

Midweek Lift Online

October 17, 2007

Be Not Discouraged – Be Not Dismayed!

*“Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart,
all ye that hope in the Lord.” (Psalm 31:24)*

When you are laughed at, criticized, lied about, scorned and despised, **Be not discouraged, Be not dismayed!** Stand centered and poised in love and faith. Call on God. God will take care of you.

GOD IS LOVE. Call on the power of God's Love within you to help you see the blessing and the beauty in the situation. Call on the strength of God's love to pick you up, lift you up, and get you movin' again. **DON'T GIVE IN! DON'T GIVE UP! PRAY UP!**

The following story is an example we can all pay attention to and learn from. Read and see if there is an inspiring message for you.

Superman Learns How To Ride (Robert Tate Miller)

A young boy with an over-active imagination played Clark Kent and Superman. He would shuffle along as the bookish Clark Kent and at the first hint of some imaginary threat of danger, he would dash into the phone booth outside the motel where he and his family lived and emerge with his red cape and an “S” on his chest, made out of his red towel and dirty blue T-shirt.

The neighborhood kids would taunt him as they rolled by on their bikes. “Hey, Superman, when are you going to learn to ride a bike?” “The Man of Steel still uses training wheels!” They would tease.

Enlisting the help of his dad, he began to practice. After nine tries and nine falls he was on the tenth go ‘round and *here's how he describes it...*

I had already made nine falls onto the grassy field behind the motel. After each mishap, my father would take hold of my bicycle seat and we'd begin again. He was the engine, and I was the pilot. He'd propel me across the grassy runway and then let go. I would fly solo—careening through the meadow, holding my breath in nervous anticipation as the grass rolled beneath my wheels.

Suddenly I was riding! This time I had it! I dared to grin as my father's shouts of encouragement faded into the background. My smile widened. Victory was mine!

"You are going to fall." The thought was at first a whisper and then it grew louder and more convincing until I believed it must be true. After all, I had always fallen before. Why should this time be any different? My elation whooshed out of me like air out of a pricked balloon. Dread gripped me, and my confidence faltered. Sure enough, I tumbled to the grass.

"You almost had it", dad would encourage. "You just listened to fear and you fell."

"I quit!" was my response, as I fought back the tears of frustration and disappointment. "I don't wanna learn to ride!"

So he went back to playing Clark Kent and Superman. But it wasn't the same anymore. He didn't feel the same anymore. He had left a story unfinished. The Caped Crusader had given up.

Every time he swooped through the backyard en route to foil another pretend bank robbery, he saw his bike leaning against the garage door, reminding him that there was work left undone.

Then one afternoon, he glanced over at the bike and a peculiar notion came to mind: *I can do it.* He was going to ride his bike this very day.

As he gripped the handlebars, fear came again—closing his fingers around his insides—and he quickly let go. Maybe tomorrow, he thought. But then, all of a sudden, he heard the shouts and laughter of the other children as they rode their bikes through the neighborhood and another thought came.....*If they can do it, so can I! Here's how he describes that moment:*

I gripped the handlebars with renewed determination and pushed off, wobbling as I struggled for balance. Then I took a deep breath and began to pedal. I gathered momentum as I started up the driveway and, with my Superman cape flapping in the breeze, I rounded the front of the motel at full speed just as my father stepped out of the lobby door.

"Look, Dad! I'm riding!" And dad smiled and waved as I sped off. The next morning I found my training wheels in the garbage can where my father had tossed them the previous afternoon. Superman had beaten an enemy called "fear", and once again the world was a safer, happier place.

So, have you ever wanted to run away? Have you ever wanted to escape? Have you ever wanted to get away from life's demands? ***Don't***

be discouraged. Don't be dismayed. Discouragement is a pathway to an opportunity offering unbelievable fulfillment. Hang in there!

Maybe you're looking for employment. Maybe you're up against the odds of a health diagnosis. Maybe you're in the midst of a transition in your life. Maybe you've seemingly lost your strength. Or, you've lost your confidence. Or, you've lost your vision. Or, you've lost your security. ***"Be of good courage!*** Try, try again! *"You can't be afraid of stepping on toes if you want to go dancing."* (Lewis Freedman)

When the times are tough.....Hold on! Take your "setbacks" to God in Prayer. Then TRUST. When there's no relief in sight....Hold on! Help is just around the corner. When you fall off the bike, get back on! Discouragement may be tough to handle but it certainly isn't impossible. Remember: "Nothing beats a failure but a try!"

BE NOT DISCOURAGED NOR DISMAYED....BE OF GOOD COURAGE!

Let this thought guide you through the tough times:

I AM OF GOOD COURAGE. I TRUST IN THE DIVINE POWER WITHIN ME TO RENEW MY STRENGTH! THERE ARE NO FAILURES, ONLY OPPORTUNITIES FOR GREATER CREATIVITY.