

OVERCOMING DESPAIR WITH JESUS' HOPE

MATTHEW 19 – ERIC SIMPSON – DECEMBER 10, 2017

"Our life is a short time in expectation, a time in which sadness and joy kiss each other at every moment. There is a quality of sadness that pervades all the moments of our lives. It seems that there is no such thing as a clear-cut pure joy, but that even in the most happy moments of our existence we sense a tinge of sadness. In every satisfaction, there is an awareness of limitations. In every success, there is the fear of jealousy. Behind every smile, there is a tear. In every embrace, there is loneliness. In every friendship, distance. And in all forms of light, there is the knowledge of surrounding darkness." – Henri Nouwen

hope = confident expectation that goodness is coming

Matthew 6:9-10

⁹...Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name, ¹⁰ your kingdom come, your will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Matthew 19:28-29

renewal = palingenesia = again beginning, Genesis again, Eden restored

Revelation 21:3-5

➤ No longer any reason to mourn

➤ No longer any curse

"Finally, the totality of our being will be saturated only with goodness. Think of it—think of all that you're not going to have to wrestle with anymore. The fear that has been your lifelong battle, the anger, the compulsions, the battles to forgive, that nasty root of resentment. No more internal civil wars; no doubt, no lust, no regret; no shame, no self-hatred, no gender confusion. What has plagued you these last many years? What has plagued you all your life? Your Healer will personally lift it from your shoulders." – John Eldredge

➤ No longer any "old order of things"



"Gandalf! I thought you were dead! But then I thought I was dead myself. Is everything sad going to come untrue? What's happened to the world?" "A great Shadow has departed," said Gandalf, and then he laughed and the sound was like music, or like water in a parched land; and as he listened the thought came to Sam that he had not heard laughter, the pure sound of merriment, for days upon days without count. It fell upon his ears like the echo of all the joys he had ever known. – J.R.R. Tolkien