

FROM THE DEPTHS... A CRY FOR MERCY

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There are places the human heart can go that no one else will ever see. Places where the laughter has faded, the prayers have become whispers, and even breathing feels heavy. Places where the soul feels imprisoned inside its own thoughts. The world continues moving while inside, everything seems to have stopped. Perhaps you've been there. I know I have.

There have been moments when I didn't need another sermon, another cliché, or another person telling me everything would be okay. I needed God. Not just His blessings—I needed His presence. I needed His mercy. I needed Him to invade the darkness because I could no longer find the strength to crawl out of it myself.

David understood that place. "Out of the depths I cry to You, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice. Let Your ears be attentive to my cry for mercy." (Psalm 130:1-2) Notice he doesn't cry from the mountaintop. He cries from the depths. From beneath the weight of guilt. From beneath the crushing burden of regret. From beneath fear, loneliness, unanswered prayers, and spiritual exhaustion.

There are nights when the silence is deafening. When every failure you've ever made stands before you like an accusing witness. Satan—the accuser of the brethren (Revelation 12:10)—whispers that you've gone too far, failed too much, sinned too often, and God must surely be finished with you. The heart becomes its own prison. The soul feels squeezed until there seems to be no room left to breathe.

David cried, "How long, Lord? Will You forget me forever? How long will You hide Your face from me? How long must I wrestle with my thoughts and day after day have sorrow in my heart?" (Psalm 13:1-2)

Job said, "My soul is weary of my life." (Job 10:1)

Jeremiah lamented, "He has walled me in so I cannot escape... Even when I call or cry for help, He shuts out my prayer." (Lamentations 3:7-8)

Even our Savior entered that terrible darkness. In Gethsemane, "My soul is overwhelmed with sorrow to the point of death." (Matthew 26:38) Then upon the cross He cried, "My God, My God, why have You forsaken Me?" (Matthew 27:46) Jesus entered the deepest darkness so we would never be abandoned in ours. What incredible grace.

There are moments I fall to my knees with nothing left to offer except tears. No eloquent prayers. No polished faith. Only this..."God... if You don't rescue me, I cannot rescue myself." And perhaps that is exactly where grace begins. Because salvation has never belonged to the strong. It belongs to the broken.

Jesus didn't come searching for those who had everything together. He came for the weary. The guilty. The ashamed. The addicted. The doubting. The wandering. The exhausted. The man writing this devotion The sinner.

"Come to Me, all who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matthew 11:28)

His invitation has never changed. The cross was never built for perfect people. It was built for desperate people. For people like me. For people like you.

Paul reminds us, "While we were still sinners, Christ died for us." (Romans 5:8) Not after we cleaned ourselves up. Not after we proved our worth. Not after we finally became good enough. While we were still sinners. That is grace.

The enemy says, "You're condemned." Jesus says, "There is therefore now no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus." (Romans 8:1)

The enemy says, "You've wandered too far." Jesus says, "Whoever comes to Me I will never cast out." (John 6:37)

The enemy says, "God is finished with you." But the Father runs toward prodigals. He embraces the broken. He restores what sin destroyed. He gives beauty for ashes (Isaiah 61:3).

Sometimes we imagine salvation as one moment in our past. The Bible presents it as something we continue to cling to every single day. Every morning I need His mercy. Every afternoon I need His grace. Every evening I need His forgiveness. Every breath depends upon Christ. When I cannot hold on to Him...He still holds on to me.

"The LORD is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit." (Psalm 34:18) That verse has become life to me. Notice God doesn't promise to stay close only to the victorious. He draws nearest to those whose hearts have been shattered.

Perhaps today your faith feels like nothing more than a whisper. Whisper anyway.

Perhaps all you can pray is..."Lord... have mercy." That is enough. Because our hope has never rested in the strength of our grip on Christ. It has always rested in the strength of His grip on us.

One day every shadow will flee. Every tear will be wiped away. Every wound healed. Every burden lifted. Every question answered. And the Lamb who was slain will stand before us—not as our Judge alone, but as our Savior, our Shepherd, our Redeemer, and our eternal King.

Until that day...I will keep crying from the depths. Not because I have no hope—But because my hope has a name. Jesus Christ. And His mercy is always deeper than my darkest night.

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John 1:9)

No matter how dark the valley becomes, the cross stands taller than our despair, the empty tomb speaks louder than our fears, and the grace of God reaches farther than we could ever fall.

There is hope. Not because we are strong. But because Jesus saves. There is hope. Jesus Saves!

"The LORD is near to the brokenhearted and saves the crushed in spirit." (Psalm 34:18)