

How to Imitate God  
Ephesians 5:1-9  
#21 in our series from Paul's letter to the Ephesians  
April 14, 2013  
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#### Prayer

So Father in the beginning you spoke a Word into the void and creation happened. And Father we pray that this morning you would speak that same word; we pray that you would even speak it through us. Lord thank you that your Word became flesh and dwelt among us through grace and truth; your Word showed us who you are. And now Lord God help us to speak the Word. We ask that you would help us to preach. In Jesus' name, Amen

#### Message

One of my favorite stories is one Fred Craddock used to tell about an encounter he had while on vacation with his wife in the Smokey mountains of Tennessee. The kids were at their grandma's, and this was their last meal alone together. They'd stopped at the Blackberry Inn, a favorite little greasy spoon on the way back to Atlanta. They didn't want to be bothered; they just wanted to savor the last few hours together when this old "country bumpkin" sort of fellow shuffled into the cafe. He was talking to everybody, and everybody was talking to him. Craddock hid behind his menu and prayed, "Oh Lord, don't let him come talk to us." But sure enough, he heard shuffling and then a loud voice: "Hey, you folks on vacation?" "Yes," replied Craddock. "Having a good time?" said the man. Fred thought, "I was..." The man continued, "Gonna be here long?" "No, not gonna be here long." Fred replied. "What do ya do?" said the man. That was the question Fred was waiting for because Fred was a Pastor and Theologian, and that would scare most folks off. "I'm a professor of Homiletics in the Candler school of Theology at Emory University," he replied. The old guy lit up and said, "You're a preacher man, oh, I got a story for you!" And at that, he pulled up a chair and sat down.

I was born back here in these mountains. My mama wasn't married, and I didn't know who my daddy was. The women used to spend their time guessing who my daddy was. My mama worked a lot, and other kids weren't allowed to play with a boy like me. I would hide in the weeds at recess, and I ate my lunch alone. They said, "I wasn't any good and I'd never amount to anything." Kids used to call me "Ben the Bastard Boy." I thought Bastard Boy was my last name. (The old man started weeping, then collected himself.)

Well, anyway, there was a church in Laurel Springs; had this preacher, voice big like God. I knew church wasn't a place for boys like me, but sometimes I'd sneak in and sit toward the back, sneak out before the service ended. This one day, that preacher went on and on, I just got lost in what he said. Before I knew it church was over and the isles got jammed up. Folks were lookin' at me; I was makin' for the back door quick as I could, and all at once I felt a big hand on my shoulder, and a big voice: "BOY..." It was the preacher. He said, "BOY!" (I froze.) He talked so loud everybody heard what he said, "BOY WHERE'S YOUR DADDY?" (Like a knife in my heart.)

He said, "Let's see now...why you're a child of...goodness sakes..." (and it seemed like forever, it felt like Judgment Day. Everyone was looking and listening,) "Let's see now..I know who your Daddy is..." (I thought, "Does he know who my daddy is?") "I KNOW WHO YOUR DADDY IS...your daddy is...YOUR DADDY IS GOD! And I see a strikin' resemblance." Then he swatted me on the bottom and said, "Now you run along and go claim your inheritance."

The preacher didn't say, "Your Daddy could be God... if only you were good enough, smart enough, and tried hard enough."

The preacher didn't say, "Earn your inheritance." He said, "claim your inheritance."

The old guy looked at Professor Craddock and said, "I was born that day." Then he got up and left. Immediately, the waitress came scurrying over to the table. She said, "What'd he say, what'd he say?" Craddock said, "Well, he told me a story...why'd you ask?" The waitress looked at him a moment and said, "Why don't you know who that is?...That's Ben Hooper, Ben Hooper, the illegitimate boy, elected twice the governor of Tennessee.

Well, he couldn't be all that "illegitimate" if his Daddy was God.

If you feel like a bastard, you think you have to earn your inheritance; you think you have to earn love.

But if you're a beloved son or beloved daughter, you just claim your inheritance, you walk in it, like a pair of your Daddy's boots.

Ephesians 5:1 "Be imitators of God as beloved children," writes Paul.

Imitate God. That's a pretty tall order. Jesus said, "Be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect." Perfect! And you know Paul writes, "imitate," at the end of a rather daunting string of commandments in Ephesians 4, remember? "Speak truth, be angry but don't sin, don't steal but share your goods, don't slander, but edify, don't grieve the spirit."

Then Ephesians 4:32-5:9

Be kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, as God in Christ forgave you. **Therefore be imitators of God as beloved children.** And walk in love, as Christ loved us and gave himself up for us, a fragrant offering and sacrifice to God. But sexual immorality and all impurity or covetousness must not even be named among you, as is proper among saints. Let there be no filthiness nor foolish talk nor crude joking, which are out of place, but instead let there be thanksgiving. For you may be sure of this, that everyone who is sexually immoral or impure, or who is covetous (that is, an idolater,) has no inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and God. Let no one deceive you with empty words, for because of these things the wrath of God comes upon the sons of disobedience. Therefore, do not become partners with them (partake with them); for at one time you were darkness, but now you are light in the Lord, walk as children of light (for the fruit of light is found in all that is good and right and true.)

Well gosh...imitating God appears to be rather stressful:

If you don't do it well you have to deal with God's wrath.

And you don't have an inheritance

And so maybe you aren't a son or daughter.

And so God is not your Father.

Yet in Ephesians 1:2 Paul wrote, "*Peace from God our Father.*"

v. 4 "You were chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world."

v. 5 "...predestined for adoption through Jesus Christ"

v.11 "...in him we have obtained an inheritance."

Ephesians 3:24 God is the Father "from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named."

See, I don't think Paul is saying that if we don't imitate well, we aren't a son or daughter. I think he's saying if we don't imitate well, we are not claiming our inheritance...

In verse 8 he writes, "*you were darkness.*" That's a "son of disobedience, a "child of wrath." (2:3) "*You were darkness, but now you are light.*" That means that at one time, these Ephesians had an eternal inheritance but they were not having it, claiming it, walking in it, in space and time.

Remember the story of the Prodigal son who demanded his inheritance, then squandered all the money in the far country and then returned to His Father with a conniving, cheating heart? But remember how that father ran to him on the road, and before the son could say a word the Father grabbed him and kissed him, melted his son's icy heart and then gave him a ring, a robe, shoes, and a party?

You see, the real inheritance wasn't his Father's stuff, it was his father, the inheritance was there all along, but the boy couldn't claim it until he'd been to the far country and saw that his father loved him at his very worst. The kingdom he inherited was his father's heart.

You can't have the kingdom of love and hate love at the same time.

You can't have the Kingdom of Truth and be a lie.

You can't inherit the Light and remain in darkness. That hateful, lying, dark you, that self righteous old you that you have created in pride and fear must die, and he does die in the Light of Love, who is your Father.

So I don't think Paul is saying: "If you don't imitate well, you aren't a son or daughter; he's saying, if you don't believe that you are a son or daughter, you can't imitate at all, and you cannot claim your inheritance.

So, in Ephesians 5:1 Paul writes, "**Therefore...** "Therefore imitate God as beloved children"

NOT: So that you could be beloved children. BUT: Imitate God as beloved children.

Not as actors trying to get a part, not as clergy looking for a job, not as business men, lawyers, or consumers trying to earn the Kingdom." Rather, "*Imitate God as beloved children.*"

Well, how do beloved children imitate?

This really caught me off guard as a new father, but they imitate **everything**. When Jonathan was first enrolled in the church pre-school, he kept coming home with notes from his teacher reporting Jon's use of inappropriate language: Jonathan said, "Teacher, I have to hock a loogy." Jonathan said, "Teacher I have a whiz to throw." Susan wouldn't get mad at Jonathan, she'd get mad at me.

**Everything** and **always**, and even if you tell them not to.

I used to say, "Elizabeth, don't follow me." and she'd say, "Ok Daddy." Then she'd walk right behind me. Once I almost killed her that way, but the story's too long.

Everything and always, even if you tell them not to, and even if it hurts.

Years ago, I went on this hot salsa kick; of course, I remember countless nights when two year old Elizabeth was standing at the coffee table with me eating hot salsa. Tears would be streaming down her face, and I'd say, "Honey you don't have to eat the salsa." She'd say, "But Daddy, I like salsa; we like salsa."

Even if it hurts, even if they don't understand.

Becky used to get so excited to go places in the van, she'd say, "Yeah! We're going in the van! We're going in the van!" And then she'd say, "Daddy, where are we going?" She didn't need to understand where we were going, just that she was going with me, like me.

One afternoon about twenty-two years ago, I was driving up our street in Danville California. Susan was in the passenger seat; Jon and Elizabeth (aged three and two) were strapped into their car seats in the back, and I had to "hock a loogy..." sorry, I honestly don't know how else to say it, and that's just the way it is... So I rolled down the window, made the appropriate sounds...ignored my wife's objections and just let it fly...immediately, I hear all these hacking and spitting sounds coming from the back seat. I turned around to see both Jon and Elizabeth hacking and spitting, but of course they couldn't get their windows down; they were just covering the windows in spit, and once again the children didn't get in trouble; I got in trouble.

They imitated me **poorly**, but I wasn't mad at them; I was so proud of them; I remember being delighted. Beloved children imitate **poorly**, but **perfectly**.

I found this video last Thursday:

Peter: Hello you.  
Coleman: Hello  
[Coleman has a potty seat around his head]  
Peter: You're an awfully great guy! What's that thing around your head?  
Coleman: Umm...Toooy paper.  
Peter: Toilet paper? You're going to learn how to go potty in that. Right? Doesn't that make a sound, when you sit on it?  
Coleman: *Uh huh.*  
Peter: That's great, what a nice potty!  
[Coleman is in his diaper and wearing one big cowboy boot]  
Peter: Boy! Did you put those boots on yourself?  
Coleman: *Uh huh.*  
Peter: Pretty nice, you look good Coleman.  
[Coleman is biting the potty seat]  
Peter: But you know what? Don't bite that seat because I think it's been used once or twice.  
[Coleman stomps back and forth in the hall, now with both boots on.]  
Peter: Whoa! That's fast. You're a very busy person aren't you?  
Coleman: *Uh huh.*  
x

See what's going on there? Coleman is trying to use the potty, like me. He's trying to wear boots, like me and be busy, like me. It's a poor imitation but I think it's perfect.

Check out this video:

Clip from Hiett Home Films

[Peter's children have set up their room as a church. Peter's daughter guides them through the process of signing up for church. They then pass around the offering basket. Once Peter is seated they put water on Peter's head saying, "It clears up your mind so you can see God better." The children then lead worship singing: "God's love is a bubbling over."

They then explain that it is prayer time, and if anyone needs prayer they can talk to Jonny, and he'll pray for them. They then lead a children's sermon asking questions like: "How did God make the earth?" Answer: "He used cheese!" The sermon is followed by more singing and dancing: "Hosanna Hey! Hossanna Hey!" Coleman, Peter's youngest then gives a brief sermon: "I just know why God has given us this world. God has given this world to us and he gives us toothpaste to eat.... and Jesus to eat..."

Did you catch Coleman's sermon? "I know why God has given us the world...toothpaste to eat and Jesus for... to eat and I'm gonna eat 'em." See? He'd just gotten in trouble for eating toothpaste and he was justifying sin with a sermon. "God gave us toothpaste to eat and Jesus for... to eat." And the theology of baptism was somewhat suspect as was the manor in which it was applied. And the singing was off key.

Objectively speaking, that was the poorest, worst, perhaps most heretical church service that I've ever been to. The poorest and the very best. Why? Well, because my children were imitating me, trying to imitate God and the imitation was Love in freedom.

I suspect that I became a pastor for some bad reasons and one very good reason:



I was imitating my dad, and I saw God, the Father in my dad.



I imitated my dad and God the Father in freely given Love, but then I became a professional imitator. I mean I went to seminary and gained the knowledge of “how to imitate God” and the “how to evaluate your imitation.” I mean I learned the proper theology of baptism, and how to preach a good sermon. I never really learned to sing on key, but I learned to imitate God for approval—a good grade, a good salary, a positive judgment—approval.

Why do you imitate God?

Is it to gain His approval?

Is it to earn His love and acquire your inheritance?

I went to seminary, became a professional, and learned how to judge church services and thus judge myself, which means receiving thousands of people's judgments of me; so sometimes I wake up long before the sun and think of all the ways I've failed and the judgments of hundreds of people that think

I've failed, and I just want to run into the darkness and hide. I sure don't want to pastor or preach. And in those moments, I strongly suspect that I'm not claiming my inheritance.

When my kids got older and went to school and learned how to judge themselves, the imitation thing got a lot more complicated and painful. But that day, playing church in the girls' bedroom, there was only one measure of success, and that was the light in my eyes and Susan's eyes.

Paul writes, "Imitate God as beloved children and walk in love." Verse 8 "At one time you were darkness, but now you are light in the Lord, walk as children of Light." Beloved children imitate poorly, yet **perfectly**, because they live in the Light of their Father's Love. And His Love changes them, creates them; He creates them. And now this is the thing that amazes me most. Never once did I even suggest to the kids that they needed to hold a church worship service in the bedroom.

See? Children that know they are beloved don't "try" to imitate. I am sure it takes energy and effort. It's a sacrifice (sometimes the salsa burns and you can get hurt in the process.) But I never had to say, "Coleman put on those boots and walk like me," or "Elizabeth, eat more salsa, even if it hurts; eat more salsa or else." I mean the imitation was work, yet it wasn't work. In fact, we call it play, not work but play. Because they enjoyed it, they enjoyed imitating me. It was recreation, Re-Creation. It was holiday, that's Holy Day; it was Sabbath, not work but play. Sabbath is walking in the light of your Father's relentless love. That's SABBATH; that's heaven, and that's your inheritance.

Jesus said, "You must become like children to enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Ironically, it was when the children got older and went to school and began to measure their progress in their own eyes, according to their "knowledge of good and evil," it was when they began to imitate in pride and fear that the perfect imitation seemed to stop. It was when they began to try to imitate that they stopped imitating. It was when they forgot that they were already fully beloved...that they stopped. And because I forgot that I'm already fully beloved, I'm sure that my eyes have not always reminded them that they are fully beloved, but they are and always have been.

*"Therefore be imitators of God as beloved children."* Well then it seems to me that the key to imitating God is not trying harder to imitate God, but realizing that you are the beloved, the beloved child of God your Father. So John writes, *"Behold what manner of love the Father has given unto us, that we should be called the children of God and that is what we are."*

Jesus commanded us to pray "Our Father..."

He probably used to the word *Abba*, which should be translated "Daddy." That's the manner of love, the kind of love that God the Father has given to us. When I became a father, I was amazed at the way my children imitated me, but before that I was shocked at the way I loved them.



It was unlike any love I'd ever experienced, it was unconditional. I didn't earn it and they didn't earn it. I mean this little person just showed up in my life, a person that did absolutely nothing for me, but spit up and made dirty diapers, yet, I began to feel like it would be a privilege to die for each one.



I've had this picture on my office wall, next to the door, for about ten years now. Coleman is really mad in this photo, because the potty chair is stuck on his head, and I'm not helping him get it off, because I want to take his picture, because I think he's awesome just as he is. See? I really like Coleman, that's how I feel about Coleman. And Coleman can still have days, roughly equivalent to this one but he'll always be my beloved son; that's how I feel. But now, if you showed up in my living room in diapers and cowboy boots, throwing a fit because a musical potty chair was stuck on your head, I wouldn't feel the same. I'd call the police. That's because I'm not your daddy, but God is your daddy. This is how He sees you. Does that bother you? Does that insult you?

He's impressed with you, but not the you with which *you're* impressed. When God looks down at our worship service, what does He see? Is He impressed with our theology of baptism, the quality of our music and that my sermon is more finely crafted than Coleman's? I highly doubt it, and yet when you look to Him in love, He sees perfection.

Well, I keep this picture on my office wall by the door to remind me of who I am.  
I am not "Reverend Hiett,"  
But rather, "My Daddy's Son," and He is very fond of me.

Daddy love is **unearned, unconditional** and **very passionate**. One day, long ago, I ran to the market and brought Jonathan with me (as a new father this surprised me.) We were in the checkout line and this teenage kid was ringing up our items. I had given Jon a Mickey movie Pez dispenser and he was utterly thrilled. He stood on his tiptoes, held up his treasure and said, "See Mickey Mouse! See Mickey Mouse! See Mickey Mouse!!"

We're all kind of like three-year-old Jonathan. In so many ways, we say to the world, "See me! See me!" No one even looks. Well, the Father looks, the Father sees. Finally, Jon said, "See Mickey Mouse," and this exasperated clerk said, "Yeah kid, I see it," and went back to work. I was leaning against the metal railing, and I remember I grabbed it because all at once, I pictured myself jumping the counter grabbing the kid by the collar and screaming, "Look at the Pez dispenser you moron!" It's the best Pez dispenser in this whole damn world!"

You know people say they don't understand the wrath of God, but a father does. Well, just as I'm about to rip into this kid. I had these thoughts: What if God is this kid's daddy? What if I don't see him and God does see him? What if God is everyone's daddy? And none of us truly see the rest of us, or any of us? And what if one day Jon doesn't see Jon, the way I see him now. What if each of us is our own worst enemy? Then, what is our Father to do with all His wrath, all of His passion?

Well, I don't think we even begin to understand this, but on the cross, God poured out all His wrath on Himself for us, and we drink it now as mercy.  
It is the light that burns away the darkness.  
It is the judgment of this world.

It destroys our disobedience and gives birth to the obedience of love—the imitation of God.

I remember one particularly horrid day about 19 years ago: Elizabeth was just terrible and discipline, threats, and spankings weren't doing any good. That night I said, "Let's all go out to dinner." In the van on the way there, she was just plain mean and I was getting furious. After I parked the van I said, "Everybody inside, except you Elizabeth. You're staying love." I sat her in the front seat, stared her down and she stared back. I said, "Elizabeth, what's gotten into you?" She said, "Well, I know, but I'm not telling you." I didn't know what to do; I just made her come sit on my lap. She had been absolutely awful, at her worst, but I just held her and loved her.

Saint Paul wrote, *"It's his kindness that leads to repentance."* I just held her, and finally she cracked: "Do you remember when you came to my kindergarten class?" "Yeah." "Do you remember Kelly?" "Yeah." (She had just glommed onto me.) "Well Daddy, she said that you said, 'you didn't love me, you loved her!'" Then Elizabeth just fell apart in tears. I said, "Elizabeth, does Kelly have a Daddy?" and she said, "Yes, but he just moved away." I said, "Elizabeth look at me; I will always love you, that will never change. Please don't doubt my love for you, for when you do it hurts me, and when you do doubt my love, please tell me so I can tell you again, 'I love you!'"

What's gotten into you?

The answer: A lie from hell... that creates hell,

That creates "sons and daughters of disobedience," that creates the "children of the lie."

You have an enemy and he whispers in your ear, "The Father doesn't love you, so you better make Him love you."

Take some knowledge; use it to compete with your brothers and sisters and make yourself in His image. Imitate Him...in pride and fear; "Look! There's the tree, right there, in the middle of the garden."

At the cross God loved us at our absolute worst. That was our Father, in Christ, that we nailed to the tree in the Garden. John 19:41. In that place where He was crucified, there was a garden.

There, He loves us at our absolute worst.

There we behold His Love.

There the old man is destroyed as God gives birth to the new.

There the "sons of disobedience" are destroyed, and the sons of God are created, in His image.

There the "vessels of wrath" become "vessels of mercy."

Maybe that's why God made the world, to show us that. [Peter points to the cross] In Coleman's words, "So we'd eat the toothpaste—" "bite the apple," and then see that He loves us at our absolute worst. That we would then feast on His mercy and imitate Him forever in love.

Maybe God "consigned all to disobedience, in order to have mercy on all," in order that all might see His mercy and imitate Him forever in love.

Imitate God!

And you may have been wondering... "God? Where do we see God?" (It's not like we could just go for a walk with God in a garden.) How do we imitate God when we can't even see God? Well, Jesus said, *"If you've seen me, you've seen the Father."* In Paul's words, *"God in Christ forgave you."*

It was God we nailed to the tree in the garden."

It's your Father, hanging on the tree and it's not an accident.

He wants you to see that He loves you at your absolute worst.



Do you see?

It wasn't nails that held Him there.

It wasn't Satan that held Him there.

It was His love for *you* that held Him there.

He wants you to see His LOVE for YOU.

So you would walk in His love and claim your inheritance.

Ephesians 4:32b-5:1

"...God in Christ forgave you. Therefore, be imitators of God, as beloved children."

Beloved children, imitate!

Now, before we end I suspect some of you are feeling shame. You're thinking, "Peter my children don't imitate me the way yours imitate you." Well, let me point out that in all my stories today, my children were under the age of six—before that tree of knowledge became so attractive. And I'd like to point out that God is the perfect father and God has several billion children and most use Him, reject Him and still curse Him. But that doesn't mean that He hasn't loved them, it means that they haven't yet beheld His love.

He reveals His love when we're at our worst, and that's according to plan. So if your children are at their worst, don't condemn yourself; behold your Father's love for you and imitate Him: Love your children at their worst, in the image and likeness of God. And now, I've found this to be a bit surprising, but my most treasured memories of each of my kids comes from recent years, (long after the age of six) and in each case it's a moment when they've come to the end of themselves and allowed me to love them at their worst, when they've surrendered themselves at their worst. That was the very best; for in these moments, I could commune with them in unconditional love and God, my Father, is unconditional Love and His heart is my inheritance.

Well, maybe this topic is hard for you because of your children, and maybe it's hard for you because of your father. You are thinking, "Peter, I didn't have a father, like your father,



a father that loved me, that I longed to emulate; my father abused me, abandoned me, cursed me. And worst of all, I still imitate him. I'm haunted by him. I can't shake him. I look in the mirror and see him."

Psychologists say that fathers shape our world, even when we don't want them to. We imitate even when we are not dearly beloved, such that, by the age of three our view of reality is basically set, and to unlearn it you'd have to be...like...reborn.

I once heard my aunt talk about a man born in 1919. He grew up during The Depression and Dust Bowls. His father failed at two or three businesses and then became an alcoholic, then abusive, especially to the seven girls. When this boy would stand up for them, he'd be ridiculed. One night he woke to the sound of screaming and yelling and ran down the stairs to see his father drunk and waving a rifle around the kitchen. His mother was hanging on to the butt of the rifle screaming, "No, don't do it!" His father yelled, "I'm gonna kill 'em! I'm gonna kill 'em all; where are those sons of bitches so I can kill 'em all!" It only stopped after his brother ran across those frozen Nebraska fields to a nearby farmhouse and called the police. The police came and took his daddy away.

Now, Psychologists would say that boy would very likely grow up to be just like his father: abusive, cruel, and limited in his ability to love. But that boy was the most loving, compassionate, Christ-like man I've ever known; that boy was my father. At family get-togethers, I used to look at him and wonder how come you are so different?

So, what happened to him?

The same thing that happened to Ben Hooper.

The same thing that happened to Saul of Tarsus—"the chief of sinners."

The same thing that happened to John—"the son of thunder"—"beloved disciple."

When he was nineteen, working here in Denver, he heard a preacher preach the gospel. In other words, he heard, "Boy...I know who your daddy is, your daddy is God." He heard and believed and so he claimed his inheritance—his Father's heart.

Communion

On the night that He was betrayed, by all of us, Jesus, "*from the bosom of the Father...*"

Have you ever thought about that?

I think we sometimes talk as if Jesus saved us from an angry Father.

Do you think Jesus SAVED you from God the Father?

But Jesus said, "*If you've seen me, you've seen the Father.*" It is God, in Christ, that forgave you. "*Jesus, from the bosom of the Father...*" took bread, broke it and said, "This is my body broken for you; take it and eat; do this in remembrance of me." And in the same way, He took the cup saying, "This cup is the New Covenant, it's always new for it's eternal; this is the New Covenant in my blood shed for forgiveness of sins. Drink of it, all of you; do it in remembrance of me.

I know who your Daddy is, and He's calling you to His table, to claim your inheritance, His heart. You are not a bastard; you are His beloved.

Benediction

When I was a new dad, I remember how much I delighted in the fact that my kids would just set down all their toys, and come sit on my lap; I think I still delight in that, even though the toys are so much more complicated, so much more involved. Maybe that's what would be good for us to do, maybe every morning perhaps. We do it in different ways, but just sit on your Father's lap and know that He loves you. Before I preach, (I was doing this last night and this morning) I try to picture myself as Coleman, praying, God can I just do this in your eyes?

See, that's how we're supposed to live, just beholding the love that He has for us, and we'll imitate Him.

Let Him love you.

Maybe that means sitting on His lap, maybe that means walking in the rocks and trees, looking at the flowers, skies, and seas, or really looking on Jesus. Sometimes we think Jesus and God the Father are different or something. But you see, Jesus is the Father out on the road who has come to get you; when you look at Jesus you're looking at the Father's heart, the grace of God poured out.

Behold His love, and worship Him.

Listen to this, listen closely: "...God in Christ forgave you. Therefore be imitators of God as beloved children, and walk in love." In Jesus' name believe the gospel and you'll live the gospel."

*Disclaimer: This 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.*