

Its not about me !!

Lord work in our hearts and confirm this as I know it is of You..

Its more about pleasing Him than about anything else.. Lord my legs are weak and my hands are small but standing on the shoulders of a Giant I can accomplish what You said I will.. Help us to not look at the ocean before us but at the staff in our hands that just needs to strike one small piece of water, that's all that is our part, parting the ocean is Yours not ours, help us to not run around looking for a shovel to start digging at the mountain when You said "Just speak to it and I will move it" not telling the mountain how big my faith is, but telling it how big my Daddy is.. Forgive us for where we tried to part the oceans ourselves Lord, for trying to "will" away a mountain by our "great faith" .. hmm... We try so hard to be what He wants us to be and He just sits and waits and waits and then finally says "Are you finished now ? Will you allow Me to pick you on My shoulder and show you how its done ?" .. Lord forgive us for trying to do Your job at times.. We must just strike the waters, speak to the rock, speak to the mountain, ask You to open their eyes... Forgive us for a mentality of "If we don't do it, it wont happen." .. Its pride.. Lord forgive us for overestimating ourselves and thereby underestimating you.. Our feeble attempts He comes in and covers our messes and then says, "Well done good and faithful servant".. He isn't waiting for us to change the world by "willpower", He is waiting to see if we will be faithful with the little that He can give more, if we will cry for one that He can give us one hundred to care for.. He is waiting to see if we truly love Him with all of our hearts and minds.. God is moving, with our without us, we have one of three choices:

- 1 Think its us doing it and be pushed aside because He resists the proud
- 2 Stand around trying to figure out if we want to really give our all and end up being left behind because He says anyone who puts his hand to the plow and looks back is not worthy of Me.
- 3 Get on His shoulders, hold onto His hand, climb into His heart and say "With my God I can scale a wall and take on armies, He makes me strong and gives me victory."

I choose number 3... you?

My Daddy is my Fortress, my Rock, my Hiding place, my Strong Tower, my Protector and my Sheppard. In His arms I feel giant, but never ever do I want to forget that I am not the giant, I am just the child in his Daddy's arms that goes along for the ride as my Daddy flattens His enemies and reclaims His children..

I (we) pray that you'll have the strength to stick it out over the long haul--not the grim strength of gritting your teeth but the glory-strength God gives. It is strength that endures the unendurable and spills over into joy, thanking the Father who makes us strong enough to take part in everything bright and beautiful that he has for us. Colossians 1:11-12 (Message).

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