

# V: Honoring Your Father & Mother

If you've got a bible, go with me once again to Deuteronomy 5. If you're new to our church, we are in the middle of a series of teachings where we've been walking our way, one-by-one, through the Ten Commandments. And we've also been using this series to talk about the idea of *morality in general*: how we think about ideas of right and wrong as human beings. We mentioned way back in week one of the series that **all of us—whether we follow Jesus or not—believe in morality. The only difference from person to person is where we choose to derive our definitions of morality from.** And we've been making the case that this ancient list of Ten Commandments, found in both Deuteronomy and Exodus, is a pretty good place—perhaps a *surprisingly* good place—to start.

But at the same time, that **doesn't mean we necessarily like all** of these commands when we hear them. Which brings us to *today's* command: the instruction to “honor” your father and mother. **This command is probably one that a lot of us have the hardest time with.** Several of the others sound pretty reasonable to us; but this one, many of us very quickly “throw a flag” on. We hear “honor your father and mother,” and we immediately feel the need to retort: “well what if my father and/or mother aren't *deserving of honor?*” “What if my father and/or mother *left*—what if they dipped out on me and my family?” “What if my father and/or mother *is* selfish or sinful? What if they were *abusive?*”

“Surely,” we think, “God cannot mean we are *always* to honor our father and mother, no matter what.” This commandment, to most of us, probably feels like it needs at least a handful of caveats and exceptions *to* it. But I think **at least some of our pushback** to this commandment might have to do with us not fully comprehending *what* it is calling us (and what it *isn't* calling us) to do: **what does the bible actually mean by “honoring” your father or mother?** That's at least one thing I think we need to unpack. And that's what we're going to unpack *first* this morning, so that we can better understand how to interpret and apply this command to our lives.

Now, just as a *disclaimer* before we do that. This morning, **I am going to speak almost entirely to adults** (so, people in the room who are 18+) about how to relate to and honor *their* parents. I'm approaching it that way partly because that is at least the *primary* context the Ten Commandments have in mind. The Ten Commandments were largely written to *adults* (think about it: it doesn't make much sense to tell young children not to commit adultery or not to covet their neighbors' fields). But I'm also teaching it that way, *practically*, because I think that's the scenario that at least the vast majority of people in *this* room are *in*. I'm not going to talk very much about how *kids* should relate to their parents, even though some of what I say may also apply there. But *primarily*, I'm

talking about how *adults* relate to *their parents*. We'll have to save the other stuff for a future teaching. Make sense?

What does it mean for us in *that stage* of life to *honor* our parents? Well, let's at least *start* by ruling *out* a couple things—by talking about what honoring your parents *doesn't* mean, according to the bible. First, **honoring your parents *isn't*...**

**...obeying everything they say.**

“Honoring” your parents **does not mean** that you must, as an adult, in every scenario, do everything that your parents tell you to do.<sup>1</sup> It *especially* doesn't mean obeying your parents **when their counsel runs contrary** to the teaching of the Scriptures. **For followers of Jesus, God is our ultimate authority. Parents are secondary, delegated authority. So if what our parents ask us to do violates what God tells us to do, we always go with what God says. If your parents tell you you should steal, you should not steal. If your parents tell you to degrade or despise other image bearers of God, you should not in fact do those things.**

And **inversely**, if our parents tell us *not* to do something that Scripture *does* command us to do, once again, we go with what *God* says—not with what our parents say. **There's actually a story in the book of Acts that perfectly models what our posture should be when a secondary authority contradicts our primary authority.** In Acts 5, some of the disciples have been put in jail for preaching and teaching people about the way of Jesus. But one night while they were in jail, the Holy Spirit busted them out of jail and told them to go keep telling people about Jesus. *Then*, this happens:

*The apostles were brought in and made to appear before the Sanhedrin to be questioned by the high priest. “We gave you strict orders not to teach in this name (meaning the name of Jesus),” he said. “Yet you have filled Jerusalem with your teaching and are determined to make us guilty of this man's blood.” Peter and the other apostles replied (notice this language): “We must obey God rather than human beings!”<sup>2</sup>*

**I take that to mean** that for followers of Jesus, obedience to God *always* takes priority over obedience to human beings. **If at any point your parents ask you to do something God forbids, or forbid you from doing something God commands, you go with God—every time.** So there are times, and situations, and circumstances where you are actually called to *not* obey your parents. And that doesn't mean you *aren't*

---

<sup>1</sup> Colossians 3:20 does seem to command something to this effect, but it is addressed to *children*. And even then, cannot mean “obey your parents when their instruction contradicts the bible.”

<sup>2</sup> Acts 5:27-29

honoring them; it just means you are choosing in those moments to honor *God*, which takes priority over honoring them. Make sense? So if at any point your parents were to use verses like this one in Deuteronomy to insist you do things that are sinful, or to try and *prevent* you from doing things that are *good* to do, it is entirely acceptable to say “mom, dad—I *must* obey God instead of you. And I sure do wish you weren’t making me pick *between* those two things...but if you are, I’m going to choose what *God* says, every time.” Honoring your parents does not necessarily mean *obeying* everything they say.

Okay, **second thing** that “honoring” your parents doesn’t mean. Honoring them *isn’t*...

**...ignoring or minimizing their faults.**

I think this one is **especially important for anyone** in the room who had deeply flawed parents. Honoring your mom and/or your dad doesn’t *require* that you look at them through rose-colored glasses. It doesn’t mean you turn a blind eye to obvious shortcomings or sinful patterns and tendencies in their life. **It absolutely doesn’t mean you ignore abusive behavior in their life. We aren’t called to operate that way with anybody as followers of Jesus, and our parents are no exception.** For those of you that had *abusive* parents: nowhere in the Scriptures are we called to pretend that type of behavior by our parents is okay. *Nowhere* are we instructed to operate as if that is normal or acceptable or to *not* seek outside help in those situations.

//

Honoring your parents *also* **doesn’t mean keeping them from experiencing natural consequences** of their actions. For parents with a pattern of *abuse* towards you, one such consequence may be relational: they may have proven themselves incapable of a normal, ongoing relationship with you—at least until there is a demonstrated pattern of repentance and change in their life. A parent’s sinful choices might also create *legal* consequences, or *financial* consequences...or any number of other things, in their life. And *in* those scenarios, *honoring* your parent doesn’t mean you have to *remove* those consequences for them.

So **as an example:** let’s say a parent got themselves into tens of thousands of dollars of consumer debt just by buying stuff they didn’t need. In that situation, it’s not *your* responsibility as their son or daughter to pay off their debt. It’s not your responsibility to get them out of debt. And your parent doesn’t get to tell *you* that you *should* do that, just because they are your parent. And you don’t need to feel *guilty* because you *won’t* or *can’t* do that. Because what they are experiencing are just natural consequences for their actions. **Now,** in that situation, **you may want to consider** what *they* would do for *you* (or *have* done for you) in similar situations. That should probably be at least factored into

your decision. But it's still *your* decision; it's *not* a question of honoring or not honoring your parent. Because honoring them doesn't require that. With me?

Cool. I think it's helpful to make sure we aren't misunderstanding what the bible means when it tells us to "honor" our father and mother. *But* with those things *clarified*, **let's pivot now** and talk about what honoring your parents *is*. I've got just one thing for you here, pulled directly from the passage itself. **Honoring your parents is...**

**...giving weight to their role in your life.**

In Deuteronomy 5, **when it says "honor** your father and mother..."—that word *honor* is the Hebrew word that describes something being "heavy," "weighty," or "*burdensome*." When it's used as a *verb* like it is here in v. 16, it means **to ascribe weight and importance to something or someone**. It means to *view* something as the burden and the weight that it *is*.

So I'm **going to say something that we don't often say** out loud. Something that may make some of us *uncomfortable* to say out loud. You ready? **Being a parent is a burden. Parenthood is a heavy weight to carry.** Is this a safe place for me to say that? Now, let me be very clear about what I *don't* mean by that. I *don't* mean that parenting is *only* a burden: I don't mean it's *not* a joy, and a privilege, and a beautiful, God-given responsibility to participate in. I also don't mean that we should *only ever* think about it as a burden. And I *certainly* don't mean that we should make sure our kids *know*, every chance we get, how much of a *burden* they *are* to us—that would be a horrible thing to do.

But **I do mean that, for all the other incredible things parenting is, it is also a burden.** **If you don't sometimes think that it's a burden, I've got to wonder if you just have somebody else watching your kids all the time.** Because it *is*. The amount of diapers I changed. The amount of times I have gagged and almost threw up everywhere because of the smell of those diapers. The amount of times I literally used my own breath to suck snot out of my kids nose (via one of those snot sucker things). The number of times I have stepped on a LEGO in the middle of the night—which somehow is the worst kind of pain you will ever experience.

The amount of nights I *didn't*—and still *don't*—sleep. The amount of midnight trips to the hospital because one of my kids had a 104-degree fever and I was nearly certain they were going to die if I didn't rush them there. The amount of work days I have *missed* and then had to work long days to make up, because a kid was sick. The amount of colds and flus and stomach bugs I have caught from my kids. The *significant* amount of money

that is *not* in my bank account and will not ever come back *into* my bank account because it got spent on things that my kids wanted or needed. The existential crisis of all the moments where I can't think about anything other than if my kids are going to be okay and whether or not they are safe. And I could go on with examples of what I mean. But the reality is that parenting *is, often*, a burden. It is a heavy *weight* to carry.

And here's the thing: **in at least most cases**, even the most *imperfect* of parents did a lot of *those things* for you. Did they not? Your parents, *probably*, stayed up with you more nights than you'll ever know. They probably did more *things* for you than you'll ever know. They probably spent more *money* on you than you will ever know. They probably made more *career* decisions based on you and your needs than you'll ever know. I understand that's probably not true of every single parent. And I understand that some of your parents probably made you *aware* of those things every chance they got, in really unhelpful ways. I understand *all* of that. / And still, I'm saying that in most cases, your parents probably carried more of a burden than you realize they did. In most cases, your parents probably *currently* carry more of a burden than you realize they do.

Maybe I'll **put it like this**. From the time I was a kid, probably until at least high school, I don't think I ever considered that my parents had *any life at all* outside of being *parents* to me and my brother. I functionally believed that their entire existence was summed up in being my parent. Like intellectually, I understood that they had a job that they had to go work at—but even then, from my vantage point, that was mostly just so they could have money to buy *me* things. Mostly, their entire personhood consisted of them being available to me whenever I needed them to be available to me. In *helping* me whenever I needed help. In *buying* me whatever I needed *bought*. In my mind, everything about their life was summed up in their existence as my parents.

**I don't think it ever crossed my mind that my parents could have a bad day.** I don't think it ever crossed my mind that my parents needed friends of their *own*, outside of just being friends with *my* friends' *parents*. I don't think it ever crossed my mind that my parents might have hopes and dreams of their own that didn't have something to do with *me* being successful and happy and fed. And because *those* things never crossed my mind, it *certainly* never crossed my mind that my parents would be setting any of *those* things aside, putting them on hold, sacrificing those things, to do what was best for me. I think I just thought "they're my parents," of course they're going to do whatever I need them to do, whenever I need them to do it. And even if your parents didn't *always* do that—even if they did it *irregularly* and *imperfectly*—most of your parents *did* do that. **That is part of the *weight* of parenthood: you sacrifice and put a lot of things on hold for someone who will probably never know how often you did that.**



Let me try to **explain this to you visually**. This is a picture of *my parents*, circa 1987—the year I was born. *Check out that hair, those outfits, etc.* This is *another photo of them*, today. They look pretty different in those two pictures, yeah? So here's the question I've been asking as I've been putting together this teaching, and every time I've thought about it, I've started tearing up (so this morning will probably be no different). The question is: I wonder how many of those gray hairs are there, because of me? I wonder how much of that hair is *gone*, because of me? I wonder how many of those *wrinkles* are there, because of me? I wonder how much stress my parents carried in their bodies—maybe *still* carry—that is there, directly or indirectly, because of me?

I **was not an easy kid**. I didn't listen well. I didn't respect people well. I certainly didn't respect my *parents* well. In high school, I cared way more about a good time and about being cool and accepted than I did about making good decisions. And undoubtedly, a lot of those bad decisions I made had a *substantial* impact on my parents. Undoubtedly *more* of an impact than I know, even to this day. And especially now that I *am* a parent, and I look at photos like those, I'm realizing: **when you become a parent, you sign up to give some of the best years of your life to your kids**. And you do it because you *love* your kids. / And so please understand: I don't say *any* of this to make anybody in this room feel *guilty*. I'm not trying to heap shame on you for anything. I'm just trying to help you see that there is a tremendous *weight* to being a parent.

And so, **in light of that, here's the request** the Scriptures make to us when it comes to **how we think about and interact with our parents**. It's pretty simple, and honestly pretty *logical* if you think about it: **recognize that weight that your parent or parents carried**. Acknowledge and realize that your parents took up the mantle of that weight, for years of their lives. No doubt, many of them did that better than others, and many of them did it very, *very* imperfectly. But still, they *did do* it. So in light of that, would it not be *fitting* for us to take notice of the ways they *did* put our needs and our wants, ahead of their own? Would it not be *fitting* to interact with them, when possible, as a person who carried that weight for our benefit? Would it not be *fitting* to recognize the amount of sacrifice, and selflessness—the amount of time, effort, energy, and money—they put in for you to be where we are today? I think that's a big part of what it means to *honor* our parents.

And, **please listen: none of that means you can't** ever be *frustrated* with your parents. None of that means you can't ever want your parents to grow and mature and own up to some of the *unhelpful* things they did (and still do). *None* of that means you can't be *honest* about the ways your parents' tendencies and sins impacted you in negative ways. I'm saying you should feel complete freedom to do any and *all* of that. *And*, at the same time, don't let any of that convince you that they didn't carry a substantial amount

of weight as your parent. They may have carried it imperfectly and inconsistently, and maybe you wish they would've carried it differently, sure...but they still carried it. And they carried a lot of it *for* you. Make sense?

So here's **what I thought might be helpful** with the rest of our time. I wanted to just offer a few practical ways that you might consider "honoring" your parents. Other than just realizing and understanding the weight they carry, what are some things you could do that would practically confer *honor* upon their role and their place in your life? I've got three suggestions for you.

## Ask them for advice

**Proverbs 4:1** says this:

*Hear, O sons, a father's instruction, and be attentive, that you may gain insight...*

One way to honor your parents would be to **ask them for advice**. If you have kids of your own, ask your parents for advice on being a parent and raising kids. If you *don't* have kids, just ask them for *life* advice; advice on how to be an adult. **For some of us in the room, we've never had a full-time job** until recently; do you know who probably *has* had a full-time job before? *Your parents*. For some of us in the room, we've never had to **buy a house** before; you know who probably *has*? *Your parents*. For some of us in the room, we've never had to figure out how to **navigate sleepless nights** with a newborn; do you know who probably *has* had to figure that out? *Your parents*. Some of us have never had to parent a **teenager** before. Do you know who probably has parented a teenager? *Your parents*.

And I could go on with examples, but **here's my point: a lot of the things you are currently trying to figure out how to do, your parents have already done**. Which means there's a decent chance they could help with at least *some* of what you're trying to figure out. Now, you obviously need to gauge and throttle that according to what you know about your parents. **So if your parent was fired from their full-time job every six months throughout your childhood, maybe that's not the thing you ask them for advice on**. If your parents bought a house that was approximately three times too expensive for their budget, and had to declare bankruptcy after a few years because of it, maybe you don't ask them for their advice on your house *budget*, specifically.

**Feel free to practice discernment** in what you ask them for advice *on*. If your parents aren't followers of Jesus, and you *are*, *definitely* run their advice through the filter

of the bible and what it teaches about how to navigate life. And, the wonderful thing about asking for advice, is that at the end of the day, it's precisely that: *advice*. You can take it or leave it. So feel free to use all of our own wisdom and discernment, and help from other people and the Scriptures to decide what advice to *follow* and what of it to *reject*. And at the end of the day, *some of us in the room have parents that have made an absolute mess of their lives in most areas*. So truth be told, they may *not* be the best person to ask for advice.

But I'll say this: for at least for the *majority* of us in the room? For those of us that just had normal, imperfect parents: if we don't think it is at least worth *asking* those parents for advice *occasionally*, **that probably says more about us than it does about our parents**. It probably reveals that we've got a bit of a *proud* streak in us, *or* that our frustration with certain things about our parents has gotten the best of us. That those things are clouding our judgment and prompting us to believe that they have *nothing* to offer us, when in fact they might.

So I'm gonna tell you *something that goes against just about everything* our society currently teaches us. You ready? **You do not have to figure everything out for yourself. You do not have to chart your own course. You do not have to rely on only your own wisdom, your own experience, your own decision-making, to get through life.** There are generations upon generations upon generations of people with a *wealth* of wisdom and advice to offer you. *Some* of those people are in your *family*: your parents, your grandparents, your aunts and uncles, older siblings, etc. And even if there's *nobody* like that in your family, there are currently older people in our *church* family who would *love* to step in and fill in that gap for you. And if you think *those* people somehow have less to offer you because they're *older*, or because they "don't know what it's like to live in the modern world," or some kind of nonsense like that: that sure does sound to me a lot like arrogance, plain and simple.

In *modern Western society*, we tend to *idolize* youth, innocence, and beauty. Which means, *inversely*, that we tend to *devalue* age, *wisdom*, and gray hairs. And as deeply ingrained as that mentality is in many of us, I think we've got to realize that that is precisely *backwards* from the *bible's* perspective. **Proverbs 16** says "**Gray hair is a crown of glory; it is gained in a righteous life.**" ~~Somebody over fifty needs to shout "amen" right now.~~ **And one substantial way to honor your parents is to realize that most of them have a significant amount of advice and practical wisdom to offer you. And you and I would probably be better off if we asked them for it.** Okay, *second* way to honor your parents would be to...



## Help them when they're in need

So a couple weeks ago when we were in Mark 7,<sup>3</sup> we highlighted that to Jesus, apparently, part of honoring your parents as *they* get older and *you* get older is by financially providing for them. Especially when they get to the years where *they* are less and less able to do that for themselves. In fact, in Mark 7, Jesus seems to *assume* that doing that is *included* in the command to “honor your father and mother.”

So for at least the bulk of us in the room, our parents are in better health right now than they ever will be again. Which means that with every day that goes by, our parents are going to be able to do a little bit less for themselves than they could the day before. And according to the Scriptures, part of “honoring” them looks like us sacrificing money, time, and effort to help as that happens. Now, I get that it will look a little different for different people. It varies based on your parents’ ages, and living situations, and needs, and health, and how far they live from here. Obviously, if you live here and your parents live in California—you caring for them as they age is going to look a little different than if they lived up the road here in Knoxville. But the point is that when possible, and within reason, this is part of what it means to “honor” your parents.

This is a *little* different, because it’s for a *grandparent* and not a *parent*. But a few months ago my grandmother, who lived here in Knoxville, passed away at 90 years old. We called her “Nana.” And in Nana’s final weeks and months, there were quite a few times where she fell at her house and was having trouble getting up. And each time, I would drop what I was doing, drive the five minutes up the road, and help her get up. And every time, she would say something to me, to the effect of “I hate that you’re having to bother yourself for me so much.” And every time, I would look back at her and say “Nana, you spent a lot of years of your life ‘bothering yourself’ for *me*. Now it’s my turn.”

And if I had to guess, there will come a day where a lot of that will be true of many of us in our relationship with our *parents*: they spent a lot of time and a lot of effort and a lot of money “bothering themselves” for us, and one day it will come our turn. There will come a day when our parents—even parents who have saved and lived well and prepared for their future well—will need us to do things for them that they can no longer do for themselves. And on that day, in whatever ways we can, we should *honor* them in that way. I think biblically, in that situation, we are called to do what we can—within reason—to make sure they have what they need. Or, to make sure that *someone* is making sure they have what they need. That’s part of honoring our parents. And *finally*, I think we can honor our parents by heeding this last suggestion. Which is this:

---

<sup>3</sup> Specifically, v. 9-13

## Don't blame them for things that aren't their fault

**Some things in your life very well *could* be** your parents' fault. That's very possible. There may be a conversation between you and your dad that you replay in your head over and over again, that has had *profound* implications for you until this day. There may be something you overheard your mom say about you that weighs on you heavily still. There may be a sinful decision a parent made when you were a kid that you still experience active anger and bitterness about. **Some things in your life, some things you deal with in your life, could very well be their fault.** And nothing I'm about to say is intended to minimize *any* of that.

But at the same time, I've noticed that it has **become very popular to blame *most things*** on our "family of origin"—on the family we grew up in. And while some of that might be *fair*, I've got to wonder too if Satan sometimes takes that tendency in us and runs with it. Satan's primary objective is to "seek someone to devour." And I've got to wonder if he does that a lot of time by getting us to blame *everything* on our parents, in such a way that we don't end up taking hardly any responsibility for ourselves. I think we should **beware of a worldview where our *parents* are always responsible for the broken parts of us, and where we are responsible for *none* of it.** I would argue that's a very precarious, *dangerous* worldview to operate out of.

**We have a young church,** with a lot of young people in it. *College students. Young professionals. Young families.* And *sometimes*, I'll hear those young people talking about their parents in what I would consider to be *dishonoring* ways. I'll hear them complain about something their parent did, something their parents *didn't* do. And I'll hear them say things like "I just can't believe how selfish my mom is being." "I can't believe how self-centered my dad is." And sometimes, that is an accurate description of that parent's actions. But sometimes I find that what they mean by "my mom is being *selfish*," is actually just "my mom did something that didn't exclusively and optimally benefit *me*." What they really mean "my dad made a decision that made life mildly inconvenient for *me*."

And all I can think of in those moments is **how effective Satan sometimes is** at deception. How *clever* it would be if he could convince us that our *parents* are always the selfish ones, while simultaneously convincing us that *our* own selfishness is not a problem. As best you can, don't blame your parents for things that aren't their fault. Don't label something as sin or selfishness when that's not actually what happened. To take up that mindset is *dishonoring* to your parents. And again, *none* of that is meant to say that you can't call your parents' sin, "sin." Not at all. But it is to say let's not call things that *aren't* sin, "sin."

A **good friend of mine** grew up in a pretty terrible home environment. It was a single parent home, and her mom was verbally and physically abusive to her and her siblings. She allowed people into their home who abused them as well. And what's really interesting is that if you talk to my friend today about her childhood, she will tell you very honestly what it was like. If you ask her what her mom was like, she'll tell you what her mom was like. Not the sugar-coated version, not the rose-colored glasses version—the *real* version. She goes to counseling regularly where she talks in detail with a counselor about some of the things she experienced growing up and the impact that those things are still having on her. **But at the same time, my friend also doesn't believe that every broken thing in her life is there because of her mom.** Some of those things are there because of her mom, and some of them aren't.

My friend **still thinks that there are sinful aspects of her heart** that are her *own* responsibility to own and repent of. Things that probably would still be there even if she grew up in a *great* home environment. And I bring that up because I think in that situation, that balanced approach to her life actually *is* a way to honor her mom. By being *truthful* about her mom, but also by taking ownership of her own heart and mind and life and habits when she can, and not choosing to blame anything and everything she can *on* her mom. And she does that in a way that she prays makes *her* a different *kind* of mom as a result. And in that situation, she's honoring her mom, not because her mom *earned* that honor, and not because her mom was always *honorable*. She's honoring her mom because that's what God calls his people to do—even when they aren't always deserving of it.

So we'll just **land the plane here** for this morning. The question I think a lot of us are asking comes down to something like this: ***how do I honor my parents, even and especially when they aren't deserving of honor?*** I think for all of us—those of us with normal, *imperfect* parents, all the way down the line to those of us with *horrible* parents—that's the question we have. How do we give our parents what they don't necessarily deserve? And just to state the obvious, that is a question that the gospel answers *directly*.

The answer is that **we do that by understanding what Jesus did** for *us*. The gospel demonstrates for us the *beauty* of someone receiving something they do not deserve. But in the gospel, we find out that *we* are actually the ones who did not deserve what we received. In the cross of Jesus, we learn that someone doesn't have to be *easily lovable* for them to be *loved*. A person doesn't have to be *compassionate* to be shown *compassion*. A person doesn't have to be *good* to be treated with *goodness*. And in fact, we find out that some of the most beautiful things happen when a person *receives* those

things, despite how ill-deserving they were of it. Sometimes, that act alone will *transform* its recipient from the inside out. And if you understand that, you're well on your way to gaining the ability to honor your parents, no matter how honorable or dishonorable they are or were.

So all of that is why, **each Sunday**, we go to the tables and take **communion**. At those tables, we come face-to-face with just how ill-deserving *we* were of Jesus' body and blood, and simultaneously how *willingly* and *freely* he offered those things up for us. And as we take of the bread and the cup, we ask that God, by his Spirit, would help us to treat even the dishonorable, with honor. The *unlovable*, with *love*. And as we do that, we'll ask him to accomplish incredible things through it.

Let's pray as we prepare to respond.