

Where Does That Leave Me?



**Oh, But to be Broken
Cracked but Filled**

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For the Awakening Remnant**

**Walking the Ancient Path of Obedience
Calling out Deception – Calling out Truth**

The sacrifices of Elohim are a broken spirit; a broken and crushed heart, Elohim You will not despise. (Ps. 51:17)

As Roots Nourish the Tree ~ So Torah Nourishes the Soul

**Where Does That Leave Me?
When Even Moses Was Nearly Taken Out...
What Hope Is There for Me?**

Introduction – When Holiness Meets Humanity

There's a verse in Torah that stopped me cold—

*YHWH met him on the way... and sought to kill him.
(Exodus 4:24)*

The man was Moses. The same Moses YHWH had just called to deliver Israel. The same Moses who stood barefoot before the burning bush. And yet... YHWH sought to kill him.

That shook me. Because if someone like Moses—a chosen vessel, a prophet unlike any other—could still be met with judgment for falling short...

Where does that leave me?

I'm no Moses. I'm not a David. I'm just a man trying to do what's right. I fall. I rise. I fall again. And sometimes I feel like I'm just winging it down here—stumbling forward with trembling hands and a heart that doesn't want to disappoint the One I love most.

But even in that, there is hope.

And this is the message for all of us who are still learning how to walk the Ancient Path—with scraped knees and a soul that still looks up.

The Moment That Shook Me

There are a lot of passages in Scripture that command respect. But then there are a few that grip your chest and do not let go.

Exodus 4:24 is one of them.

And it came to pass by the way in the inn, that YHWH met him, and sought to kill him. (Ex. 4:24)

Just like that—no explanation, no slow build.

Moses had just been called, commissioned, and handed the very rod of deliverance... and now YHWH was ready to take him out.

I remember the first time that verse really hit me. I just sat there, staring at the words like they might change if I read them again. But they didn't.

And all I could think was:

If YHWH was prepared to kill Moses... where does that leave a man like me?

Moses talked with YHWH. He saw the burning bush. He heard the Voice. He witnessed signs and wonders. He walked up Sinai and brought down the Covenant itself.

And yet—even he was not beyond correction. Even he was not above judgment. One failure to obey—one act of delay in circumcising his son—and it nearly cost him everything.

And I thought... what hope do I have?

I haven't seen a burning bush. I've never heard thunder on a mountaintop. I'm not leading a nation through the wilderness.

I'm just a tired old man doing my best to return to the Way—to piece together obedience from the fragments I've been given.

And if someone like Moses could stand one breath away from death for failing to walk in the fullness of the Covenant...

Then what does that mean for a man like me?

That verse shook me. It didn't just make me think—it made me tremble.

Giants Who Fell Short

It's easy to read the stories of Moses and David and put them on pedestals.

Chosen. Anointed. Appointed. Favored.

Moses spoke face to face with YHWH. David was called a man after His own heart.

But when you look closer, you see something sobering:

They sinned.

Not just small slip-ups.

Moses struck the rock instead of speaking to it—and it cost him entry into the Land.

David took another man's wife, had her husband killed, and paid with the death of his child.

These were not nobodies.

These were the leaders of Israel. The shepherds of the flock. The chosen vessels.
And yet YHWH chastised them—severely.

He didn't ignore their sin just because of their calling.
He didn't let it slide because they had a role to play.

YHWH is not partial—even with His prophets and kings.

And that reality is both terrifying... and strangely comforting.

Because if even the greatest among us fall short, then we are not alone in our struggle. And if YHWH didn't throw them away—if He disciplined them, purified them, and still used them—then there's hope for us too.

It reminds me that YHWH isn't looking for perfect men.
He's looking for humble ones.
Teachable ones.
Men who, when they fall, fall toward Him.

And maybe that's the difference.

Winging It, But Walking It

I'm not a Moses. I'm not a David. I'm not some prophet wrapped in linen robes who hears thunder on command.

I'm just a man—older now, worn a bit thin, trying to walk the Ancient Path with trembling hands and a heart that wants to get it right.

Some days I study deep.
Some days I wrestle with guilt.
Some days I feel like I've made progress.
Other days... I feel like I'm just winging it.

I still haven't finished my tzitzit.
I've started them. I've meant to. But something always gets in the way.
And I know—that's not an excuse. But it's the truth.

I'm not walking in full obedience yet. I know that.
But I want to.

And that's what I lay before YHWH most days—not a flawless track record, but a cracked vessel that says,

*“Please don’t be angry with me, Abba. I’m trying. I really am.
I don’t want to grieve You. I want to be Yours.”*

And I have to believe—that counts for something.

Because there are people who never even try.
People who toss aside His commands and mock His ways.
People who say they love Him but never once turn their feet toward obedience.

But here I am—tired, imperfect, and full of flaws—still trying to walk the path He set down in fire and stone.

And I think... maybe that's what He's watching most.

Not my knots.

But my heart.

The Kind of Heart YHWH Looks At

For all those things hath mine hand made, and all those things have been, saith the LORD: but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.
(Is. 66:2)

Near is YHWH to a broken heart; and shall save a crushed spirit.
(Psalm 34:18, My translation)

He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the LORD require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God? (Micah 6:8)

It's not perfection—it's brokenness, contrition, obedience-in-motion

YHWH refines, not discards

So Where Does That Leave Me?

After all the trembling, the questions, the failures, the delays... where does that leave me?

It leaves me... in the hands of a patient Father.

A Father who is Holy enough to correct,
but merciful enough to mold instead of discard.

A Father who sees not just where I've fallen,
but where I'm trying—through tears and dust—to rise again.

It leaves me chosen, not because I'm flawless,
but because I'm willing to be crushed and reformed by His hand.

It leaves me held, not in comfort, but in Covenant.
Not in ease, but in promise.

It leaves me like clay—not cast off, but called further in.
Pressed. Reshaped. Made usable in His timing.

Because YHWH is not looking for polished vessels.
He's looking for broken ones who still say yes.
He's looking for the *dakah* (crushed) spirit—the crushed soul that doesn't curse Him, but cries out,

“I love you, and I still want You.”

So where does that leave me?

It leaves me right where I need to be...
Still in the process.
Still trembling.

Still walking.
Still loved.

Why Am I Being Refined?

After all I've written, wrestled, and confessed... one question still presses deep in my spirit:

If I'm just a broken man doing my best, why is YHWH still refining me?
What's He shaping me for?

And the answer isn't easy. But it's true.

Because I'm Not Done Yet

YHWH doesn't break what He plans to throw away.
He breaks what He plans to use.
He crushes what He plans to fill with truth.
He refines the ones who will one day carry the weight of His Word.

I'm not being shaped for comfort.
I'm being shaped to carry something sacred.

Because He's Raising a Voice in the Wilderness

Truth is being buried today—under church lights, emotionalism, and man-made creeds.
But YHWH is raising up voices—not polished preachers, but crushed vessels who still say yes.

He is calling men who tremble at His Word.
Men who won't twist it.
Men who don't want applause, just alignment.

That's why I'm being refined.

So, when the shaking comes—and it will—there will be at least one voice left standing, saying:

“This is the Way... walk in it.”

Because His Mercy Must Have a Mouth

When judgment falls, people won't run to buildings.
They'll run to those who warned them with love.
They'll look for someone who didn't sell them lies in the name of God.

That's what I'm being shaped for.
 That's what the fire is for.
 That's why I still ache—and still rise.

I am being refined so that He may be glorified.
 So that truth may still speak.
 So that someone, somewhere, might return before it's too late.

◆ *Whisper Nugget* ◆
*The ones who break and still bow...
 are the ones He draws near.*

*Not the polished.
 Not the proud.
 But the crushed soul who still calls Him 'Abba'.*

*You do not have to be perfect to be precious.
 You just have to be willing to be formed.*

And He will not cast aside the one He is still shaping.

Write These Verses on Your Heart

The soul that sins—it shall die. The son shall not bear the guilt of the father... but if the wicked turns from all his sins which he has committed, and keeps all My statutes, and does what is lawful and right, he shall surely live; he shall not die. (Ezekiel 18:20–21)

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart, O God, You will not despise. (Psalm 51:17)

For thus says the High and Lofty One who inhabits eternity, whose Name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, and also with him who is of a contrite and lowly spirit, to revive the spirit of the lowly, and to revive the heart of the contrite. (Isaiah 57:15)

You shall not add to the Word which I command you, nor take away from it, that you may keep the commandments of YHWH your God which I command you. (Deuteronomy 4:2)

To this one will I look: to him who is humble and contrite in spirit, and who trembles at My Word. (Isaiah 66:2)

As Blood is to the Body – So Torah is to the Soul

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