

Margaret Feinberg is a prophetic voice to our generation. This book will pierce your soul and create a renewed hunger to seek God.

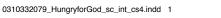
MARK BATTERSON, pastor of National Community Church and author of *In a Pit with a Lion on a Snowy Day*

Margaret challenges and reminds us what it truly means to long for God and to really know him. As leaders, we need to be reminded of this, and Margaret hits the target. She's one of the authentic and vital voices for our generation.

Brad Lomenick, executive director of Catalyst

Margaret Feinberg's *Hungry for God* will help you hear God's voice in your everyday life. It is wonderfully prayerful and practical, touching on subjects such as the importance of quality Kairos Moments with God and the diversity of the languages in which he may choose to speak to us. Margaret's usual engaging style combines personal stories with biblical truths and gives practical steps in learning to hear the Father's still, small voice in all its many guises. I recommend this book wholeheartedly to anyone seeking to develop and maintain a healthy spiritual appetite.

Pete Greig, director of prayer for Alpha International, cofounder of 24–7 Prayer, and author of *Red Moon Rising* and *God on Mute*







Reading *Hungry for God* is a celebration—engaging my soul and spirit to God's heart through powerfully deep and challenging words from my new friend, Margaret. For you, the reader, this could be an embracing of daily moments, listening to and hearing "the whisper of God."

ESTHER BURROUGHS, author, speaker, and founder of Treasures of the Heart Ministry

Once again, in Margaret Feinberg-style, we see a refreshing look at recognizing God's voice in our everyday life. And we are challenged to act on what we hear. Thank you, Margaret, for your own hunger for God and for sharing your journey with us. You always make us hungrier for him as well!

CHRIS ADAMS, senior lead women's ministry specialist

With the candor of a child and the vision of an artist, Margaret Feinberg paints fresh pictures, opening windows so that I can better see, taste, and know the Lover of my soul.

DEE Brestin, author of The God of All Comfort

In *Hungry for God*, Margaret Feinberg whets our appetites for the full feast God has prepared for us. Pull up a chair, pick up a fork, and dive in!

ELISA MORGAN, president of Mission: Momentum and author of *She Did What She Could*



hungry for COD

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Also by Margaret Feinberg

The Organic God
The Sacred Echo
Scouting the Divine

*Each book is also available as part of a six-week DVD Bible study at www.margaretfeinberg.com.





Margaret Feinberg

hungry for COD

Hearing God's voice in the ordinary and the everyday







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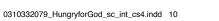


Earth's crammed with heaven
And every common bush afire with God:
But only he who sees, takes off his shoes.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning











Divine Appetite







For three days no grilled skirt steak, fresh guacamole, homemade salsa, or slices of lime. Instead I ask God a question:

What does it mean to hunger for you?

My stomach mumbles and grumbles, refusing to let me forget that I haven't eaten solid food for nearly seventy-two hours. The sacrifice hasn't been easy. Some people need to remind themselves to eat; I have to remind myself to stop eating. I count Rachael, Paula, and Emeril from the Food Network as friends, and *Iron Chef* among my favorite shows.

Though fasts have always been difficult for me, this one has been especially laborious. The first day I had sharp pains and constant discomfort. My mind was foggy, my responsiveness slow. Worse, anyone unlucky enough to stray into my path became a target for grumpiness. The second day, the condition of my body, mind, and temperament was slightly improved—though everyone I encountered was still fair game.

Today is different. I've made peace with the hollow



Divine Appetite

companion in my stomach, the sudden twinges of belly pain replaced by a dull ache. While I'm still grumpy, I hold my tongue: it's me, not you.

With the discomfort subsiding, I've welcomed a sense of clarity. Colors are more vibrant, details more refined. Thoughts meander rather than scamper away. Reflecting on God and offering up a prayer feels natural, almost effortless.

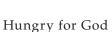
Why don't I fast more often? I wonder. Then I remember the first two days, and how much I miss my foodie friends.

I don't know anything about real hunger. While billions suffer in starvation and poverty, I live behind the plush curtain. Yet hunger is woven into the fabric of our humanness—no matter where we live. Appetite is a primitive desire that doesn't discriminate; every human has felt its pangs. Without an appetite, we slip into starvation and even death. Hunger is the gnawing reminder that in order to have strength, we must have sustenance.

As I've thought and prayed during this time, I've wondered if the ache I feel inside parallels what it means to have a divine appetite for God. If physical hunger is a set of feelings that leads a person to search for food, then spiritual hunger is a set of experiences and longings that compels a person to search for God. Just as my body needs food to







survive, my spirit needs God to thrive. A divine appetite drives me to pursue a vibrant relationship with God—one in which I find my sustenance and strength.

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Our spiritual appetites can be quelled only by God. But is it possible to dine on an intangible being? How do we feast upon something we cannot see, touch, or taste? Over the last several years, I've learned that God's voice is the only entrée that can nourish our ethereal cravings. Hearing and experiencing, rather than eating, assuages spiritual hunger.

My spiritual hunger grumbles loudest when I feel furthest from God. Though I cling to the assertion that God is everywhere and promises to never leave or forsake us, I've spent days, weeks, even months wondering, *Are you there God? It's me, Margaret*.

I long for a single word to appease my spiritual belly. When the silence finally breaks, the sound of God's voice is a banquet for my soul—every syllable a tasty morsel, every expression flavored with love.

Longing to know him.

Longing to experience him.

Longing to hear him.

Is that what it means to hunger for God?

Divine Appetite

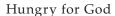
These are some of the foundational longings of my heart, but like most I've tried to satiate the desire for God by stuffing myself with carbohydrates and comfort, entertainment and distraction, activity and productivity — anything to fill the void. A thousand times over I've discovered that these things don't satisfy.

Maybe that's why I keep returning to this issue of hungering for God. More than a decade ago, a friend gave me the opportunity to publish my first book. Though I considered submitting a dozen different ideas, I decided to explore what it looks like to pursue God and hear his voice. In some ways, I've never stopped mining these themes, as evidenced in *The Organic God, The Sacred Echo*, and *Scouting the Divine*. I hope I never do.

I wrote *God Whispers: Learning to Hear His Voice* exploring the belief that as followers of Jesus, we are wired to hear and respond to the voice of God in our lives. Instead of shouting, God takes a subtle, gentle approach to communicating with us. Instead of filling the solar system with Star Wars presentations, carving words in tree bark, or dropping parchment from the sky, God whispers in order to draw us closer. While God can reveal himself through a trumpeting angel descending from the sky, the presence of the divine often greets us in the mundane, in the midst of our workday routines and everyday circumstances.







I've continued to grow spiritually since *God Whispers* first released a decade ago. This updated version has been revised and retitled to reflect this growth. One thing that hasn't changed is my hunger for a vibrant relationship with God—one in which I not only know that he hears my voice, but I also hear his. It's the kind of relationship in which we're growing in intimate knowledge of each other (though God obviously has a head start on that one), and delight in one another each day.

Learning to hear God's voice is more like enjoying a good book than completing a doctorate; it's more like mastering an instrument than achieving an award—in other words, you never quit growing and discovering. My hope and prayer is that God's voice will become a natural melody in the music of your life, such that he becomes the highlight of your every day.

May the hunger for God stir in your heart.

Blessings, Margaret



