

A SEPTEMBER SERMON

Thank you for the inspiration:
De'Evony, "Nu-Nu", Seth, & Paula's daughter, & Penny

I just wanna tell you a story.

A story of scriptural texts saturated with spiritual truths & tha amazing unconditional love your Heavenly Father has for you: collectively but primarily individually. Smile.

Please.

Allow it to be so...

"Come on now. Boy we gotta go!"

"But my toys, Nursey," he cried.

"Boy we ain't got time for all that mess. Lets go!" Fear gripped the child's heart as he had never seen the caregiver this angry with him. Normally she was so sweet; so polite; so loving... so patient calling him, "Me-fee Me-fee."

Ununderstanding life's complexities he echoed, "but my..."

Unexpectedly snatched up, he was hoisted over one shoulder. Cries escaped him after that, as the in house nurse bolted out the door & down the stony path leading to somewhere: anywhere. Different

I'm sure in the angst to flee "Nursey" neglected to tell lil precious Mephibosheth (Ma-fib--bow-seth) that his grandfather, 2 uncles, & even his beloved father had just been slaughtered. Neglected to tell him, that he was the last remaining branch on the family tree; was next on the "lumberjacks" hit list.

The scrambling feet managed to move in unison with her heart beat. Soon they would be in view of a safe haven, where they could beg & plead for political asylum. Refuge. Shelter from death.

Multiple thuds suddenly exploded into her mental scenario of final freedom.

"Oh no!

"NO! NO! NO!

"What have I..."

"Baby Nursey's so sorry. I didn't mean to. Drop you."

"Um Nursey's so sorry you... fell... Don't worry it's gone be ok. I promise. Baby."

"It's gone be okay..."

"Baby, it's gone be okay. Just trust Nursey."

Okay meant that lil precious Mephibosheth walk would never be the same, as the broken bones of his legs were never put back together again-properly-think Humpty Dumpty. Now his mobility was more of a hop - think potato sack racing, only slower, only clumsier. Could be his wandering was more of-stop. Then drag. Stop. Then drag. Stop. Then drag. Stop. Then...drag. He stepped. then...drugged himself all the way to... The only location that would accept the presence of someone like him: Lo-Debar, emphasis on "low."

But.
Mephibosheth was about to be taken to higher heights.
Unbeknownst to him.

"Mephibosheth!
"Mephibosheth!
"The King is calling for you
Did you hear! THE KING!!!
"THE KING
Make haste - hurry up!!!"

But;
with each exclamation of encouragement Mephibosheth seemingly
seemed to move slower.

Took forever but...
Now, finally, in the presence of the King, he fell on his face
& gave David his due respect. "Long live the King." When David
responded - "Mephibosheth" - the young man could only humbly
speak, "Behold your servant!"

Blessed with divine perception, King David softly spoke.
"Don't be afraid: for I will (I promise) to show you kindness &
love for Jonathon your father's sake. He was my best friend, my
right hand man, even our souls were knit together. I will (a
promise) to restore to you all the land of your grandfather,
Saul. And because you're worth it you will from this day forth, be
eating with me, at my (the King's) table for the rest of your
life. So be it.

Rather than jump:hop for joy Mephibosheth rebowing himself,
meagerly responded, "What is your servant that you my King should
look upon such a dead dog as I am?"

What a sadder story. This young man didn't even have enough
dignity & hope about himself to even have the audacity to
address himself as a-PERSON!; as a human being with real feelings
& Godly attributes. Instead he spoke "WHAT" is your servant?"

His internal hopelessness (wretchedness) for today &
tomorrow dictated by his yesterdays wouldn't allow him the
privilege of expelling "WHO IS YOUR SERVANT?"

Hear the difference?

Here's the difference.

Think about it.

"WHO" refers to themselves as a "What!"

"What" commonly references a thing.

Think about it. Imagine me inquiring, "what e-mailed you?"

Imagine you saying, "My mother!"

Jesus said what's in your heart comes out your mouth. By
speaking "what" is your servant? out of his mouth, Mephibosheth
was telling King David that in his heart he sees himself as an
object; a thing, good for nothing. Placing the cherry on top he
proudly proclaimed facts held near & dear to his broken heart:
that he was a "dead dog" unworthy of a master, unworthy of an
owner, unworthy of a caregiver.

Where's the hope in that?

Exactly.

Did you know his name means "from the mouth of shame"/
"dispeller of shame."?

Shame.

That dirty lil word that keeps us incarcerated.

Shame.

That filthy emotion that keeps us from being ~~happy~~ all ~~time~~
we can possibly be in this life we were created to live to the
fullest.

Shame.

Mephibosheth's shame helped dispell reasons why King David
shouldn't show him love: unconditional or otherwise.

In that regards Mephibosheth reminds me

of me

of you

of us.

Our mouths collectively dispell the shame that lies, that
lingers in the deep dark; darkest parts of our heart & soul. The
fact of how we self-esteem ourselves rears it's ugly head with
each invite to the KING'S table-Jesus that is-. Rather than jump,
hop crawl at the afforded opportunity we yearn to remind
God, that we are in fact "Dead dog(s)". And we are comfortable in
our current spiritual & physical state. Comfortable to yearn for
love, pursue it while all the while hoping, praying to be rejected.
Comforted by the inevitable aloneness, of loneliness. Conditioned
to be: unaccepted

ostracized (shunned)

neglected (kicked to the curb)

mistreated

used & abused,

then flushed away,

like tissue

We flee God's LOVE.

But:

The KING OF KINGS LOVE will find us.

It's determined to.

Like,

King David's love found Mephibosheth

God's love will find You.

Still. We love to plead the case of our flaws, having it
never failed us before. This is the only comforting escape
strategy we know to sabotage any potential relationship that
includes true love. LOVE THAT LOVES US FOR WHO WE ARE. Yes we
want to ruin it before our "feelings" get involved. We beg God (&
others) to see us how we see ourselves. We know all the reasons
in the world why they shouldn't want us or consider us as a
candidate for unconditional love.

In response to God-calling us by name (John 10:3) we remind
Him of our scars of who we really are; our bruises; our emotional
instability; our unwillingness to get hurt - again!!! so here we
are bowed before the KING OF KINGS pro bono speaking on our own
defence

(What am I?) that YOU, GOD should dare gaze upon such a
person

(possible fill in's for the blank)

- * I'm just a nobody
- * I'm just a black "nigga" & nobody cares bout us
- * I'm a cripple
- * I'm only good for lying on my back
- * I'm dead to the world
- * I'm no good & I never will be
- * I'm from the trailer park...ghetto...slums...etc...
- * You don't know what I've done-or-who I done it to
- * God if You really knew me!
- * I ain't gone never be s_____ just like my Daddy
- * I'm nothing but a dope fiend...alcoholic...inmate...prisoner
- * I'm fat...lazy...nasty...anorexic
- * I'm poor just a throw away welfare baby
- * I'm always gone be a worthless excuse for a human being
- *=I'm just unloveable
- * I'm just as dysfunctional as my mama nim
- * I'm useless & that's just the way it is
- * I'm hopeless & You might as well just leave me for dead it's better off that way.
- * God I'm "lame on both feet."

We use excuse after excuse to cause God's undying love to vanish from our life;from our very presence.

In our warped lifelong mentality we need God to flee from before us. We need to believe that the KING OF KINGS is "running His lame game on us". We need to be convinced that He like all those who came before Him,that He can only love us till He discovers who we really are. He can only love us till He's down using us as His plaything! We need Him to spare our feelings & leave now. We love as strong as death...(Song of Solomon 8:6) We need to believe inside ourselves that God only called us cause He didn't know we were "lame"

Yes,"lame" because we too were dropped
Dropped.

By parents...

Dropped.

By caregivers....

Dropped.

By friends...

Dropped.

By loved ones.

Dropped.

By life, itself.

Dropped. In. back alleys,suburbs,farms,ghettos,trailer parks,

Dropped. In the streets,gutters,whorehouses,garbage bars,pool houses,in traffic....

Didn't ask to be

Dropped.

We just were...

Dropped.

Some of us were...

aggressively thrown down

