

Doug Serven, RUF Campus Minister<sup>1</sup>

June 14, 2009

Psalm 77 – I Pity the Fool

*I cry aloud to God, aloud to God, and he will hear me. 2 In the day of my trouble I seek the Lord; in the night my hand is stretched out without wearying; my soul refuses to be comforted.*

*3 When I remember God, I moan; when I meditate, my spirit faints. Selah*

*4 You hold my eyelids open; I am so troubled that I cannot speak. 5 I consider the days of old, the years long ago.*

*6 I said, "Let me remember my song in the night; let me meditate in my heart." Then my spirit made a diligent search: 7 "Will the Lord spurn forever, and never again be favorable? 8 Has his steadfast love forever ceased? Are his promises at an end for all time? 9 Has God forgotten to be gracious? Has he in anger shut up his compassion?" Selah*

*10 Then I said, "I will appeal to this, to the years of the right hand of the Most High."*

*11 I will remember the deeds of the Lord; yes, I will remember your wonders of old. 12 I will ponder all your work, and meditate on your mighty deeds.*

*13 Your way, O God, is holy. What god is great like our God? 14 You are the God who works wonders; you have made known your might among the peoples. 15 You with your arm redeemed your people, the children of Jacob and Joseph. Selah*

*16 When the waters saw you, O God, when the waters saw you, they were afraid; indeed, the deep trembled. 17 The clouds poured out water; the skies gave forth thunder; your arrows flashed on every side. 18 The crash of your thunder was in the whirlwind; your lightnings lighted up the world; the earth trembled and shook.*

*19 Your way was through the sea, your path through the great waters; yet your footprints were unseen.*

*20 You led your people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron.*

*English Standard Version*

*I cried out to God for help; I cried out to God to hear me.*

*2 When I was in distress, I sought the Lord; at night I stretched out untiring hands and my soul refused to be comforted.*

*3 I remembered you, O God, and I groaned; I mused, and my spirit grew faint. Selah*

*4 You kept my eyes from closing; I was too troubled to speak.*

*5 I thought about the former days, the years of long ago;*

*6 I remembered my songs in the night. My heart mused and my spirit inquired: 7 "Will the Lord reject forever? Will he never show his favor again? 8 Has his unfailing love vanished forever? Has his promise failed for all time? 9 Has God forgotten to be merciful? Has he in anger withheld his compassion?" Selah*

*10 Then I thought, "To this I will appeal: the years of the right hand of the Most High." 11 I will remember the deeds of the LORD; yes, I will remember your miracles of long ago.*

*12 I will meditate on all your works and consider all your mighty deeds. 13 Your ways, O God, are holy. What god is so great as our God? 14 You are the God who performs miracles; you display your power among the peoples. 15 With your mighty arm you redeemed your people, the descendants of Jacob and Joseph. Selah*

*16 The waters saw you, O God, the waters saw you and writhed; the very depths were convulsed. 17 The clouds poured down water, the skies resounded with thunder; your arrows flashed back and forth. 18 Your thunder was heard in the whirlwind, your lightning lit up the world; the earth trembled and quaked. 19 Your path led through the sea, your way through the mighty waters, though your footprints were not seen. 20 You led your people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron.*

*The Message*

If you are between 50 and maybe 25 years old, then you remember Mr. T. He was everywhere in the 1980s, and starred in the hit show "The A Team." Do you remember Mr. T's famous catch phrase? "I pity the fool!"

I pity the fool. Of course Mr. T didn't really mean pity. He meant you were an idiot if you wanted to mess with his "guns." That's not pity. Pity is sorrow for someone or something. It's reaching to help. It's very close in nature to compassion, empathy and mercy.

This is a psalm about pity and also about self-pity. They're not the same thing.

According to Eugene Peterson, "Pity is one of the noblest emotions available to human beings; self-pity is possibly the most ignoble. Pity is the capacity to enter into the pain of another in order to do something about it; self-pity is an incapacity, a crippling emotional disease that severely distorts our perception of reality. Pity discovers the need in others for love and healing and then fashions speech and action that brings strength; self-pity reduces the universe to a personal wound that is displayed as proof of significance. Pity is adrenaline for acts of mercy; self-pity is a narcotic that leaves its addicts wasted and derelict."<sup>2</sup>

Let's look at this psalm in two parts. The first part looks inward in self-pity. The second looks outward with a true merciful pity.

### ***The inward look of self-pity***

The question of the first half of the psalm is this: "Why does God let things go on as long and as tragically as they do without giving any tokens of his interest and concern?"<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> © Doug Serven, 2009 You are permitted and encouraged to reproduce and distribute this material in any format provided that you do not alter the wording in any way, you do not charge a fee beyond the cost of reproduction, and you do not make more than 500 physical copies. For web posting, a link to this document on our website is preferred. Any exceptions to the above must be explicitly approved by Doug Serven.

Please include the following statement on any distributed copy: By Doug Serven, © Doug Serven, 2008, website: [www.ouruf.org](http://www.ouruf.org).

<sup>2</sup> *Where Your Treasure Is*, 99 – so much of this is from Peterson that I will try to quote when I can but there is a lot of overlap in this manuscript and his book.

<sup>3</sup> H.C. Leopold, found in Boice's commentary, 638

That is a valid question and one you've surely asked yourself. There is trouble all around us. Even in us. Where is God in all this? Is he here? Is he listening? When we cry out to him does he even hear us? The psalmist Asaph asks these questions and makes these very statements.

Asaph is remembering the past, and he's remembering God (verse 3). He's recounting things that have happened, and he's trying to process them. But "he is really thinking about himself, that God has been hard with him and has not been as close as he was formerly. He is feeling sorry for himself."<sup>4</sup>

We start our psalm with the typical and the unattractive. We start with *our* starting place. Where *we* normally live life, so we should be able to relate to this. We start the psalm with self-pity.

*Self-pity deals with accurate facts.* There's no reason to think Asaph is just belly-aching. He's recounting true things.

That man has a better car. That woman has a more considerate husband. That person has a better digestive system. That less competent worker got a far better promotion. That kid had a better vacation than I had. That teacher received a better thank you gift from her better behaved students. That mother's labor was far less strenuous than mine. That man found a wife early in life. That woman was born with nicer skin than mine. We could go on and on. These things are mostly factual. We could agree on a certain amount of objectivity here.

"The facts are not in dispute. The poison is secreted from the invidious comparisons. I find out a truth and I compare it to what I learn of another. This knowledge could become a stimulus for growth or an incentive to bless the other. More often, though, it provokes envy. I discover inequalities and injustices. I feel gypped. I have picked up the germ of self-pity and am infected with one of the most vicious diseases of the ego. Self-pity is viral unhappiness."<sup>5</sup>

These comparisons nearly never promote compassion, empathy or blessings. They promote comparison, envy and hatred. Peterson is right to call them poison. It becomes difficult to rejoice with someone in his or her fortune. We've all been there.

*Self-pity refuses to be comforted.* That's exactly what Asaph writes, "My soul refuses to be comforted." So he's not only remembering, but he's running everything through the grid of his own desires and unsatisfied soul. He's using misery as a way of asserting the tyranny of the self. He's saying, "You must notice me because I hurt. My trouble, loudly and dramatically proclaimed, demands that you notice me." It's a way for him to get a voice, a way to get power. He doesn't want to get comfort at first. He enjoys the sadness. He revels in the pain. He doesn't want it to go away. He doesn't want to move on. The self-pity is like an old, abusive friend. You can't imagine life without it, and you keep it around for a strange comfort.

*Self-pity is also accusatory.* He says God holds open his eyelids. He blames the sleeplessness on God. It's his fault. My insomnia is God's fault. In other words, someone else, often God, is responsible for my trouble.

I'm sure many of you have sleeping problems, and some of you may have full clinical insomnia. When I was about to get married, my parents sent me to a sleep clinic because I had always had night terrors. Many of those resulted in me hurting myself in my sleep, but most ended in going to the bathroom in an inappropriate place.

The doctors determined that I don't naturally go into the fullest REM sleep so my body doesn't disconnect from my brain. Thus I often act out what I'm dreaming. This is heightened by stress, caffeine and repeated actions. It's helped or solved with better eating, no caffeine and a good routine of sleep – and Ambien CR, which is so amazing. If for some reason I forget to take it, I just don't sleep at all.

This is God's fault, right? I mean, he made me this way. He's to blame. I'd actually never thought about this exact "truth" until working on this message. But it's true. The facts are not disputable. God made me this way with this condition. It's not the worst thing in the world, but it affects me.

The problem is when I feel sorry for myself because of this. When I start to blame God instead of acknowledge his control in this and over this.

Blaming God is the end result of our anger at life. I don't think we very often get to that point, but really it's at the root of our thinking. It's God's fault my parents split up. It's God's fault my kids don't behave. It's God's fault this and that happened to me. It's God's fault I'm acting this way.

What if it is God's fault? What if he did do those things we're accusing him of? How would that change things if we made him ultimately responsible.

I wish I were a better sleeper. It's God's fault.

*Self-pity also grovels in nostalgia.* The grass was always greener fifty years ago. When Asaph looks back and remembers, he thinks those were the good ol' days. People were more energetic, more noble, more just. That's when people really did the right thing and our country really represented good ideals. Things were better in the old days but we can't agree on when the old days are. Was it the 1950s? Was it the 1840s? Was it the 1770s? I don't think so. In the 1950s, they were talking about the good old days of the 1920s, back when we weren't corrupted by evil television Howdy Doody programs or vile performers like Elvis infecting the minds of American youth. Back in the 1770s, they were talking about the 1730s when things were simpler and less political. We make a mistake when we long for the old days, when we rewrite history to make things and eras of the past seem better than today. Plus, we'd never go back unless we could take our cars, computers and now our iPods.

*Next, self-pity is morbidly introspective.* There is certainly a healthy self-awareness and healthy self-study. But this is not it. This isn't journaling and talking with the view of change. This isn't sharing your story with other like-minded people in order to be real and honest. Yes, it is introspective. It's not ignoring a problem altogether. It's not sticking your head in the sand. But it's

---

<sup>4</sup> Boice, 639

<sup>5</sup> 100

introspection for its own sake. Healthy introspection requires discipline and guidance. Otherwise it loses itself in the swamp of self-pity.

I think this is one reason why I like and appreciate our subscription to the Westminster Confession so much. Because it's not vague and general. It is specific. I need things fleshed out. I am worried about a vague spirituality. I think this has been the cause of much harm in our church culture, and see how it works in the lives of college students (I'm reading a book, *Sex in the Soul*, that discusses this in regards to sexuality).

It's another reason why I appreciate our printed prayers. When I am allowed to pray my own prayers without guidance, I so often fumble around without any grounding into just plain old nothingness. Read the Puritan prayers found in *Valley of Vision* and let those become your prayers. I promise it will change you.

Finally, *self-pity is theologically ignorant*. It involves God but is not addressed to God.

The psalmist asks questions, but they are rhetorical questions not a real conversation. If we put those questions into statements form, we'd get:

1. The Lord will spurn forever and never again be favorable.
2. His steadfast love has ceased forever.
3. His promises are at an end for all time.
4. God has forgotten to be gracious.
5. In anger, God has shut up his compassion.

So we have a rejecting God, a tired God, a stingy God, an angry God. Is this possible? "Does the Lord reject his own forever? Can he ever cease to love those he has once loved? Has his character so changed so that he is no longer merciful?"<sup>6</sup> "These statements are based on neither revelation or observation; they are fabricated out of self-pity. No one cares about me. I was born too late to get in on the promises. I have been overlooked. No one feels sorry for me. These details are then expanded into a cosmic proclamation: God has rejected me."<sup>7</sup>

These questions are asking if God has forgotten. But even in this form it is better to ask them than not to ask them, because asking them sharpens the issue and pushes us toward a right, positive response. "Doubts are better put into plain speech than lying diffused and darkening, like poisonous mists, in his heart. A thought, be it good or bad, can be dealt with when it is made articulate. Formulating vague conceptions is like cutting a channel in a bog for the water to run. One gets it together in manageable shape, and the soil is drained."<sup>8</sup>

We have a person who is trying and that is good. Hopefully you know we take doubt seriously in RUF and at church. We don't think it possible to be free from all doubts. So it's okay to doubt. Help my unbelief.

The great Charles Spurgeon battled doubt and depression. In his later years he fought ill health, neuralgia, gout, swollen painful limbs, debilitating headaches, depression, and despair. He wrote, "Deep glens and lonely caves of soul depressions, my soul knows full well your awful glooms!"<sup>9</sup>

I've battled doubt and depression in this past year. It was a tough year for me, to be honest. I wasn't sure about some things. I felt distant from God at times. I remember wondering if God was present with me and if I still really was loved by him. I wondered. I struggled. I felt lonely. I fell into myself.

I felt this way: "Who says that God is loving, compassionate and kind? If he was at one time, he is no longer. *I* am the evidence. My condition, as everyone can see, is proof that God is not what he is reputed to be; otherwise, why would I be so miserable? My grief has a theological basis: God doesn't love me."<sup>10</sup>

If you turn to your Bibles to the very end of the Old Testament. There should be a few blank pages between the last words and the opening of the New Testament in Matthew 1:1. That was a period of over 400 years. What were people thinking about the Lord in those 400 years? How were they experiencing God's silence?

Have you been there? Are you there now? Do you feel as if you're living in that gap? You have heard God in the past, but it's been awhile. Will he speak again?

What is our answer? How should we go forward? Is God truly there? Is he for us?

### ***The Godward look of pity***

Our answer is prayer. The antidote is prayer. "In prayer our self-pity meets up with a stronger, healthier energy and gets itself transformed."<sup>11</sup>

Even though there is a tremendous amount of self-pity in the first section, the good thing is that he's talking. He's talking to God. He's sharing his feelings. He's writing it down and making it known. He's getting it out there. There is a tremendous benefit to speaking our pain, to journaling, to talking in counseling, to writing poems, even to starting a blog.

I'd suggest reading *Samson and the Pirate Monks* (this is really geared toward men) as a step in this direction. It's a book about being honest and about authentic friendship. The author tells his story and then talks about how talking about it has been the greatest help to him. Too many of us – myself included – keep our feelings inside. We don't need constant emotional vomiting –

---

<sup>6</sup> Boice, 640

<sup>7</sup> Peterson, 103

<sup>8</sup> Alexander Maclaren, Boice, 641

<sup>9</sup> Boice, 639

<sup>10</sup> Peterson, 103

<sup>11</sup> Peterson, 101

remember I said the best form of introspection is guided and disciplined. I'd guess, however, that most of us are on the other end of the spectrum. We simply don't talk about our feelings, doubts and problems in any constructive way while we're in the midst of them.

It's through this writing and talking that the psalmist moves to a new place. In the first six verses, there are 17 first person singular pronouns and four references to God by name, with two additional pronouns that refer to God. In the last nine verses there are 24 mentions of God and only three personal pronoun references at all.

That's an astounding change that was achieved through prayer, through starting to get it out. Before he was remembering the past and how wonderful it was compared to the grim present. In this stanza (11) he is remembering God and his works, which makes all the difference."<sup>12</sup>

What is he doing? There are four verbs used here: he calls to mind, remembers, ponders, meditates – on the deeds of the Lord. Not on his own plight. Not on his own circumstances. But on the deeds of the Lord. Exodus 15:11 *"Who is like you, O Lord, among the gods? Who is like you, majestic in holiness, awesome in glorious deeds, doing wonders?"*

Hear Peterson on this: "The change comes not when we learn to meditate but when we learn on *whom* to meditate."<sup>13</sup>

This reminds me of the nature of faith. Imagine going across a lake that's frozen over with ice. You aren't sure if it will hold you. You step gingerly. You get down on your stomach to inch your way across, so you're ready at any second to get back to safety if you can. You're sliding, scared to death. Then you hear a crash! Oh no! But out of the woods behind you, a man bounds onto the ice with a horse. He gallops across the ice in just a second (I'm not sure if this is possible but that's okay). You had just made it over to the other side after scooching on your stomach so that's a little embarrassing. No matter – you made it across! It wasn't your sliding that saved you – it was the ice that saved you. It held you. It's not the strength of your faith; it's the strength of God and who he is.

"The first half of the psalm is meditative, but the meditation is either unfocused, or nostalgic, or self-indulgent. It is meditation on the injured self."<sup>14</sup> But then "An awareness develops: a lot more is going on in the world than I am conscious of when I am disappointed, or hurt or frustrated or embittered. The feelings I have at any one moment, while important and actual, cannot be interpreted accurately apart from the context of God's action."

If the focus is on God in the self, on God in history, on God in creation, the result is a magnification of grace: Thy way, O God, is holy. The working of wonders, the manifestation of might, the redemption of people loom on the horizon. I live in a world dominated by creation, by revelation, by redemption. My feelings find their place in the world in the context of God's action and can be interpreted and evaluated accurately."<sup>15</sup>

What do we learn about God when we look at him this way, when we consider his works and wonders?

God is holy. *Your way, O God, is holy.* This focuses on God's transcendence and his uprightness.

God is great. *What god is great like our God?* He is not only an upright God but also he is able and does put all his holy decrees into action.

God is caring. *You are the God who works wonders; you have made known your might among the peoples. You with your arm redeemed your people, the children of Jacob and Joseph.* If God is caring as well as powerful and sovereign, he can be counted on to work in each detail of history for his people's good. And this means that even allowing the psalmist to fall into the depression with which the psalm began is not carelessness on God's part, but rather a part of his total, loving plan. This is practical theology of the best sort, for it reasons from the immutable character of God to purpose for his acts in history and takes comforts from such truths."<sup>16</sup>

Too often we leave the play or musical too early. We leave after Act Two thinking we've seen the whole thing, but we haven't. There is still more to come. We too often end the story without the redemption. This is like watching *No Country For Old Men*. It just ends. There is no justice. There is no redemption. The bad guy wins. That may win awards, but it's no good for our worldview. It's not Christian to think that way.

We think our stories end this way. Our family recently watched Adam Sandler in the movie *Bedtime Stories*. It's a great movie, especially because they interject this exact point right into the movie. Sandler is rebuffed by his grandfather that this isn't the way good stories go. They don't end this way. He needs to do something to try to resolve things, to redeem things. It will be costly yes, and it will require some sort of death, but that is the only way life will come about. So in the movie, the story continues and doesn't end there. Hooray!

Let's put it another way, this time from songwriter David Wilcox in one of my favorites:

*You say you see no hope, you say you see no reason*

*We should dream that the world would ever change*

*You're saying love is foolish to believe*

*'Cause there'll always be some crazy with an Army or a Knife*

*To wake you from your day dream, put the fear back in your life...*

*Look, if someone wrote a play just to glorify what's stronger than hate,*

---

<sup>12</sup> Boice, 641

<sup>13</sup> 104

<sup>14</sup> 104

<sup>15</sup> 105

<sup>16</sup> Boice, 642

*would they not arrange the stage To look as if the hero came too late  
He's almost in defeat It's looking like the Evil side will win,  
so on the edge Of every seat, from the moment that the whole thing begins It is...*

*Chorus:*

*Love who makes the mortar  
And it's love who stacked these stones  
And it's love who made the stage here  
Although it looks like we're alone  
In this scene set in shadows  
Like the night is here to stay  
There is evil cast around us But it's love that wrote the play...  
For in this darkness love can show the way*

*So now the stage is set. Feel you own heart beating In your chest.  
This life's not over yet. So we get up on our feet and do our best.  
We play against the Fear. We play against the reasons not to try  
We're playing for the tears burning in the happy angel's eyes For it's...*

Wouldn't the playwright make it look like the evil side will win? Will Rocky win? Will Bruce Willis save the day? Will Kevin Costner or Mel Gibson survive? I watched Terminator: Salvation and with a title like that you *know* what is going to happen. But not if you walk out 15 minutes before the end. Things look grim for John Conner. But he has to come out on top.

Asaph recalls God's goodness and his salvation. He recalls the Exodus. God redeemed his people. We don't know exactly how but we know that it happened, and it's told to us in the book by the same title. Love broke into and through the story.

"Everyone knows that it happened. The very existence of Israel was proof and documentation of the event. Yet know one quite knows how it happened: 'the footprints were unseen.' Footprints made in deep waters leave no trace. We live with the consequences of salvation, but that which made it happen is invisible. There is no tangible, visible proof that is happened – except for my very existence right now and the existence of everything great and holy and wonderful."<sup>17</sup>

I would submit this is true for you as well. If you were to examine your life, you would recall God's wonders, his work and his releasing you into freedom. Can you recount your own exodus? Can you remember and talk about when you were released from slavery into freedom by a redeemer? When you first began to worship God?

The psalmist recalls the historical Exodus and adds poetic flourishes to it. He gives it a dramatic quality, describing the fear of the waters, the crashing of the thunder and lightening, the ground smoking with an earthquake. This is CGI material. When God led his people through the Red Sea and vanquished their foes, it was incredible stuff.

But then what happened? Well, a lot of stuff happened, but if you read through the next few books of the Bible, God's people wander around in the wilderness for forty years. There were reasons why that happened, but it's interesting to note that the promised land was delayed for awhile while the people learned more about what walking with God meant.

As Peterson puts it: "The redemption has already been accomplished. Now the life of faith must be learned. A life of compassion must be nurtured. This can only be done in the midst of hurt and pain, where wisdom is inaccessible to self-pity. God does not answer our self-pitying request but our need for unselfing. He enters into our lives and provides prophet and priest to lead us into and through the wilderness of temptation and trial. Only then can we learn the ways of providence and discover the means of grace – a long, difficult mercy-marked, grace-guided forty years that represents the middle of a journey for persons who live by faith. It is a journey in which we learn personal morality and social responsibility. Salvation's put to the work of building community, engaging in worship, encountering evil."<sup>18</sup>

So the psalm ends not with the bang of salvation, but the leading of God's people by their leaders. The shepherding by the hand of Moses and Aaron "What it says is that the God who acted in mighty ways in the past to redeem his people also acts in calm, tender, and loving ways; and this is what he is doing at the present time even though it has not been evident to the psalmist before this."<sup>19</sup>

"God is acting for people in need. It is not when we suppress our self-pity, when we still its cry, but when we offer it to God that our whimpering gets gathered into the thunder of his action and becomes a spirit-renewing meditation on God's might, a compassion-exciting participation in God's help."<sup>20</sup>

We see then that the tiresome becomes the exhilarating. Whereas we had been subjected to some whining and complaining, we end with speaking of God's glory, even in his mysterious ways of leading and loving his people. We got there through prayer, through worship, through honesty. We're now at a place of reality.

Francis Schaeffer went through this. In the first few chapters of his book True Spirituality, he discusses a crisis of faith he had. He had pastured several churches in the 1940s and 50s, including one Julie and went to: The Covenant Presbyterian Church in

---

<sup>17</sup> 106

<sup>18</sup> 108

<sup>19</sup> Boice, 642

<sup>20</sup> 109

St. Louis. Those were hard times in his denomination, the Bible Presbyterian Church. They were really discussing some issues, especially at that time resultant from prohibition's wake and the slide of liberalism in the mainline denomination. Schaeffer felt called to do something different, and he moved his family to Switzerland and started a discussion outpost that came to be called L'Abri. He later became a famous author and speaker, and was known for his ability to enter into the culture with an honest, intelligent Christian worldview.

What most people don't know is how much he struggled with doubt and faith in the 1950s. He would rage against God. He would go for walks for days in the countryside. He said he had to go back to the very basics. To rebuild his Christianity and see if it could hold up under pressure and scrutiny.

In the end it did.

I pray it may be so for you. That you would go back to God's work in history. I know I often go back to the cross. Did that really happen?, I think. And I wonder about it. I remember it. Yes it is historical. Yes it is factual. Yes the Bible is true. I believe it is credible first, and then inerrant and infallible. I start to stand up. I stop looking at myself and my pitiful state, and how God doesn't love me. I get my eyes off of myself – oh how I wish this would only take a few minutes instead of the hours, or days or weeks or even months – and I start to look to God himself. He is holy. He is great. He is caring.

He didn't stop. There is a Matthew 1. There is a redeemer of God's elect. Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem to the virgin Mary. Think of the priest Zechariah and his response when an angel told him his wife would bear a son named John, and that John would be the forebearer of the savior of the world. Think of it when the angel Gabriel came to Mary herself and told her she would become pregnant by the Holy Spirit and bear the Son of God, the Redeemer!

Think of Jesus' ministry. Of when he was led to the wilderness and tempted but never failed not even once. Think of Jesus, the Son of God on the cross, bearing the sins of the world, your sins and my sins, when he was rejected by God in order to be the perfect sacrifice, the lamb of God who takes away your sins, the substitute, the propitiation of your sins.

Think of how he was raised again from the dead, resurrected from the tomb in his new body and then rose into the air. He conquered death. He showed us he was the resurrection and the life! He is the living water. He is the bread of life. He is the new temple. He is the end of the story.

Now walk with him. Remember these things. Consider these things. Write and talk about these things. God truly does pity fools. Then he transforms them and walks with them.

*17 Though the fig tree should not blossom, nor fruit be on the vines, the produce of the olive fail and the fields yield no food, the flock be cut off from the fold and there be no herd in the stalls, 18 yet I will rejoice in the Lord; I will take joy in the God of my salvation. 19 God, the Lord, is my strength; he makes my feet like the deer's; he makes me tread on my high places.*

Habakkuk 3:17-18

Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Jesus, ready, stands to save you,  
Full of pity, joined with power.  
He is able, He is able; He is willing; doubt no more.