

begin.

elizabeth maxon

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## For My Tuesday Girls

with whom begin. began,  
these words are richer and deeper because of you.

Thank you for your willingness to ‘go someplace else’ with me.  
#mytuesdaygirls

*A good journey starts with knowing where we are  
and being willing to go someplace else.*  
~ Richard Rohr, “Everything Belongs”



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# *Daily Readings*

*I realize I can't tell God what to speak, or when to speak it.  
But I can position myself in the secret place  
so that, when He chooses to speak,  
I am found listening.  
~Bob Sorge, "Secrets of the Secret Place"*



DAY 1 *Water to Wine* by Elizabeth Maxon

**Read: John 2:1-11**

He didn't use a magic wand.  
No spells were cast.  
Jesus' presence was enough.

And though the power belonged to Him alone, he invited others in.  
He invites us in...  
to be part of the miracle.

A faithful servant carried a pitcher of dirty water to his master, who was expecting wine. Simple obedience in the face of the impossible revealed God's glory and gave birth to faith. It still does today.

In a moment, a miracle can happen.

Water to wine.  
Old to new.  
Problem to promise.

A traditional Jewish wedding promised to be a joyous occasion with enough food and wine to last for days. Running out of wine would have been a major problem. The promise of a grand celebration would go unfulfilled.

There are gaps that exist between the problems we face and the promises of God. Sometimes they seem impossible to bridge. What will we fill them with?

Anything besides Jesus won't hold up.  
Not self-help books.  
Not food.  
Not drink.  
Not TV shows.



Not trips to tropical destinations.  
Not the quest for knowledge.  
Not even our friends and family.

If the bridge between our problems and God's promises is built with anything else but Him, we will never get to the other side.  
We will never experience the transformation from old to new.  
We will never taste the fruit of obedience through suffering.  
We will never move from a watered down version of life to the rich fullness of who we were created to be.

Jesus' purpose in coming to this world was to lay his life down like a bridge for us to cross - from our problems to His promises.

*I came that they may have life, and have it abundantly.*

{John 10:10}

If we invite Jesus into that space between our problems and His promises,  
He will fill it with miracles and  
He will fill it with meaning.

No magic wands needed.  
No book of spells.  
The miracles of God are his glory manifested. There is no greater power on heaven or earth.

Capturing the beauty of the conversion of the water into wine, the poet Alexander Pope said,  
*The conscious water saw its Master and blushed.*

Ravi Zacharias goes on to say,  
*That sublime description could be reworked to explain each miracle. Was it any different in principle for a broken body to mend at the command of its Maker? Was it far-fetched for the Creator of the universe, who fashioned matter out of nothing, to multiply bread for*

*the crowd? Was it not within the power of the One who called all the molecules into existence to interlock them that they might bear His footsteps?*

The same Jesus who turned water to wine, who brought the dead to life, who fed thousands with a meal meant for ten, and walked on water.

That same Jesus wants to bend time and space and matter for you too.

His power at work – *for* you and *in* you.

Whatever problem you are facing today, believe God for a miracle in the gap between that problem and His promises. Invite Him into that space. He won't wedge his way into a gap you're already filling with something else. Give him room.

Walk obediently in the life He has called you to, even when you don't feel like it. Don't let your problem be an excuse for compromising your faithfulness to your God.

Prepare to be transformed. As hard as it may be to believe - there is purpose in the problem. No matter how big or it may be, you can stop searching for answers. Every question can be answered with one name - Jesus.

~ Write down 2 or 3 problems you are facing right now – big or small.

~ Re-read John 2:6-11 {perhaps in another translation this time} and jot down anything significant in your journal.

~ Read one or both of the following passages and reflect on what they mean to you in light of your problems and God's promises today. Jot some more notes in your journal, if you'd like.

Matthew 6:25-33

Romans 8:31-35

DAY 2 *Wrestle* by Amanda Uher

The other day I employed the super-holy Bible study method of “open-your-Bible-to-a-random-page-and-choose-the-first-verse-you-see.” I landed on a verse beginning with a name I can’t even pronounce. This did not seem promising, but I’m glad I hung in there.

*Epaphras, who is one of you and a servant of Christ Jesus, sends greetings. He is always wrestling in prayer for you, that you may stand firm in all the will of God, mature and fully assured.*  
Colossians 4:12

*Wrestling in prayer.*

I really like this picture of prayer. I think we often talk of prayer as if it’s a last resort.

*Well, all we can do now is pray.*

It seems like this passive, last-ditch effort. We throw a Hail-Mary shot up to heaven (no pun intended) and just wait to see what happens.

But, wrestling. Wrestling is active, fully engaged. It’s kind of loud and sweaty. At least it is if you’re my kids.

Sometimes prayer is sweet and lovely, hands folded, head bowed, eyes closed, voice hushed. But sometimes it’s laid out on the floor, fists pounding, tears flowing, crying out to God. It is confused, angry, hurt, desperate, urgent...*wrestling*.

Sometimes it feels like we’re wrestling God Himself, trying to grasp hold of Him and pin Him down. Now, try something: imagine, instead of wrestling *against* God, you’re wrestling *alongside* God in prayer.

God is not our opponent. He's certainly not one to be pinned. Perhaps as we struggle, wrestle, through this broken world, it is through prayer that we can find ourselves really experiencing God. We can sense Him wrestling alongside us.

I invite you to wrestle in prayer. Maybe it's for yourself. Maybe it's for your marriage. Maybe it's for your children. Don't just wrestle in your circumstance. Wrestle in prayer. If you can't approach God all pretty and neat and tidy about it – no problem. He never asked us to pray like that.

Even if it feels like you're wrestling against God, that's better than standing at a distance.

When you wrestle, you're close.

God wants us close.

Eventually you'll find, rather than opposing you and trying to pin you down, God has been wrestling alongside you all along.

~ Consider a time when it felt like you were wrestling against God. Perhaps you were trying to convince Him to do something or maybe trying to resist something you felt He was saying or doing. Journal about it.

~ Now, re-frame the experience: wrestling *alongside* God. What difference does this make to you? Jot down the differences in your journal.

~ If you sense God calling you to wrestle alongside Him in prayer about something right now – do it. Get on your knees, close your eyes, and work it out.

DAY 3 *Temptation in Disguise* by Elizabeth Maxon

*That's why I'm easy, easy like Sunday morning.*

Lionel Richie clearly did not have little kids.  
When he sang those lyrics so convincingly, I am quite certain there were no  
epic temper tantrums or  
marathon whining episodes or  
little girl wardrobe malfunctions or  
hair pulling or  
name calling or  
chases of terror  
going on at his house.

Have you noticed? Sunday mornings are anything but *easy*.  
My version of the song is called '*Crazy, Like Sunday Morning*.'

Our Sunday morning started out smooth enough. I had some time to myself before the kids woke up. They watched a show together on the couch while I made breakfast. Then I began getting us ready for church {insert plot twist}.

Joey was out of town so I was on my own. I should have been able to handle it. It's not like we have 10 kids or anything. There are just two of them, and they are small. Small is manageable, right? Wrong.

I had just turned on the shower when one of them came running down the hall screaming and crying, being chased by the other one who was wielding a wooden spoon and a diabolical laugh. Things had taken a turn. My blood pressure flew up alongside the threats and insults -  
*I'm never going to play with you ever again!!*  
*I wish I didn't have a brother!*  
*You ALWAYS do that!!*  
*Well, you're a poopy head baby!!*

That last one is a favorite.

I intervened, they paused, but were back at it again as soon as I turned around.

I redirected, they moved on for a moment, then resumed with increased intensity.

I resorted to threats and insults myself. I started feeling like I might lose my ever loving mind and momentarily considered taking them to church in their pajamas and dropping them off in the kids area for all three services while I went out to a three hour breakfast by myself. But I was afraid someone might call the authorities on me.

The next hour went on like that. Back and forth, spiraling out of control. I was about to blow a gasket when I finally told them, through clinched teeth, to go to their own rooms until they could get it together - until *I* could get it together.

Do you ever have those moments when you stop in the middle of a crazy chaotic home and wonder - *Are we all doomed?*

*Have I made some fatal mistake as a parent that has led us to complete relational dysfunction?*

*Will these children grow up to be mean, spiteful adults who are estranged from their parents?*

*Is all this anger and ugliness rooted so deep in us that we can never escape it?*

*Why do other moms seem to be able to handle this stuff so much better than me?*

*Am I wasting my time trying to fix something that will be eternally broken?*

*Will I seriously waste hours of my life dealing with this junk?*

As I closed each of their bedroom doors to separate us, I began to sense there was more filling the space between us. More than walls and doors. There was something heavy and dark and suddenly all of those frantic questions I had been asking myself became irrelevant because I knew what I was dealing with was far beyond anything I

could 'fix'.

When I turned and walked across the hall to my own room I couldn't put my finger on exactly what was going on but I knew what I needed. I bent my knees, took a deep breath, closed my eyes and started the pleading. I lifted the truth up like a banner over that war zone, over all of the injuries and fatalities. Then I went back to blow drying my hair. Life goes on - right in the middle of the battlefield.

When I walked back into the hallway a few minutes later the kids were missing from their rooms. I stood still and quiet, listening for them, holding my breath, hoping no one was in a head lock. That would explain the silence. There was no screaming because there was no breathing!

Just as I set off looking for them I heard talking, not yelling {praise Jesus}, coming from the basement. I went down to find them with the easel paper rolled out on the floor, stickers and markers spread out between them. They were creating their own world. It was a world covered in flowers and sunshine and palm trees and hammocks and rocky roads leading up to picturesque barns. It was a lovely place. They were in a lovely place. Even though we didn't have a lot of time I sat down on the floor and decided to just 'be' in that lovely place with them for a while. Then we left for church. No tears. No tantrums.

I posted a picture on Instagram, giving a brief description of our morning because it had been significant to me. I like to share significant things. But it seemed more significant than several sentences of social media could convey so I kept processing it on the way to church

and as I left the kids in their classroom

and as I joined hundreds of others in collective worship

and then as, amazingly, I listened to my pastor begin preaching, of all things, on the spiritual warfare that is present in the temptations we face in this world.

My whole morning was turning into a living lesson.

At first I didn't identify a clear link between a discussion on temptation and the spiritual war I just endured at home. Then my pastor began listing the top temptations for women. Do you know what they are?

Critical thinking

Jealousy/Envy

Bitterness

Turn back a page and take a look at those questions I was asking myself on a not-so-easy Sunday morning. I think we can check every one of those temptations off the list. I was standing face-to-face with them all.

I tend to think of temptation in more concrete terms. Being tempted in the areas of food or sex or other outwardly obvious behaviors. The above list of temptations is subtler. Those sins are often hidden, not even acknowledged, and yet do untold damage to a person and those around them. If I'm honest, I am tempted in those areas every single day. The enemy of our souls knows our weakness and you can be sure there is strategy involved in the when, where, and how temptation comes exploding into our lives like a grenade.

It wasn't just a home issue we were facing on Sunday. It was a heart issue. What was going on around us was just a symptom of what was going on inside of us. I was being tempted to engage some of my deepest sins. My kids were probably facing theirs too. A problem that deep is above my pay grade, outside my area of expertise.

When a spiritual war is waged, spiritual weapons must be wielded. Over the years I have stockpiled those weapons. They are weapons I am unable to manufacture, but can easily access. They are the words I have read and written and sung and memorized. The truth of them can put any enemy on the ground. I have put myself



through boot camp. I have disciplined myself in the ways of prayer and silence and solitude. I know how to take my thoughts captive and interrogate them until I uncover the truth. I'm not particularly strong or tough, but I'm ready. When we are attacked I have the means to fight back. And when a battle is over I get right back to it - the training, the preparation - because a war is being waged for our souls and we can't be caught off guard.

In his book, "The Sacred Romance," John Eldredge says it this way.

*He probes the perimeter, looking for a weakness. Here's how this works: Satan will throw a thought or a temptation at us in hopes that we will swallow it. He knows your story, knows what works with you and so the line is tailor-made to your situation...When Satan probes, make no agreement, if something in your heart says, 'Yeah, you're right', then he pours it on.*

All those questions I asked myself? They were tailor-made. Yours are too. Far too often I allow them to appear as truth for a moment, maybe longer. That is a dangerous door to open. That is how our perimeter becomes vulnerable to attack. It's a real battle, friends, and nobody can fight alone. We need an army beside us.

My pastor closed his message yesterday by telling us how he and his wife sign off in every note or letter they write to one another.

They don't say 'love you' - although they do.  
They don't say 'see ya later' - although they will.  
They say what I want to say to you. What I want us to say to each other...

*I'm in battle for your soul.*

Whose soul are you battling for today? Who is battling for yours?

Because sometimes Sundays are anything but easy. Sometimes the outward struggles are just an indicator of an inward battle. Sometimes our temptations are so hidden that we engage them unknowingly. Sometimes we are losing a war we didn't even know we were fighting. Sometimes we need an army. Let's be that for each other, shall we?

~ What spiritual weapons are you confident you will find in your arsenal? Which ones do you need to stockpile and practice using? What one bit of training could you begin today?

~ Whose soul do you do battle for? Who is doing battle for your soul? If you don't have a community of warriors around you join our 'begin.' community and consider connecting with a begin.buddy. Don't do this alone.

DAY 4 *In The Moment* by Elizabeth Maxon

It's difficult for me to get there, to squeeze myself inside that tiny space of here and now. Once I'm there, everything opens up. It's not cramped and tight after all.

In fact, once I get 'in the moment' I must be careful not to look back outside of it. As soon as I do, the pressure builds, the weight increases, my breathing gets shallow, my mind flits all over, and there is unrest.

Rest is found in the moment.

I am showered.

I am dressed.

Make-up on.

Breakfast eaten.

Nothing more required of me – here, now.

Later? Yes. But in this moment I am free.

Free to

Write

Think

Read

Wander

Wonder

Listen

The music in my earbuds picks up pace and pitch. I don't do well with that. Life picks up pace and pitch and I begin to spiral.

How can I keep my pace when the world around me is so unpredictable, so ever-changing? How do I minimize the influence of the frantic and frenzied? How do I keep from absorbing it?

I need breathing room and a chance to remember I can trust Jesus completely.

John 16:32-33 reminds me of Jesus' words,  
*I've told you all this so that trusting me, you will be unshakable and  
assured,  
deeply at peace. In this godless world you will continue to  
experience difficulties.  
But take heart! I've conquered the world.*

The music slows and wraps itself around me. There is complexity, but each instrument works together beautifully. That sound inspires me.

There will be dissonance in life – offensive, disruptive music playing in my ear. I will have to deal with it, but I can also keep seeking a tune to both slow me and move me.

It is the rhythm of grace.

I always find it *in the moment*.

*There is a peace. There is a love. You can get lost inside...*  
~ Needtobreathe, 'Testify'

~ Listen to the song 'Testify' by Needtobreathe. What does it mean to 'get lost inside' the peace, the love, the person of Jesus? How could you start to let go and fall into the moment?

~ Set a timer for at least 15 minutes. Spend it 'in the moment'. Whatever helps you stay present – do that. Close your eyes and breathe deep. Paint a picture. Press and mold a lump of clay. Listen to music. Play music. Meditate on a word or passage. Write about the moment. Sing about the moment. Go for a walk. No pressure. No expectations. No need to produce or perform. Just be in the moment and let the moment hold you.

DAY 5 *Dimly Lit* by Elizabeth Poplin

Something happened to my very favorite candle.

Actually, something happened to the wick. I've tried everything to revive my blue Volcano candle. I've even googled "how to fix a defective candle wick", but the advice given by the candle wick experts didn't work for my little blue treasure. The flame is so small now, so fragile. Sometimes, from across the room, it looks as if it has finally succumbed to the elements and given up into a puff of smoke. But it never does. It does its job. It burns, but it is dimly lit.

Do you ever feel dimly lit? Barely burning?

Between laundry and errands and the to-do list that only grows longer as motivation and energy grow shorter, we grow weary. We pick up and wipe up and show up and clean up and sometimes want to give up. Between school and emails and schedules and relationships and errands and our attempts to exercise and fulfill every obligation we've signed up for, it's no wonder our candles flicker. It's no wonder, on some days, your flame is faint. It seems like the slightest wind - just one more thing - could completely do you in.

One of my favorite verses in the Bible says this.

*A bruised reed He will not break,  
and a dimly burning wick He will not extinguish.*

Isaiah 42:3

I love that the Lord, in his tenderness for you, knows that on many days you feel dimly lit. Not good enough. Not pretty enough. Not together enough. And sometimes, just plain tired.

I want you to imagine God lovingly cupping His tender hands around your dimly lit flame. Imagine Him scooping you up in His lap to hold you for a while. Imagine Him breathing life and breath back into

what's left of you at the end of the day. He sees every loving thing you've done. He knows every hurt you've healed. He hears every quick prayer you've prayed. He witnesses every smile you force. He delights over every joy you've experienced. He walks beside you every step. And He loves you more than you can comprehend. Take that in.

*He loves you more than you can comprehend.*

When you feel dimly lit, know that God's word says He will not extinguish your flame. He treasures it. He sees it, sees you, as beautiful. He longs to take it and cup it and restore it to wholeness and joy. To peace and purpose. To rest and redemption.

On the many days that my flame is dimly lit, the only true remedy I've found is Jesus. He is the cure for the dimly lit life. He is the revival for the tired spirit. He is the best friend for the lonely heart.

When your flame is barely burning, find Him. Sit with Him. Grab a blanket and your Bible and tell Him you need Him. He waits for the chance to love you. To cup your little flame in His hands and keep it safe and burning. With him there is peace and purpose. Clarity for chaos. Strength for weariness. Deep breaths for tattered, teary ones.

There's no stronger shelter for dimly lit flames than the presence of Jesus. So press on, beautiful one, and let your little light so shine, even when it flickers.

Your dimly lit days are His specialty.

<p>~ Close your eyes and imagine God's hands carefully cupped around your dimly lit life. Pour out your needs to him and then...listen.</p> <p>~ Read Isaiah 42:3 in various translations. Respond to the verse and your time with God in your journal.</p>
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DAY 6 *Pinders Keepers* by Elizabeth Maxon

Sometimes I rely more on the ritual than the relationship.  
Rituals can be a good thing. But...

Rituals don't care when you are hurting and struggling. Relationships do.

Rituals don't get all up in your business. Relationships do.

Rituals don't surprise you by meeting you in unexpected ways. Relationships do.

Jesus is a person. People connect through relationships - not rituals.

In my relationship with Jesus I so often do all the talking.

Blah Blah Blah Blah

I am a master at praying and laying my life down at the throne of God, but I have a tendency to stand from my knees too soon and walk away before I hear what he has to say in response. Relationships require listening and finding out what the other person has to say on the matter. I am always rewarded for my listening. Maybe not immediately, but always.

Sometimes it takes only one moment.

Only one verse.

~~~

It was an ordinary fall night, right in the middle of back-to-school stuff. The pace of life was moving fast, and I was feeling the effects. As I drowsily reached for the kitchen light before going to bed, something stopped me. That book of truth sat still under a pile of bills and lists and advertisements on the counter, but I heard it whisper to me. There can be so much drowning noise in my head, but that night I could hear.

I pushed the pile aside. I opened those pages wearily, and then it was me - torn open.

I was ready to listen, ready to find - and be found.

In an instant, a few words spoke to me. I felt the need to dig deeper, because a simple verse is never just a simple verse. I began reading other translations and commentaries and eventually stumbled upon something.

*You crown the year with your bounty;  
your wagon tracks overflow with abundance.*  
{Psalm 65:11 ESV}

*You crown the year with your goodness; your footsteps drop  
prosperity behind them.* {Psalm 65:11 ISV}

The wagon tracks. The foot paths.  
What happens when a wagon rides over and over the same track?  
What happens when someone treads over and over the same path?

The ground becomes hard and bare.

*You crown the year with a bountiful harvest; even the hard  
pathways overflow with abundance.* {Psalm 65:11 NLT}

The hard pathways.

And yet even the most deeply worn tracks, the hardest of pathways, produce abundance and prosperity in the presence of the one who brings life and growth in the hard places.

The suffering, the grieving, the frustration, and the disappointment are heavy to bear. They pack us down, leaving us dry and cracked, unable to produce anything good. And yet the feet of God fall softly on that dirty, worn track of our lives and something beautiful begins to grow in their wake.

His presence is all we need for life to sprout up - lush and new.



*You crown the year with your goodness; and richness overflows  
wherever you are. {Psalm 65:11 GW}*

When he comes, so does new life.

What if we made it a priority to step into his presence, to step into new life?

Imagine how far that one step could take us. Imagine what we might find there.

~~~

Years ago I let my mind wander to this place and I began a year full of 'First Friday Finds'.

On the first Friday of every month I invited others to join me as I took a few moments to find what our hearts really need - the grace words of our Savior. The goal was simply to open the word of God and let it speak to us. These were the parameters {because parameters make me feel safe and help me focus}.

{1} Open your Bible {or turn it on}.

{2} Find ONE verse. You can randomly choose. You can search for a keyword. You can flip to a particular chapter. You can go back to something were recently intrigued by. Take a breath, allow yourself to be guided to that spot, and then see what you find. This isn't the time to go back to an old favorite. It's time to discover something new.

{3} Read your verse. Read it again. And again. Look at it in various translations. Read 2 or 3 verses surrounding it if you need some context. As you read, don't be too focused on how you can say something profound about the verse, but instead allow the verse to say something profound to you. Even if it's slow going at first, give it some time.

{4} 15 minutes flat. Set your timer. After you've taken a little time to let the words settle into your spirit take 15 minutes to record what

you've found. If you have trouble coming up with anything, just copy the verse. Underline words or phrases that resonate with you. Write something about that word or phrase. Remember you are not being graded and there is no 'right' or 'wrong'. Stick to your time limit because if you feel the need to do more you may not do it at all, and that would be a shame.

We will incorporate this practice into our readings occasionally. You can feel free to try it more often if you'd like. We won't call them First Friday Finds because you may not do them on first Fridays - or on Friday at all. Instead we will call them 'Finders Keepers'. When you uncover hidden treasures of scripture and take your time to record a response, something happens. Those treasures become yours. They are tucked away inside of you forever.

Today is your first 'Finders Keepers'. Find a verse. Or choose one from the list below.

~ 1 Corinthians 16:13

~ Romans 14:23

~ John 15:5

~ 2 Chronicles 20:12

Follow the above steps and see where they take you.

DAY 7 *Stop The Madness* by Elizabeth Maxon

I envy people who are not crazy. I'm being serious.

I have a handful of friends who had pretty normal childhoods, stable families, loyal friends, nothing traumatic or wild to report other than the time their second-cousin-once-removed showed up at the family reunion drunk. I know their lives are not perfect, but their course in life has never deviated too far. These are the people I try to channel when I feel like I am going to completely lose it and go ballistic on someone.

I know that thought would never cross the mind of a non-crazy person. I have crazy in me. I routinely feel like I might literally come out of my skin. I harbor tension that makes my jaw clench as I sleep, which seems to only be relieved by either screaming at the top of my lungs, throwing something, or sobbing uncontrollably. I am keenly aware that 'losing your mind' isn't just something people say but something that really happens. I misplace mine on a regular basis. I could go on, but I think you get the idea.

My crazy usually lies hidden behind the social graces every good southern girl has been taught, or sits cowering under the commands of my highly trained behavior modification skills, but eventually it pokes its ugly head out and starts causing problems.

Being crazy isn't easy {especially for my kids and husband, I'm guessing - poor things}. But lately I've been thinking my crazy may actually be evidence of God's mercy.

Every time I think I might have a handle on this life, the craziness seems to get a hold of me and I am reminded how foolish I have been in all my independent acting and thinking and feeling.

*I am the vine; you are the branches. Whoever abides in me and I in him, he will bear much fruit;*

*APART FROM ME YOU CAN DO NOTHING.*

*~ Jesus {John 15:5}*

In case you didn't guess, the caps were mine. Sometimes I need Jesus to raise his voice with me.

When I feel crazy my mind starts spinning and  
I need answers  
and a solution  
and something to stop the voices in my head!

At some point I eventually end up in the same place – desperately asking God for help with all it. And it doesn't help. Then I start to think my mind is so full of nonsense that I can't even properly ask the Lord of all creation for what I need, because surely he could set things right if I just asked the right questions and got the right answers. I wear myself out with all this business of asking and not getting answers until I am so weary and frazzled I finally crawl up on His lap and let myself fall into Him.

And the craziness lifts.  
And that verse proves true.

**Stop asking and start abiding.**

Don't let yourself get so far away from the source of truth that all you can hear are lies. Don't believe you should be able to handle anything when what you really need is to take your hands off of it and be held.

*Oh God, that my being would literally be an extension of your being.  
That you would fuse my spirit back onto yours so there is not a breath of space between us. No room for crazy to creep in and take back over.*

*That this dead branch of a life would be reconnected to its vine and receive all the nourishment needed to produce something ripe and sweet in this world.*

*Oh God, apart from you I can do nothing. Why do I ever try?*

~ Pray this prayer aloud to God or write your own.

~ Read John 15. Respond in your journal.