

“The Cure for Insanity”

Ephesians 4:14-25

#18 in our Ephesians Series

March 3, 2013

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Prayer

Father, we pray that this message would be worship, Michael prayed about our conversations and the music. Lord may every message be worship, to your glory and to your praise. And so come thou fount of every blessing, and cause us to preach, in Jesus' name, Amen.

Clip from *Iron Giant*

[Hogarth is laying in the dark in his bed and suddenly his eyes open. He opens up the box where he had placed the Giant's bolt and the box is empty. Hogarth looks under the bed. A light begins flashing (from the bolt) outside Hogarth's window and Hogarth smiles. He opens the window and the bolt falls to the ground and begins to move away from the house.]

Hogarth: *See you later.*

[The bolt continues to move “toward” something and soon other “parts” of the Giant are seen and all are moving toward a light and beeping sound. The next scene is the Giant's head with a light and antenna on the top of his head. Suddenly, his eyes open.]

That's where we left off last time and it's what Paul has been talking about through all of Ephesians: “This is the plan for the fullness of time to ‘*anakephalaio*,’ (unite) all things under on sacred head now wounded.”

Last time, each of you received a nut or a bolt, and I said, it could be, that you are:

1. Just a nut. OR...
2. You could be an integral part of the Iron Giant.

If you're just a nut, you explain yourself, you give your life it's own meaning.

In Greek, you give your “psyche” it's own “logos,”
You are your own logos, your own psycho-logos.
You are just a nut.

But if you trust that you're part of something bigger, that something bigger gives you meaning.

You're not just a nut; you're an integral and unique part of the Iron Giant.
Sometimes you feel like a nut...sometimes you don't. [Peter sings]

But Paul has been telling us,

“You are not just you. You are an integral part of the Eschatos Adam, The Super Man...
An integral part of the *Body* of Christ.”

And that's why we built the PVC FrankenChrist.

A Body has:

One logos, One meaning, One nervous system.

A Body has:

One life, One blood supply, One pulmonary system.

So, we built the FrankenChrist with pipes so that the blood would flow through the pipes. A pulmonary system is interesting because scripture says, "God is Spirit," that means wind or breath, it's all one word in Greek and Hebrew, it can all be one word. And the wind or breath is all around us and yet it does us no good, it's not accessible to us....unless our pulmonary system takes the oxygen from the air and delivers it to our body as oxygenated blood. Scripture teaches that the life is in the blood; in Greek you'd say the psyche is in the blood. "Psyche," refers to the way we think and the way we live.

Each of us is like a body part or blood vessel [*Peter pulls off part of the PVC FrankenChrist.*] If we're cutoff, we may look alive and yet we're dead, like the undead dead. If we're clogged and congested, if the artery is hardened, we can't give life or receive life. We can't BLEED. The Greek word for "hardened" is *porosis* from *poros*, a type of rock, precipitated rock, precipitated out of water.

Well, if we're a clogged artery, a clogged vessel, we can't give life or receive life and we go numb, *apalgeo*. "*Apalgeo*" is the Greek word. We become numbskulls trapped in our own psycho-logos. Actually, we're kind of born that way. You'll remember we talked about the fact that we're each born as an individual, empty, earthen vessel. [*Peter picks up an empty glass, representing an earthen vessel.*] Very early on in life, out of fear, we take "knowledge of good and evil" and try to create ourselves and save ourselves; we try to fill ourselves with ourselves [*Peter picks up another glass, this time the glass is not empty but rather packed full of sand.*] We become *porosis* and *apalgeo*, earthen vessels filled with earth. So, in order to be grafted into the Body, we must be cut and emptied of ourselves and filled with Life, [*Peter picks up a final glass, filled with communion wine.*] God's Life.

So, I must be emptied of my psycho-logos, in order to be filled with Theo-Logos/
"Theo"-God/"Logos"-Word,
Filled with the Word of God, Jesus.

Well, several months ago, when we were talking about those vessels up at Sanctuary Foothills one night, my friend Laura approached me and said, "Could you talk some more about that emptying process?" So, for several months, I've been thinking about that, chewing on that, and maybe I even said a prayer about it. Anyhow, somewhere along the line I started thinking about Becca and Kavitha. Kavitha is an Indian word that means poem.

About eight years ago Becca, a young woman from our church, journeyed to the Hyderabad slums in India to work with Operation Mobilization, to work with the Dalit, or as they're more commonly known, "The untouchables." She wrote me this letter describing an incident in which she was emptied. She describes walking through the slums in Hyderabad in shock over the despair and the suffering; she writes:

Turning onto the street we could see a crowd had formed. As we approached, the crowd separated... There on the ground lay a 4-year-old child. Flies swarmed her body so that even bending over her I could not see her clearly.

The only movements I notice...are her pupils looking deep into my face. Too weak to lift her head... she can barely open her eyes because of the swelling....a tear runs down her face.

In slow motion, I gingerly place my hands under her shoulders and legs and slide my body beneath her. No, she has not been burned; she has been severely beaten.

Her nose is flattened, one eye is clouded over with blood, she has razor cuts across her cheeks, her lips are split open and pus oozes from her mouth... and ...both ears, the left ear almost totally deformed from cuts...

I sat there, on the ground with her in my lap. People thicker than the flies pressed in on us as we clung to each other. Slowly we heard her story from the neighbors. Her mother beat her and does so often. She is locked in a room, sometimes days at a time without food or water, her neck tied to a ceiling fan with rope so that if she sits or falls asleep she is choked awake. When her mother comes home she is often drunk and that's when the horror begins. Her bottom is disfigured with burns... Her nose was disfigured last week after her mother stuffed scissors up her nose and cut the cartilage. Cigarette burns covered the back of her neck, legs, and arms. The neighbors finally called the police today because the child was screaming so much. The mother's beating had already killed her sister. The police took the mother into the station and now neighbors came to see if the child would die.

Once inside the rickshaw, Kavitha leaned against me and fell asleep. She woke once and asked...if Auntie was going to keep her and love her. I bathed her and bandaged her wounds. We fed her and started medicine: de-worming, antibiotics, and painkillers.

The OM leader was called and told us to bring her back to the slum. Kavitha clung to my neck and begged not to go. In her Telagu language she said, "My mommy will kill me if I go back. Please let me stay with Auntie..." Despair and hopelessness strangled my heart as we entered the rickshaw to bring her back to the slum.

(And that's what Becca did. She had no choice, no control. She could not save.) She writes:

I close my eyes and immediately I am back standing in the street looking at Kavitha lying beaten on the stoop. Just that morning I prayed that Christ would empty me of myself and fill me with Him.

"Please Father," I had said, "... Remove me and all that is within me that stands in the way of You being revealed...."

As I stand there in my mind, I am alone. The metal and cardboard shacks staring at me, and I scream, "Why me. Why am I here, what good can come from this?"

(Becca's heart was breaking. And it must've felt like she was going insane)

*And as tears well up in my eyes, I hear a voice, His voice.
"You are not alone. I am here. I am in you. I am filling you..."*

You see, Becca's heart was breaking and it must have felt like she was going insane. Then Becca recounts the rest of what she heard.

Eight years ago, I ended a sermon with Becca's letter and then broke the bread and poured the cup. At the end of the service a woman came to me with tears in her eyes begging me to tell her the end of the story. I think she wanted me to tell her that the suffering had stopped, so that her tears would stop. I don't know if Kavitha's suffering has stopped. But I do know this world is filled with millions upon millions of little girls just like Kavitha....

And their suffering has not stopped.

She wanted me to tell her that the suffering had stopped, so that her tears would stop. Like Becca said, "What good can come from this?"

That week Aram (my associate) was swamped with calls. He said, "Peter, they all want emotional help with that story." They wanted to understand, to comprehend.

But that's the way all suffering is, isn't it?

That's kind of what makes it suffering; we can't fully understand.

We can't understand....

But we can feel.

Maybe we want to understand, so we don't have to feel. We want a little logic to protect us from a Logic that we can't comprehend, to protect us from such powerful emotions. See, maybe emotions aren't illogical but profoundly logical, maybe they're a logic too complex for us to simply comprehend with our minds, so they affect us and we have a hard time controlling them. We say, "I'm overwhelmed with emotion," "I was seized by emotion." Maybe that emotion is a logic, greater than my own psycho-logic.

People called the church because Kavitha's suffering messed with their psychology.

They couldn't stop thinking about Kavitha.

They couldn't stop weeping for Kavitha.

Even as I read the story, you stopped thinking about yourself didn't you, for just a moment?

Maybe people called the church because they expected the church to help them stop thinking about Kavitha so they could once again think about themselves and feel for themselves, and get on with their own lives. And believe me... I'm one of those people! But isn't it weird? Somewhere along the line we got the idea that the church's job is to teach disciples how to *not* suffer and how to *avoid* tribulation. When Jesus said, "To be my disciple you must pick up a cross," and "In this world you will have tribulation.

Sometimes the church seems almost anti-Christ:

We'll teach folks how to *not* suffer, when, Jesus came to teach us how to suffer...with Him.
We'll teach folks, "We are salvation, rather than, "God is Salvation-Yashua."
We'll teach folks, "We'll save you from the 'Passion of Christ.' "

Paul writes,

"We are children of God and fellow heirs with Christ, provided we suffer with Him, that we may also be glorified with Him."

"Provided we *suffer* (His passion) with Him."

The passion of the Theo-Logos, The God Word, The Word of God-Jesus.

See, the Theo-Logos is hard on my psycho-logos. Those powerful emotions disrupt my orderly world. One friend said, "I once encountered a Kavitha, and I had to flee because I thought I'd die."

Maybe we're supposed to die.

But we run from the experience and defend our psyche with more psycho-logos, more of our own reason.

When people suffer, like Kavitha, we reason:

Well, she's a pagan and so she had it coming..."don't touch!"

God predestined her for His wrath so..."don't touch!"

If she's a little older we say,

"Well, she made her choices and needs the consequences..."don't touch!"

Or we try to judge and name,

"She has dissociative personality disorder, obviously bipolar and schizophrenic."

We judge and name and turn the person into a thing.

As if by understanding it, we won't have to feel it, feel her,

As if by knowing about it, we won't have to know her,

As is by taking more "knowledge of good and evil," we won't have to suffer the evil and long for the good.

But instead, we can keep our psyche intact and avoid going insane...

But maybe...we're already insane.

So that we may no longer be children, tossed to and fro by the waves and carried about by every wind of doctrine, by human cunning, by craftiness in deceitful schemes. Rather, speaking the truth in love, we are to grow up in every way into him who is the head, into Christ, from whom the whole body, joined and held together by every joint with which it is equipped, when each part is working properly, make the body grow so that it builds itself up in love. Now this I say and testify in the Lord, that you must no longer walk as the Gentiles do, in the futility of their minds. They are cut off alienated from the life of God...

Ephesians 4:14-18a (ESV)

Paul is writing to the Gentiles, and He says, "Do not walk as the Gentiles."
He sees these Gentiles, no longer as Gentiles, why? Because they've been grafted into this Body. "Don't walk as the Gentiles," cut off from the life of God, "darkened in their understanding, in the futility of their minds." In other words, "They are insane," which means, we are all insane, just nuts, all insane until we are grafted into the Body and functioning...as a Body part.

G.K. Chesterton writes, The nut, the insane man, "The madman is not the man who has lost his reason, the madman is the man who has lost everything except his reason-" his own reason-his logos, like a piece of the logos that he plucked from a tree. His little piece of logos-his psycho-logos.

The insane man (the nut) is all psycho-logos and no Theo-Logos, or perhaps...dead Theo-Logos, insane, all his own reason, that he can comprehend and control, and none of God's reason...that he *can't* control.

God is Love
and Jesus is His Reason,
and His passion, I cannot comprehend or control.

*Now this I say and testify in the Lord, that you must no longer walk as the Gentiles do, in the futility of their minds. They are cut off alienated from the life of God because of the ignorance that is in them, **due to their hardness of heart.** They have become callous...*

Ephesians 4:17-19a (ESV)

[Peter sings the following,] "I am shielded in my armor, hiding in my room, safe within my room. I touch no one and no one touches me," an "untouchable." "I am a rock, I am an island," and a rock feels no pain and an island never cries. They have become "*apalgeos*," past feeling, callous because of the "*porosis*," the hardness of their heart.

In Greek thought, mind and heart aren't completely divided, and yet, there is a distinction.
The mind is the place where we comprehend truth, we think truth.
And the heart is the place truth comprehends us, we feel truth.

Paul writes that the love of God is, "poured into our hearts" and that Christ, "dwells in our hearts through faith." Some say love is an emotion, and some say faith is an emotion. If by emotion we mean some irrational impulse, love and faith are *not* emotions. *But* if by emotion we mean rationality or reason that is greater than what we can control, then faith and love are emotion, they are, in fact, *the* emotion that we call God. God is Love, and Christ in us is Faith born in us.

Faithful Love is the Reason of God, The Word of God, The *Logos* of *Theos*, Jesus.
Faithful Love is the Passion of God. And we know it and are known by it in our hearts.

Over and over, in the gospels, Jesus mourns the *porosis* of our hearts.
In Mark 3, the Jews are offended, for they think Jesus breaks their "knowledge of good and evil" because He heals a cripple on the Sabbath. And Jesus is grieved at their hardness, *porosis*, of heart. They can't think because they won't feel.

When Jesus appears to His disciples after the resurrection, He rebukes them for their hardness of heart. And why had they hardened their hearts? I imagine that the psychological pain of seeing “Jesus Christ and Him crucified” was just too much to bear, so they fled the scene and hardened their hearts to protect their psycho-logos from the *Theo-Logos*, the passion of the Christ. And now the *Theo-Logos*, Sanity Incarnate, stood before them risen from the dead, and they could barely believe because of the hardness of their heart.

We protect our psycho-logos from the *Theo-Logos* by hardening our hearts.
We protect our psyche from the passion of the Christ by hardening our hearts.
We go insane, because we refuse to feel The Logic of Love-The *Logos* of *Theos*.

In Paul’s words, we have futile minds because our hearts are hardened. In psychiatric terms, we have “Alexithymia,” from the Greek, *Alexo*, “to repel” and *thumos* “emotion.” Someone with Alexithymia may be profoundly logical in their own mind and yet utterly insane due to their lack of feeling. They can look sociopathic like Hitler or more endearing, like Sheldon Cooper.

Clip from *The Big Bang Theory*

[Sheldon is having a Skype chat with his girlfriend Amy]

Sheldon: *So much for taking your advice on complementing Penny.*

Amy: *Why what happened?*

Sheldon: *She tried to rope us into going to her acting class to see a play.
Don't worry, luckily I had the good sense to drown that kitten in the river.*

Amy: *Sheldon, that's very rude. She helped you with your show. The right thing to do is reciprocate by going to see her play.*

Sheldon: *Ughhh, so many crazy rules!*

Clip continued on next page.

[Sheldon stands up from his computer, knocks on Penny’s door and begins a conversation with her.]

Penny: *What?*

Sheldon: *Amy pointed out to me that since you did something nice for me, I'm obligated to do something nice for you, so yes, I'll go to your dopey play.*

Penny: *Hey, I don't want you to go any more!*

Sheldon: *Why not?*

Penny: *You should go because you want to go, not because you have to go.*

Sheldon: *Oh good Lord, more rules! Where does it stop?
Can I want to go because I have to want to go?*

Penny: *Ok.....Do whatever you want.* [Penny, frustrated, begins to shut the door]

Sheldon: *But, but...no wait....do whatever I wantor whatever I have to want?*

Penny: *Oh for God's sake, just come to the play!*

Sheldon: *Alright, I don't want to but at least that makes sense.*

I love that show, *The Big Bang Theory*.

Sheldon understands everything in the universe but can't understand the universe in his neighbor. He reminds me of us at church, talking to God: "Can I want to love because I have to want to love?" It doesn't even occur to us, to *want* to want, what God wants. But only to *have* to want what God wants. We think this means: more rules, more "knowledge of good and evil." But *not* a new heart, a new "wanter." We've hardened our hearts so that His Logic will not interrupt our logic - Alexithymia.

Ricki Kumpost pointed me to a great blog post titled, "The Scandal of the Evangelical Heart." The author quoted Richard Beck, professor and chair of Psychology at Abilene Christian University.

The professor writes this:

When theology and doctrine become separated from emotion we end up with something dysfunctional and even monstrous.

What I'm describing here might be captured by the tag "orthodox alexithymia." By "orthodox" I mean the intellectual pursuit of right belief. And by "alexithymia" I mean someone who is, theologically speaking, emotionally and socially deaf and dumb. Even theologically sociopathic...

Orthodox alexithymia is produced when the intellectual facets of Christian theology, in the pursuit of correct and right belief, become decoupled from emotion, empathy, and fellow-feeling... without Christ-shaped caring to guide the chain of calculation we wind up with the theological equivalent of preferring to scratch a doctrinal finger over preventing destruction of the whole world. Logically and doctrinally such preferences can be justified... But they are inhuman and monstrous. Emotion, not reason, is what has gone missing.

But maybe Emotion is reason; perhaps at times, it's God's Reason, God's Word, the passion of the Christ. He then writes: "In my opinion, hard-core, double-predestination Calvinism looks just like this. An icy, monstrous and alexithymic theology."

Well, Calvinism is my theological tradition and I love much of it, but in some circles you're required to confess that: "God is love and God created much or even most of humanity so that He can torture them without end."

And we should be ok with that, for it is "good" theology.

But maybe it's *not* Theo-Logos but our own psych-logos.

Not God's Reason but human reason...

Protecting us from God's Reason,

Protecting us from feeling Kavitha's pain,

Protecting us from feeling her abuser's pain,

Protecting us from having to touch the untouchables,

Protecting us from "the sufferings" of "the last and least of these,"

Protecting us from feeling the pain of our enemies on the outside of the wall,

Protecting us from the Passion of the Christ, The Word of God, Good Theology-Jesus.

If it doesn't feel like Jesus, maybe it isn't Jesus.

Jesus is Good Theo-Logos. He is *the* Theo-Logos in Flesh.

So, for a long time I felt it.

I felt, "This can't be good theology because endless torture doesn't feel like Jesus."

I felt it and now I see it. It's unbiblical, illogical, and insane.

I see it and yet my old crowd won't look at it.

They'll only ignore it and exclude it.

And so, I've wondered, "What is the cure for insanity?" even more, "What's the cure for my insanity?"

Do you see? Just by naming Alexithymia, I try not to feel the pain of Alexithymia and I make myself Alexithymic.

So, "What's the cure for our insanity?"

"What's the cure for our lack of love?"

You see, it's not just a theoretical question, but a very profound and practical question.

Paul writes, "They are insane due to their hardness of heart."

So, I think the cure for insanity must be...A Broken Heart...but not just broken for it's own sake.

Hitler and Sheldon both have rather broken hearts but they had become callous and hardened so that they'd never have to be broken again.

The cure for insanity is a heart broken for another.

The cure for bad theology (psycho-theology) is suffering; we all know this:

A couple says, "God doesn't love gays, he hates fags and will torture them! Then that couple has a son and that son struggles with sexual identity issues and is diagnosed with AIDS. And then bad theology is conquered by good theology, as their hard hearts are shattered by love.

A Jew will say, "God hates Samaritans," and then he suffers and finds he is saved by a Samaritan, and bad theology is conquered by good Theology-Jesus.

We say, "Those sinners are last and least," and we damn them to Hell, but on Judgment Day, The Theo-Logos sits on His throne and says, "Whatever you did to the least of these, you did to me," and bad theology is consumed by burning Eternal Theology, The Judgment of God.

Well, I think the cure for insanity is a heart broken for another, a heart that is broken for love and God's love. The cure for insanity is a heart that bleeds. We think our purpose in this world is to stop the bleeding, but our purpose is to learn to bleed for another; a heart is designed to constantly bleed.

We think our purpose in this world is to stop the weeping.....
But it's to learn to weep with those who weep.

We think our purpose is to avoid the cross.....
But it's to *come* to the cross and learn to die for Love.

It's to be emptied of our "psycho-logos." (That's a logos imprisoned in my psyche, like a Jesus I've broken, and crucified, and possessed as my own.)

Our purpose is to be emptied of our "psycho-logos" and be filled with "Theo-Logos,"
God's Logos- Jesus, risen from the dead, the very life of God, flowing from one member to
the next member like a river of blood through open vessels in a living and beating heart.

Jesus said, "If you lose your psyche (your life) for my sake and the kingdom, you'll find it."

Now that's insane if your just a nut....
But it makes perfect sense if you're part of the Iron Giant-The Body of Christ.

It's insane if you are just you...
But it's perfect logic if you're part of the Body of Christ.

It's insane if you're an earthen vessel full of earth....
But perfect logic, if you're a blood vessel giving and receiving Life.

It's Theo-Logic—God's Logic—it's Jesus.
It's the Logic of Love, and it is to determine and motivate everything we do.

They are darkened in their understanding, alienated from the life of God because of the ignorance that is in them, due to their hardness of heart. They have become callous and have given themselves up to sensuality...

They are callous, "beyond feeling," yet desperately trying to feel. What a great description of addictions, oblivious to others' feelings and greedy for their own feelings.

greedy to practice every kind of impurity. But that is not the way you learned Christ!—assuming that you have heard about him and were taught in him, as the truth is in Jesus, to put off your old self...

Literally your old man, that's the psycho-logos your self-centered self,

which belongs to your former manner of life and is corrupt through deceitful desires, and to be renewed in the spirit of your minds, and to put on the new self, created after the likeness of God in true righteousness and holiness.

Literally "put on the New Man," the New Adam, the Eschatos Adam, the Theo-Logos.

[Peter picks up the PVC pipe]

If I put on the New Man, what am I doing? I'm doing this...

[Peter attaches the pipe to the FrankenChrist]

You *must* consider yourself an integral part of the Body of Christ.

"Therefore, having put away falsehood, let each of you speak the truth with his *neighbor*, for we are *members* one of another." Now something in you might want to ask, "Who's my neighbor?" Well, a neighbor is anyone the Lord puts on your path. He didn't say, "Speak truth to Christians, for we are members of one another" He said, "your neighbor." A Jewish lawyer once asked Jesus, "Who's my neighbor?" and Jesus told him the story of the good Samaritan; a man beaten and naked, lying half dead in his path, kind of like Kavitha.

Becca writes:

Just that morning I prayed that Christ would empty me of myself and fill me with Him.

As I stand there in my mind, I am alone. The metal and cardboard shackles staring at me, and I scream,

"Why me? Why am I here, what good can come from this?"

She must've felt like she was going insane...

And as tears well up in my eyes, I hear a voice, His voice.

"You are not alone. I am here. I am in you. I am filling you. I am feeling the same anger and sadness you are feeling. As your fingers reach for her they become My fingers. And as she sits on your lap it becomes My lap. And, and not only that, but I am in Kavitha. And I am her. I have been with her everyday tied to the ceiling fan; even now I feel pain in my hands, on my face, on my back. It is my eyes that you are looking into, my body that you are so gently hugging. And, and even more I am with her mother. For I have come to love the sinner, the prostitute, tax collector, and child abuser.

"What?" I cry. "You are here in the horror, You feel Kavitha's pain and my pain, how can you possibly. . . . ?"

"Yes, my love reaches that far. And just as I fill you, I dream of filling her, for I feel her pain, too."

I responded, "But I can't! I can't go to her. I hate her."

Yet even as these words pour from my mouth I know the Truth.

And He says, "Then let Me."

And He fills me. And He fills you. And He longs to fill. . .

Becca was not going insane, she was going sane: She was losing her "psyche" and gaining God's "psyche." She was being emptied of herself and filled with a river that flows from the throne, The Life of God, The Passion of the Christ.

Well, there's far too much to explain, but I hope you see: "Jesus really has descended into the lower parts of the earth, like Paul writes, "In order that He might fill all things," All things....

He was in Becca, emptying Becca of control. That's really what suffering is, losing control. He was emptying Becca of the crazy idea that "she is salvation" and filling her with Faith that "God is Salvation-Yashua."

He was in Kavitha as an empty space of need. He said, "Whatever you do to the least of these you do to me." He was the blood drawn from Becca, that flowed into Kavitha and He was even at work in Kavitha's mother....for one day, when we're finally sane, I think we'll see it, that the most painful of all suffering is sin, the damning of self with self.

Jesus bears it and Jesus longs to fill it with Mercy, burning hot Mercy.

Jesus was in the Hyderabad slums bearing the sin of the world.

I imagine that in Becca's mind she went to India to alleviate suffering in the name of Jesus. But maybe she went to India to share in the suffering *of* Jesus-the passion of the Christ. "If we're joined with Him in a death like His," writes Paul, "we shall surely be joined with Him in a resurrection like His."

Becca went to India to be saved from insanity and death by the passion of the Christ. But you don't have to go to India, God has provided you with neighbors in whom He suffers, right here.

You're not called to stop their tears.....

You're called to help them cry;

You're called to "weep with those who weep."

And before you know it, you'll be laughing with Jesus.

Weep with those that God puts in our path.

The cure for despair, insanity, and death is *not* to eliminate all suffering. Rather, it is to share in another's suffering, which is Christ's suffering.

It will change your psychology into theology.

It will change you into a functioning part of the Body of Christ.

Now I don't know exactly what happened to Kavitha, and yet I know the End of her story. Kavitha is a poem and Jesus is the End. "For this is the plan for the fulness of time, to unite all things in Him." And on that day, He will wipe away all the tears, the mourning will turn into dancing, the sorrow will turn into joy and laughter. But we'll never stop bleeding, the river of life will never stop. It will flow from one member to the next unimpaired and through clean and open vessels.

We'll never stop bleeding, but it will no longer feel like death, we'll know it for what it truly is Life.....Eternal Life.

Communion

And it begins right here. As the Theo-Logos took the bread, broke it and said, "This is my body broken for you." And in the same manner, taking the cup he said, "This is the covenant in my blood, poured out for you, for the forgiveness of sins. Drink it, all of you; do it in remembrance of me."

Come thou fount of every blessing.

And may you come surrender your psycho-logos and receive the Theo-Logos not just to keep but that it may flow through you.

You are to walk in a manner worthy of your calling, the only way you can do that is to be a part of Him. This is the gospel, the body will come back together, (Peter puts the loaf he broke back together) but the river will never stop flowing.

There's a logic that should affect everything you do.

Prayer/Benediction

Lord would you show us what this means for each of us? I know that you're doing that all the time but maybe right now you'd help us to think of a neighbor...a neighbor that's suffering.

Maybe God calls you as an agent to help stop the tears at a certain point, but I don't think we're always called to stop the tears. I don't know that we can even always stop the tears.
I know we are called to weep with those who weep and laugh with those who laugh.
If you say to yourself, I don't have the strength to weep those tears. Then He says to you: "Let me...let me fill you; let me use you; let me reveal myself through my body broken.

Lord, help us to love that neighbor the way you love that neighbor.

In Jesus' name we pray.

We thank you Lord that you're not a masochist, you don't suffer just for the sake of suffering. So help us not run out and try to suffer because then it's not suffering, because then, we're trying to control it but Lord, help us to surrender to you in hope.

In Jesus' name, Amen.

Disclaimer: The following document is a draft and has not been edited by the author. Therefore, there may be discrepancies. Some discrepancies may be minor; some may have to do with theology. When in doubt please refer to the audio version of the sermon on this website and don't be shy about informing us of errors.