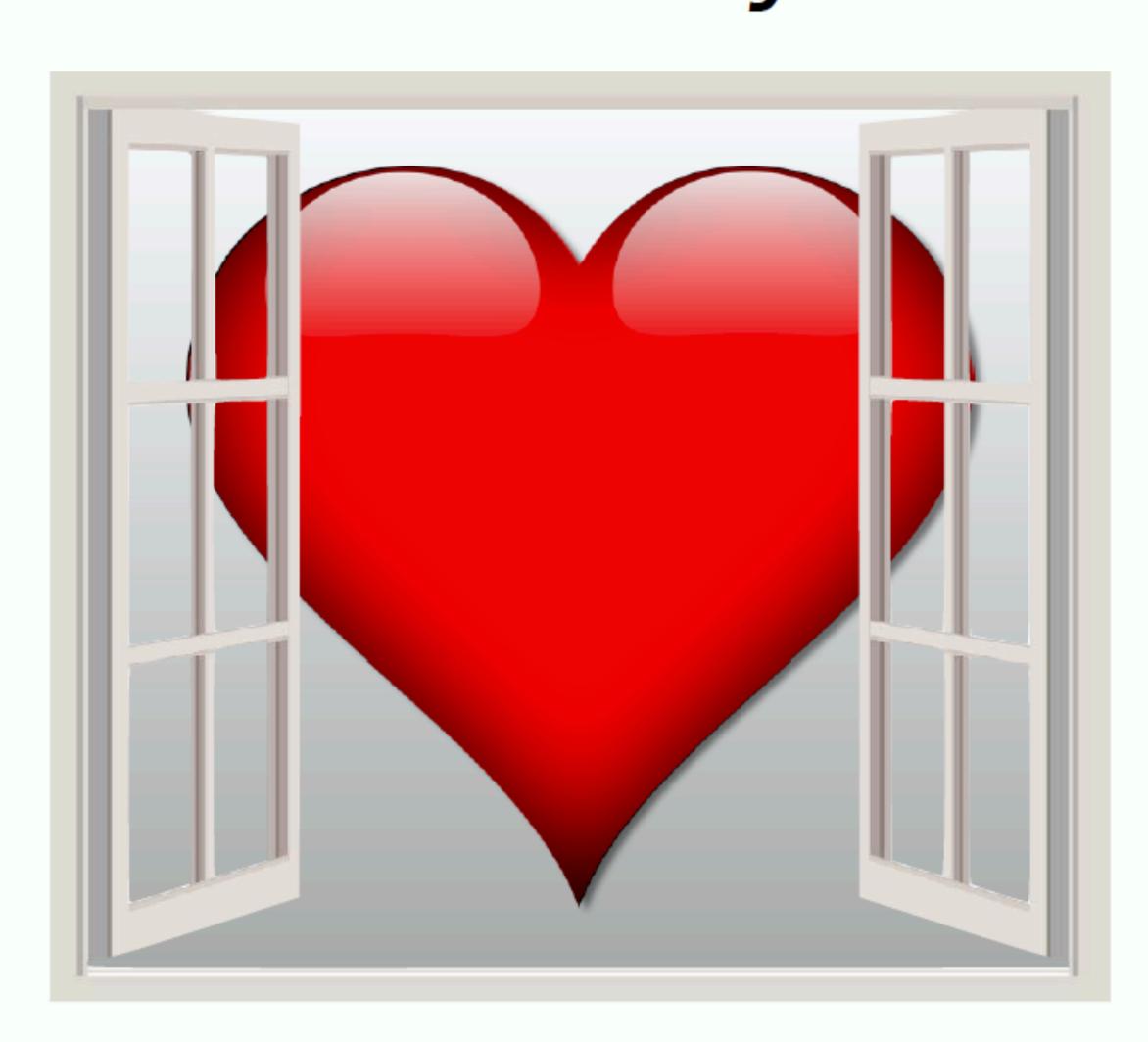




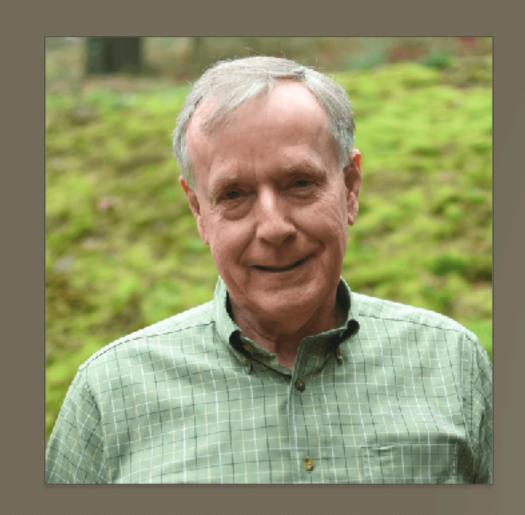
# Your emotions most honestly reveal what's in your heart.







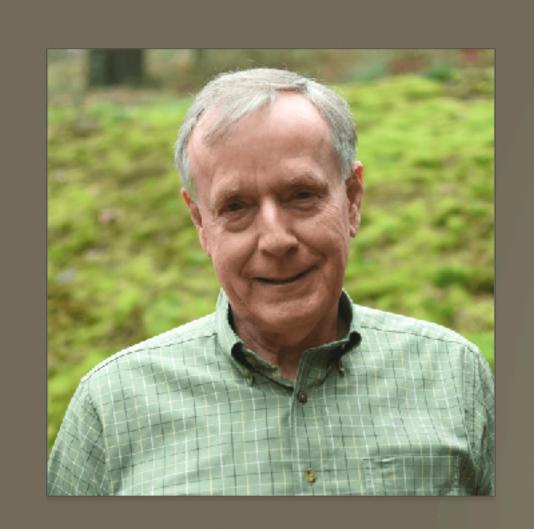
Our emotions reveal the inner nature of our hearts and in doing so, they often expose the depths of our own selfishness and sin.



Dave Powlison

"Many people view God as infinitely malleable, someone/something to whom each of us is free to attach our own opinions, as if God's character were decided from the bottom up.

But God is portrayed in the Bible as a person. He expresses all the characteristics of personality. He notices people and evaluates what he sees. He plans and acts purposefully. He feels, thinks, relates, and remembers. At every turn, this person reveals his likes and dislikes—or better his loves and hates. Those words capture how intensely his pleasure and displeasure operate.



Dave Powlison

This God inspired songs of love and lament. He said that people can actually know him. And he sent his one and only Son, Jesus, so that we could see exactly how God in the flesh uses anger.

Jesus did not live a calm life. He cared too much. Yet he was not a tense person. He was not irritable, anxious, or driven. But he was not detached, cool, or aloof, either. He was no stoic or Buddhist. He plunged into the storms of human sufferings and sins. He felt keenly."

### John 2:13-16

When it was almost time for the Jewish Passover, Jesus went up to Jerusalem. In the temple courts he found people selling cattle, sheep and doves, and others sitting at tables exchanging money. So he made a whip out of cords, and drove all from the temple courts, both sheep and cattle; he scattered the coins of the money changers and overturned their tables. To those who sold doves he said, "Get these out of here! Stop turning my Father's house into a market!"

Matt
21:12-13

Jesus entered the temple courts and drove out all who were buying and selling there. He overturned the tables of the money changers and the benches of those selling doves. "It is written," he said to them, "'My house will be called a house of prayer,' but you are making it 'a den of robbers."

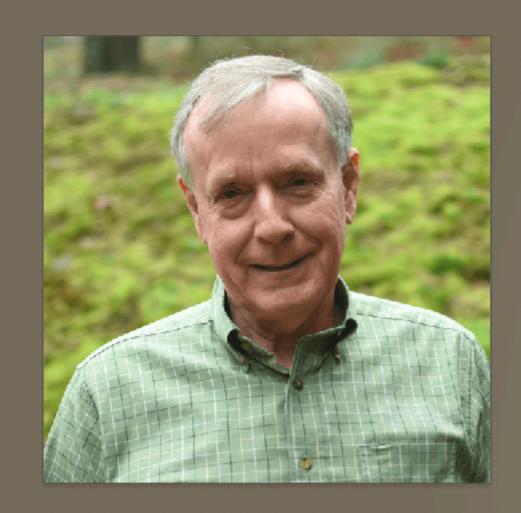






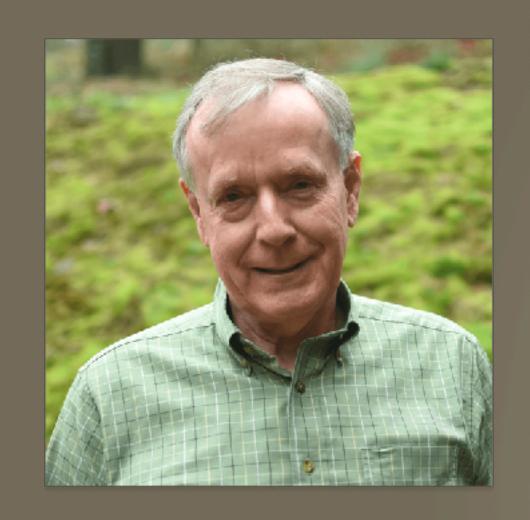
Matt
21:12-14

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Dave Powlison

"As much as we need it ourselves, grace can be a hard thing to swallow when it is extended to someone else. Can you relate to the all-day workers' distress? I can. And the anger that I feel-or would feel in their situation-reminds me that my anger is not as pure as God's anger. It reminds me how much I need the grace that I sometimes begrudge others. The parable of the workers shows how hard it is for us to reconcile anger (which is so often fueled by self-righteousness) and love (which rejoices in another's good).



Dave Powlison

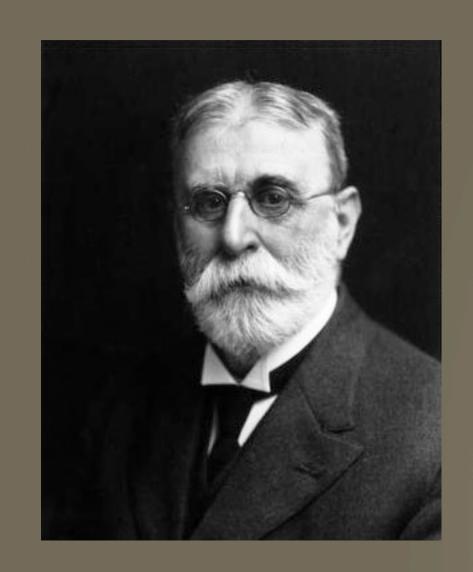
That makes it hard for us to understand that God's anger and love are entirely consistent with each other. They are different expressions of his goodness and glory...you can't understand God's love if you don't understand his anger. Because he loves, he's angry at anything that harms those he loves. Notice the way God's children experience his anger. His anger is expressed on their behalf as supremely tender love!

#### Mark 3:1-6

Again he [Jesus] entered the synagogue, and a man was there with a withered hand. And they [Pharisees] watched Jesus, to see whether he would heal him on the Sabbath, so that they might accuse him. And he said to the man with the withered hand, "Come here." And he said to them, "Is it lawful on the Sabbath to do good or to do harm, to save life or to kill?" But they were silent.

Mark 3:1-6

And he looked around at them with anger, grieved at their hardness of heart, and said to the man, "Stretch out your hand." He stretched it out, and his hand was restored. The Pharisees went out and immediately held counsel with the Herodians against him, how to destroy



B.B. Warfield

"Jesus burned with anger against the wrongs he met with in his journey through human life, as truly as he melted with pity at the sight of the world's misery: and it was out of these two emotions that his actual mercy proceeded."



John 11:33-35 When Jesus saw her weeping, and the Jews who had come along with her also weeping, he was deeply moved in spirit and troubled. "Where have you laid him?" he asked. "Come and see, Lord," they replied. Jesus wept.

## Rom 12:15

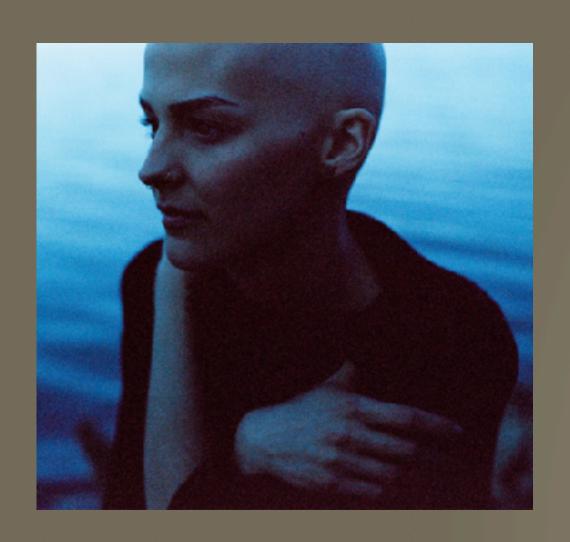
Rejoice with those who rejoice; mourn with those who mourn.

God's emotions reveal the inner nature of His heart and it shows us that He is for the lost and the broken.

#### Blessed are the...

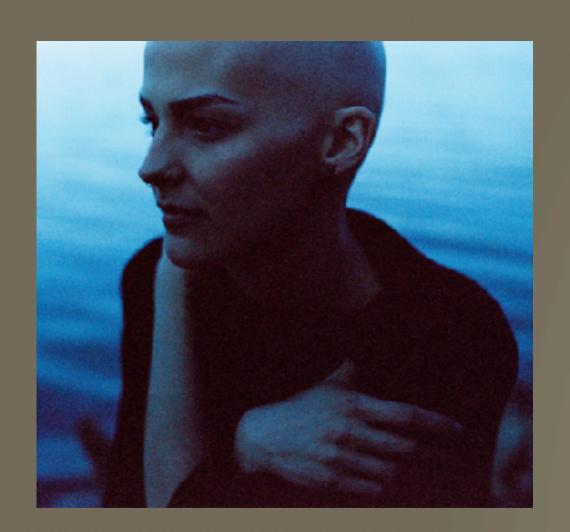
- poor in spirit
- those who mourn
- the meek
- those who hunger & thirst for righteousness
- the merciful
- the pure in heart
- the peacemakers & the persecuted





Jane
Marczewski
(Nightbird)

I have had cancer three times now, and I have barely passed thirty. There are times when I wonder what I must have done to deserve such a story.... I spent three months propped against the wall. On nights that I could not sleep, I laid in the tub like an insect, staring at my reflection in the shower knob. I vomited until I was hollow. I rolled up under my robe on the tile. The bathroom floor became my place to hide, where I could scream and be ugly; where I could sob and spit and eventually doze off, happy to be asleep, even with my head on the toilet.

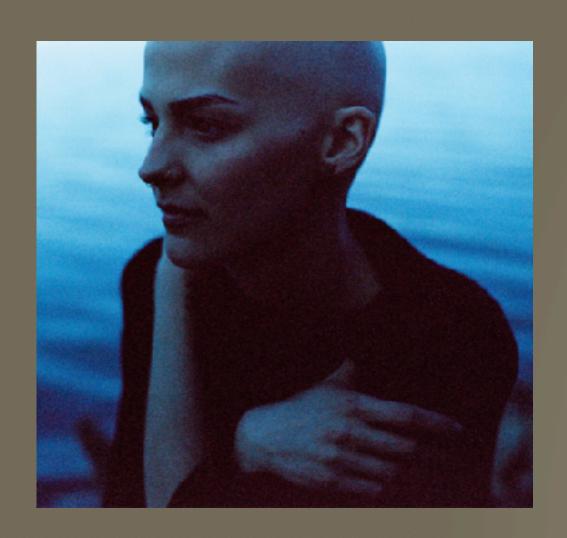


Jane
Marczewski
(Nightbird)

I am God's downstairs neighbor, banging on the ceiling with a broomstick. I show up at His door every day.

Sometimes with songs, sometimes with curses. Sometimes apologies, gifts, questions, demands. Sometimes I use my key under the mat to let myself in. Other times, I sulk outside until He opens the door to me Himself. I have called Him a cheat and a liar, and I meant it. I have told Him I wanted to die, and I meant it.

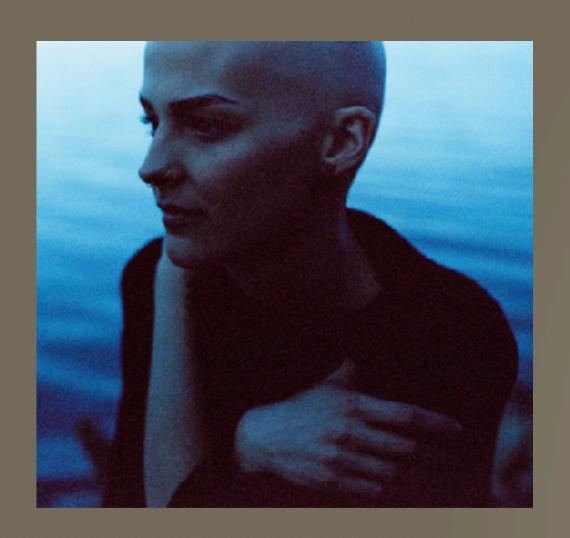
Tears have become the only prayer I know. Prayers roll over my nostrils and drip down my forearms.



Jane
Marczewski
(Nightbird)

These are the prayers I repeat night and day; sunrise, sunset. Call me bitter if you want to—that's fair. Count me among the angry, the cynical, the offended, the hardened. But count me also among the friends of God. "It's not the mercy that I asked for, but it is mercy nonetheless.

And I learn a new prayer: thank you. It's a prayer I don't mean yet, but will repeat until I do." For I have seen Him in rare form. I have felt His exhale, laid in His shadow, squinted to read the message He wrote for me in the grout: "I'm sad too."



Jane
Marczewski
(Nightbird)

Call me cursed, call me lost, call me scorned. But that's not all. Call me chosen, blessed, sought-after. Call me the one who God whispers His secrets to. I am the one whose belly is filled with loaves of mercy that were hidden for me.

Even on days when I'm not so sick, sometimes I go lay on the mat in the afternoon light to listen for Him. I know it sounds crazy, and I can't really explain it, but God is in there—even now. I have heard it said that some people can't see God because they won't look low enough, and it's true.

Look lower. God is on the bathroom floor.

Matt
26:30

"I tell you, I will not drink from this fruit of the vine from now on until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom."