

Good News Daily

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Sunday, April 8

John 14:1-7 *“My Father’s house has many rooms; if that were not so, would I have told you I am going there to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be with me that you also may be where I am.”* (vv.2-3 NIV)

Perhaps as we grow older the promises Christ made to each of us are given more clarity—promises for the present and promises for the future—if only we believe. In the here and now, do we believe Christ’s promise of eternity, of answered prayer, and the Holy Spirit? His promises for the future are a room in God’s mansion, his return for us, and his legacy of peace.

I, along with others, suffered the loss of several friends within weeks of each other. We didn’t mourn their deaths, however sad we felt. We celebrated the lives they lived, their love of the Lord, and the many uses of their talents. Even the lunches held after the services were fond memories of how they loved to dine out enjoying laughter and companionship.

Let us remember, understand, and accept the comfort and encouragement Christ freely gives through his promises. Welcome the promises of the present as we wait for the promises of the future—the promise of peace.

Exodus 14:5-22; Psalms 146, 147; 1 John 1:1-7

Monday, April 9

John 14:8-17 *“Very truly I tell you, whoever believes in me will do the works I have been doing, and they will do even greater things than these, because I am going to the Father. And I will do whatever you ask in my name, so that the Father may be glorified in the Son. You may ask me for anything in my name, and I will do it.”* (vv.12-14)

It seems presumptuous to think I could accomplish the works Jesus so easily achieved during his short walk on earth. How could I, a mere mortal, feed the multitudes and heal the sick? My walk on earth is more than double what Jesus’ walk was, so I ask myself, “What works have I done for the Father’s glory?” Many of us work for God and we can accomplish the things Jesus did on a smaller scale. However, we must be open to God changing our plans.

I write for the glory of God through the power of the Holy Spirit. On this day, I planned a different schedule: after coffee with God I would write, then meet with my prayer partner. But God already put into action a new schedule and it would affect more than myself. My prayer partner

called the evening before and changed our meeting time to allow her to volunteer at a nursing home. The change left me available when a friend called needing a ride to the doctor. God's plan touched many—mine didn't.

Exodus 14:21-31; Psalms 1, 2, 3; 1 Peter 1:1-12

Tuesday, April 10

Psalm 6 *Away from me, all you who do evil, for the LORD has heard my weeping. The LORD has heard my cry for mercy; the LORD accepts my prayer.* (vv.8-9)

How can joy have a sound when it's an emotion? Can you hear joy in this Scripture?

When I was a young child the sound of the car bringing daddy home from work brought me joy. As a teenager, my happiness was the sound of singing and making a joyful noise. When I became a young adult the sound of a newborn baby's cry brought me inexplicable joy. As the children grew older I heard joy in words; "I love you, Mom." And after they grew up and left home I became closer to God, and the sound of silence gave me joy. As I grow old, the sound of birds chirping their songs of hope bring joy to each new day. Sounds of joy.

I also hear joy in hope. I once read we can live forty days without food, four days without water, four minutes without air, and only four seconds without hope. "The LORD has heard the voice of my weeping" (Psalm 6:8), and this hope is the sound of joy.

What is the sound of your joy?

Exodus 15:1-21; Psalm 5; 1 Peter 1:13-25; John 14:18-31

Wednesday, April 11

John 15:1-11 *"I am the true vine, and my Father is the gardener. He cuts off every branch in me that bears no fruit, while every branch that does bear fruit he prunes so that it will be even more fruitful."* (vv.1-2)

I love to play in the dirt, as I call gardening. I experience Christ's love in each plant and flower. Azaleas burst forth in brilliant blankets of pink each spring. Then old-fashioned flowers bloom—intricate faces of yellow and purple pansies, red and pink snapdragons with their mouths hidden, and orange nasturtiums with sweet nectar—all God's creations, each flower and plant different.

I find pruning a difficult task, not because it's hard, but because the branch is still alive, and I wonder if God feels the same about me. Does He wonder if He's pruned too much, as I wonder about my grape vines? Does He wait for me to bear fruit as I wait to see grapes on my plants?

As a follower of Christ, my desire is to be fruitful for the glory of God. "This is to my Father's glory, that you bear much fruit, showing

yourselves to be my disciples” (v.8). As I wander through my garden, my intimacy with Christ grows while I admire the gifts God gives me.

Exodus 15:22—16:10, Psalm 119:1-24, 1 Peter 2:1-10

Thursday, April 12

John 15:12-27 *“When the Advocate comes, whom I will send to you from the Father—the Spirit of truth who goes out from the Father—he will testify about me. And you also must testify, for you have been with me from the beginning.”* (vv.26-27)

The *Counselor*, the *Helper*, the *Advocate*, the *Comforter*, the *Spirit of Truth*, however your Bible reads, the Holy Spirit is all these things to me. When I went on a quest for the Spirit, I failed to recognize the Spirit already resided within me. I was searching for a feeling, whether it came from a sermon, the music, or an amazing experience. What I didn’t realize was until I recognized the Spirit within me none of these things would have meaning. Even the disciples didn’t understand the concept of the Holy Spirit.

And, just as Jesus instructed the disciples to go forth and testify, I have been led to testify through my writing. Each time I sit down to write, I pray the Holy Spirit give me words to write for the glory of God. My Counselor encourages me, my Helper gives me understanding of the Word, my Advocate promotes me in the hearts of others, and my Spirit of Truth gives me the facts. Jesus lives through the Holy Spirit within me just as he lives through you.

Exodus 16:10-22; Psalm 18:1-20; 1 Peter 2:11-25

Friday, April 13

Psalm 17 *Hear me, LORD, my plea is just; listen to my cry. Hear my prayer—it does not rise from deceitful lips. Let my vindication come from you; may your eyes see what is right.* (vv.1-2)

My daughter’s phone call came from 2,100 miles away. My heart sunk to the pit of my stomach with a distinct thud. “It’s cancer,” she said. “Lymphoma. My oncologist wants six months of aggressive chemotherapy, two days a month, then she’ll reevaluate.”

Cancer—the dreaded *big C*. A million thoughts clouded my mind. Cancer runs rampant through my paternal side of the family. My grandfather, my dad and aunts, my sister, and two brothers all succumbed to this disease. Now, my daughter is in the fight for her life. How can I help from so far away? Why have I escaped? It must be my fault. Did I pass it on through my genes? Is this even possible?

I know God allows trouble to come for reasons I will never know or understand. All I can do is pray for His mercy, trust in His faithfulness, and believe in the healing hand of my Lord Jesus. The Lord hears our prayers.

My daughter is in remission after only four months of treatment. Praise God for His mercy and grace.

Exodus 16:23-36; Psalm 16; 1 Peter 3:13—4:6; John 16:1-15

Saturday, April 14

Psalm 20 *Some trust in chariots and some in horses; But we trust in the name of the LORD our God.* (v.7)

Chariots are mentioned 97 times in the Bible—horses 116 times. They were important in those ancient times. Alone, a chariot is simply a chariot. Together, chariots and horses were a status symbol and often used in wars. In both the Old and New Testament Scriptures the prophets saw horses in their visions, and in Revelation 14, the Lord rode a white horse, as did the armies of heaven.

My Dad loved horses. He breathed, ate, and slept horses. Although there was usually a horse or two around when I was growing up, it wasn't until years later he seriously pursued his lifelong dream of raising and training thoroughbreds. With more than 50 years of experience handling horses, he was acclaimed the oldest horse trainer at Grants Pass Downs until he died at the age of 77. He was a solitary man. Few witnessed his emotions. Many a sleepless night was spent with Mom by his side—delivering a foal, saving a mare. He trusted in horses. Did he trust in the Lord? I believe so.

Exodus 17:1-16; Psalm 21; 1 Peter 4:7-19; John 16:16-33

by Shirley J. Conley

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