

God First Church



SPIRITUAL NUGGET

*Meditate on God's
Word all month
long.*

Pastor Carl A. Lucas, Sr.

The Process

by Mia jacks

After tripping over opposition, discouragement, misunderstandings and hitting that wall of distraction that cause me to be dazed in confused, I struggled with moving forward. Things were taking place in my life and my brother was no longer here to give me advice. My brother taught me everything I know. He even saved me from drowning when I was younger. I learned the hard way; floatation devices couldn't be used in the next season. He was my hero and losing him was earth shattering. I began to move backwards and found myself stuck in the grief. The distractions that I thought were keeping me afloat no longer sufficed. Everything that I had previously suppressed was pouring out of my newly opened wounds. This new pain felt like I was losing my brother all over again.

While trying to make sense of it all, I replayed in my mind different scenarios that had occurred in my life. I was reminded of that night I woke up in the middle of the night, shortly after my brother was diagnosed with cancer. I looked at the clock and questioned why I had awakened at 3 am. After browsing the internet for a while, I was finally able to close my eyes and go back to sleep, but suddenly, I heard a voice clear as day, "You trust me, but do you trust me completely?" I opened my eyes and looked around the room, but everyone was still asleep. I didn't comprehend what this voice was saying to me at that time, but I knew it was instructing me to trust the process.

Witnessing my brother at his weakest moment was devastating. We were each other's biggest motivator. There was nothing he could not conquer in my mind. He shed tears in front of me for the first time in my life, while I cried privately. 2 Kings 20:5 states I have heard your prayer and seen your tears; I will heal you. I was confident God was going to heal him in the natural, but I was unaware God was healing me in the process. I began speaking life into my brother. I sent scriptures for him to meditate on daily. Although I was pouring into him, I became discouraged. What I was SEEING was not lining up with my prayers in the natural. I found myself at the bottom of that pool again, struggling to reach the top. On the outside, I appeared to be sitting on the side of the pool with my feet in the water, but I was drowning on the inside. This load I was carrying was becoming unbearable. I felt like my cries were going unheard and unfortunately, my brother was unable to swoop down and save me this time.

Whenever I am faced with overwhelming difficulties, I remember Job. Job was placed in a compromising position, but he whole heartedly trusted God with his life. I know this because he said, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him (Job 13:15)." Trust is a belief that someone or something is effective. I often questioned if my prayers were effective. I prayed for healing, but my eyes SAW differently. One night while driving home from church, I heard that same voice say you are praying for the flesh when you should be praying for the spirit. Here I was praying for my brother to remain here on earth for my own selfish reasons. I was so afraid of living life without him. I made him promise me he would fight this thing (in the natural) all while I was planning and preparing for depression after his death. My natural lenses were not tuned in to what was taking place during the process, the holy spirit was still moving.

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Hearing the words “I’m tired” and watching him take his last breath did not affect me like I thought it would because I had made my brother promise me, he would talk to God, pray and repent. The trick of the enemy had me planning for a depressive state of mind. Yes, I said I planned on slipping into a depressive state. You know the saying; God takes care of babies and fools. You see, at that time I was looking down the hill instead lifting my eyes to the hills (Psalms 121:1). I was standing on faith, but faith requires action. Faith without action is dead. I had to put in some work while going THROUGH this process. I had to search it out for myself. I learned that the process was never about my brother’s cancer. That was just the start of the race. This race I am in has obstacles in my path (opposition, discouragement, misunderstanding and distractions) and I must exercise (pray, study and worship) in order to build up my momentum. These obstacles are just small hurdles placed by the enemy to test my strength, coordination, flexibility and courage. Remembering to leap in faith over them is the goal. The exercise is a bonus! I’ve been carrying these heavy burdens and could use the weight loss before I reach the table that has been prepared before me in the presence of my enemies (Psalm 23:5). There is strength in the process and I found it.

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