

## Be Patient

*Walk the Walk: James Pt. 8*

Today we are wrapping up our series on James. For the last two months we have been looking at this most practical of books and asking the question, “What would our lives look like day-to-day if we really lived out what we say we believe about the gospel of Jesus?” So we’ve been going through it chapter by chapter. Now, full disclosure, I’ve said that I wanted you to hear all of the book read out loud, but I am going to cheat you today. We’re not going to *quite* get to the end. There’s about eight verses you’re going to have to read on your own.

When I had planned out the sermon calendar for this Spring semester I thought we could do James in 8 weeks, but then as I got into it, it expanded a bit and we’ve got Easter coming up and *God at the Movies* coming up, so there are some hard deadlines. But then I accepted an invitation to go over and preach in Sicily in a couple of weeks – and with the next short series coming, I just couldn’t find a way to squeeze in one more sermon in James. You are losing out so that I can go preach the gospel in the land of my ancestors. So I owe you another James message sometime.

But let’s at least get into a big chunk of the final chapter today. I’m going to read **James 5:7–11**: “*Be patient, then, brothers, until the Lord’s coming. See how the farmer waits for the land to yield its valuable crop and how patient he is for the autumn and spring rains. 8 You too, be patient and stand firm, because the Lord’s coming is near. 9 Don’t grumble against each other, brothers, or you will be judged. The Judge is standing at the door!*

*10 Brothers, as an example of patience in the face of suffering, take the prophets who spoke in the name of the Lord. 11 As you know, we consider blessed those who have persevered. You have heard of Job’s perseverance and have seen what the Lord finally brought about. The Lord is full of compassion and mercy.*

“*Be patient...*” Ok first thing, let’s stand back enough from that command - before we even look at what patience is - to remind ourselves what James is continually showing us. We’ve covered a number of topics over these last couple of months. But the thing James is teaching us, and it really struck me, as I was looking at this passage for this morning, when here he’s going to warn us about the sinfulness of being impatient, the sinfulness of grumbling and complaining.

James is showing us that, in a sense, the big spiritual battles are *not* at dramatic, historic, spotlight kinds of moments. The big spiritual battles for your soul, the thing that's going to determine who you are in the end, who you are a billion years from now - and everybody in this room will still exist as a personal being a billion years from now; that's what the Christian understanding is - and what will determine the kind of person you are, is not in the big dramatic battles and events of life, the spotlight times.

Unfortunately for us, it has more to do with the small choices that come from attitudes that happen every day, moment by moment, in the most *mundane* corners of life. That's the reason why if you think about sin as lying and robbery and murder and that sort of thing, you can feel pretty good, but if you read what James is talking about, he's talking about patience. He's warning us against impatience, pettiness, jealousy, forgetting God. He's talking about *attitudes*, things that really have to do with the way in which you live every minute.

To put it another way, what James is getting across is that heaven and hell are under every bush. What does that mean? Well, at any moment, you can either follow the way of heaven or the way of hell. Remember we laid this out a few weeks ago. The way of heaven is, "My life for yours." The way of hell is, "Your life for mine."

The way of heaven is the way of Christ, "My life for yours. I'm going to serve you." The way of hell is, "Your life for mine. I'm only going to work with you if it profits me. I'm going to suck out of you whatever resources I need before I dump you and move on." The way of heaven, as a result, means a lifestyle of courtesy and kindness and thoughtfulness and generosity in everyday life. The way of hell is pettiness and jealousy and self-pity and harshness.

Let me go a little further. For example, what happens to you on the way into the service, on the way out of the service? There are choices you make about who to talk to and how to talk and attitudes that really demonstrate a trajectory - Heaven and hell under every bush. It's decisions and choices and attitudes and things like that that are going to determine who you are a billion years from now.

It can be here at church, it can be at work, it can be at school - just social functions. But there are decisions that you make about who you want to see and who you want to be seen *with*, and you want to get to know and you want to spend time with; people who *profit* you to know. Perhaps good-looking members of the opposite sex. Perhaps people who can help you careerwise, or in your life, and you'd like to know them. You'd like to network with them. You want to be around them. Because "Your life can help *my* life."

And that's natural, that's normal, there's nothing *necessarily* wrong with that. Except...what do you do with the people who really don't profit you at all. They're not relatable. They're not influencers. They're not good-looking or popular. They're not at the place where you want to go.

You see, your attitude toward them - how well you listen to them, whether you give them the time of day, how motivated you are to serve and be warm and accept and embrace people like that - *that's* the place where you decide which path you're going toward. Whether a billion years from now you're going to be conformed to the image of Jesus or conformed to the image of the Devil.

Do you see? Friends, the entire universe is on display in every Middle School cafeteria – and it never changes. Heaven and hell are under every bush. That's the point. “Your life for mine, or my life for yours.” Which is it? Do you see? Anyway, that's pretty frightening. I know it's pretty frightening, but misery likes company. I'm frightened, and now you are too. Maybe not frightened...but *convicted*.

All right, so if heaven and hell are under every bush, then the path to your eternal destiny is chosen not in the big battles, but in the everyday attitudes toward people, how you treat each other. Now, if someone is particularly nice to you after church this morning...don't think, “Oh my gosh, I'm one of *those* people...” Don't think *too* hard on it.

But now let's look at patience itself. “*Be patient...*” What is it? What James is saying is a spirit of *serenity*, a spirit of *quietness* under any circumstance, a spirit of firmness and steadfastness can characterize your life. And he's warning us against a spirit of restlessness, a spirit of irritability, a spirit of always complaining, always being unhappy, always being upset with the way things are and the way people are treating you. So he's warning us against *impatience* and he's exhorting us *to* patience.

Now there are really two kinds of impatience James talks about. One of them he's warning against is impatience with people. And the second kind is impatience with God. And this makes sense when you think of Jesus' “greatest command” to love *God* with all your heart, and to love your *neighbor* as yourself. So James is warning us about not doing each of those.

And actually, there are two different Greek words that are used here for “patience”. See, up here in verse 7 and down in verse 8, where he says, “be patient,” he's talking about being patient with others. “*Don't grumble against each other...be patient.*” The Greek word there is *makrothymeō*, which literally means long suffering or slow to anger. You put up with a lot and you don't avenge yourself, you don't pay them back in kind.

But then when you get down further, **v. 11**, where it talks about, “*As you know, we consider blessed those who have **persevered**. You have heard of Job’s **perseverance**...*” And that word varies depending on the English translations, some say “patience”, some say “endurance”, some say “steadfastness”. And the reason the NIV uses the word “perseverance” is it’s a different Greek word. And there, it’s a word that really means to “plant yourself”, to stand firm and not budge, to obey *immovably*, no matter how hard life gets, no matter how messed up and how senseless the circumstances of your life get, you stand firm.

Now those are two kinds of patience *because* there are two kinds of impatience - impatience with others, and impatience with God and His ordering of your life and the way your life is going. Let’s look at each of them and see the way to develop patience in both areas. First of all, James talks about impatience with people. And this is the frightening thing to me. Again, it’s very convicting.

He *could* say, “Don’t be impatient when people mistreat you or when people are irritable, and so on.” In other words, he says, “Don’t avenge yourself. Don’t knock them out. Don’t harm them.” That would be easier for us to say, “Well, I don’t do that,” because an awful lot of us don’t. A lot of us have enough self-control.

But that’s not what he does. He says, “Don’t grumble...” Don’t grumble? Come on, man! This is very easy to do. Grumbling is just complaining. Grumbling is scorning. Grumbling is griping. Grumbling is always finding fault. Grumbling is nitpicking. Grumbling is “nye-nye-nye” all the time.

And he doesn’t say, “Well, do you know what? Grumbling is not so bad, but try to avoid it.” He says what? **V.9**, “*Don’t grumble against each other, brothers, or you will be **judged**. The **Judge** is standing at the door!*” For grumbling? You will be *condemned* for grumbling. You’ll be judged by the Judge of the universe for grumbling.

What’s going on here? Is this just another example of Christianity being unrealistic in its standards? “Come on! Don’t sweat the small stuff. What’s so bad about that? Everybody grumbles.” In this American age of irony, there’s something funny about grumbling. “These politicians today, I tell you.” “The teachers at that school, oh boy.” “Did you watch the Longhorns the other day, sheesh.” It’s almost like we grumble so much we don’t even mean anything by it. I mean in New York City how could you even be understood without grumbling?

And yet the frightening thing is it's like plaque on your teeth – it builds up so slowly, so invisibly, that if you're not careful, before you know it you've got rot and disease – and not in your teeth, but in your *heart!* The reason James says this is so serious is because grumbling is a seed of something terribly poisonous and toxic. It is so bad that he wants you to see the Judge will judge you for it.

How do I put this? God doesn't condemn things just because you enjoy them or because they're easy or because He just wants to give you busywork. A doctor doesn't forbid a patient from eating something *because* it tastes good. A doctor forbids a patient from eating something that, *even though* it tastes good, is undermining his or her health.

And you have to remember God is absolutely organic in His judgment. There's nothing mechanical. God *only* condemns those things that are eating away at the fabric of the peace of your heart or relationships of the world. God invented the world to be at peace. God invented the world to be at harmony. And so anything God condemns is something utterly destructive to you and to His world. Therefore, what's so serious about grumbling?

Last year, someone in the church generously gave Deanna and I their tickets to see a play at the Long Center. We had so much fun. It was a play based on a fanciful book, fiction, by C.S. Lewis, called *The Great Divorce*. It's a dream, and in the dream, the author is taking a journey on a bus from the outskirts of hell – I guess it's sort of a purgatory situation – because bus loads of people are slowly traveling toward heaven. But most of them are very reluctant to leave hell for heaven. That's key to C.S. Lewis's theology actually – that everyone in hell wants to be there.

And so as the bus gets to the suburbs of heaven, people come out – everyone gets a sort of guide - and the people come down from heaven and they try to talk the people from hell *into* going to heaven. But they generally fail and most of the people turn back. Now again, this is all fiction. Lewis takes pains to show it's a dream. But it's a fascinating parable and he makes so many great points in it. I highly recommend you read it. It's very short.

So in the book, the people who are from hell are called “Ghosts” because you can hardly see them. They're so pale, so thin, you can see right through them. The people from heaven are called “the Solid People.” And the narrator - the person having the dream - his guide is George MacDonald. Who actually was a real figure – a Scottish pastor in the 19<sup>th</sup> century who also wrote poems and fairy tales. He was something of a hero of C.S. Lewis so he put him in his book.

Anyway one of the encounters is about a grumbler. And it's so good, that I decided the only way to do it justice is to read you the whole thing. So we're going to start a new segment of the service today called "Story-time with Uncle Tony" - I've got my reading jacket and my pipe and a comfy chair. So here we go...(p.72-74)

"At this moment we were suddenly interrupted by the thin voice of a Ghost talking at an enormous speed. Looking behind us we saw the creature. It was addressing one of the Solid People and was doing so too busily to notice us. Every now and then the Solid Spirit tried to get in a word but without success. The Ghost's talk was like this:

'Oh, my dear, I've had such a dreadful time, I don't know how I ever got here at all, I was coming with Elinor Stone and we'd arranged the whole thing and we were to meet at the corner of Sink Street; I made it perfectly plain because I knew what she was like and if I told her once I told her a hundred times I would not meet her outside that dreadful Marjori -banks woman's house, not after the way she'd treated me ... that was one of the most dreadful things that happened to me.

I've been dying to tell you because I felt sure you'd tell me I acted rightly; no, wait a moment, dear, till I've told you-I tried living with her when I first came and it was all fixed up, she was to do the cooking and I was to look after the house and I did think I was going to be comfortable after all I'd been through but she turned out to be so changed, absolutely selfish, and not a particle of sympathy for anyone but herself-and as I once said to her, "I do think I'm entitled to a little

consideration because you at least lived out your time, but I oughtn't to have been here for years and years yet.

But of course I'm forgetting you don't know-I was murdered, simply murdered, dear, that man should never have operated, I ought to be alive to-day and they simply starved me in that dreadful nursing home and no one ever came near me and ..."  
The shrill monotonous whine died away as the speaker, still accompanied by the bright patience at her side, moved out of hearing. 'What troubles ye, son?' asked my Teacher.  
"I am troubled, Sir," said I, "because that unhappy creature doesn't seem to me to be the sort of soul that ought to be even in danger of damnation. She isn't wicked: she's only a silly, garrulous old woman who has got into a habit of grumbling, and one feels that a little kindness, and rest, and change would put her all right."

'That is what she once was. That is maybe what she still is. If so, she certainly will be cured. But the whole question is whether she is now a grumbler.'

"I should have thought there was no doubt about that!"

'Aye, but ye misunderstand me. The question is whether she is a grumbler, or only a grumble. If there is a real woman-even the least trace of one-still there inside the grumbling, it can be brought to life again. If there's one wee spark under all those ashes, we'll blow it till the whole pile is red and clear. But if there's nothing but ashes we'll not go on blowing them in our own eyes forever. They must be swept up.'

"But how can there be a grumble without a grumbler?"

'The whole difficulty of understanding Hell is that the thing to be understood is so nearly Nothing. But you'll have had experiences ... it begins with a grumbling mood, and yourself still distinct from it: perhaps criticizing it. And yourself, in a dark hour, may will that mood, embrace it. You can repent and come out of it again. But there may come a day when you can do that no longer. Then there will be no you left to criticize the mood, nor even to enjoy it, but just the grumble itself going on forever like a machine. But come! You are here to watch and listen. Lean on my arm and we will go for a little walk.'

That is all grumbling is. There's nothing more miserable than not to be able to get out of yourself. Hell is endless self-absorption, concentration on nothing but you, and "Why aren't you doing this for me? Why isn't this happening for me?" See? What is hell? "Your life for mine."

If you think that it's draining to say, "My life for yours," - which is the way of heaven - "That sounds very draining." It's actually liberation! And there is nothing more *enslaving* than to be looking at every situation saying, "What's in this for me? What's wrong with me? My life for me."

Haven't you ever been with people who even now are halfway to hell? They can't talk about anything but themselves. But of course they couldn't stand to be with other people like themselves. In fact, other people like themselves are the people they hate the

most. Do you see? Grumbling will kill you and everybody around you...eventually. God does not say, "Don't do this," just because He wants to give you busywork. God says, "This is going to *kill* you."

Now how do you deal with impatience with people? How do you overcome this deadly toxic issue, this deadly toxic spirit, of continually saying, "Why aren't people looking at me and thinking about me and doing all these things? What's wrong?" Complaining. Griping. Nitpicking people all the time. Well, it's fairly simple for this one. *Makrothymeō*, slow to anger, that's what God is. Remember, back in **Exodus 34:6**, it says about God, "*The Lord, the Lord, the compassionate and gracious God, slow to anger, abounding in love and faithfulness.*"

Now here's the trick, but it's not just a trick. There is a way for you to instantly melt your heart whenever you start to get irritable, whenever you start to get unhappy. And there's nothing more like hell than to be grumbling, always unhappy with the way things are for you. The way you can melt your heart down and start to become patient and radiant and loving with people who ordinarily would be irritating to you, the way you can do that, is to think about how much you've taxed God's patience. You have to go back. You have to think about it.

While Anika is away in Scotland for the semester, it falls on those of us who remain to take care of her cat. Percy is a curious cat. And one of the things he likes to do is if I'm in the shower and leave my long bath towel hanging over the side, he will climb up it and perch on the thin rails above the shower. But then he can't get down! This happened just this week. So I helpfully, graciously, *patiently*, reached up to help the frightened little kitty down. And what did he do in thanks? He scratched my flesh to ribbons with his razor claws! No good deed goes unpunished.

Listen, if you want to become a radiant person - it's fairly simple - you have to think of all the places and times in which God was helping you and He was protecting you and He was providing for you. And at very least, you were ungrateful and indifferent to Him and totally ignoring and forgetting Him...or at *worst*, biting and scratching Him all during that time. Can you think about that? And here's what's so ironic. If you don't see how much you have taxed the patience of God, if the thought of what you have done to Him and how you have *tried* His patience and how, over the years, He was holding you up and you were biting and scratching Him...

If you say, "I can't get into that. I don't see how I was doing that," this is the great irony. You don't want to see how bad you are. You don't see how

sinful you are. And if you don't see how bad and sinful you are, you lack the main engine for becoming a radiantly good and loving person. To think about that - and to be *able* to think about that - instantly melts you down and makes it possible to be radiant and patient with almost anybody.

Do you see the irony of this thing? You can't exhort yourself into patience. You can't beat yourself into patience. You can't say, "I *should* be patient," and beat yourself. You can only *repent* yourself into patience. Only! You have to see that God was slow to anger with you, and that'll make you slow to anger with anyone else. And to the degree that you see that, to that degree, you'll be radiant and patient and safe from hell. Pretty simple. Until you see how bad you are, you lack the engine for becoming a radiantly wonderful, good, and loving person.

Ok, so that's dealing with impatience with other people. What about impatience with God? We'll have to be brief, but one more story, one more illustration. In **v. 10-11**, "*Brothers, as an example of patience in the face of suffering, take the prophets who spoke in the name of the Lord. As you know, we consider blessed those who have **persevered**. You have heard of Job's **perseverance** and have seen what the Lord finally brought about. The Lord is full of compassion and mercy.*"



There's actually a lot to say here, but I'm going to try to give you the summary. When he talks about the prophets... Oh my word, it would so much fun to pull this out, where he says, "Look at the prophets." This could be a whole series. God comes to Isaiah and says, "Isaiah, I have a job for you." You can see this in Isaiah 6. He says, "I'm going to send you to preach the gospel to a group of people over the next 20 or 30 years and no one will believe you ever." He says, "I want to send you to people who will never buy into your message. Never. Get going."

God comes to Jeremiah. And Jeremiah preaches at the time in which Nebuchadnezzar of the Babylonians is coming against Israel. God comes and says, "Jeremiah, here's what I want you to tell the Israelites. I want you to tell them that right now it is My will that their country be taken from them, and that Nebuchadnezzar is right now going to be the instrument of my chastening. They're *going* to lose this battle. They're going to lose this war. So I want you to tell them to surrender to Nebuchadnezzar, *obey* Nebuchadnezzar."

Of course, they don't want to do that, and so they don't. They resist. And of course then they're destroyed. Then they're taken into exile. And when they get into exile, they say, "Well, God will deliver us and we're not going to settle down in Babylon."

Then God comes to Jeremiah and says, "Tell the exiles that they have to submit. They have to get involved in that city. They have to live in that pagan city and embrace that city and they have to work for the peace of that city and pray for the peace of that city, and so on."

Jeremiah says, "*That's* what I have to do for the next 20 years? Everybody is going to think I'm a traitor! You're telling me I have to say, 'The Lord's will is that you *surrender* to this pagan king? Give in! Give up! Accept the exile?' They're going to think I'm a traitor." And they did. There's one place where all his friends in his hometown - it's in Jeremiah 11 - they get together and decide, "We have to kill this man. Jeremiah is preaching treason." But God *told* him to. And to the end, he had a miserable life.

Then you have Hosea. I could go on and on...but God comes to Hosea, and he says, "Hosea, you're never going to be any kind of prophet until you understand what *My* life is like. Therefore, I want you to marry a woman who will never be faithful to you, Gomer. You're going to marry her, and she's going to *continually* be unfaithful to you."

God says, “She’s going to *continually* commit adultery. You’re going to have to *continually* forgive her and go get her and bring her back – and raise the children she has had with other men. And that’s how your life is going to go, because you’re never going to understand what *My* life is like with *My* people until you go through that. You’re never going to be any kind of prophet unless you have a life of suffering like that.” And Hosea says, “Okay.”

“Get going,” God says to Hosea. “Get going, Jeremiah.” “Get going, Isaiah.” Their lives were a mess. Nothing ever went right for them. And God says, “I want you to obey Me. I want you to be steadfast, and I want you to stand firm. I want you to obey.” Now here’s what’s so interesting. If they had decided to do what *looked* practical - which would have been to *disobey*, to avoid the suffering through disobedience - if they had decided not to stand their ground, you and I would have never heard of any of them.

But the great irony was they couldn’t sit down and say, “Oh, I get it. If I do this thing, which means I’m going to be beaten and I’m going to be hurt and nobody is going to listen to me...I’m going to have almost a bust of a career, but *only* if I obey God will I become one of the great figures of history, will my writings and my prophecies survive for centuries. I will be used by God as one of the great religious figures of history.”

Isaiah. Jeremiah. Hosea. These aren’t just names, they are book of the Bible! “Millions of people will be helped. Oh, I get it. That’s what I have to do!” No! They didn’t know any of that...but they stood firm. And because they obeyed in spite of the fact that *nothing* was going right in their lives and everything God was sending them seemed senseless. They stayed put, and as a result, they triumphed. That’s what James is trying to say to you.

Speaking of George MacDonald, in 1872 he wrote a book called *The Princess and the Goblin*. It is a fairytale. And in it there’s a little princess, and she has a magical fairy grandmother. The fairy grandmother at one point says - because there are goblins in this fairytale - “You’re in a great deal of danger, and when the goblins come to get you, I want you to come find me.”

The little princess says, “Well, it’s very hard to find you grandmother.” Because she lives in this sort of magical hidden room in the castle. And so grandmother brings out a little ball of thread – fine as a spider web. Then she attaches the thread to a ring which she puts on the Princess’s finger, and then she puts the rest of the ball of thread in her (the grandmother’s) cabinet.

She says, “Now this is magic thread – it’s invisible. But when you’re in real trouble, take your ring off, put it under your pillow, and feel and you will be able to find the thread. Nobody else will be able to feel it. Follow the thread back to me. But I want you to know something. The thread may take you in directions and in places that seem to be *absolutely* dangerous and *absolutely* the wrong direction, but whatever you do, follow the thread. If you leave the thread, you’ll be lost. If you hold onto the thread, you’ll find me. I’ll be at the other end waiting for you.”

And the way the story goes, at one point, is that it happens. She’s in danger. She puts the ring underneath her pillow, and she feels the thread. And every other time she’d ever found her grandmother, she just went up in her own house to the attic, but this time the thread takes her out the door, takes her up the mountain and right into the goblins’ den.

And she says, “I don’t get this,” and she tries to go back. But when you try to go back, the thread disappears. So she follows the thread in. And it turns out that she actually ends up rescuing one of the heroes in the book, Curdie – the son of a local miner who is her friend. She didn’t even know he was in danger. Curdie says, “How did you find me?” She says, “Well, the thread.” But he can’t feel the thread. “How do we get out of here?” She says, “I have to follow the thread.”

At one point, she holds onto the thread, and it seems to be going the wrong direction. He says, “You can’t go that way. I tried to get out that way. Nobody can get out that way.” She turns and she says, “I have to follow my thread. It doesn’t matter how stupid it looks. It doesn’t matter whether it’s suicidal. I *have* to keep my finger on the thread.” And she starts to cry. She’s 8 years old by the way. And he says, “All right. All right. I’ll follow you and your ‘thread’.” And they get out. And finally, it brings them safe and sound to the fairy grandmother.

Now what’s the story about? The moral of *The Princess and the Goblin* is you *cannot* follow your own wisdom. And very often to follow God’s wisdom is to look like it’s absolute disaster...but that’s just not the case. You have to follow the thread and trust it will get you where you need to go in the end.

And the only way for you to understand this is to look at the One who followed the ultimate thread. Who’s that? The invisible thread of salvation led Jesus to the cross...the Job behind the Jobs, the Prophet behind the prophets...Don’t you realize when people saw Jesus Christ on the cross...? Do you know what they said?

The people who loved Jesus, they saw him dying and they said, “This...makes...no...sense. Here’s the man who had such miraculous power that he had virtually banished sickness from Palestine over the last three years. Here’s the man with such incredible wisdom - He obviously has enough wisdom to heal all the world’s social and political ills. Here’s the Son of God. What in the world is the Father *doing*? This *can’t* be the way to salvation.”

And they looked at the greatest act of mercy and the greatest act of wisdom in the history of humanity, and my guess is many people lost their faith that first Good Friday,. They said, “How in the world could this be? This is just evil and I won’t let you tell me God could bring anything good from it.”

Now do you know the reason you and I don’t get real upset about the death of Jesus Christ? It’s because we have a whole book to explain why. But you see, the fairy grandmother didn’t tell the little princess *why* the thread was going that way. She said, “Just follow it,” and turns out it leads her to safety and she rescues her friend along the way.

“You must follow it.” Turns out that is the right way. God didn’t tell Isaiah *why* he had to have such an unsuccessful career. He didn’t tell Jeremiah *why* he had to always be running around, basically running for his life. He didn’t *tell* these people why. But they kept their fingers on the thread. They fixed their hearts.

And you can too, if you look at the One who *really* kept his finger on the thread, Jesus Christ. The thread took him to the cross. It seemed to be going away from life, but life is on the *other* side of the cross. The resurrection is on the *other* side. To get to Easter Sunday you have to get through Good Friday and Sucky Saturday – that’s my term. To get to God’s deliverance in your life – whatever cross you are bearing at the moment, God has a resurrection in store – but you’ve got to...be patient.

Let’s pray...