

Wait, Watch, and Listen
July 30, 2017

I **SLIDE** Why is waiting so difficult?

A) **Galatians 6:9 (NIV)** Let us not become weary in doing good, for at the proper time we will reap a harvest if we do not give up.

- 1) Remember what happened when Sarah and Abraham got tired of waiting
- 2) We will reap if we do not get tired and quit
- 3) Waiting on the LORD is not a passive time
- 4) We are not fret, grow anxious, or act hastily
- 5) R.U. Darby' uncle
 - a) Uncle caught gold fever and went west
 - b) After weeks of digging, he discovered gold
 - c) Went home and told his relatives who pooled their money to buy the necessary machinery
 - d) They discovered one of the richest mines in Colorado
 - e) After a few cars of gold ore, the vein disappeared
 - f) They continued drilling, but finally gave up and quit
 - g) The uncle sold the mine to a junk man
 - h) The junk man called in a mining engineer who studied the fault line around the mine
 - i) The engineer calculated that the vein was lying three feet from where the Darby family had been drilling
 - j) The junk man moved three feet, began drilling, and found millions of dollars of gold

B) God is always doing something in us and through us

I **SLIDE** Closer look at waiting

A) **Habakkuk 1:1-4 (NIV)** ¹ The oracle that Habakkuk the prophet received. ² How long, O LORD, must I call for help, but you do not listen? Or cry out to you, "Violence!" but you do not save? ³ Why do you make me look at injustice? Why do you tolerate wrong?

Destruction and violence are before me; there is strife, and conflict abounds. ⁴ Therefore the law is paralyzed, and justice never prevails. The wicked hem in the righteous, so that justice is perverted.

- 1) These could be our words
- 2) These are our words
- 3) Can you hear Habakkuk's frustration? His angst? His impatience?
- 4) During times of waiting, these can be very real emotions
- 5) The key is what we do with those emotions
- 6) These cries from Habakkuk do not sound like the cries of a prophet, but they are
- 7) Habakkuk cries to the LORD
- 8) He seems to be blaming God because God is in control
- 9) Look carefully at his questions

B) **SLIDE Habakkuk 1:5 (NIV)** ⁵ "Look at the nations and watch-- and be utterly amazed. For I am going to do something in your days that you would not believe, even if you were told.

- 1) Again, God's answer seems to ignore Habakkuk's cries
- 2) But His answer does not
- 3) God's answer: I am going to do something in your days that you cannot even imagine or believe. Therefore, WAIT.

C) **SLIDE Habakkuk 2:1 (NIV)** ¹ I will stand at my watch and station myself on the ramparts; I will look to see what he will say to me, and what answer I am to give to this complaint.

- 1) Before doing anything, Habakkuk waits for the LORD to tell him what to do
- 2) This is what we are to do
- 3) Again, waiting is not an inactivity
- 4) Waiting is filled with hope, faith, testing, learning, growing
- 5) Waiting is learning to bring the deserts alive
- 6) **SLIDE Isaiah 40:3 (NIV)** ³ A voice of one calling: "In the desert prepare the way for the LORD; make straight in the wilderness a highway for our God."

- a) Look carefully at God's instructions: we are to prepare the way for Jesus IN THE DESERT
- b) **SLIDE** I used to think the verse read: A voice of one calling in the desert, "Prepare the way for the LORD.
- c) No, it reads: A voice of one calling: "In the desert prepare the way for the LORD
- d) Big difference!
- e) Foster Parent
 - i) Imagine you are a foster parent who had charge of three children
 - ii) You are struggling to make ends meet because you feel this is what you are called to do
 - iii) Despite all the criticism of federal programs, you apply for WIC (Women, Infants, and Children), a federal program that helps with food and healthcare
 - iv) With your WIC card in hand, you go to Walmart to get the necessities for your family
 - v) As you are standing in line, your three kids become tired of waiting and hyperactive
 - vi) The others in line become irritated as all eyes are on you
 - vii) You apologize to the cashier, who is a 20-year-old young man who smiles at you
 - viii) He begins to scan your items but a problem soon arises
 - ix) Your WIC card would not work with the one item you need the most: baby formula
 - x) Things get worse
 - xi) Your hope has dwindled
 - xii) You have nowhere else to turn
 - xiii) You are in a desert place with no water
 - xiv) You are embarrassed and ashamed
 - xv) Your kids are crying
 - xvi) You cannot pay for the necessities of the life
 - xvii) From where will your help come?

- xviii) Suddenly, the cashier takes out his credit card and pays for the \$60 worth of groceries
 - xix) You cannot speak because you burst into tears
 - xx) You grab your groceries and run out of the store
 - xxi) The young man is Nicholas Tate from Newcastle, OK
 - xxii) He is a student at Austin Bible Institute who wants to become a missionary to Honduras
 - xxiii) As the foster mother stood before him, Nicholas said, "I felt like God was calling for me to pay for her bill. It was without a doubt - God was saying, 'Pay for this.' "
 - f) Nicholas Tate was making a way for Jesus in the desert
 - g) People saw his good deeds and posted the incident on Facebook
 - h) Days later, the foster mother, who had been so overcome with emotion, did not thank Nicholas
 - i) When she saw his name, she finally was able to thank him in person
 - j) Good things come to those who wait
- D) We are in a desert
- 1) We are called to bring that desert to life
 - 2) We are called to prepare the way to Jesus
 - 3) In this time of waiting, we are to be preparing for what is surely to come
- E) **SLIDE Habakkuk 2:2-3 (NIV)** ² Then the LORD replied: "Write down the revelation and make it plain on tablets so that a herald may run with it. ³ For the revelation awaits an appointed time; it speaks of the end and will not prove false. Though it linger, wait for it; it will certainly come and will not delay.

STOP

COPY OF VISION

The following is a vision that the Lord gave to me while attending the Catch the Fire conference in Dallas on August 28-30, 1995.

A very powerful wind was blowing toward Coalgate. It was not stirring up dust, but the trees were shipping about and the roar was tremendous. The wind affected churches in two ways: most closed the doors and barred the windows in the same way people shore up their houses when a hurricane approaches. Others, and I saw Cornerstone, threw open the front and back doors. I saw us opening wide the sliding doors. The wind blew through the church but disturbed no objects. Paper, chairs, podiums were all left untouched. But the wind drew the people. I spread out my arms and was swept outside along with others, where we found ourselves flying or soaring or gliding. However, there were a few still inside the church holding on tightly to their chairs, unsure and somewhat afraid.

What hit me next was the pure joy of flying. It took no effort on my part as the wind was what was keeping me (and others) aloft. We circled, did loops, laughed, and soared. I remember "flying" into Coalgate, past one of the other churches that was closed tight against the Wind. I could see people looking out at us. Some were wide-eyed with shock and with what looked like disbelief. Others looked amazed, but the doors did not open.

We continued flying over Coalgate and some of the people on the streets lifted up their hands to us. All we had to do was fly by and touch hands and these people were pulled into the Wind. What drew people most was the fun we were having.

However, others then appeared on the street and began shooting at us. I could see the "bullets" and when they hit, I could feel the pain deep inside. There was no blood or physical damage. But they hurt so much that I flew higher and higher until I was out of range. I was safe, but I could not reach those with their hands out. Suddenly, I grew angry and

dove like an eagle at his prey. I now understood that the bullets were lies and accusations. They still hit me, but they did not slow me down. I could see that others had crowded behind those with the guns, waiting to see what happened. They were afraid to raise their hands lest they be shot also.

I dove right at this person but pulled up at the last second. His eyes were wide with fear as I plucked the gun from his hands and broke it. With no weapon, he ran. The crowd behind him moved nervously about. Some tentatively raised their hands and were soon swept away.

As I flew back up, I saw another group of "fliers" who came to offer help and guidance. I saw them light on the backs of some and weigh them down so they slowly began to fall. These were deceit

There were more of us now when I looked up. I saw Christ, immense in stature. He slowly descended until He stood on Main Street, towering over Coalgate. We flew around His waist, in and around His arms, delighting in His presence.

In flying around, I passed once again one of the churches that had shut itself up. This time, some of the people were filled with a desire to join us, again because of the fun and joy we were having. They began to break the stained glass windows and crawl out to be a part.

Next, I remember seeing people fall from the sky like rocks. We could fly down and catch some before they hit the ground. We "straightened" them out and then launched them like gliders. Those who did strike the ground hit hard. They were hurt, but the pain mostly came from their looking up and seeing where they had been. They tried jumping up, but they could not do it on their own effort. They were left behind.

Suddenly, Satan appeared and ripped off my left arm. He told me that I could not fly with one arm. I was afraid I would fall when Jesus appeared and "pulled out" another arm and told me I could fly.

Then I found myself flying around wondering what to do next. I knew I was to go back to our church where the doors were still wide open. I landed inside and received instructions and was renewed. Soon, it was out the door again.

As we continued, I flew to another town and entered a church there that was completely open on one side. I felt comfortable and safe, but I could not stop thinking about the joy of flying. I then realized that I could not fly while in this church, so I left and returned to Coalgate.

This time I spiraled up and saw other "columns" of flyers springing up from Oklahoma City, Atoka, and Durant (all towns with 120-mile radius). We all flew to meet one another once we were high enough. When we did, the entire area was blanketed with the Spirit. There was a covering over our area such that anyone and everyone could see us, and they knew it was the Spirit of God.