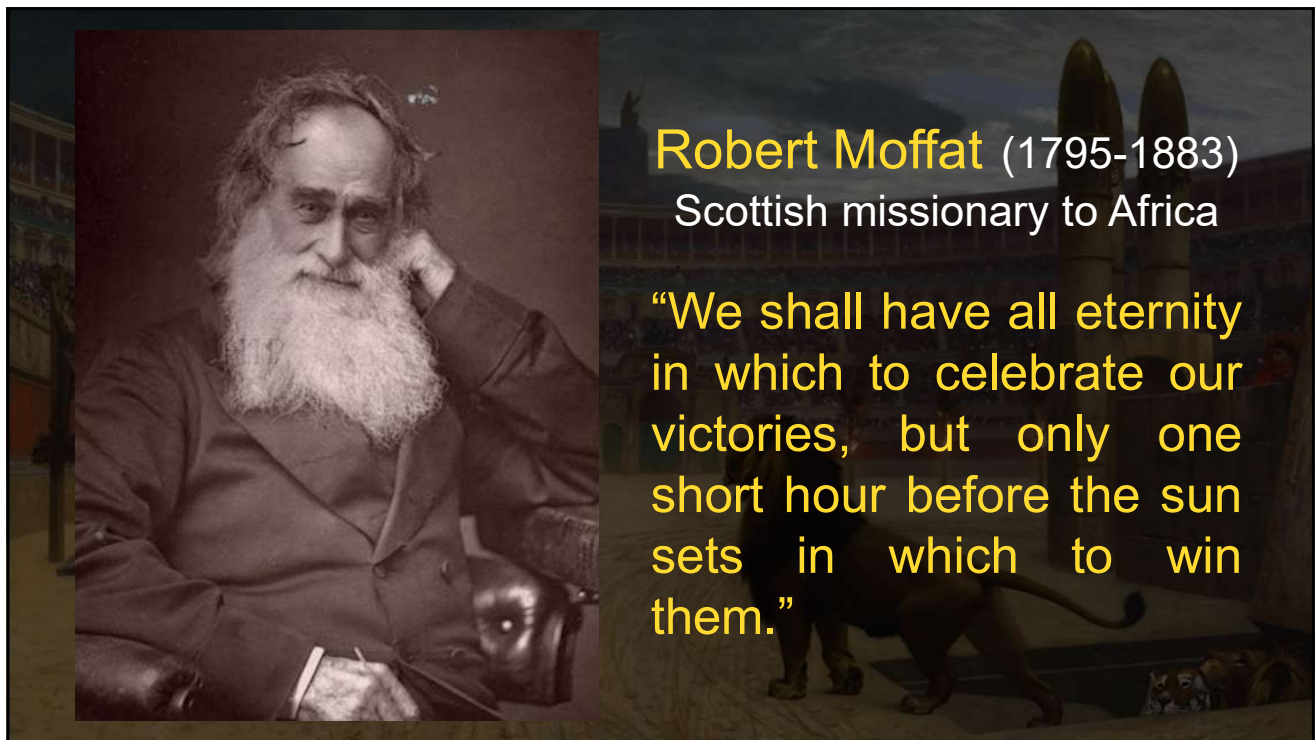
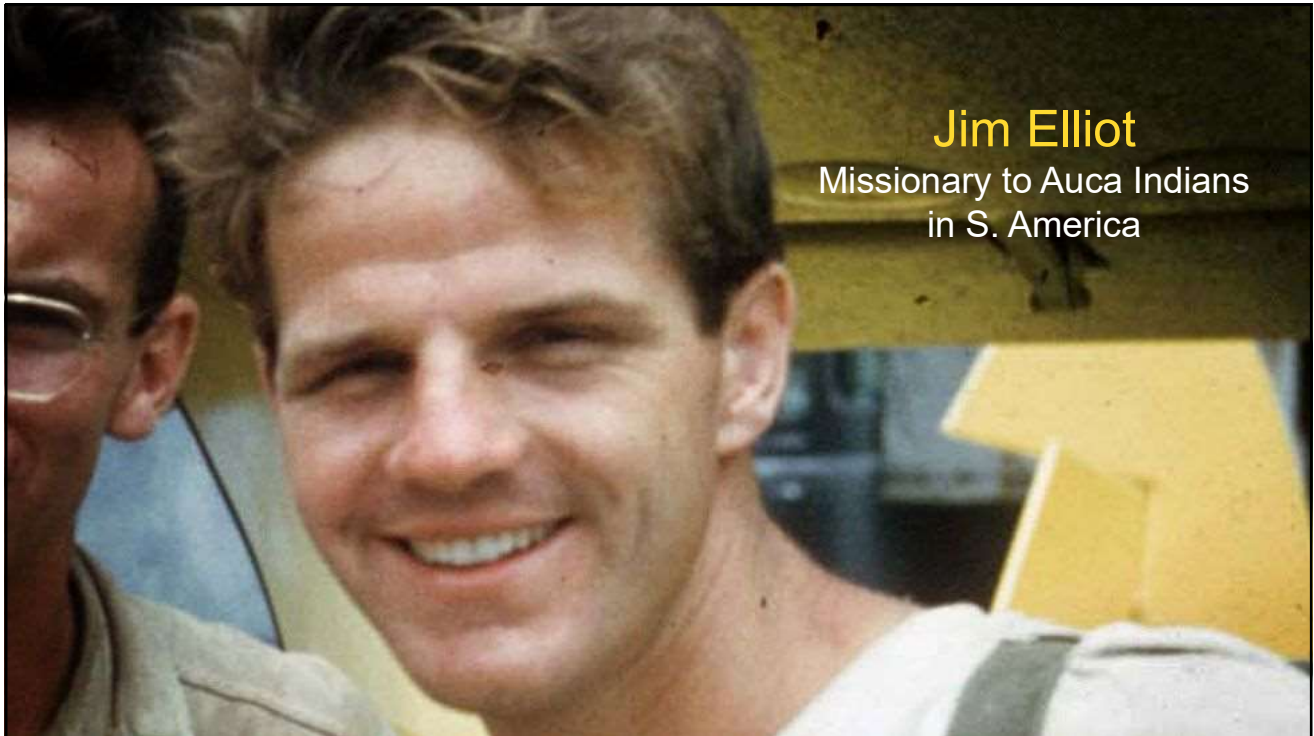




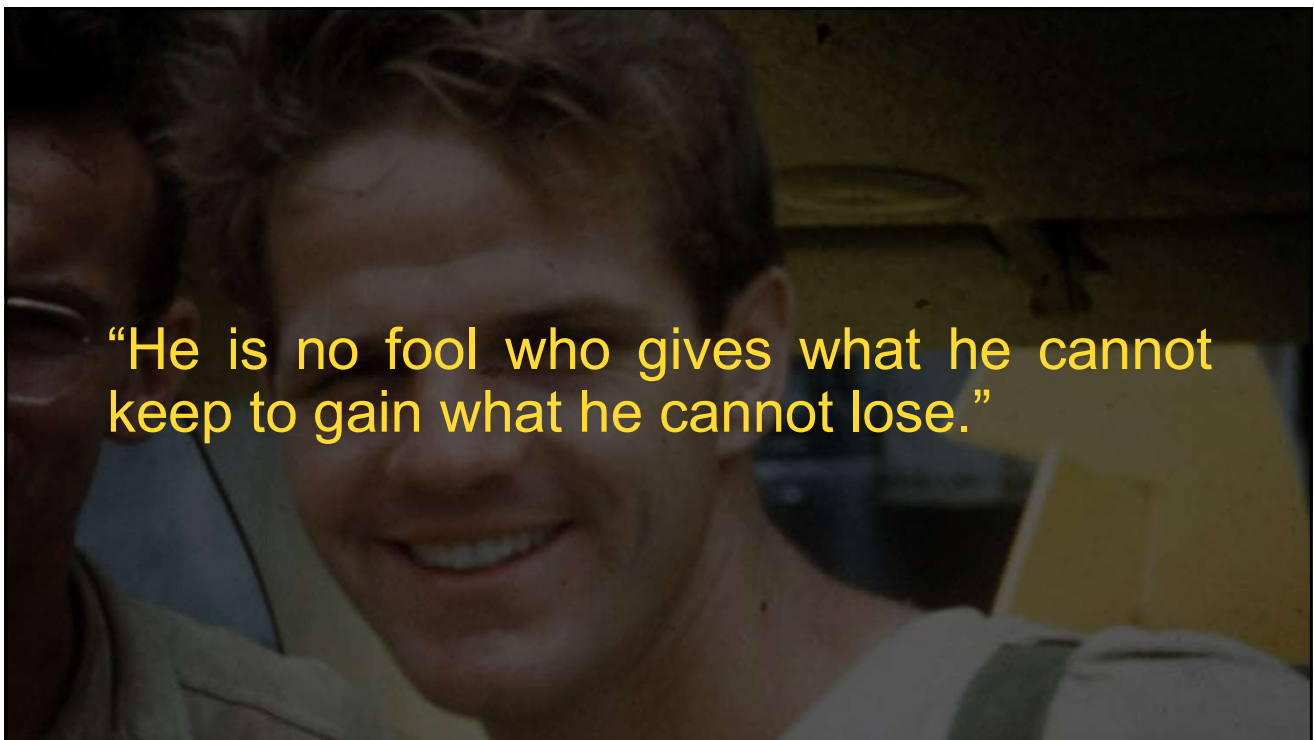
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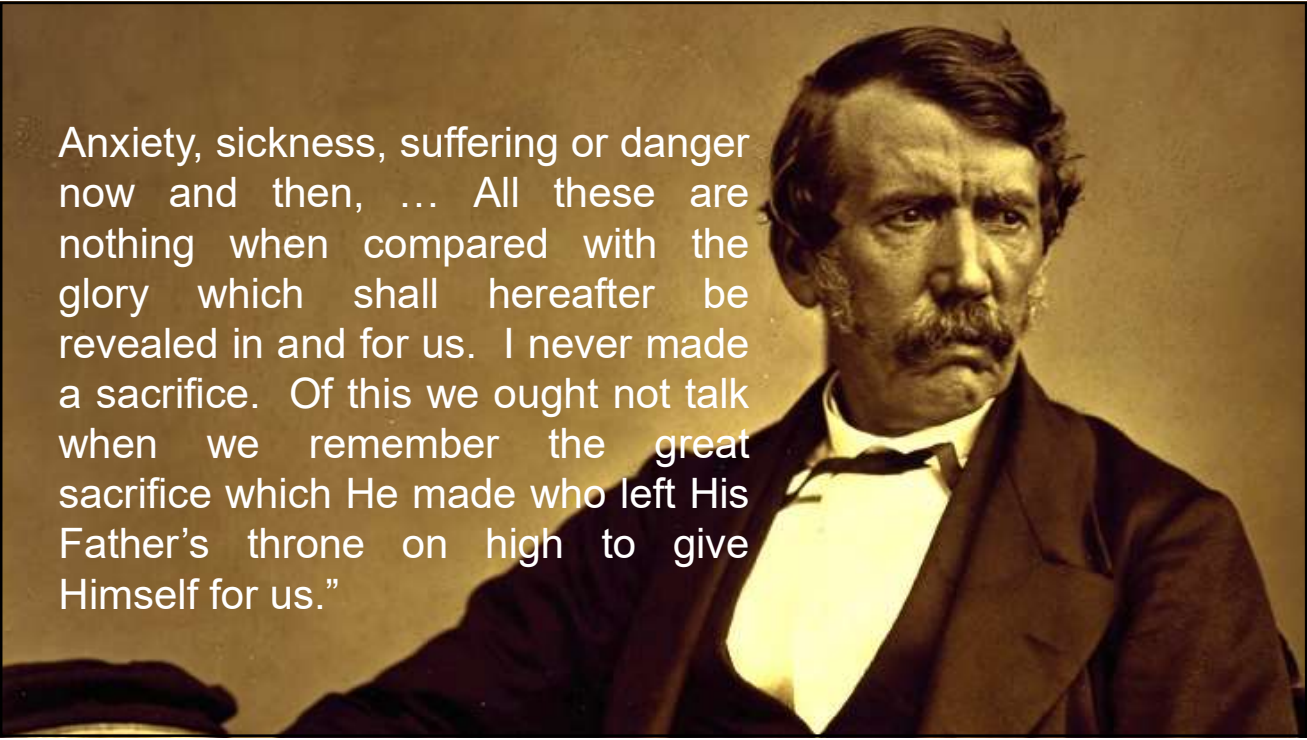
Beloved, do not think it strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened to you; ¹³ but rejoice to the extent that you partake of Christ's sufferings, that when His glory is revealed, you may also be glad with exceeding joy. ¹⁴ If you are reproached for the name of Christ, blessed are you, for the Spirit of glory and of God rests upon you. On their part He is blasphemed, but on your part He is glorified. 1 Pet 4:12-14

5

"Can that be called sacrifice which is simply paid back as a small part of the great debt owing to our God, which we can never repay? ... Away with such a word, such a view, and such a thought! It is emphatically no sacrifice. Say rather it is a privilege.

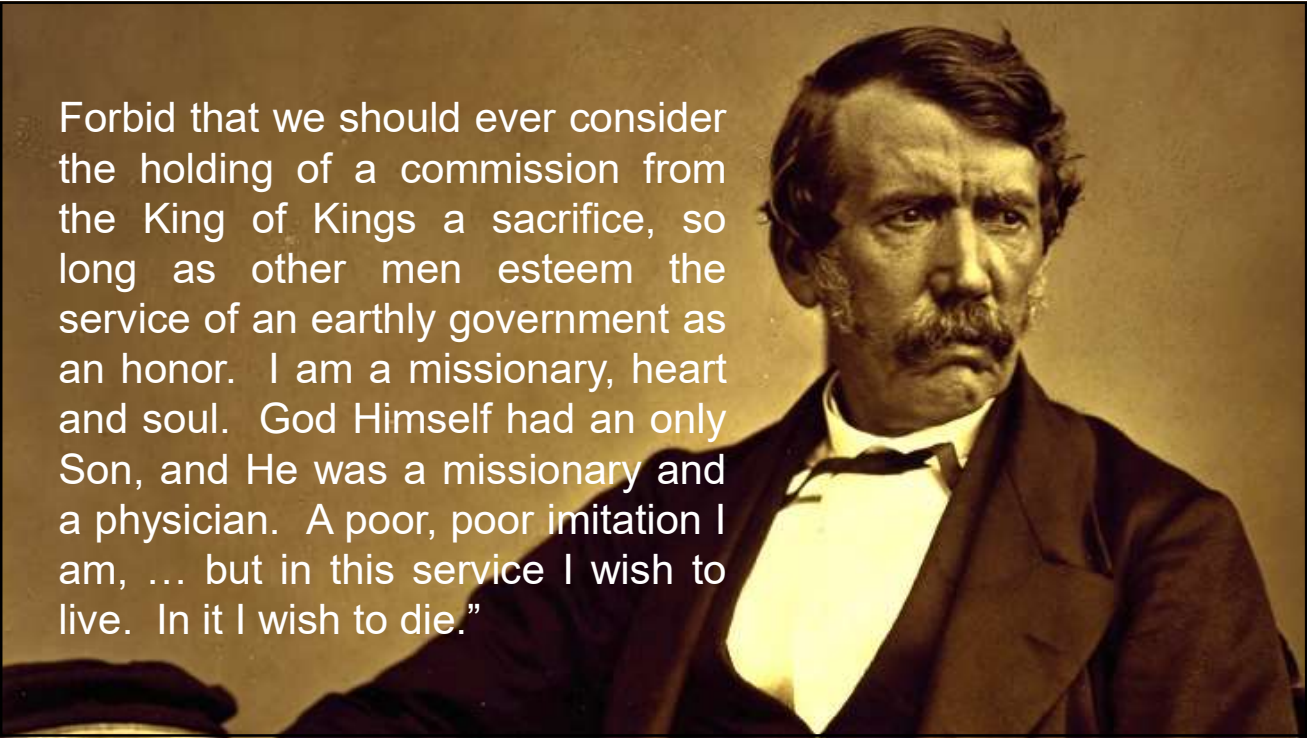
David Livingstone
Missionary to Africa

6



Anxiety, sickness, suffering or danger now and then, ... All these are nothing when compared with the glory which shall hereafter be revealed in and for us. I never made a sacrifice. Of this we ought not talk when we remember the great sacrifice which He made who left His Father's throne on high to give Himself for us."

7



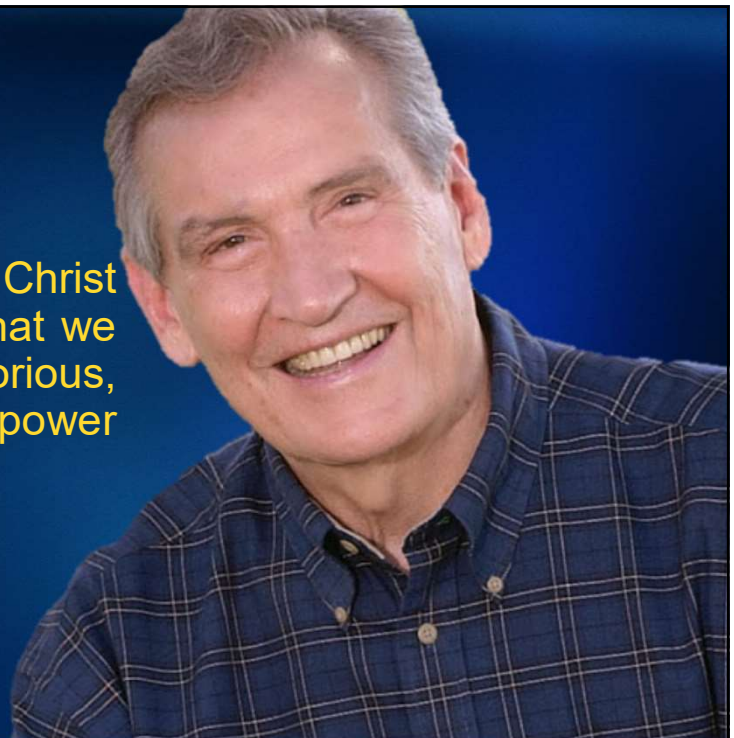
Forbid that we should ever consider the holding of a commission from the King of Kings a sacrifice, so long as other men esteem the service of an earthly government as an honor. I am a missionary, heart and soul. God Himself had an only Son, and He was a missionary and a physician. A poor, poor imitation I am, ... but in this service I wish to live. In it I wish to die."

8

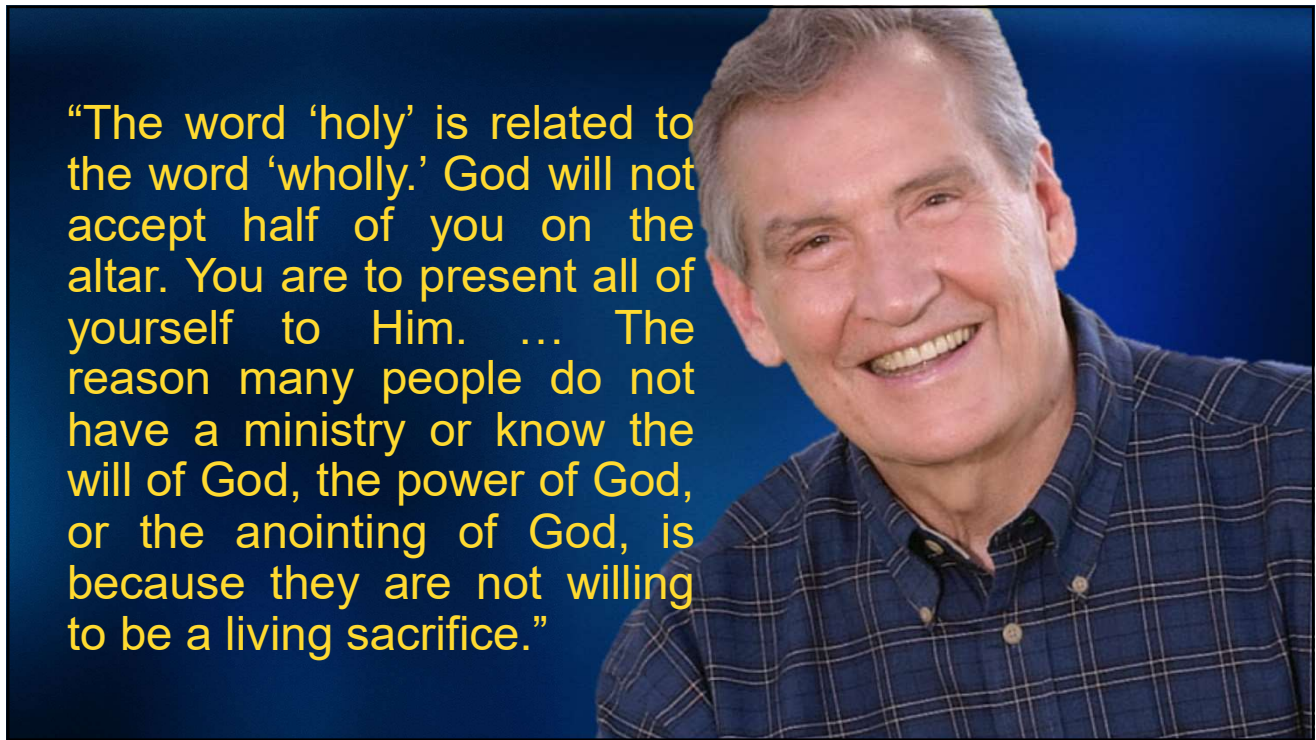
Rom 12:1-2 I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service. ² And do not be conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind, that you may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.

9

“Our freedom in Jesus Christ isn't the privilege to do what we want. Instead it is the glorious, abundant, supernatural power to do what we ought.”



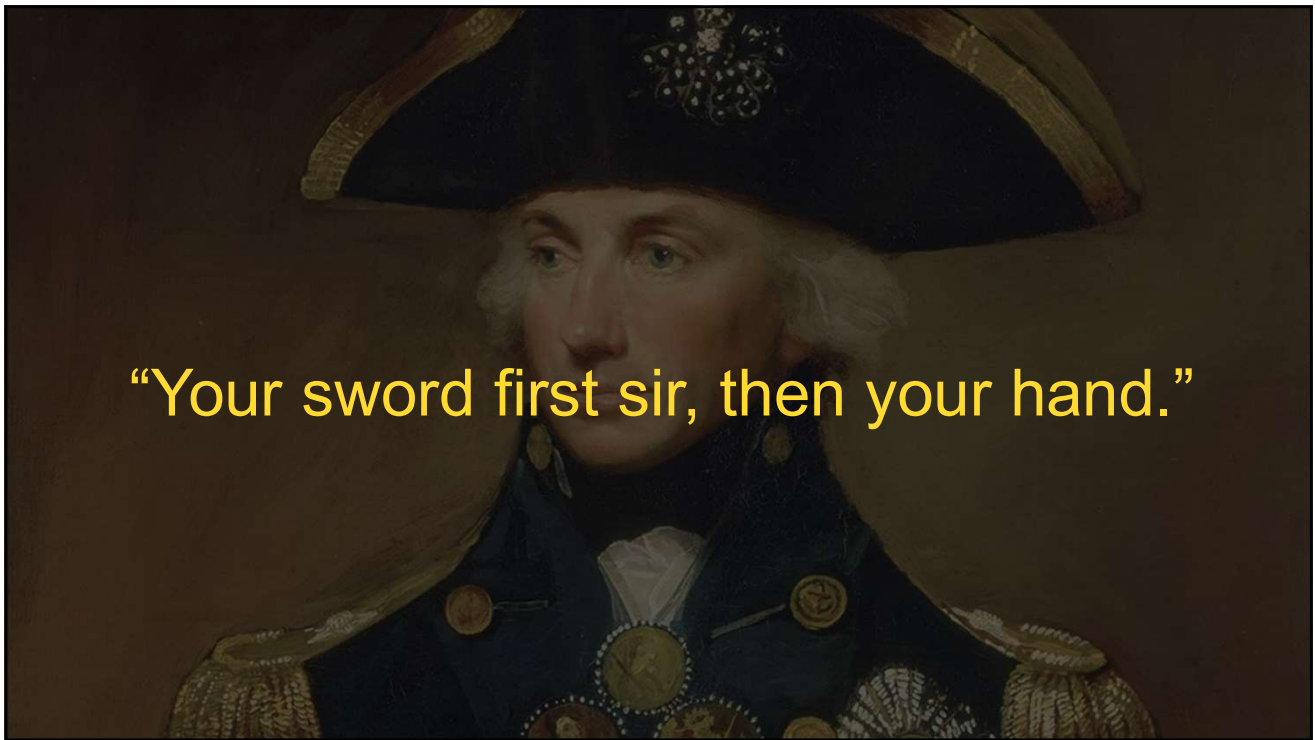
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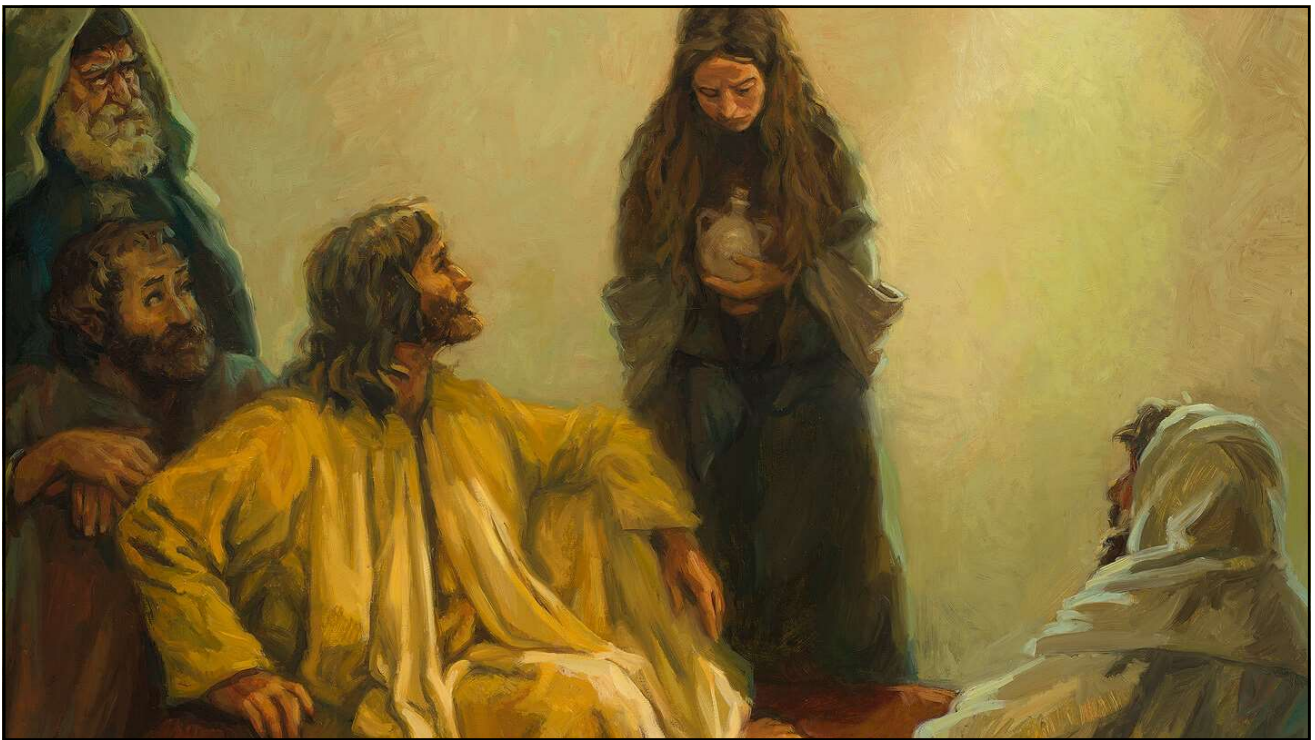
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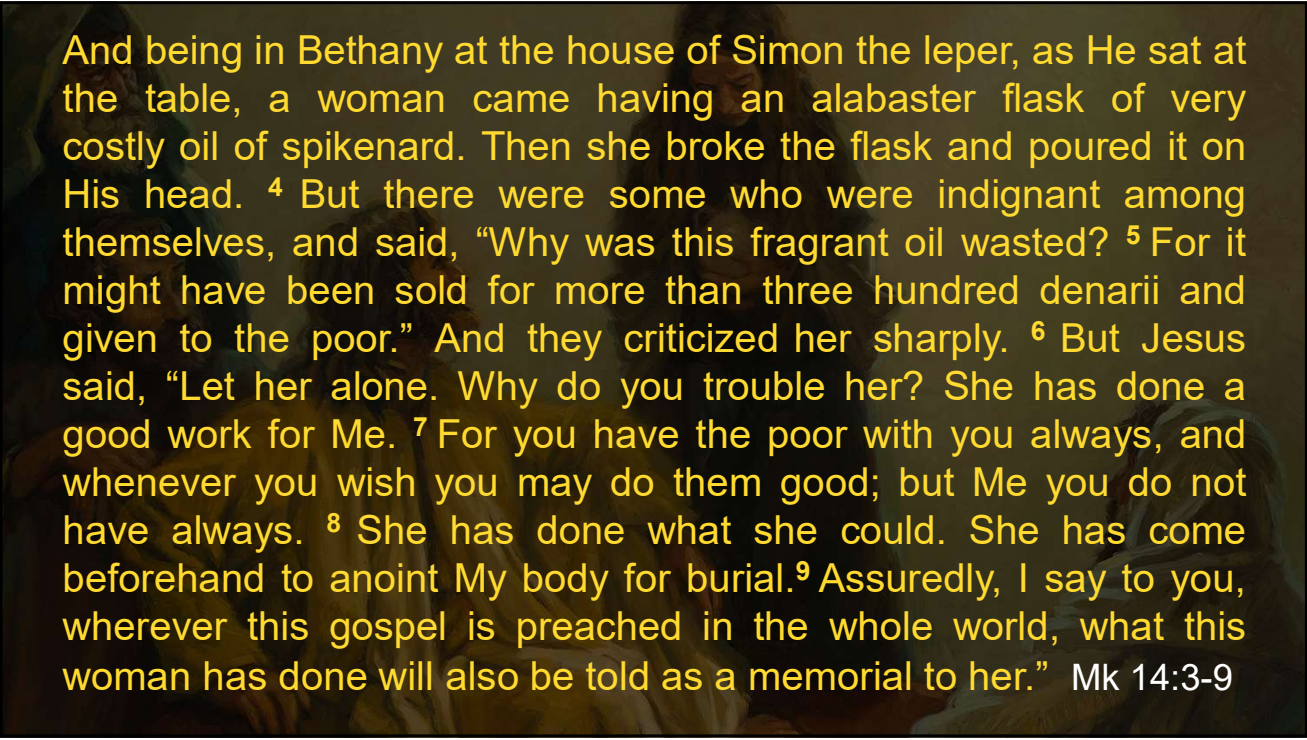
12



13



14



And being in Bethany at the house of Simon the leper, as He sat at the table, a woman came having an alabaster flask of very costly oil of spikenard. Then she broke the flask and poured it on His head. ⁴ But there were some who were indignant among themselves, and said, “Why was this fragrant oil wasted? ⁵ For it might have been sold for more than three hundred denarii and given to the poor.” And they criticized her sharply. ⁶ But Jesus said, “Let her alone. Why do you trouble her? She has done a good work for Me. ⁷ For you have the poor with you always, and whenever you wish you may do them good; but Me you do not have always. ⁸ She has done what she could. She has come beforehand to anoint My body for burial.⁹ Assuredly, I say to you, wherever this gospel is preached in the whole world, what this woman has done will also be told as a memorial to her.” Mk 14:3-9

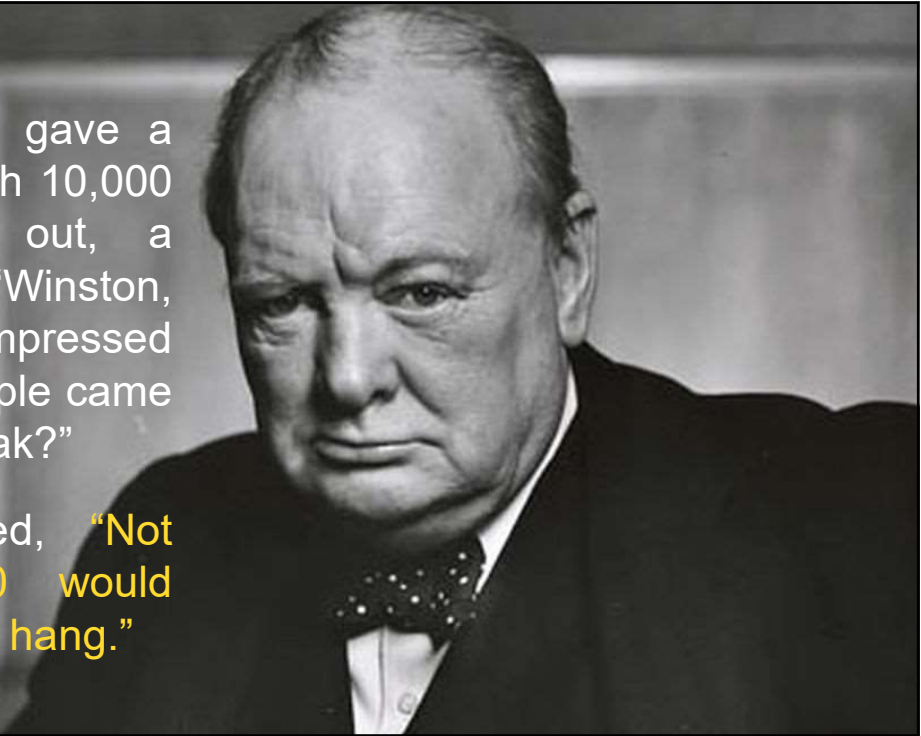
15

1. A bringing

16

2. A breaking

17

A black and white portrait of Winston Churchill, looking slightly to the left with a serious expression. He is wearing a dark suit, a white shirt, and a dark bow tie with white polka dots.

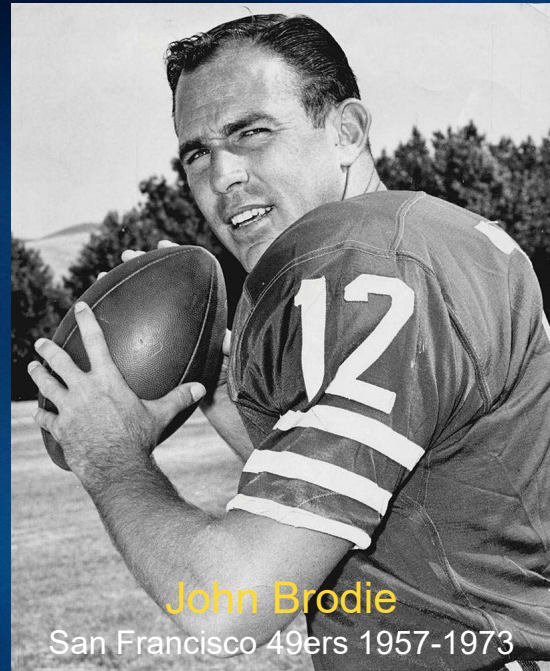
Once, after he gave a speech for which 10,000 people came out, a friend asked, "Winston, aren't you impressed that 10,000 people came to hear you speak?"

Churchill replied, "Not really. 100,000 would come to see me hang."

18

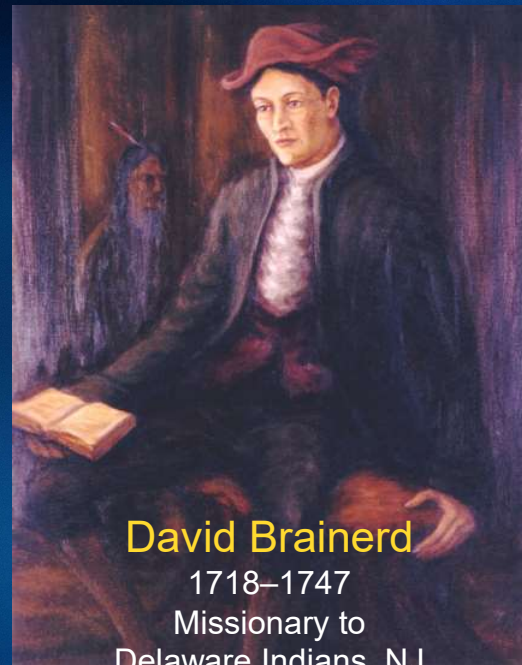
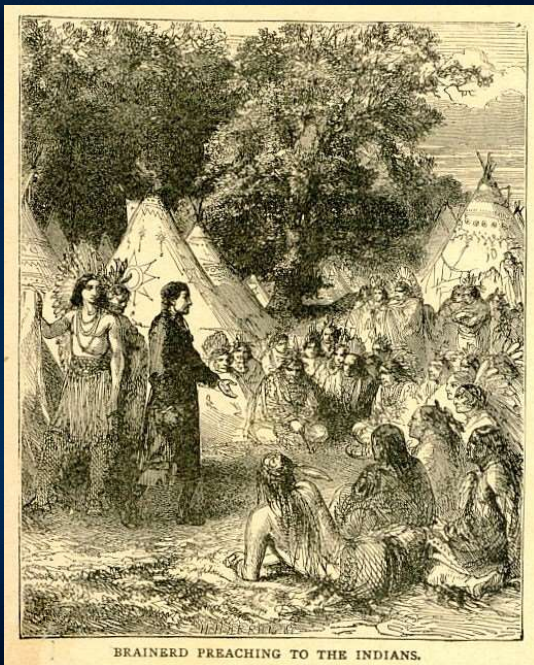
Brodie was once asked why a million-dollar player like him should have to hold the ball for field goals and points after touchdown.

“Well, if I didn't, it would fall over.”



John Brodie
San Francisco 49ers 1957-1973

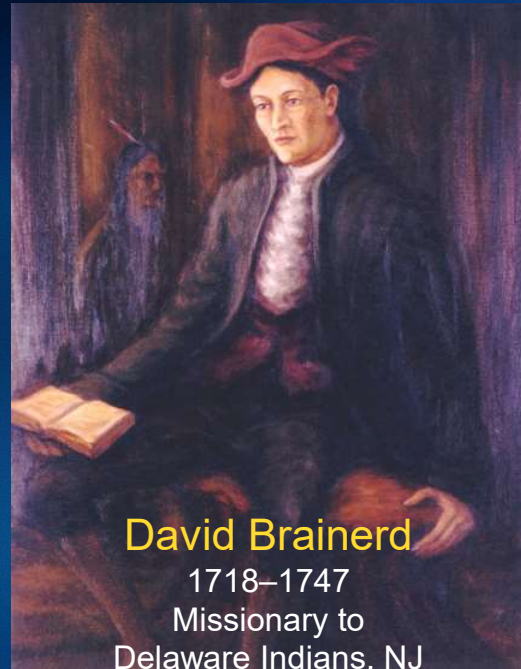
19



David Brainerd
1718-1747
Missionary to
Delaware Indians, NJ

20

“I got up this morning and the Indians were still committing adultery and drinking and beating their tom-toms and shouting like hell itself. I prayed from a half hour after sunrise to a half hour before sunset. There was nowhere to pray in the Indian camp. I went into the woods and knelt in the snow. It was up to my chin. I wrestled in prayer until a half hour before sunset, and I could only touch the snow with the tips of my fingers. The heat of my body had melted the snow.”



David Brainerd
1718–1747
Missionary to
Delaware Indians, NJ

21

3. A buffeting

22

4. A blessing

23

If all you see are the works of God, you're going to be hopelessly confused. If you don't have a deeper insight into the ways of God, you're going to be pushing the panic button all the time. You will never be able to rest until you know God intimately. To know God intimately is the way of tranquility.

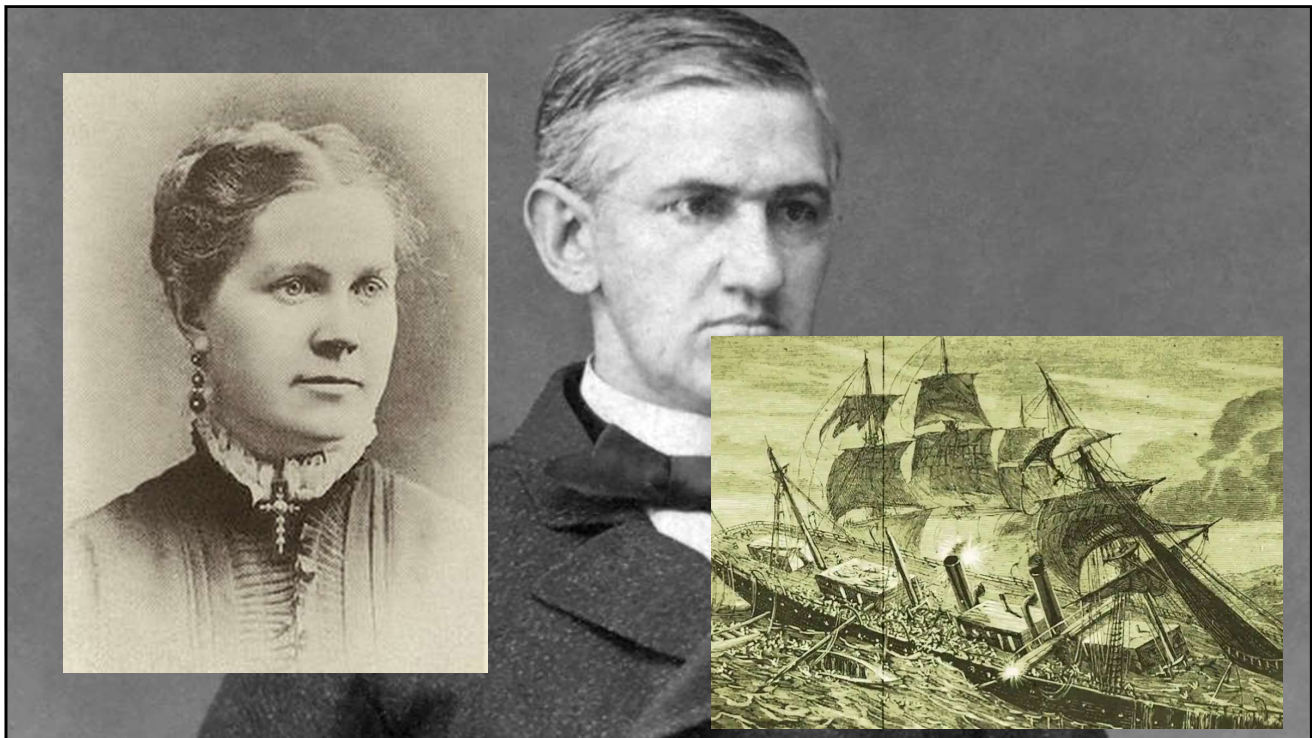
Adrian Rogers

24

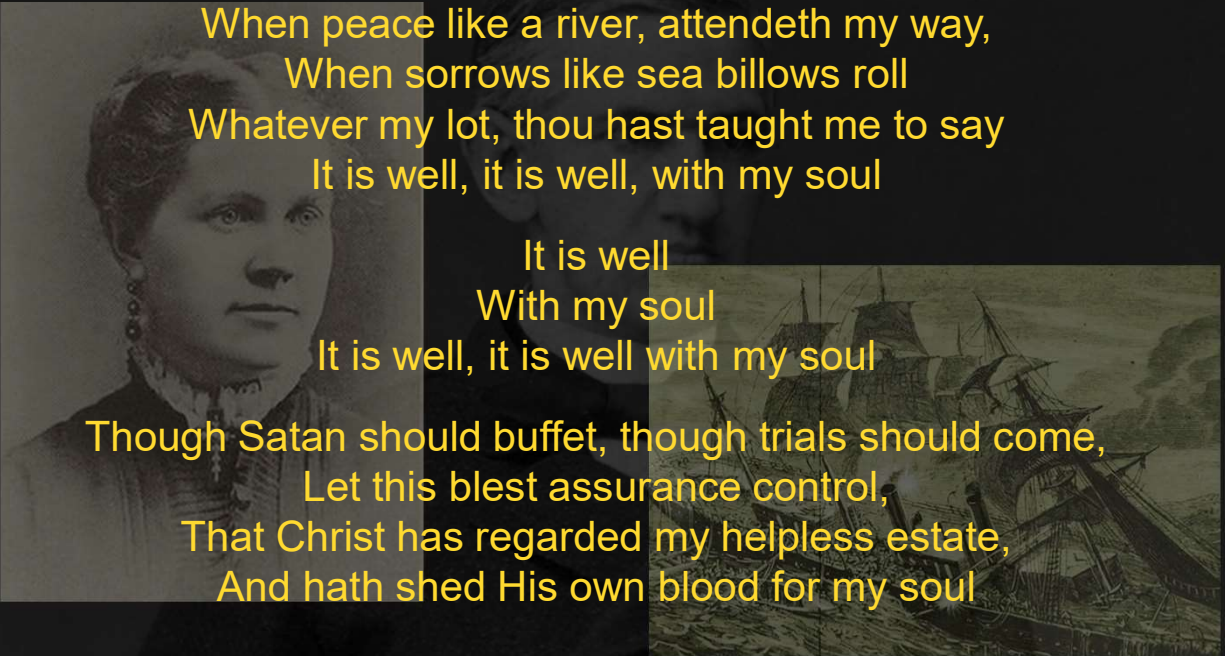
For I consider that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. Rom 8:18

And after you have suffered a little while, the God of all grace, who has called you to his eternal glory in Christ, will himself restore, confirm, strengthen, and establish you. 1 Pet 5:10

25



26

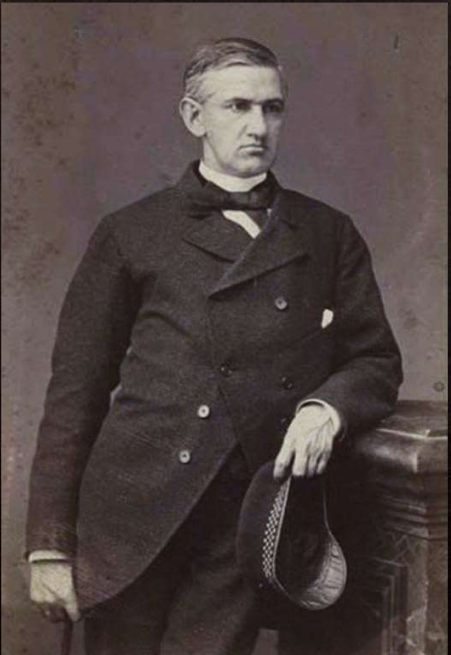


When peace like a river, attendeth my way,
 When sorrows like sea billows roll
 Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say
 It is well, it is well, with my soul

It is well
 With my soul
 It is well, it is well with my soul

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
 Let this blest assurance control,
 That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
 And hath shed His own blood for my soul

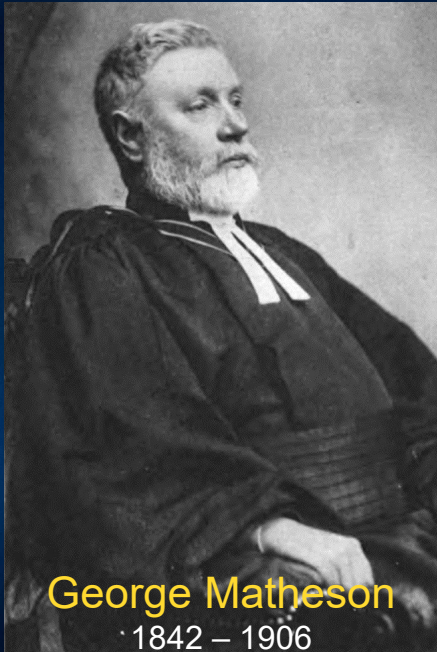
27



“I am glad to be able to
 trust my Lord when it
 costs me something.”

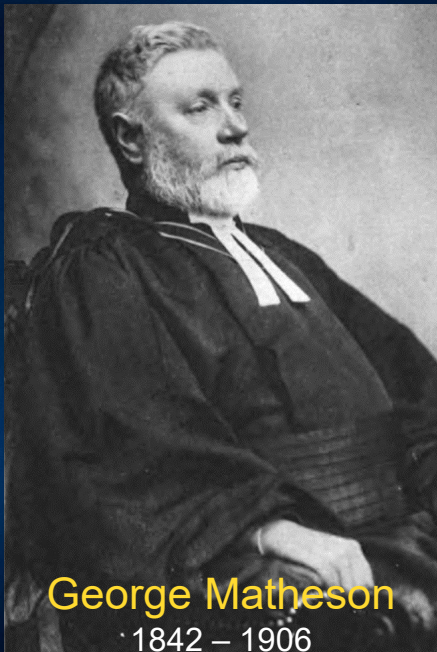
~ *Horatio Spafford*
 (author of *It Is Well with my Soul*)

28



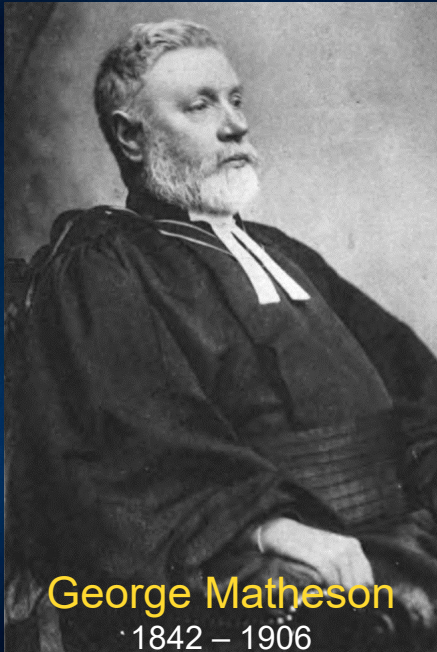
O Love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
that in Thine ocean depths
its flow may richer, fuller be.

29



O joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee.
I chase the rainbow through the rain,
and feel the promise is not vain.
That morn shall tearless be.

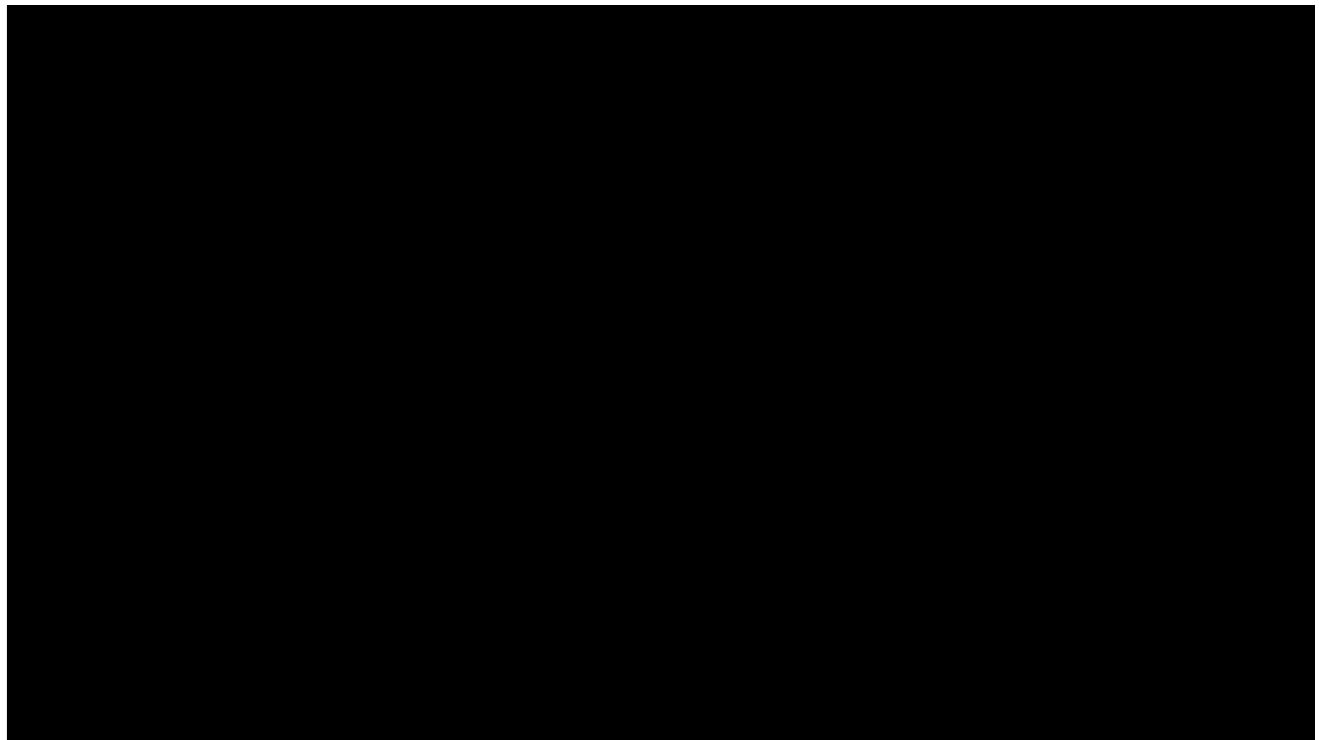
30



George Matheson
1842 – 1906

O cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee.
I lay in dust's life's glory dead,
& from the ground there blossoms red.
Life that shall endless be.

31



32