

Forgiveness or Unforgiveness

Matthew 6:

9 ¶ Pray then like this: Our Father who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.
10 Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, On earth as it is
in heaven.
11 Give us this day our daily bread;
12 And forgive us our debts, As we also have forgiven our
debtors;
13 And lead us not into temptation, But deliver us from
evil.
14 For if you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly
Father also will forgive you;
15 but if you do not forgive men their trespasses, neither
will your Father forgive your trespasses.

*Tell of un-forgiveness trapped in my heart over my father,
things from my childhood.*

My father

Matthew 18:

21 ¶ Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall
my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven
times?
22 Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven
times: but, Until seventy times seven.
23 Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a
certain king, which would take account of his servants.
24 And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought
unto him, which owed him ten thousand talents.

25 But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord
commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and
all that he had, and payment to be made.
26 The servant therefore fell down, and worshipped him,
saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.
27 Then the lord of that servant was moved with
compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt.
28 But the same servant went out, and found one of his
fellowservants, which owed him an hundred pence: and he
laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay
me that thou owest.
29 And his fellow servant fell down at his feet, and
besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will
pay thee all.
30 And he would not: but went and cast him into prison,
till he should pay the debt.
31 So when his fellow servants saw what was done, they
were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that
was done.
32 Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto
him, O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt,
because thou desiredst me:
33 Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy
fellow servant, even as I had pity on thee?
34 And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the
tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him.
35 So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you,
if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother
their trespasses.

Thomas Edison

By: admin Thomas A. Edison was working on a crazy contraption called a “light bulb” and it took a whole team of men 24 straight hours to put just one together. The story goes that when Edison was finished with one light bulb, he gave it to a young boy helper, who nervously carried it up the stairs. Step by step he cautiously watched his hands, obviously frightened of dropping such a priceless piece of work. You’ve probably guessed what happened by now; the poor young fellow dropped the bulb at the top of the stairs. It took the entire team of men twenty-four more hours to make another bulb. Finally, tired and ready for a break, Edison was ready to have his bulb carried up the stairs. He gave it to the same young boy who dropped the first one.

That’s true forgiveness.

James Newton, Uncommon Friends.

Unforgiveness can turn in to a form of hidden hatred

Dangers of hate bring spiritual blindness

1 John 2

7 ¶ Brethren, I write no new commandment unto you, but an old commandment which ye had from the beginning. The old commandment is the word which ye have heard from the beginning.

8 Again, a new commandment I write unto you, which thing is true in him and in you: because the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth.

9 He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his brother, is in darkness even until now.

10 He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him.

11 But he that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes.

1Jo 3:15 Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer: and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.

Story of Rick grappling with unforgiveness because of his wife’s death.

Two teen boys

Visited for Bus calling in Berwick

He as drinking beer, sons not home

Everything crashing around him

Life’s blows were so hard.

I explained God could make a change in his life.

We went to prayer and shortly after weeping, he admitted to holding the death of his wife against God. As I continued to encourage him to pray and ask God to forgive him for blaming God for her death.

In a flood of tears and holy ghost conviction, Rick prays through to God and was changed. He went to the sink and dumped out the beer he had and threw out the smokes. Rick came to Christ.

Forgiveness is ...

Forgiveness is hard. Especially in a marriage tense with past troubles, tormented by fears of rejection and humiliation, and torn by suspicion and distrust.

Forgiveness hurts. Especially when it must be extended to a husband or wife who doesn't deserve it, who hasn't earned it, who may misuse it. It hurts to forgive.

Forgiveness costs. Especially in marriage when it means accepting instead of demanding repayment for the wrong done; where it means releasing the other instead of exacting revenge; where it means reaching out in love instead of relinquishing resentments.

It costs to forgive...Stated psychologically, forgiveness takes place when the person who was offended and justly angered by the offender bears his own anger, and lets the other go free. Anger cannot be ignored, denied, or forgotten without doing treachery in hidden ways. It must be dealt with responsibly, honestly, in a decisive act of the will. Either the injured and justifiably angry person vents his feelings on the other in retaliation—(That is an attempt at achieving justice as accuser, judge, and hangman all in one)—or the injured person may choose to accept his angry feelings, bear the burden of them personally, find release through confession and prayer and set the other person free. This is forgiveness.

David Augsburger, Cherishable: Love and Marriage, 141-144.

1016 reads

FORGIVENESS,

Accepting Sen. Mark Hatfield recounts the following history: James Garfield was a lay preacher and principal of his denominational college. They say he was ambidextrous and could simultaneously write Greek, with one hand and Latin with the other.

In 1880, he was elected president of the United States, but after only six months in office, he was shot in the back with a revolver. He never lost consciousness. At the hospital, the doctor probed the wound with his little finger to seek the bullet. He couldn't find it, so he tried a silver-tipped probe. Still he couldn't locate the bullet.

They took Garfield back to Washington, D.C. Despite the summer heat, they tried to keep him comfortable. He was growing very weak. Teams of doctors tried to locate the bullet, probing the wound over and over. In desperation they asked Alexander Graham Bell, who was working on a little device called the telephone, to see if he could locate the metal inside the president's body. He came, he sought, and he too failed. The president hung on through July, through August, but in September he finally died—not from the wound, but from infection. The repeated probing, which the physicians thought would help the man, eventually, killed him. So it is with people who dwell too long on their sin and refuse to release it to God.

Roger Thompson

http://www.sermonillustrations.com/a-z/f/forgiveness_accepting.htm

So soar that you beary yourself in everything and then can't get back to where you wish you were.

FORGET

It's very human to begin looking for something and then forget what you're looking for. Tennessee Williams tells a story of someone who forgot -- the story of Jacob Brodzky, a shy Russian Jew whose father owned a bookstore. The older Brodzky wanted his son to go to college. The boy, on the other hand, desired nothing but to marry Lila, his childhood sweetheart -- a French girl as effusive, vital, and ambitious as he was contemplative and retiring. A couple of months after young Brodzky went to college, his father fell ill and died. The son returned home, buried his father, and married his love. Then the couple moved into the apartment above the bookstore, and Brodzky took over its management. The life of books fit him perfectly, but it cramped her. She wanted more adventure -- and she found it, she thought, when she met an agent who praised her beautiful singing voice and enticed her to tour Europe with a vaudeville company. Brodzky was devastated. At their parting, he reached into his pocket and handed her the key to the front door of the bookstore.

"You had better keep this," he told her, "because you will want it some day. Your love is not so much less than mine that you can get away from it. You will come back sometime, and I will be waiting."

She kissed him and left. To escape the pain he felt, Brodzky withdrew deep into his bookstore and took to reading as someone else might have taken to drink. He spoke little, did little, and could most times be found at the large desk near the rear of the shop, immersed in his books while he waited for his love to return.

Nearly 15 years after they parted, at Christmas time, she did return. But when Brodzky rose from the reading desk that had been his place of escape for all that time, he did not take the love of his life for more than an ordinary customer. "Do you want a book?" he asked. That he didn't recognize her startled her. But she gained possession of herself and replied, "I want a book, but I've forgotten the name of it."

Then she told him a story of childhood sweethearts. A story of a newly married couple who lived in an apartment above a bookstore. A story of a young, ambitious wife who left to seek a career, who enjoyed great success but could never relinquish the key her husband gave her when they parted. She told him the story she thought would bring him to himself. But his face showed no recognition. Gradually she realized that he had lost touch with his heart's desire, that he no longer knew the purpose of his waiting and grieving, that now all he remembered was the waiting and grieving itself. "You remember it; you must remember it -- the story of Lila and Jacob?"

After a long, bewildered pause, he said, "There is something familiar about the story, I think I have read it somewhere. It comes to me that it is something by Tolstoi." Dropping the key, she fled the shop. And Brodzky returned to his desk, to his reading, unaware that the love he waited for had come and gone. Tennessee Williams's 1931 story "Something by Tolstoi" reminds me how easy it is to miss love when it comes. Either something so distracts us or we have so completely lost who we are and what we care about that we cannot recognize our heart's desire.

<http://www.sermonillustrations.com/a-z/f/forget.htm>

Luke 7: 36 ¶ And one of the Pharisees desired him that he would eat with him. And he went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat.

37 And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment,

38 And stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment.

39 Now when the Pharisee which had bidden him saw it, he spake within himself, saying, This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him: for she is a sinner.

40 And Jesus answering said unto him, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on.

41 There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty.

42 And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me therefore, which of them will love him most?

43 Simon answered and said, I suppose that he, to whom he forgave most. And he said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged.

44 And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.

45 Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet.

46 My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment.

47 Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.

48 And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven.