

New Levels of Obedience...a new kind of stupid

June 20, 2015



Well, at the end of my last message, The Hordes of Hell Have Been Released, the Lord asked me to share my new kind of stupid: my rebellion and pandering to my belly and what I think is best...my Pride.

I went to the store to pick up a couple of things and thought I'd get a cream cheese coffee cake that maybe would have enough protein in it, so we wouldn't crash when we had our nightly sweet craving. I bought it and brought it home and tried it...but it was so sweet and very little cream cheese.

I thought, 'I could make one much better than this.' Now, the instant I had this thought, I heard a voice, "*I don't want you to do that.*" I thought, 'This must not be the Lord' - because I really wanted to make something not so sweet and surely He would approve of that. So, I brushed the voice off. Well, a few minutes went by and I had to stop somewhere else and on the way home I said to myself, 'I'm just going to run into the store and pick up some cream cheese and a couple flakey dough rolls I can use for the crust.'

Again, I heard the voice, "*That's not My will....*"

So, this time I began to argue with who I was beginning to think was the Lord. 'Oh, com'on Lord, You can't be serious. You know how sweet that store bought coffee cake is. Surely you don't want me eating that? And it'll only take a minute.' So I proceeded merrily on my way, kinda worrying about a lightning strike as I walked into the store...

On my way home, I began arguing with the Lord. "Come on, this can't be wrong. I'm tired of crashing because of sugar! I know this is the healthy alternative, You can't be against that, can You? And it will only take a minute to make."

I quickly purchased my cream cheese and dough and came home. Of course, Ezekiel represents Jesus in my life so I didn't want to tell him what my mind was going through. Just to prove to the Lord that it wouldn't take anytime at all, I warmed up the oven and started making the filling. I unrolled the dough into the glass baking pan, and poured the cream cheese and egg filling into it. I looked among my bags anxiously wanting to find the other roll of dough so I could get it into the oven, but it was nowhere to be found. I thought to myself, 'Alright Lord, is this You? Did You deliberately take that tube of dough so I couldn't finish this coffee cake?' I waited for an answer... Dead silence.

"Very well, then," I said, with the bit of rebellion in my mouth. "I'll buy another."

The store, being only three minutes away, wasn't a big deal, but I really didn't feel like going out again. So, I was now entering into reason with myself: "You know this isn't good. How can the Lord protect you from an accident when you're being this way? You'd better pray for mercy..."

I got to the store, went in, bought another roll of dough and headed home. The oven was just the right temperature, so I put the coffee cake in and started putting groceries away. A few moments later, Ezekiel got up from a nap and it was beginning to get dark outside.

Now, we live in a very old adobe house. The wiring is anything but safe or substantial and this particular little brick oven we use has the nasty habit of tripping the breaker - so one of us has to go outside to reset it when it trips.

Ezekiel asked me, "What are you cooking?"

I said, "Coffee cake."

He said, "In the oven?"

"Uh huh..."

"How long will that take?"

"45 minutes." He groaned.

'Well.' I thought. 'All's well that ends well,' and after 45 minutes went to check on the coffee cake. Mind you, I had been in worship for about 30 minutes and the Lord and I were really connecting. He didn't say anything about the cake... so I thought, maybe it was a lying spirit all along.

When I check on the coffee cake, I saw that the interior was not setting. I started getting concerned. Already this coffee cake had taken time away from prayer... And now the frustration of dealing with an oven that caused us to turn all the lights in the house off till it was done baking - and it wasn't setting. I realized I hadn't put any flour in the filling and wondered if it would ever set. So, more time was wasted, looking up the recipe and finding that out.

The presence of the Lord was so sweet! But, I was so distracted to check on the cake I got up again, saw it was still uncooked and started to worry. Then the electricity went off. I ran out to fix it - more time wasted. I came back into worship and couldn't get that darn thing off my mind. Ezekiel said it would probably set if I took it out. The top was golden, so I took it out.

I let it cool, but was anxious to see if it would set, so I got up from worship again to put it in the freezer to set faster. Fifteen minutes later, I interrupted worship again to check and see if it was set. No, it wasn't... so back into the oven it went. Immediately the breaker went off. Finally it was baking and I thought about taking the crust off and leaving it open to cook and then putting the crust back on...a little surgery but it would probably do the job. So worship was interrupted again and a fifteen minute operation took place, messy and iffy but I put it back in the oven.

By now, it was pitch black outside, Ezekiel was using one light and I was using a candle for worship. He was anxious to get the electricity back on and sure enough, as I started back into worship, the breaker went off again and again and again. 'OK,' I thought, 'I give!' But, then it occurred to me there was a source of electricity that was not on that breaker - but could we reach it? So now, Ezekiel and I were underway with a project: find the extension cords, run them to the other source. After plenty of work and time, we got the oven connected and I started baking again without the top crust. In fifteen minutes it was really done and I pulled it out, put the crust on and put it back in.

Then the breaker went off! "NOT again!!!!" I shouted. Sure enough - for some reason it went off again. So we figured out another power source totally separate from the house and plugged that in. Ten minutes later it was done. But by this time, I was totally frustrated in being with the Lord, I had to make dinner, and I was feeling so lonely for Him. I just wanted to be in His sweet, sweet, presence without being interrupted. But by now, it was very late and when I came to worship with my dinner, He began giving me a message and that was the end of our worship.

I got out our little Bible Promise Book to make sure it was the Lord I was hearing and I opened to: "Woe to those who are wise in their own eyes, prudent in their own sight."

Ouch!!!

So I went again, 14Therefore, since we have a great high priest who has passed through the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our confession. 15For we do not have a high priest who cannot sympathize with our weaknesses, but One who has been tempted in all things as we are, yet without sin....Hebrews 4:14-15

And so I was super convicted: Disobedience, Pride, I Know What's Best, Lord, Rebellion, I'm Going To Make My Cake and Show You How Fast I Can Do It! and Idolatry - My Stomach Is My God... with a little Gluttony thrown in for good measure.

In my last message, I asked the Lord if there was anything else He wanted to say. He said, no - but He wanted me to tell you the tale of my disobedience. I thought, 'Surely not again! They are so tired of hearing how foolish I am...' So I went to the Bible promises again, just to make sure it was Him - and I opened to: Whether you turn to the right or to the left, your ears will hear a voice behind you, saying, "This is the way; walk in it." Isaiah 30:21

So, there you have it. See how much hope there is for you??? I don't care what you've done, there's still hope. Look at me! Here I am, supposedly a mature Christian, lusting after cream cheese coffee cake - and because of that missing wonderful worship time with the Lord. He let me ache for Him and at the same time be totally frustrated in getting to Him because of my stubborn rebellion.

"Lord, please help us all know beyond the shadow of a doubt, when You say 'No' there is a very good reason for it, and to cast down all the suggestions of the enemy to the contrary."

So, in short, the Lord knew the enemy would use all of these interruptions to totally pick apart our worship time tonight. And He was looking out for me, by telling me, "*No, I don't want you to do that, it's not My will for you.*" But, when I disobeyed, He let the protection down and He allowed the enemy to sift me. That's how it works, guys. When you disobey, your protection comes down to some degree, according to what the Lord is trying to teach you, and He allows things to befall you. So that you can learn from that lesson that He knows what's best.