

Trust in the Miracle of GOD'S PRESENCE and POWER

MAX LUCADO



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CHAPTER 1 ------

We Can't, but God Can

t's just me, and I ain't much."

We'd been talking for well into an hour before she said the words. We'd worked our way through two cups of machinebrewed, hospital-waiting-room coffee. Hers with sweetener, mine with powdered creamer. Small of stature she was. No makeup, hair matted. Her T-shirt was loose fitting and crumpled. I wondered if she'd slept in it. She stirred incessantly, wheeling the plastic stick round and round until her drink became a small whirlpool akin to the emotions she was feeling—ever-spinning, circling, cycling feelings of helplessness.

Her seventeen-year-old son, who at that moment was in the intensive care unit two doors and fifty yards away, had battled opioid addiction for a year, maybe more. A car wreck had landed him in the hospital. Four days of forced detox had left him craving pills that the doctors would not provide. He was secured to the bed with restraints.

It took the mom nearly an hour to tell me what I just told you in one paragraph. Her story required sob breaks and deep sighs and included flashes of anger when referring to her ex-husband, whose presence and child support had been missing for the better part of a year. No sign of the father all week. He always had his excuses. All in all the mom believed, "It's just me, and I ain't much."

She squeezed her foam cup so tightly I thought it would crack.

Do you know this feeling? Are you acquainted with the downward spiral? Convinced that no one cares, that no one can help you, hear you, or heed your call?

If you know the feeling, you aren't alone. I don't mean you aren't alone in knowing the feeling. I mean you aren't alone. Period. That raw, dark sense of isolation and powerlessness? It's not here to stay. If you think it's up to you and you ain't much, I have some events for you to consider.

Better said, John the apostle has some stories for you to ponder. He interwove a tapestry of miracles that were "written that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing you may have life in His name" (John 20:31).

Life-giving belief! This is what John wants to discuss. Abundant, robust, and resilient faith. Life happens when we believe. We find strength beyond our strength. We accomplish tasks beyond our capacity. We see solutions beyond our wisdom.

Belief is not some respectful salute to a divine being. Belief happens when we place our confidence in God. It is a decision to lean entirely upon the strength of a living and loving Savior.

To the extent we do, we will have "life in His name." This is the purpose of the miracles. John recounted signs, each one intended to stir conviction in this promise: you and I are never, ever alone. Was this not one of the final promises of Christ? Before he ascended to heaven, he assured his friends, "I am with you always, to the end of the age" (Matt. 28:20 ESV).

Those words must have meant everything to John.

Picture the aged apostle as he shares these stories. He's an old man. Hair silver, skin wrinkled. But his eyes are full of hope, and he has a laugh that can fill a room. He pastors a collection of Christ followers in Ephesus. He loves to tell—and they love to hear—about the day some six decades earlier and a thousand miles removed when Jesus invited him to lay down the fishing net and follow him. John did.

So did Peter, Andrew, and James. They are gone now. They've long since fulfilled their missions and finished their lives. Only John remains.

And John, likely knowing his days are coming to an end, takes on one final task. Mark's gospel is in circulation. Matthew and Luke have compiled their accounts of the life of Christ. John wants to do the same. Yet his gospel will be different. He seeks to tell stories they didn't and to add details to stories they told. He selects for his gospel a cross section of "signs."

He takes us to Cana to sample some wine, then to Capernaum to watch a father embrace the son he feared would die. We feel the fury of an angry storm in Galilee and hear the murmur of a hungry crowd on a hillside. We watch a paralytic stand up and a blind man look up. Before John is done, he'll lead us through two cemeteries and near one cross and invite us to eavesdrop on a breakfast chat that changed the life of an apostle. John's chosen miracles run the gamut from a wedding oversight to a violent execution, from empty bellies to empty dreams, from abandoned hopes to buried friends. And we will be careful, oh so careful, to see the signs as John designed them to be seen, not as entries in a history book, but as samples from God's playbook.

All these events stand together as one voice, calling on you to lift your eyes and open your heart to the possibility—indeed, the reality—that the greatest force in the universe is One who means you well and brings you hope.

John recorded them, not to impress us, but to urge us to believe in the tender presence and mighty power of Christ. This montage of miracles proclaims: God's got this! Think it's up to you and you ain't much? Hogwash. God can carry you.

You're stronger than you think because God is nearer than you know.

Jesus touched wounds. He spoke words of hope. Lives were improved. Blessings were bestowed. There was a message in his miracles: "I am here. I care."

Had Jesus wanted just to make a case for his divinity, he could have materialized a flock of birds out of thin air and caused trees to uproot and float away. He could have turned creeks into waterfalls or rocks into bumblebees. Such deeds would have demonstrated his power. But Jesus wanted us to see more. He wanted to show us that there is a miracle-working God who loves, cares, and comes to our aid.

Do we not need this message today?

This book is a child of the quarantine. I completed it during the days of coronavirus. When I began writing it, some months ago, Covid-19 was unknown to most. Phrases like "social distancing" and "shelter in place" may have been found in manuals, but not in our street vocabulary. But that's all changed. As of this writing, millions of people are hunkered and bunkered in apartments, houses, huts, and cabins.

This crisis exacerbated an already rampant epidemic of isolation and depression. One study found that loneliness is as dangerous to one's health as smoking fifteen cigarettes a day. It can lead to dementia or Alzheimer's, heart disease, a weakened immune system, and a shorter life span.¹

Administrators of one of the largest hospitals in America cite loneliness as a major reason for overcrowded emergency rooms. Parkland Hospital of Dallas, Texas, made this startling discovery as they were looking for ways to unclog the system. They analyzed data and compiled a list of high utilizers. They identified eighty patients who went to four emergency rooms 5,139 times in a twelve-month period, costing the system more than \$14 million.

Once they identified the names of these repeat visitors, they commissioned teams to meet with them and determine the reason. Their conclusion? Loneliness. Poverty and food shortage were contributing factors, but the number one determinant was a sense of isolation. The ER provided attention, kindness, and care. Hence, the multiple return visits. They wanted to know that someone cares.²

Don't we all? The apostle John wanted us to know that Someone cares. He wanted us to believe, to set our weight fully upon the strength of this loving God.

When life feels depleted, does God care? If I'm facing an onslaught of challenges, will he help? When life grows dark and stormy, does he notice? If I'm facing the fear of death, will he help me? The answer in the life-giving miracles in the gospel of John is a resounding *yes*. Do you know these miracles? Do you believe in a Jesus who has not only power but a passionate love for the weak and wounded of the world? Do you think he cares enough about you to find you in the lonely waiting rooms, rehab centers, and convalescent homes of life?

I recently went on a walk with two of my best companions: my three-and-a-half-year-old granddaughter, Rosie, and my faithful, steadfast dog, Andy.

Andy loves to explore a dry riverbed near our house. And Rosie loves to follow right behind him. She thinks she can go wherever he goes. And when I offer to help her, she waves me away. She is a handful, this girl, kind of like her grandmother. So Andy led the way. Rosie scampered behind, and I tried to keep up.

Andy spotted a critter in a thicket of bushes and dashed into them. Rosie thought she could do the same. Andy ran straight through, but Rosie got stuck. The branches scratched her skin, and she began to cry.

"Papa Max! Will you help me?"

What did I do? I did what you would have done. I stepped into the thickets and extended my hands. She raised her arms and let me lift her out.

God will do the same for you. You are never alone, never without help, never without hope.

You and I long for Someone who will meet us in the midst of life's messes. We long to believe in a living, loving, miracleworking God who won't think twice about stepping into the thorny thickets of our world and lifting us out. If this is your desire, take a good look at the words of John and the miracles of Christ and see if they don't achieve their desired goal: "That you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing you may have life in His name" (John 20:31).

— CHAPTER 2 ———

He Will Replenish What Life Has Taken

e didn't look omniscient. He looked intelligent, with his horn-rimmed glasses, gray-flannelled suit, and stack of documents. He was smart, prepared, and every bit the statistician his profession demanded he be. Otherworldly and prophetic? Divine? Clairvoyant? I saw no halo. No attending angels. There was a glow to his face, but I chalked that up to the afternoon sun that fell through his office window.

"Let's see," he said, flipping through a binder of graphs and reports. "The two of you will live until . . ." He looked up long enough to say, "If you want to see for yourself, I'm on page seven." He paused while we caught up. My palms were beginning to moisten. Denalyn's eyes had widened. We'd been given dates before: due dates for our daughters, graduation dates from college, savethe-day dates for weddings. But a death date? Gave new meaning to the word *deadline*. Did we want to know his findings?

His full-time job was life insurance. Over the phone he'd told me, "I want to make certain you have what you need."

To do this, he needed two pieces of data: the amount of premium we were willing to pay and the number of our years remaining on earth. I could supply the first. He said he could supply the second. And now he was about to give it to us. "What if his date is this week?" I asked Denalyn. "Should I arrange for a guest speaker for the church?" She didn't smile. Neither did he.

He spoke with the casual tone of a hotel attendant reviewing reservation dates. "Mrs. Lucado, I've got you here with us until 2044. Mr. Lucado, your date of departure appears to be 2038."

Well, there it was. At least now we knew. I can't tell you much of anything else he said. I was transfixed on finally having my gravestone data. I knew the first number: 1955. I knew the next mark: a one-inch-long dash. (I measured it on a headstone once just out of curiosity.) Now I knew the second number: 2038.

This conversation occurred in 2018. I was down to, gulp, twenty years. I was three quarters of my way to crossing the Jordan. Armed with this new piece of data, I couldn't resist calculating my remaining resources:

- 168,192,000 breaths (Sounds like a lot. However, I used more than 2,000 writing the first draft of this chapter introduction.)
- 108,000 strokes of golf (or in my case the equivalent of ten games)
- 7,300 nights in bed with a sleeping beauty named Denalyn (a number that seems more than I deserve yet far less than I desire)

My list also included remaining presidential elections, Super Bowls, summer sunsets, and blooming-bluebonnet seasons.

The exercise reminded me of an oft-ignored truth: we are

running out. Running out of days, dates, and dances. The hourglass was irreversibly flipped the day we were born, and we've been depleting our resources ever since. We don't have what we had yesterday. Our spending is outpacing our deposits—a fact, I think, that explains the reasoning behind miracle number one in the ministry of Jesus. He was at a wedding. Mary, his mother, was present as well. She came to Christ with a problem. "They have no more wine" (John 2:3 NIV).

Had I been the angel on call that day, I would have intervened. I would have placed a wing between Mary and Jesus and reminded her about the mission of her Son. "He was not sent to the earth to handle such mundane, day-to-day tasks. We are saving his miraculous powers for cadaver calling, leper touching, and demon casting. No wine? Don't whine to Jesus."

But I was not the angel on call. And Mary enlisted the help of her Son to deal with the problem: empty wine ladles. Folks in first-century Palestine knew how to throw a party. None of this wedding and reception in one evening, no sir. Weddings lasted as long as seven days. Food and wine were expected to last just as long. So Mary was concerned when she saw the servants scraping the bottom of the wine barrel.

Fault poor planning by the wedding planner. Fault guests for guzzling more than their share. Fault Jesus for showing up with a troop of thirsty disciples. We are not told the reason for the shortage. But we are told how it was replenished. Mary presented the problem. Christ was reluctant. Mary deferred. Jesus reconsidered. He commanded. The servants obeyed and offered the sommelier what they could have sworn was water. He sipped, licked his lips, held the glass up to the light, and said something about their squirreling away the best wine for the farewell toasts. The servants escorted him across the room to see the six vats filled to the brim with fruit of the vine. The wineless wedding was suddenly wine flush. Mary smiled at her Son. Jesus raised a glass to his mother, and we are left with this message: our diminishing supplies, no matter how insignificant, matter to heaven.

I have a curious testimony to this truth. During one of my many less-than-sane seasons of life, I competed in Half Ironman Triathlons. The event consists of a 1.2-mile swim, a 56-mile bike ride, and a 13.1-mile run. Why was a fifty-year-old preacher participating in such endeavors? That's what my wife kept asking me. (Don't worry. I didn't wear a Speedo.)

During one of these races I prayed the oddest prayer of my life. Four of us traveled to Florida for the race. One of my friends had invited a competitor from Indiana to join us. All told, I knew these three participants. There were at least two hundred people whom I did not know, a fact that proved crucial to my story.

I finished the swim, if not dead last, at least nearly dead and almost last. I mounted my bike and began the three-hour trek. About a third of the way into the cycling portion, I reached into the pocket of my shirt to grab some GU. GU is a packet of easily eaten essential nutrients. Well, guess who forgot his GU? I was GU-less with a good thirty miles to go. One doesn't find any GUselling convenience stores on the triathlon road.

Like you I've offered innumerable prayers in my life. I've prayed for the enfeebled as they died and for babies as they were born. I've prayed for broken hearts, homes, and bones. But I had never prayed for GU. Yet what was I to do? No GU means no go for an old guy like Max.

HE WILL REPLENISH WHAT LIFE HAS TAKEN

So I prayed. Between puffs and pedal strokes, I said, Lord, this very well might be the only time in eternity you've heard this request. But here is my situation . . .

Did GU fall from heaven? Well, sort of. The fellow from Indiana, the friend of my friend, one of the three people I knew out of the entire field, just "happened" to pedal up from behind me.

"Hey, Max, how's it going?" he asked.

"Well, I have a problem."

When he heard of my GU-lessness, he reached into the pocket of his biking shirt, pulled out three packs, and said, "I've got plenty!" He handed them to me and off he went.

You may very well be thinking, Lucado, that is a lame example of answered prayer. I'm dealing with disease, debt, the threat of layoffs and letdowns, and you're talking about something as lightweight as GU in a race?

That's precisely my point.

Indeed, I think that is Jesus' point. Of what import is a wineless wedding? Of all the needs of people on the planet, why would bone-dry wine vats matter? Simple. It mattered to Jesus because it mattered to Mary. If Jesus was willing to use divine clout to solve a social faux pas, how much more willing would he be to intervene on the weightier matters of life?

He wants you to know that you can take your needs—*all your needs*—to him. "Be anxious for nothing, but *in everything* by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God" (Phil. 4:6, emphasis mine).

In everything—not just the big things—let your requests be made known.

Mary modeled this. She presented the need to Christ. "They

have no more wine." No fanfare. No drama mama. She knew the problem. She knew the provider. She connected the first with the second.

My kids did this. They had a way of telling me exactly what they needed when they needed it. I never received a phone call from one of them saying, "Please be a good father to me today, Dad." Or "I declare in the name of good parenting that you must respond to my deepest desires."

What I heard was "Can you pick me up?" "Can I get some money?" "May I spend the night with my friend?" "Will you help me with my homework?" "How did you become such a brilliant, wise, and handsome father?"

Okay, that last question might be a stretch. The point is, my daughters made specific requests. Did I recoil at the specificity? Was I insulted that they dared to tell me exactly what they needed? Of course not. I was their dad. It was their way of saying, "I depend on you." It falls to the father to heed the need and respond to the request of the child.

So I ask, Have you asked? Have you turned your deficit into a prayer? Jesus will tailor a response to your precise need. He is not a fast-food cook. He is an accomplished chef who prepares unique blessings for unique situations. When crowds of people came to Christ for healing, "One by one he placed his hands on them and healed them" (Luke 4:40 THE MESSAGE, emphasis mine).

Had Jesus chosen to do so, he could have proclaimed a cloud of healing blessings to fall upon the crowd. But he is not a onesize-fits-all Savior. He placed his hands on each one, individually, personally. Perceiving unique needs, he issued unique blessings. A precise prayer gives Christ the opportunity to remove all doubt about his love and interest. Your problem becomes his pathway. The challenge you face becomes a canvas upon which Christ can demonstrate his finest work. So offer a simple prayer and entrust the problem to Christ.

Again Mary is our model. Look carefully at her back-andforth with Jesus. In verse 3 she presents the need: "They have no more wine." In verse 4 Jesus is curiously unreceptive to the request, saying, "Dear woman, that's not our problem. My time has not yet come" (John 2:4 NLT).

Jesus apparently carried an appointment book. He had a time of revelation in mind, and that day in Cana was not the intended moment. He went to the wedding for the purpose of, well, going to the wedding. His to-do list that day did not contain the entry "Turn water into wine." Angels were not lining up to watch miracle number one because, as far as the Angelic Committee on Initial Miracles was concerned, the moment of the maiden miracle was scheduled for a later date.

Hence, Mary's petition was met with Jesus' hesitation.

You've heard the same. In your personal version of verse three, you explained your shortage: no more wine, time, vigor, or vision. Your needle was on empty; the tank had run dry; the bank account was showing a negative balance. You pleaded your case in verse 3. And then came verse 4. Silence. Quiet as a library at midnight. The reply did not come. No deficit-erasing deposit was made. When no answer comes, how does your verse 5 read?

Mary's could have read as follows:

"She stomped away in a huff."

"She declared that she no longer believed in her Son."

"She said, 'If you loved me, you would answer my prayer.'"

"She said, 'All these years of doing your laundry and cooking your meals, and this is the thanks I get?"

Mary's verse 5, however, reads like this: "His mother told the servants, 'Do whatever he tells you'" (John 2:5 NLT).

Translation? "Jesus is in charge. I'm not." "He runs the world. I don't." "He sees the future. I can't." "I trust Jesus. Whatever he tells you to do, do it." *Whatever* means whatever. Whatever he says, whatever he commands. Even if his "whatever" is a *nothing whatsoever*, do it.¹

Mary made it clear: Christ was the king of the wedding. She might as well have placed a crown on his head and draped a robe on his shoulders. Thirty years of living with Jesus had taught her: Jesus knows what he is doing. She had faith, not that he would do exactly what she asked, but that he would do exactly what was right. Her belief in him gave her the strength to say, "If he says, yes, great. If he says, no, fine."

Something in the explicit faith of Mary caused Jesus to change his agenda.

Standing nearby were six stone water jars, used for Jewish ceremonial washing. Each could hold twenty to thirty gallons. Jesus told the servants, "Fill the jars with water." When the jars had been filled, he said, "Now dip some out, and take it to the master of ceremonies." So the servants followed his instructions. (vv. 6–8 NLT)

Six water jars would create enough wine for—hang on to your hat—756 bottles of wine!² Napa never knew such a harvest.

When the master of ceremonies tasted the water that was now wine, not knowing where it had come from (though, of course, the servants knew), he called the bridegroom over. "A host always serves the best wine first," he said. "Then, when everyone has had a lot to drink, he brings out the less expensive wine. But you have kept the best until now!" (vv. 9–10 NLT)

The miracle of Christ resulted in not just an abundance of wine, but the abundance of good wine.

Cooking wine would have sufficed. Convenience-store vintage would have met the expectations of the guests. A modest sip-with-pizza-on-a-Tuesday-night quaff would have been enough for Mary. But it was not enough for Jesus. Something powerful happens when we present our needs to him and trust him to do what is right: he is "able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think" (Eph. 3:20).

It simply falls to us to believe—to believe that Jesus is king of each and every situation. So make your specific request, and trust him to do, not what you want, but what is best. Before you know it, you'll be raising a toast in honor of the One who hears your requests.

By the way, if you happen to be around in 2038, we'll let you know if our friend the life-span forecaster knew what he was doing.

Notes

Chapter 1

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NOTES

Chapter 2

- "This is where faith stands in the heat of battle.... [Mary] does not in her heart interpret this as anger, or as the opposite of kindness, but adheres firmly to the conviction that he [Jesus] is kind... unwilling to dishonor him in her heart by thinking him to be otherwise than kind and gracious.... Hence the highest thought in this Gospel lesson, and it must ever be kept in mind, is, that we honor God as being good and gracious, even if he acts and speaks otherwise.... She is certain that he will be gracious, although she does not feel it." Martin Luther as quoted in Frederick Dale Bruner, *The Gospel of John: A Commentary* (Grand Rapids, MI: Eerdmans, 2012), 138–39.
- Six water jars of 25 gallons each equals 150 gallons. There are 128 ounces in a gallon, so 150 gallons would equal 19,200 ounces. A wine bottle typically holds 25.4 ounces, so 19,200 ounces would fill 756 bottles.

E The Lucado Reader's Guide a

Discover . . . Inside every book by Max Lucado, you'll find words of encouragement and inspiration that will draw you into a deeper experience with Jesus and treasures for your walk with God. What will you discover?

3:16:The Numbers of Hope

... the 26 words that can change your life. core scripture: John 3:16

And the Angels Were Silent

... what Jesus Christ's final days can teach you about what matters most. core scripture: Matthew 20–27

Anxious for Nothing

... be anxious for nothing. core scripture: Philippians 4:4–8

The Applause of Heaven

... the secret to a truly satisfying life. core scripture: The Beatitudes, Matthew 5:1–10

Before Amen

... the power of a simple prayer. core scripture: Psalm 145:19

Come Thirsty

... how to rehydrate your heart and sink into the wellspring of God's love.

core scripture: John 7:37-38

Cure for the Common Life

... the unique things God designed you to do with your life. core scripture: 1 Corinthians 12:7

Facing Your Giants

... when God is for you, no challenge is too great. core scripture: 1 and 2 Samuel

Fearless

... how faith is the antidote to the fear in your life. core scripture: John 14:1, 3

A Gentle Thunder

... the God who will do whatever it takes to lead his children back to him. core scripture: Psalm 81:7

Glory Days

... how you fight from victory, not for it. core scripture: Joshua 21:43–45

God Came Near

... a love so great that it left heaven to become part of your world. core scripture: John 1:14

Grace

... the incredible gift that saves and sustains you. core scripture: Hebrews 12:15

The Great House of God

... a blueprint for peace, joy, and love found in the Lord's Prayer. core scripture: The Lord's Prayer, Matthew 6:9–13

He Chose the Nails

... a love so deep that it chose death on a cross—just to win your heart. core scripture: 1 Peter 1:18–20

He Still Moves Stones

... the God who still does the impossible—in your life. core scripture: Matthew 12:20

In the Eye of the Storm

... peace in the storms of your life. core scripture: John 6

In the Grip of Grace

... the greatest gift of all—the grace of God. core scripture: Romans

It's Not About Me

... why focusing on God will make sense of your life. core scripture: 2 Corinthians 3:18

Just Like Jesus ... a life free from guilt, fear, and anxiety. core scripture: Ephesians 4:23–24

A Love Worth Giving

... how living loved frees you to love others. core scripture: 1 Corinthians 13

Next Door Savior

... a God who walked life's hardest trials—and still walks with you through yours. core scripture: Matthew 16:13–16

No Wonder They Call Him the Savior

... hope in the unlikeliest place upon the cross. core scripture: Romans 5:15

Outlive Your Life

... that a great God created you to do great things. core scripture: Acts 1

Six Hours One Friday

... forgiveness and healing in the middle of loss and failure. core scripture: John 19–20

Traveling Light

... the power to release the burdens you were never meant to carry. core scripture: Psalm 23

Unshakable Hope

... God has given us his very great and precious promises. core scripture: 2 Peter 1:4

When God Whispers Your Name

... the path to hope in knowing that God knows you, never forgets you, and cares about the details of your life. core scripture: John 10:3

You'll Get Through This

... hope in the midst of your hard times and a God who uses the mess of life for good.

core scripture: Genesis 50:20

Recommended reading if you're struggling with . . .

FEAR AND WORRY

Anxious for Nothing Before Amen Come Thirsty Fearless For the Tough Times Next Door Savior Traveling Light



DISCOURAGEMENT He Still Moves Stones Next Door Savior

GRIEF/DEATH OF A LOVED ONE

Next Door Savior Traveling Light When Christ Comes When God Whispers Your Name You'll Get Through This

Guilt

In the Grip of Grace Just Like Jesus

LONELINESS

God Came Near

Sin

Before Amen Facing Your Giants He Chose the Nails Six Hours One Friday

WEARINESS

Before Amen When God Whispers Your Name You'll Get Through This

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THE CROSS And the Angels Were Silent He Chose the Nails No Wonder They Call Him the Savior Six Hours One Friday

GRACE Before Amen Grace He Chose the Naíls In the Gríp of Grace

HEAVEN The Applause of Heaven When Christ Comes



SHARING THE GOSPEL God Came Near Grace No Wonder They Call Him the Savior

Recommended reading if you're looking for more

Comfort

For the Tough Times He Chose the Nails Next Door Savior Traveling Light You'll Get Through This

COMPASSION

Outlive Your Life

Courage

Facing Your Giants Fearless

HOPE

3:16: The Numbers of Hope Before Amen Facing Your Giants A Gentle Thunder God Came Near Grace Unshakable Hope

Joy

The Applause of Heaven Cure for the Common Life When God Whispers Your Name



LOVE Come Thirsty A Love Worth Giving No Wonder They Call Him the Savior

Peace

And the Angels Were Silent Anxious for Nothing Before Amen The Great House of God In the Eye of the Storm Traveling Light You'll Get Through This

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