WHAT ABOUT JOHN?



"What is that to you? You follow me."

Lord, I'm happy to be working in your Vineyard.

But why did you put me out here where it's slim picking?

Mary Jane is over there filling bucket after bucket; and I'm still trying to fill this tiny bowl. Couldn't you give me a better place to work?

Lord, Jack is making many new disciples. But where I am they all have hard hearts. Nobody's interested.

Could you relocate me?

Okay, I get it. When the Master sends us to work in his Vineyard, he puts us where he chooses.

But why am I stuck in this barren place?

Why am I the one who has to sweat it out where the harvest is meager?

And, come to think of it, why are so many of my friends living soft lives, while I can barely eke out a living?

I know you did not promise a rose garden. But why are all those believers wrapped in roses?

They have it easy.

I have it hard.

He said to him the third time, "Simon, son of John, do you love me?"



... do you love me?

Peter was grieved because he said to him the third time, "Do you love me?" And he said to him, "Lord, you know everything; you know that I love you." Jesus said to him, "Feed my sheep. Truly, truly, I say to you, when you were young, you girded yourself and walked where you would; but when you are old, you will stretch out your hands, and another will gird you and carry you where you do not wish to go." (This he said to show by what death he was to glorify God.) And after this he said to him, "Follow me." Peter turned and saw following them the disciple whom Jesus loved, who had lain close to his breast at the supper and had said, "Lord, who is it that is going to betray you?" When Peter saw him, he said to Jesus, "Lord, what about this man?" Jesus said to him, "If it is my will that he remain until I come, what is that to you? Follow me!"

John 21:17-22

So Peter was destined to die as a martyr. But what about John? Will he die as a martyr too?

"None of your business, Peter. I will decide what happens with John. You just follow me!"

If Jesus is Lord of my life, he decides where he wants me to serve, and how I am to lay down my life.

When I look around and compare my lot with all the cushy places given to others, I turn my joy into misery.

Those cushy callings might just turn out to be Calvary's far more costly and painful than mine.

Lord Jesus, I present my body to you as a living sacrifice to be spent this day to the glory of the Father. I turn my mind away from the Darkness and open it to the light of your Spirit, to love you with all my heart, soul, mind and strength, and my neighbor as myself. To trust you in all things. To serve you wherever you put me. To focus on the one thing needful

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