lightbulb moment! Maybe it was time to ask for help.

I called my son Eric, who suggested using a metal coat hanger to fish for a fallen spice bottle that might be blocking the door. Brilliant! Why hadn't I thought of that?

Having only plastic and wooden hangers in the house, I found a piece of copper wire instead and bent it into a small hook. The next morning, I confidently wedged it into the narrow gap—and voilà! Success! But one thing puzzled me. Inside, everything was perfectly in place. No tipped bottles, no hidden obstacle.

So I paused and smiled. Maybe this little moment wasn't about the cabinet at all. Maybe God was reminding me of something far more lasting: That I need His help in everything—big or small, frustrating or joyful. That asking for help doesn't make me weak; it draws me closer to Him and to others. That sometimes the "stuck doors" in life are simply invitations to trust.

I may never know what truly kept that cabinet shut, but I do know this—God used it to open my heart a little wider. When I whisper, "Lord, I need Your help," He never fails to hear. And sometimes, His answers arrive not in grand miracles, but through quiet lessons, grateful prayers, and the wise voice of a son on the other end of the line.

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