



### **Isaiah 61:1-4 (ESV)**

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord has anointed me to bring good news to the poor; he has sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to those who are bound; to proclaim the year of the Lord's favor, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all who mourn; to grant to those who mourn in Zion— to give them a beautiful headdress instead of ashes, the oil of gladness instead of mourning, the garment of praise instead of a faint spirit; that they may be called oaks of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he may be glorified. They shall build up the ancient ruins; they shall raise up the former devastations; they shall repair the ruined cities, the devastations of many generations.

In the shadow of a landfill, where the ground crunches not with gravel but with glass and discarded plastic, there is a town most maps forget. The air smells of smoke and rot, and the hills are not of soil, but of yesterday's waste. This is **Cateura**, Paraguay—a place where children grow up faster than they should, and dreams are often buried before they ever take flight.

But buried things... sometimes rise again.

Every day, children would walk barefoot through the trash, following their parents who scavenged for copper, glass, and anything they could sell for coins. In a place like this, **a violin costs more than a house**. A cello might as well be made of gold. Music, though deeply longed for, was something distant—something only the rich could afford.

Then one man, **Favio**, stepped into the dump not with money, but with vision.

He was a musician. A teacher. And he had a question that no one had dared to ask:

**“What if the landfill didn’t just hold garbage—but potential?”**

Alongside Cola, a trash picker with the hands of a craftsman, they began a quiet revolution. They gathered scraps: oil cans, broken wood, bent forks, bottle caps. Trash to most. But not to them. Not anymore.

From these ashes, they began to **build instruments**. A violin's body from a battered baking pan. A drum from old X-rays. A flute from discarded piping.

And when they placed these instruments into the hands of children who had never touched anything fragile, something miraculous happened: **the dump began to sing.**

Strings hummed over the cries of stray dogs. Melodies danced in the same air where flies once ruled. What had been a place of decay was now a rehearsal hall. What was once a dumping ground had become a **stage of hope.**

They called themselves an orchestra—**not because of how they sounded at first, but because of what they believed they could become.** And slowly, their notes became stronger. Their rhythm, tighter. Their music, unmistakable.

They began to travel—first to towns, then to cities, and eventually across oceans. Children who once played in trash heaps now stood in concert halls, bowing before standing ovations. Their story wasn't about poverty or privilege anymore. It was about **possibility.**

And their anthem?

**“The world gives us trash... but we give back music.”**

In a world quick to discard the broken, they became a song worth hearing—a melody that reminds us: **beauty isn't about what you're made of, but what you're made for.**

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\*\*\* **VIDEO** \*\*\*

## 1 Corinthians 1:27-31 (ESV)

But God chose what is foolish in the world to shame the wise; God chose what is weak in the world to shame the strong; God chose what is low and despised in the world, even things that are not, to bring to nothing things that are, so that no human being might boast in the presence of God. And because of him you are in Christ Jesus, who became to us wisdom from God, righteousness and sanctification and redemption, so that, as it is written, “Let the one who boasts, boast in the Lord.”

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There’s a sound in the earth right now that doesn’t come from ivory keys or golden strings. It’s not born in palaces or polished stages.

It’s the sound of something unexpected... something **redemptive** rising from the **rejected**.

Cateura, Paraguay, was never supposed to produce music. It was a landfill—a place where dreams go to die.

But somehow, in that sea of ruin, God raised an orchestra.

Not just any orchestra... one that played from the *bones of broken things*.

The world gave them trash—God gave them a **tune**.

**This is what He does.**

You see, God has always written His symphony with **rejected instruments**.

When the world throws people away—  
He gathers them up.

When culture says “broken,” Heaven says “ready.”

When society labels someone “useless,”  
God whispers, “*I see treasure.*”

That landfill is just a mirror of what  
Jesus came to walk through.

**Psalm 118:20-22 (ESV)**

I thank you that you have answered me and have  
become my salvation. The stone that the builders  
rejected has become the cornerstone.

He stepped into our mess—our spiritual landfill.

A world of discarded dreams, crushed potential, and  
souls tossed aside by sin and shame.

Instead of walking around the garbage heap of humanity, He walked **into it**.

And from it, He **built a church**.

### **Matthew 16:18 (KJV)**

And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; **and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.**

The Cross wasn't just a redemption of sin—it was a **rescue of the rejected**.

**Isaiah said it best:** *“He was despised and rejected by men... yet He bore our griefs and carried our sorrows.”*  
(Isaiah 53:3)

He became what we were... so we could become what He is - HOLY

He takes old, bent pieces of our past—scars, failures, dysfunctions—**and He turns them into instruments of grace.**

Because the world may hand us garbage, but God sends back **glory**.

Think about it:

- Moses was **rejected** by Pharaoh's court, exiled for murder—yet God handed him a staff and made him a deliverer.
- David was **overlooked** by his father, left with sheep—yet he became a king after God's own heart.
- Jesus Himself was born in a stable, not a sanctuary—because God loves to bring greatness out of low places.

Redemption doesn't require perfection. It requires **surrender**.

The children of the landfill didn't polish the trash before they played it. They handed it to a craftsman. And in the right hands... **trash became treasure**.

**That's the message today.**

If you feel discarded, misused, forgotten—or worse, labeled—you need to know this:

**God isn't waiting for you to clean yourself up.**

**He's asking you to hand yourself over.**

In His hands, the beat-up becomes beautiful.

The forgotten becomes favored.

The rejected becomes redeemed.

So bring Him your dents. Bring Him your rust. Bring Him the broken parts no one else wanted.

And watch...

**how Heaven builds an orchestra.**

Because the Kingdom isn't made of gold-plated saints.

It's made of **recycled grace**, broken people made whole, and rejected hearts that now sing songs of hope.

I said it earlier, we are **PRISONERS OF HOPE...**

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**ALTAR CALL:**



And here's the miracle:

God doesn't just restore... **He resurrects.**

He breathes life into what others  
have already given up on.

The same God who spoke stars into the void, who  
called Lazarus from the grave, who turned water into  
wine—is still reaching into landfills, still building  
orchestras out of trash, and still turning tragedy into  
triumph.

So don't just believe in your redemption—  
**expect the miraculous.**

Expect doors to open that should have stayed shut.

Expect songs to rise out of silence.

Expect joy where there was mourning, healing where  
there was history, and favor where there was failure.

Not because of who you are—  
but because of who **He** is.

He's the God who parts seas with wind...

Who feeds thousands with crumbs...

Who anoints misfits with oil...

And who makes holy instruments out of humble materials.

If you give Him your brokenness,  
He will give you **His brilliance**.

So stir up your faith. **Lift your expectation.**

Because the landfill might be where the world leaves you— ...but it's where Heaven begins its greatest work.

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But here's the miracle:

**God is not afraid of your mess.**

He's not intimidated by your brokenness.

He's not repulsed by the parts of you you wish you could erase.

In fact, those are **exactly** the places where His glory loves to begin.

The same God who pulled symphonies out of scrap metal...  
Who turned a cross into a throne...

Can turn your landfill of regret into a platform of **redemption**.

So today, don't hide it. **Bring it.**