

“WHEN OUR FAULTY CRUTCHES ARE STRIPPED AWAY”

I Samuel 18 - 21

I. INTRODUCTION:

- A. Stories of saints with all their flaws:
 - 1.
 - 2.
- B. Created with a need for a “crutch”: (*Jn. 15:5*)
 - 1.
 - 2.
- C. The problem with our flawed crutches:
 - 1.
 - 2.
 - 3.
- D. The background of our text: (*I Sam. 18:6, 8, 10-12, 15*)

II. EXCHANGING FAULTY CRUTCHES FOR THE ULTIMATE CRUTCH:

- A. Losing the crutch of my position: (*I Sam. 19:8-10*)
- B. Losing the crutch of my mate: (*I Sam 19:11-17; 18:20-21*)
- C. Losing the crutch of my spiritual mentor: (*I Sam. 19:18; 20:1*)
- D. Losing the crutch of my dearest friend: (*I Sam. 20:1-3, 42*)
- E. Losing the ultimate crutch of my self-respect: (*I Sam. 21:10-15*)

III. PRINCIPLES TO PERSONALLY APPLY:

(Together becoming “people of the Word” in principle AND in practice)

- A.
- B.
- C.

SINNERS PRAYER

Dear Heavenly Father, I was made by you and I was made for you, but I have been living for myself. I am sorry for that self-rule you call sin. I believe that Jesus Christ being my creator God, died, was buried, and rose again to pay the insurmountable debt that my sin has created since birth. So right now, I am turning from a life of going my own way, to by faith, place my trust in Jesus Christ, to pay the debt of all my sin, and to get me to heaven, when I breathe my last breath. Lord Jesus, from today on, I am yours. Thanks for saving me, this very moment, in Jesus name, amen.

"One by one God took them from me,
All the things I valued most,
Till I was empty handed,
Every glittering toy was lost,
And I walked earth's highways,
Grieving in my rags and poverty,
Until I heard his voice inviting,
'Lift those empty hands to Me.'

I turned my hands toward heaven,
And He filled them with a store,
Of His own transcendent riches,
Till they could contain no more.
At last I comprehended,
With my stupid mind and gall,
That God could not pour His riches,
Into hands already full."

Author unknown