



September 18, 2023

“Faith at Home, Abiding in You and in Me”

Faith is another word for Trust. My Dad’s favorite hymn was “Trust and Obey”. Growing up through the years we often sang:

*“When we walk with the Lord, in the light of his Word,
what a glory he sheds on our way.
When we do his good will, he abides with us still,
and with all who with trust and obey. Trust and obey,
for there’s no other way to be happy in Jesus, but to trust and
obey.”*

Faith is trusting. Faith is obeying. Faith brings a sense of “everything is going to be alright.” Everything we need, we will have when we need it. For God is “abiding” with us...with all of us.

This brings me to a familiar verse, 1 Corinthians 13:13 NRSV.

*“And now **faith**, hope, and love abide, these three....”*

You know the rest of the verse, (*“and the greatest of these is love”*);

but I would like to linger with you on the first of the three, FAITH, and how all three of these demonstrations of our Christian experience, ABIDE. They continue... and continue... They are so present, it is as if each of these three is AT HOME in our waking, in our sleeping, in our living. Consider how close the word, “Abide” is to the word, “Abode”, which is simply another word for HOME.

Now let’s paint a picture of the word, HOME. I’ll offer a few strokes

of the brush. You make a few of your own brushstrokes, and let's see what happens to our paintings entitled, "Faith at Home". Home for me is where I take my shoes off, and slip into soft slippers or just air-breathing socks in which I can wriggle my toes freely from the day's constraint of the shoes. Home is where I can go to the refrigerator day or night, and don't have to ask permission. I remember a recent visit with friends who know I enjoy tea with a bit of sugar and milk in it. Graciously they put water in a pot to heat, got out the tea bags, a container from the frig with half and half, and a bowl of sugar with a couple of spoons, one for the sugar and one for stirring. The next morning, I had to smile, when I was told, "Our home is your home. You now know where everything is. We won't be serving you as guests anymore."

That experience has me wondering: Are we serving Faith as a passing guest in our lives, or have we invited Faith to abide, to be at home, as we untie our shoes and put our feet into worry-free slippers, trusting that every concern we have will, in God's will, be all right? Have we invited Faith to go to the frig and cupboard of what we have, anytime of day or night, trusting that God knows what we need; and that what we need, and whom we need will be there when we need them? And that we will be there when one of God's own, needs us? So how is your faith-painting coming along?

*"And now **Faith**, Hope, and Love, making a home in you, are these three!"*

~Written by Rev. Bruce Brooks

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8190 Lincoln Rd. Beulah, MI 49617
231.882.4241
www.benziestandrews.com



Benzie St. Andrews | 8190 Lincoln Rd, Beulah, MI 49617

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