

## **Breathe**

Matthew 27:50-53, Mark 15:37-39, Luke 23:46-47, John 19:30, 20:19-23  
Easter-April 20th, 2014  
Peter Hiatt

## **Prayer**

Spirit of God we pray: Move, Breathe on us now. May my word not be only my word, but your Word. Help us now to preach.

## **Message**

Clip from *Big Fish*

[A woman in labor at the hospital cries out in pain. She then gives birth to her baby. He slides off the delivery table, onto the floor, past his father, past a doctor who attempts to catch him, and continues sliding out and down the hall until a nurse catches him, and picks him up. The clip ends with him looking up at the nurse smiling.]

Life is really confusing from the start.

That scene is from the movie *Big Fish*, and it's not entirely accurate: Birth is more traumatic than that. I've seen it four times. Each time my baby looked so startled and confused. The eyes would grow big and then each would gasp, take their first big breath, and let out a scream.

Life is confusing and traumatic at the start, and it's definitely the same at the end.



This Easter marks the ten-year anniversary of my father's death. He died ten years ago last month. He died of a disease that slowly took his breath.

Dad was the last of a family of fifteen. He used to tell me of how he missed them, and of a dream he had, where in, everyone was back together. Dad was also a twin. Dan Hiatt, my dad, shared the womb with Don Hiatt, my uncle. However, Don Hiatt died in infancy. When my other uncles were angry with my dad, they'd say, "You're not Dan, you're Don; Dan died," and my dad would go crying to my grandma, "Am I Dan or Don...alive or dead?"

My sister once gave him a book about twins who lost their twin brother or sister. I remember my dad saying, "Peter, this is it; this explains me: All my life I've felt like someone so close to me was missing."

So you see, the temporary presence of Don Hiatt created an absence in Dan Hiatt that made Dan long for the presence of Don—lasting presence.

So my dad just always wanted to be with people. He called me “dear” and always wanted a kiss, and that was embarrassing in Jr. High. He always wanted to be with me and with family and friends.

For a month or so, the year before he died, he had to stay in a nursing home. He was miserable; he so missed his family and home. And I’d complain to God saying, “Why are you putting him through this? He not only has to slowly surrender his breath, he has to slowly surrender the desires of his heart.

Dad was able to die at home, but one desperate wish remained unfulfilled. He wanted to come back to church, and that had confused me for about twenty-three years. My dad was a pastor and had wonderful experiences with church, but in the last twenty years I watched him experience such tremendous pain, and yet, he still so longed for more church.

It’s hard to watch someone die. It’s hard to witness the unfulfilled longings. We all have unfulfilled longings, and we’re all dying. This last year, some of you have lost a husband or wife...maybe a child. Maybe your business or your dream died, and you’re dying.

My dad loved the mountains and he loved horses. He used to tell me how his horse died, and I still remember how his hiking legs gave out. We took him for a hike, and he fell over on my daughter Elizabeth. He was so embarrassed and confused. It was his lungs: He was beginning to yield his breath and the desires of his heart.

I would complain, “God why can’t you do it quickly? Why do you only seem to nurture these painful longings?” In the end, my dad looked like a pile of dry bones. And in the end, more than any other tangible thing, I think my dad longed for breath. His eyes would grow big and he’d try to gasp for breath. Dr. Paul Brand writes, “I know of no human experience that produces such a spasm of uncontrolled panic as does breathlessness.”

In the end, he had no breath, and he expired.

In the beginning of my children’s lives they *inspired*, and I got to watch.

It’s hard to watch someone *expire*, but it’s a thrill to watch someone *inspire*.

“*In the beginning...*” God *inspired* Adam.

“*In the beginning...*” God *expired...to inspire* man-Adam.

That is, God breathed His breath into dust, and man became a living soul

It’s as if God created the soul by blowing a place of emptiness into the dust with His own breath. It’s as if God blew lungs into the clay with a Word—a breath (A Word is breath full of meaning.) The Hebrew words *Neshawmah* and *Ruach* are each translated as “breath” or “spirit.” In Greek, *pneo* is “breathe” or “spirit,” as a verb. *Pneuma* is “breath” or “spirit,” as a noun and *pneumon* is lungs. The English word “spirit” comes from the Latin *spiritus*, which literally translated is “breath.”

So, we *expire*, which means “breathe out,” and *inspire*, which means “breathe in.” In Greek *ekpneo* is “expire, breathe out,” and *empneo* is “*inspire* in spirit.”

Well, in the beginning, God *inspired* Adam—breathed into Him, like a kiss (Mouth to mouth resuscitation, without fear, is a kiss). God inspired Adam, and Adam sinned. Adam and Eve didn’t trust God, and so tried to take knowledge of life from a tree as their own possession, which they refused to

surrender—refused to confess, as if they inhaled and would not exhale. They held their breath, *the* breath—the Spirit. They held their spirit and death reigned.

In the Old Testament people have “spirits,” but it’s like they’re trapped in death. If you don’t expire...you can’t inspire; there is no respiration.

You know, love is offering your spirit.

We say, “God is Father, Son, and Holy Spirit (Holy Breath).

The Spirit emanates from Father and Son.

Father and Son breathe the same breath—like a kiss.

Love is offering your spirit (like a sacrifice).

*“In this is love,”* says Scripture: *“Not that we loved God, but God loved us and gave Jesus as a sacrifice for sin.”* God is love, and love poured out in Jesus, and Jesus is “the Life” who gives us His Spirit.

*“In this is love,”* God expired so we would be inspired.

God breathes life into us...

But we hold our breath...

We hold our lives.

Sometimes spoiled children do that trying to gain control. Sometimes children, actually about five percent of children under six, hold their breath until they pass out. Overwhelmed with anxiety and fear, they hold their breath. In asthmatics, the parent has to calm the child, hold the child saying, “Relax. Breathe out, breathe in.”

We all hold our breath under stress: the chest tightens and the breath grows shallow. Doctors and counselors give us “breathing exercises” to battle the anxiety and the fear.

So let’s do it:

Take a deep breath. Breathe out...breathe in...That’s life.

Breathe out...breathe in...Now...hold it.....

[Peter leads the congregation in holding their breath until they all desperately need to exhale.]

That’s the way we live our lives. Isn’t it?

Afraid to expire.

Afraid to die. And yet, we’re already dead.

Fear of “losing your life” is death.

And how weird is that? We’re each surrounded by Life, by Wind, by Spirit...

But if you hold it...you’re dead.

In fear, I think: “I better not lose my life; I better save my life.” So I go around sucking it all in. Sucking it in and holding it.

[Peter takes breath, after breath, after breath, getting more and more full of air until he can't hold any more. He holds his breath.....and holds his breath....and holds his breath, refusing to let go of the air....]

...And so I die!

I read that some scholars think the name of God *Yahweh* originally described the sound of breathing. In Jesus' day, and still to this day, some Orthodox Jews were so afraid of saying the name in vain they made a law that you couldn't say it at all, even though the prophet said, "*Whoever calls on the name of the Lord will be saved.*"

You must breathe to be saved.

You must expire to inspire *Yahweh*.

[Peter breathes in and out why whispering *Yah (inhale) Weh (exhale).*]

Maybe sin is like holding your breath. It's holding your spirit, holding your life, refusing to surrender, refusing to love, refusing to breathe God, for "*God is love.*" And Scripture says "God is Spirit"—God is Breath. "*In Him we live and move and have our being,*" writes Paul.

And so what's our problem children of Adam?

We must be holding our breath.

A few years ago, I noticed something in all four gospels that I think we may easily miss. In all four gospels, the last thing Jesus does on the cross is surrender His Spirit—His breath."

Matthew 27:50 "*And Jesus cried out again with a loud voice and yielded up his spirit (pneuma)* "Yielded up" is the word *aphiami*, normally translated "forgive."

Mark 15:37-39

*And Jesus uttered a loud cry and breathed his last (ekpneo-expired). And the curtain of the temple was torn in two, from top to bottom. And when the centurion, who stood facing him, saw that in this way he breathed his last (ekpneo-expired), he said, Truly this man was the Son of God!"*

Crucifixion literally takes a man's breath on a tree. The crucified can inhale, but not exhale. Yet Jesus must've pushed Himself up on the nails to exhale his last breath. We took it...yet He *gave it*—He *forgave* it.

The centurion saw that and said, "This man was the Son of God."

Luke 23:46 "*Then Jesus, calling out with a loud voice, said, 'Father, into your hands I commit my spirit (pneuma).' And having said this he breathed his last (ekpneo).*"

John 19:30 "*When Jesus had received the sour wine, he said, "It is finished," and he bowed his head and gave up his spirit (pneuma).* {*Paradidomi*—He delivered up His Spirit.}

Using my computer, I searched the Old Testament and couldn't find any place where a man was said to: "*Give up his spirit.*"<sup>1</sup> So, get the picture: God breathed into man, and man held his breath—his spirit.

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<sup>1</sup> Except maybe Psalm 31:5 where David "commits his spirit" or "yielded" and there, he's a picture of Christ. And surely he held his spirit—he held his breath when he violated Bathsheba and murdered her husband.

In the Old Testament, Solomon says: *"All go to one place,"* upon death, the spirit is trapped in the earth like a ghost trapped in a grave (Hell is holding your breath—your spirit).

In 1 Peter, it is written: *"Jesus preached to the spirits in prison who did not obey in the days of Noah."* He preached to "the dead."

In Matthew, right after, it says Jesus *"yielded up his spirit,"* it says, *"the curtain in the temple ripped."* (Our bodies of clay are a temple.) *"The curtain ripped,"* the tombs were opened (Matthew 27:52) *"Some were raised, entered the city, and appeared to many."*

In Ezekiel God says, *"Son of man, prophesy to the bones in the valley of dry bones and say, 'Come breath.'"* Ezekiel does, and then watches as the old bones live.

That's incredible stuff, but just get this for now:

God breathed into Adam and Adam held his breath...

Until the last Adam surrendered His breath—

Until Jesus expired.

Jesus was first to expire...

And first to inspire...

Scripture calls Him: "The firstborn of all creation."

"The firstborn from the dead."

"The firstborn."

In Romans 8, Paul writes: *"All creation is groaning in birth pains...waiting for the revealing of the sons of glory,"* all so that: *Christ might be firstborn among many brethren.'*

So then, creation is like a womb, and Jesus is the firstborn out of it. So watching the death of Jesus or one of his brethren is watching a birth from inside the womb. It's hard to watch a death. It's a thrill to watch a birth!

And have you ever considered this idea: The universe—space and time—is a womb.

Well, if so...what's outside the womb? If you know anything about Astrophysics and Quantum Physics you know that the two greatest mysteries in science are:

1)What's beyond the big bang, beyond space and time, beyond all that's natural?

By definition, it must be "supernatural" and "eternal."

2)What is an observer? That is, "Who am I?" For in me is something supernatural.<sup>2</sup>

It's like "eternity in my heart." I am fertilized with eternity (eternal seed), yet still growing here in space and time, in a womb in the belly of eternity.

Martin Luther used to say, "Imagine if a baby could reason inside the womb, surely it would wonder: "What are these hands for, these feet for? What is this mouth for?"

The umbilical cord, now that would make sense to the baby; that would be like everything. But the things that seem like nothing, that don't make sense in the womb might testify to another world.

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<sup>2</sup> Ask a Quantum Physicist, supernatural, for I can alter the natural with consciousness. I can collapse the state of subatomic particles.

If you were that baby, the best evidence for another world might be your self, and things within yourself...like your lungs. What's the purpose of lungs in a womb? The baby receives all of his or her oxygen through the body of the mother, and then the umbilical cord. And that's good, by the way, for if the undeveloped baby were exposed directly to air, the baby would be...like...burned—oxidized.

And if, right now, we were exposed directly to God, who is Spirit, and love, and eternal...if, right now, we were exposed directly to God, we just might get burned—oxidized...that's fire—Holy Eternal Fire.

Well anyway, like we were saying, "What's the purpose of lungs in a baby in a womb?" There's no air to breathe in a womb...and yet, as early as ten weeks gestation, doctors detect breathing movement in the baby. By twenty-eight weeks, the baby will breathe amniotic fluid. Of course the baby isn't really breathing because it's not breathing breath; the baby isn't really breathing but only preparing to breathe.

Maybe we don't really love...but we are preparing to love.  
To really love...would be to love Love...like you breathe breath.

Well, imagine in you had a skeptical twin in your mother's womb. He might say, "Stop that breathing! There's no point in breathing! Stop that loving...there's no point in loving. It's painful and entirely impractical. The stock market, food, and clothing...that's all that matters: placenta, umbilical cord...that's all that matters. But lungs don't matter..."

Love is futile and painful.  
Love hiking and your legs give out.  
Love a horse and it dies.  
Love your family and they'll break your heart.  
Love a church and you'll get crucified.  
Love Jesus and He'll leave. He said to His disciples, 'I'm going away.'  
Love God? There is no God. There is no love. Loving is an illusion.  
Stop loving; stop breathing; just hold your breath.  
Don't endure such desperate, painful longings—faith, hope, love."

See? Maybe we ask: "Why the painful, unfulfilled longings?" Just like a baby would ask, "Why these lungs? Why these empty spaces in my chest? There's nothing to fill them with but fluid."

Did you know that birth is profoundly traumatic for the baby? Traumatic! But the trauma, the birth pains, the contractions have a purpose: They expire the baby. They literally squeeze the amniotic fluid out of the baby's lungs. The pressure is so intense, the baby can no longer breathe fluid.

The baby is being expired; for in a moment, in the "*twinkling of an eye*," the baby will be inspired: The baby will take a tremendous breath, scream, see with his eyes, run with his feet, eat pizza with his mouth, touch his mom and dad; the baby is home.

The end is the beginning...

....The death is a birth.

And all that remains of that umbilical cord, all that remains of that which seemed most important, all that remains...is a wound, a scar that we call a belly button.

At funerals, I often tell people to lift their shirts and gaze at their navels. Please feel free to do so now. [Peter lifts up his shirt, looks at his navel and continues talking.] Gaze at your navel, take a big breath and then speak a word; make a declaration: "Umbilical cord, you used to be everything to me. You were my breath, my good, my life, but I was made for another world. Thank you, but I don't need you anymore; I'm free!"

Then, look up at this world, [Peter stops gazing at his navel] or look in the mirror at your old wrinkly dried up umbilical cord of a body and say, "You used to be everything to me, but I'm being made for another world. Thank you, but you're not necessary anymore; I'm free!"

There are only three belly button verses in the Bible.

Ezekiel prophesies that when God found us our navel cord was uncut. We were dependent upon, and tethered to, this world.

Proverbs 3 translated literally says, "*Trust in the Lord and it will be health for your navel.*" That is: "*Trust in the Lord and it will be health for your relationship with this world.*" You won't be addicted to this world, constantly sucking the life out of this world.

Song of Solomon 7:2 To the Bride, the Lord says, "*Your navel is a rounded bowl that never lacks mixed wine.*" That sounds kinda sexy huh? I wonder what that means?

Well, we were just saying that watching the death of Jesus (or one of his brethren or sisteren) would be like watching a birth from inside the womb." There'd be travail, pain, and then absence. And if you wondered: "Is there life after birth?" Well, the best evidence would be the longing within you, the empty places in your own chest.

C.S. Lewis wrote:

If I find in myself desires which nothing in this world can satisfy, the only logical explanation is that I was made for another world." In another place he wrote: We are so little reconciled to time that we are even astonished at it. "How it's grown!" we exclaim, "How time flies!"

We're so surprised by space and time, it's as if we were meant for eternity.

Lewis writes: "It is as strange as if a fish were repeatedly surprised at the wetness of water. And that would be strange indeed; unless of course the fish were destined to...one day [walk on land]."

Perhaps another way to say that is that you and I, in this world, are like a big fish out of water. The movie *Big Fish* came out just a few weeks before my father dies. This is how it ends:

Clip from *Big Fish*

I think my dad was like a big fish...destined for the river of Life...destined to breathe Life himself.

Will walks into the river with his father in his arms.

They look at each other. Edward folds his arms over his chest and closes his eyes. Will lowers him down into the river. Edward suddenly drops out of Will's arms. He's no longer a man, but rather a fat Catfish swimming at his feet. We watches as the catfish circles, then heads for deeper water, disappearing.

[The scene then changes to Will telling his father a story in a hospital room]

Will: *You become what you always were: a very big fish, and that's how it happens.*

Edward: (Struggling through his last breaths) *Yeah, exactly.*

(Edward gives up his breath and passes away and Will, caught off guard, begins to cry.)

And you know, that's what baptism symbolizes:

You die to one world and live to another.

You exhale one world and inhale another.

You lose your life and find your life...filled with God...

Your life, not another's...

Your emptiness, your unique sorrows and longings...

Your emptiness is filled with Him.

*The mold in which a key is made would be a strange thing, ...a strange thing if you had never seen a key: and the key itself a strange thing if you had never seen a lock. Your soul has a curious shape because it is a hollow made to fit a particular swelling in the infinite contours of the divine substance...For it is not humanity in the abstract that is to be saved, but you—the individual.*

C.S. Lewis *The Problem of Pain*

Have you ever noticed how each resurrection experience is individual and unique?

Doubting Thomas gets to put his hand in Jesus' side; Jesus fills his doubt with Himself.

Coward Peter is reinstated as the rock.

Confused disciples on the way to Emmaus get all of Scripture explained to them.

The last of all becomes first of all...to see Him.

And Mary Magdalene was a harlot who becomes the Bride.

When you breathe Him in, you will know Him as no other person ever has or will.

Your empty longings become His unique presence.

Your old empty self becomes the fullness of God.

Your expiration becomes your inspiration.

*If you don't hold your breath.<sup>3</sup>*

So how do we get the courage?

How do we get the faith to not hold our breath but to surrender our spirit?

John 20:19-22

*On the evening of that day, the first day of the week, the doors being locked where the disciples were, for fear of the Jews, Jesus came and stood among them and said to them,*

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<sup>3</sup> Suicide is holding your breath. If you hold your breath you are trapped by death; you "save" your life and lose it. Your expiration becomes your inspiration...if you don't hold your breath.



*“Peace be with you.” When he had said this, he showed them his hands and his side. Then the disciples were glad when they saw the Lord. Jesus said to them again, “Peace be with you. As the Father has sent me, even so I am sending you.” And when he had said this, he breathed on them and said to them, “Receive the Holy Spirit.” –the Holy Pneuma–My breath.*

They’re locked down in fear, holding their breath, afraid to exhale. And Jesus appears in that room; He appears in that womb—to His former womb mates. And he shows them His scars—that place on His body where He had been cut away from this world...He showed them His eternal belly button and said, “Have peace.” As if to say, “When the birth pains start, remember me, your brother, firstborn from the dead, firstborn of many brethren.”

But he didn’t just show them, he breathed on them. He inspired them. To some degree, they had already been expired at His cross. The cross knocked the air right out of them, knocked the arrogance and ego (the illusion that they could create themselves and save their own lives) right out of them.

Jesus said, *“I go to prepare a place for you...in my Father’s house...”* We are the Father’s house—His temple. So maybe *“the place prepared”* is the place prepared by His presence, then absence, which makes us long for more presence—the eternal presence.

Well, at the cross, Jesus *expired* them...(they died with Him.)  
Jesus expired them...and now He *inspired* them.

1 Corinthians 15:45 *“Thus it is written, ‘The first man Adam became a living being (a living soul); the last Adam became a life-giving spirit.’ –A life-giving pneuma–The Holy Breath.*

Now, I cannot adequately explain this...but...Life is communicated to us through this world: through biology, sex, fertilization, food, and shelter...LIFE, and Jesus is “The Life,” the life we kill.

But eternal life is communicated to us directly through Jesus Christ crucified and risen from the dead...like mouth to mouth resuscitation, like a blood transfusion through broken body. You see, communion is like an umbilical cord. I mean the bread is from the grocery store and the wine is from Topsy’s...and it will pass away, but it will communicate eternal life.

*“The life is in the blood.”*  
The oxygen is in the blood.  
The breath of the Spirit is in the blood.

Galatians 4:6 *“God has sent (the breath) the Spirit of his Son into our hearts crying Abba Father.”<sup>4</sup>*

Hebrews 11:1 *“Faith is the substance of things hoped for”*  
Faith is breath from another world.  
Faith is Christ’s courage in you.

When we exercise faith, we die with Him and rise with Him.  
We literally become His body in communion with Him.  
(Our wounds are His wounds and His wounds are our wounds.)  
(Our scars are His scars.)

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<sup>4</sup> Ephesians 3:16-17 “His Spirit in you inner being...that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith.

I think that's why He finds the belly button of His Bride so sexy: "A rounded bowl filled with wine." It's where Jesus and His Bride commune.

You know He didn't come to simply die for us....He came to die with us;  
He came to help us expire, for you can't inspire until you expire.

You can't rise with Him if you haven't died with Him.

It was ten years ago March 8th that my father died.

The last thing he ate was a piece of broken bread, when I gave him communion. The last thing he drank was a drop of wine. The last thing he said to me was, "Thank you," after I said, "This is His blood for you." I didn't know he was going to die in a few minutes, but I knew he was struggling. Everyone else had left the room, and we had a few minutes alone.

He could no longer speak. I rested my head on the bed by his chest. He was like a valley of dry bones, and I could hear his old breath crackling and popping as his lungs filled with fluid from the Pneumonia.

I said, "Dad, I want to pray for you." I prayed something like this: "Father in heaven, it must be really frightening not knowing if you can catch your next breath. Please help my dad to know deep down inside that he no longer needs to breathe air...because, Father, he can breathe your Spirit. God, help dad to relax and breathe you. In Jesus' name, Amen.

I kissed my dad on the head and said, "I'm going home to get my stuff, and I'll come back to spend the night." When I returned, he had just breathed his last...and first. My sister said he started to slide as soon as I left. He'd inspire and expire, then stop....then inspire and expire, then stop longer...like he was testing the water, testing the air, testing the atmosphere in another world. He inspired and expired one last time. He expired carbon dioxide and inspired the Spirit of God. He was home.

We had witnessed my father's birth from inside the womb. And maybe I had even prophesied (or the Son of Man, in me, had prophesied to the dry bones. And now my dad, Dan Hiett, breathes God. And *every* breath is Easter. *Every empty* longing is fully filled with the eternal presence of God.

A friend told me that she saw my Dad after he died. She was hiking in the woods on a mountain praying. She said she looked up and saw him riding a beautiful horse, laughing, smiling, and he said, "Lorie, have hope."

He loved mountains, hiking, and horses, but he had to expire his desire to inspire the full-fulfillment of his desires. He longed for family and had to expire that desire, but now he has his family back forever...God's family and his family. And dad longed for his brother in the womb; now he's got his Big Brother Jesus and his other brother Don.

And dad longed to come back to church, and I think he did come back to church. Most of you know the story: Six and a half years ago, three and a half years after dad expired, I was about to go through the most challenging time of my relatively pain-free life. I had just given communion (people were coming forward) when my wife, Susan, grabbed my arm and said, "Peter, I just saw your dad! He was standing right in front of us. He was so excited and so full of life. His eyes were like fire. He had a bowl in his hand, and he leaned forward and said, "Susan and Peter, do not be afraid to drink from the cup the Lord has for you," and then he vanished.

I know what it meant. I had seen my dad hurt and I was terrified of being hurt in the same way. I was holding my breath (and I still hold my breath). But my Dad was saying, "Peter...breathe. Breathe out

your fear, anxiety, and sin, and breathe in God's Grace. Breathe out the Word of God—the Gospel. Breathe now, by Grace...through Faith....and live. Peter, have hope.”

Well, I don't think that was an illusion, and I don't think that was just my dad. I think that was the Word of my Father in Heaven through the resurrected body of Christ...or a member of the Body of Christ...my dad.

You don't need to believe that...but you *need* to believe this:

### **Communion**

On the night Jesus was delivered up, He took bread and broke it saying, “*This is my body given to you; take and eat.*” And He took the cup saying, “*This is the covenant in my blood, poured out for the forgiveness of sins; take and drink.*” “Don't be afraid to drink the cup that the Lord has for you.”

Expire your sin and inspire God's Mercy.

Expire your control and inspire the freedom of God.

Expire your judgment and inspire God's Judgment.

Expire your flesh and inspire the Spirit.

Expire your ego and inspire Love.

Expire and inspire; die with Him and rise with Him, and then...even now...every breath is Easter!

So close your eyes and breath. You have something to breathe out and something to breathe in.

We invite *all* to come to the table, but if you come...this is what you're saying, “I surrender my life; I expire, and I receive your Life...inspire me.” If you don't want to say that, know this: He wants you, and He won't stop.

### **Benediction**

And now do you understand why Jesus is such a big deal?

Because He didn't just die his *own* death.

Lots of people died on crosses in the Roman Empire, but He died *your* and *my* death. He died for all of our deaths. He *expired* [Peter deeply exhales] for the sins of the whole world. Even now His Spirit comes to you through that cord in the womb...a little bit of faith, hope, and love in you. That's the oxygen of the Kingdom in you; exercise it; practice loving. Maybe it's not real loving—it's just the law, you're just doing it because you have to— but you are doing it because one day He's going to meet you. He's going to take you by the hand and lead you to His cross, and He's going to say “OK let's do it. Let's expire this place and inspire your home.”

And on the other side there's a party: a Father, and a Mother (which is the great church of God), and a celebration...it's Easter forever, and you'll breathe love and the love won't hurt. The love will be ecstasy.

You were made for ecstasy in the Kingdom of God.

That's why you have that painful longing.

In Jesus' name, believe the gospel and breathe!

*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.*

