

Committed

Genesis 30:1. And when Rachel saw that she bare Jacob no children, Rachel envied her sister; and said unto Jacob, Give me children, or else I die.

Gen 30:22-24 ²² And God remembered Rachel, and God hearkened to her, and opened her womb. ²³ And she conceived, and bare a son; and said, God hath taken away my reproach: ²⁴ And she called his name Joseph; and said, The Lord shall add to me another son.

2 Samuel 15:17-21 ¹⁷ And the king went forth, and all the people after him, and tarried in a place that was far off. ¹⁸ And all his servants passed on beside him; and all the Cherethites, and all the Pelethites, and all the Gittites, six hundred men which came after him from Gath, passed on before the king. ¹⁹ Then said the king to Ittai the Gittite, Wherefore goest thou also with us? return to thy place, and abide with the king: for thou art a stranger, and also an exile. ²⁰ Whereas thou camest but yesterday, should I this day make thee go up and down with us? seeing I go whither I may, return thou, and take back thy brethren: mercy and truth be with thee. ²¹ And Ittai answered the king, and said, As the Lord liveth, and as my lord the king liveth, surely in what place my lord the king shall be, whether in death or life, even there also will thy servant be.

Philippians 1:20-21 ²⁰ According to my earnest expectation and my hope, that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but that with all boldness, as always, so now also Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life, or by death. ²¹ For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.

“**Committed**” - that word doesn’t just mean dedicated. In the original sense, it literally means *to be shackled to something you can’t see*. To be bound. To be hooked in. To be so attached that turning back is no longer an option.

We’re living in a world where people are committed to everything *but* God. They’re shackled to careers, to likes and follows, to comfort, to convenience, to temporary pleasures that fade like morning fog. They’ll stand in line for hours to see a concert, but won’t kneel for five minutes in prayer. They’ll pour their energy into chasing money, fame, or relationships, but when it comes to the things of God, they treat Him like an option, not a necessity.

The world is faithful to its idols, **but what about the Church?** Where are the believers who will say, “I’m not here for what Jesus can do for me, I’m here because I’m committed to who He is”?

I’m hooked on to something bigger than I am. I’m hooked on to something bigger than you are. I’m hooked on to something bigger than all of us put together, **it’s the sovereignty of God**. I’m not just interested, I’m not just curious, **I’m committed. Shackled. Bound. All in.**

It was a dark day in Rachel’s house. Her womb was empty. Her soul was bitter. Her prayers were dry. Rachel wasn’t just having a bad day; she was in a dark *season*. A long one. A painful one. Her womb was closed, and in the culture, she lived in, that meant more than just personal sorrow, it meant *social shame*. In ancient Hebrew society, a woman’s identity, value, and even her honor was deeply tied to her ability to bear children, especially *sons*.

In those days, having children wasn't just about building a family. It was about legacy, survival, and blessing. It was tied to your covenant with God. Children were considered a sign of God's favor. Psalm 127:3 says, "*Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord: and the fruit of the womb is his reward.*" But Rachel wasn't seeing any reward.

She had the love of Jacob, yes. The Bible is clear in Genesis 29:30 that Jacob *loved Rachel more* than Leah. But Leah her sister was having baby after baby. Meanwhile, Rachel's arms were empty.

Imagine how that must've felt? Her sister, was producing what Rachel's heart longed for most. Every time Leah cried out with the birth of another son, it echoed like a mocking chorus through Rachel's silent tent. Every cradle Leah filled was a reminder to Rachel of what *she* didn't have.

Rachel's barrenness wasn't just physical, it was emotional, it was spiritual, it was cultural, it was devastating.

Genesis 30:1 says it plainly: "*And when Rachel saw that she bare Jacob no children, Rachel envied her sister.*"

That's strong language, **envied her**. She even turned to Jacob in desperation and cried, "*Give me children, or else I die.*"

That's a woman at the edge of despair. Her womb was empty. Her identity was shaken. Her hope was cracking. Her prayers were dry, because sometimes you can pray so long with no answer that your faith starts trembling.

How many people sitting here feel just like Rachel. You've been faithful. You've been praying. You've been fasting. You've done everything you know to do. You've wept at the altar. You've walked your floor at midnight. You've prayed over that lost son. That unsaved daughter. That broken marriage. That job that never came. That healing that still hasn't manifested.

And what makes it worse is that it seems like *everyone else is getting their miracle*. Even people who don't pray like you do. Even people who don't live holy like you do. Even people who, if we're being honest, seem less committed than you are.

That's how Rachel felt. She watched Leah, her own sister, pop out baby after baby. Leah, the one Jacob didn't even love. Leah, the one who was second choice. Leah, who represented everything Rachel felt superior to.

And yet... Leah was *blessed*. That's where the bitterness creeps in. That's when you start thinking,

- o God, is this some kind of cruel trick?
- o Are You playing favorites?
- o Did You forget me?

The good news! - God was not punishing Rachel. He **was preparing Rachel**. God wasn't ignoring her, He was **orchestrating destiny**.

- God's not punishing us. He's preparing us.
- He's not ignoring us. He's orchestrating our eternal destiny.

- When God seems silent, it doesn't mean He's absent.
- When the womb is empty, it doesn't mean the promise is void.
- When your arms are aching, God's hands are working.

He didn't forget. He was just waiting until the timing would *not just bless her*, but fulfill His eternal purpose through her. Her situation may have been barren, but God had not forgotten Rachel.

Genesis 30:22 “*And God remembered Rachel, and God hearkened to her, and opened her womb.*”

This verse is about *spiritual visitation*.

- ✓ When God *remembers* someone, it means He is stepping into their pain and rewriting their story.

Her barrenness wasn't the end. **It was the setup.** Because what was born out of Rachel's season of desperation wasn't just any child, **it was Joseph.**

- The dreamer.
- The deliverer.
- A prophetic picture of the Church itself, hated, misunderstood, but destined to save nations.

Nothing is born in a church or the life of a believer that isn't willing to travail. Children are born to the committed. Revival comes to the committed. Miracles flow through the lives of the committed.

The power of God descends in places where people are bound to the altar like Rachel was bound to her prayer! When she cried, Joseph was born.

Joseph, a type and shadow of the early church: Despised by his brethren, cast into the pit, falsely accused, shut away in a prison, but he carried the answer to a nation in famine.

Rachel travailed again. She bore one last child in great sorrow. As life slipped away from her, she named the boy *Ben-oni*, “**son of my sorrow.**”

Jacob stood up with trembling hands and a holy boldness and said: “*His name shall not be Ben-oni. His name shall be Benjamin, son of my right hand.*” (Genesis 35:18)

What the enemy meant to label with sorrow, God renamed with strength. What we thought was going to kill us, God is going to use to crown us.

- “His name shall not be Ben-oni!”
- It's not sorrow, it's destiny.
- It's not the end, it's the beginning!
- We are committed to what God is birthing in us!

Don't forget there's an Absalom at our gate. David knew what it was like to go from king to fugitive, from palace to wilderness, from crown to caves.

Because rebellion always begins at the gate. And Absalom? He wasn't some stranger. He was his own son, his own flesh.

That's where the real war is, it's not the world that's fighting your worship, it's our own flesh, it's not Satan that stops your prayer life, it's your sleepy eyelids and your scrolling thumb.

Romans 8:7, "*The carnal mind is enmity against God.*" Flesh dose not want you to **fast**, **give** or **pray**.

We've got to crucify that Absalom. We got to drag him to the altar and say, "**I'm committed!**"

When David fled Jerusalem, staggering through the night with his people and his pain, he stopped and turned around to find a stranger standing behind him. "*Who are you?*" he asked. The man said, "*My name is Ittai. I'm here because I want to be. I feel something drawing me to you. Wherever you go, I go. In life or in death.*" (2 Samuel 15:21) **That's commitment!**

Paul echoed when he said, "*For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.*" (Philippians 1:21)

Not *if* we get our breakthrough, not *if* we get the miracle, but *even if we don't*, we are not walking away. **We are committed to Jesus.**

A missionary once told the story of someone who prophesied over him, saying he'd meet a man in Germany who would change his life. They even gave the name, ***Spiegel***. He worked tirelessly, wondering, looking for this mysterious man. Until one day he looked in the corner of a mirror... and saw the name "Spiegel" etched in the glass. He realized that in German, "**Spiegel**" means "**mirror.**" **The man who would change his life, was himself.**

Some of us are looking for outside solutions, but the truth is: Revival begins with us, breakthrough starts in your mirror. When you finally meet the person in the mirror and surrender that flesh, you'll meet the person who changes your life forever.

With a cry in our spirit; A cry like Rachel's: "Give me children, or else I die!" A declaration like Ittai's: "Wherever you go, I'll go!" A confession like Paul's: "To live is Christ, to die is gain!"

Because we are not casually involved; not just attending church, not playing church politics, we are committed. **Bound. Shackled. Hooked into the sovereign will of a holy God.** And there's no turning back.

- "My name is not Ben-oni. It's Benjamin.
- I'm not the child of sorrow. I'm the son of power.
- I'm not quitting. I'm committed!"