

When The Saints Grow Weary

Series 1-12

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Series Introduction: When the Saints Grow Weary

There's a weariness in the air that many of us have felt but haven't always known how to name.

It's not backsliding. It's not bitterness. It's not unbelief. It's something deeper—a spiritual fatigue that settles into the bones of those who've walked with God through long seasons of battle, silence, and waiting.

This series, *When the Saints Grow Weary*, was born out of that ache.

It's for those who love Jesus but feel worn thin.

For those still praying, still believing, still showing up—but sometimes with tears in their eyes and questions in their hearts.

For the faithful who've stood when others sat down, who've watched when others fell asleep, and who've carried burdens in silence no one else could see.

Maybe that's you.

If so, this 12-part devotional series is from my heart to yours.

Each essay is a personal reflection, not from a place of victory alone—but from the road we're walking *together*. We'll sit with David in his darkest psalms. We'll watch with the wise virgins. We'll cry out like the prophets. And we'll lift our heads to the Light, because the finish line is closer than ever.

This is not a series about giving up.

It's a series about **enduring with grace**.

About walking by faith when the fire is low.

And about remembering that we are not alone... even when it feels like it.

We're tired—but we haven't quit.

We're weary—but we're still watching.

And by God's strength, we are almost home.

1 of 12: When the Saints Grow Weary – When the World Fades Beneath You

I don't know when exactly it happened. Maybe it wasn't one moment but a gradual fading—like the way a once-vibrant song loses its melody in the noise of a busy street. All I know is this: the things of this world just don't hold me like they used to.

That's not to say I'm walking away from life or abandoning responsibilities—far from it. I still work. I still lead. I still pray. I still encourage others and do my best to be faithful in the calling God has placed on my life. But there's been a shift. A spiritual detachment. A strange, holy ache that has been swelling inside, pulling my heart upward while everything around me seems to be crumbling sideways.

I'm calling this series "*When the Saints Grow Weary*" because I believe many of us are quietly feeling the same thing. We're not depressed. We're not backslidden. We're not bitter or angry. We're just... tired. Tired of the noise. Tired of the sin. Tired of the distractions. Tired of pretending we're okay when we feel like strangers in a world that has completely lost its mind. And tired of being told that if we were "spiritual enough," we wouldn't feel that way.

Let me tell you: what you're feeling isn't failure. It might be one of the clearest signs that you're actually awake.

When the World Loses Its Grip

If you've ever held a rope during a tug-of-war, you know the moment when your grip starts to slip—not because you're quitting, but because the pull is just too strong. That's what life feels like some days. You're still holding on, still in the fight, but you're tired.

And here's the truth: the world has lost its grip on me, not because I'm stronger, but because it has nothing left to offer. What used to excite me now barely moves the needle. What used to matter so much feels strangely empty. The applause of men, the comforts of life, the next big goal... it all feels like vapor compared to the weight of eternity.

And maybe that's exactly where God wants us.

"Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth."

— *Colossians 3:2*

I've read that verse hundreds of times. But lately, it's not just a command—it's a *description*. God isn't just calling me to look up; He's letting everything below me fade, so I have no choice *but* to look up.

Holy Homesickness

I've heard it described before as "homesickness for a place you've never been." That's exactly it. I've never been to Heaven, but something inside me *knows* it's home. And the older I get, the more I realize how little this world can satisfy.

It's not just about the evil—the perversion, the lies, the confusion, the blatant mockery of God. Yes, all of that grieves me deeply. But it's also the *emptiness* of everything else. The things that used to thrill me—the news, entertainment, milestones, accomplishments—now feel hollow. Even victories seem fleeting.

That ache, that longing, is not a flaw in your faith. It's a *fruit* of it.

"For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven."

— *2 Corinthians 5:2*

Even Paul groaned. And he wasn't ashamed to admit it. So why should we be?

When the Saints Grow Weary

Daniel 7:25 says the enemy "*shall wear out the saints of the most High.*" That's not metaphor. That's *reality*. And it's happening now.

We're worn out—not by lack of faith, but by the relentless pressure of a world at odds with everything we believe. We are bombarded with lies, surrounded by compromise, and expected to smile while being mocked for our hope.

You know what's exhausting? Watching evil parade itself as virtue while truth is treated like hate speech. Watching children be indoctrinated, families be destroyed, and churches abandon the gospel for clout. And doing it day after day with no pause, no relief, no earthly reward.

But we endure. Not because we're strong—but because Christ in us is.

"And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

— *Galatians 6:9*

That verse isn't theoretical. It's the anthem of those of us who are just trying to get through one more day without letting go. We're not chasing applause. We're not riding emotional highs. We're just... *still holding on*.

A Different Kind of Battle

I think one of the most overlooked aspects of spiritual warfare is *fatigue*. We talk about temptation, deception, persecution—but what about the battle of endurance? The grind? The slow, weary days when your soul doesn't feel “on fire” but you keep showing up anyway?

That's spiritual warfare too.

And I want to say something to whoever needs it: showing up when you're tired is not weakness. It's *worship*.

It's not always loud or dramatic. Sometimes faith looks like dragging yourself to prayer even when your heart feels dry. Sometimes it's resisting bitterness even when you're hurt. Sometimes it's loving your family when you feel empty. That's faith. That's endurance. That's what pleases God.

“But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.”

— *Matthew 24:13*

A Word About Disconnection

Someone recently told me, “I don't even feel connected to this world anymore.” And I smiled. Not because I want them to suffer—but because I *understood*.

That's how you know your spirit is alive.

This world is not our home. The more alive you are to God, the more dead you'll feel to this place. It doesn't mean you hate people. It doesn't mean you don't enjoy blessings. It means your heart is shifting its allegiance to a Kingdom that hasn't fully arrived yet—but is getting closer by the hour.

“For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.”

— *Hebrews 13:14*

The Strange Season We're In

There's something different about this season. And I think a lot of us feel it. The heaviness. The spiritual exhaustion. The sense that something big is coming.

We're watching prophecy unfold at lightning speed. We're seeing deception rise in ways we couldn't have imagined ten years ago. We're watching the love of many wax cold. And we're realizing more and more that *Jesus wasn't exaggerating*. It's happening.

So what do we do?

We look up.

“And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.”

— *Luke 21:28*

I don't know the hour. I won't pretend to. But I know the signs. I know the ache. I know the longing. And I know this: *the trumpet is close*.

The Mission Hasn't Changed

Even as the world fades beneath us, the mission remains the same: preach Christ. Love the brethren. Fight the good fight. Keep the oil in the lamp. Finish the race.

And we don't do it alone.

That's part of why I'm writing this series. Because maybe, just maybe, someone out there is sitting in the dark wondering if they're the only one who feels this way. And I want to say:

You're not.

You're not crazy.

You're not failing.

You're not forgotten.

You're not alone.

You're weary because you've been faithful.

You're detached because your spirit is alive.

You're longing because Heaven is calling.

A Quiet Revolution

Something is happening in the remnant Church. Not a loud revival—but a quiet realignment. God is drawing His people out of the noise. Out of the fog. Out of the man-made systems. And into a place of intimacy, holiness, and preparation.

The saints are waking up—not with shouts, but with sighs.

“Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities... the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.”

— *Romans 8:26*

This is the hour of groaning. But it’s not the groaning of despair. It’s the groaning of *readiness*. The earth groans. The Spirit groans. And we groan too.

Because we are *almost home*.

Closing Thoughts: You’re Still Here

If you’re reading this, you’re still here. Still holding on. Still enduring. Still showing up.

And that matters more than you know.

This first essay in the series isn’t meant to give all the answers. It’s not meant to fix you. It’s meant to *name* what you’ve been feeling so you know you’re not alone.

It’s okay to be tired. It’s okay to ache for Heaven. It’s okay to admit that this world no longer feels like home.

You’re not failing. You’re being *refined*. You’re being *readied*. You’re being *called upward*.

The world beneath you may be fading—but the Kingdom ahead of you is shining brighter than ever.

So until that day, stay the course.

Keep walking. Keep waiting. Keep watching.

Because soon... the weariness will vanish in the glory of His appearing.

And every tear, every ache, every lonely day—it will be worth it.

Even now,

When the Saints Grow Weary.

2 of 12: When the Saints Grow Weary – When Prayers Go Unanswered

There's a silence that cuts deeper than words can describe.

It's the silence after you've prayed your heart out—when you've laid your soul bare, whispered in faith, cried in secret, shouted in desperation—and nothing seems to happen. Heaven, it seems, stays quiet. The situation doesn't change. The healing doesn't come. The breakthrough never arrives. The door doesn't open. The “yes” doesn't appear. And the only thing louder than the silence is the question that follows:

Why didn't God answer?

If you've ever been there—and I have—you know it's not the absence of faith that haunts you. It's the *presence* of hope... the kind of hope that dares to believe... only to be left waiting. Again.

This essay in the “When the Saints Grow Weary” series is for those moments. It's for the believer who still trusts, even when the answers don't come. It's for the one who still shows up in prayer, even when the results aren't visible. It's for you—and it's for me.

The Hidden Battle of Silence

When most people talk about spiritual warfare, they picture external battles—temptation, persecution, deception, oppression. But there's a quieter battlefield few speak of: the *inner war* that rages when God is silent.

It's not that you doubt He *can* answer. You know He's able. You've seen Him move before—maybe in other people's lives, maybe in your own. You've got no shortage of testimonies. But this time... it's different. This time, it feels personal. This time, the silence stays.

And that silence can be brutal.

It's the kind of silence that makes you start wondering, *Did I do something wrong?*

The kind that makes you feel overlooked, even when you know you're loved.

The kind that stretches faith to its limit—not because it's being shattered, but because it's being *refined*.

But What If It Wasn't You?

Let's just stop and say something important here—*not all silence means punishment*.

That idea needs to be demolished. Some of the most faithful men and women in Scripture endured long stretches of silence from God. Not because they were in sin—but because God was doing something bigger, deeper, slower... and better.

Take Joseph.

Falsely accused. Forgotten in prison. Thirteen years between his dreams and his promotion. *Thirteen years of silence.*

Take Hannah.

Barren. Mocked. Crying year after year before the Lord—while others seemed to receive easily what she begged for in tears.

Take Paul.

Three times he pleaded for God to remove his thorn. Three times God said no. Not because Paul lacked faith—but because *grace* would speak louder through the weakness.

And take Jesus.

In the garden of Gethsemane, He cried out:

“O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me...” – *Matthew 26:39*

And Heaven said... nothing. No thunder. No lightning. No angelic “yes.” Just a cup that would not pass.

If silence happened to Him, it will happen to us.

But silence is not rejection. Silence does not mean abandonment. Sometimes, silence is the space between the seed and the harvest.

The Myth of the “Yes”

Somewhere along the way, we started treating prayer like a vending machine. If we say the right words, press the right buttons, keep a clean enough record, and wait the right number of days, God should give us what we asked for.

But prayer isn't a transaction. It's a *relationship*. And relationships involve mystery.

The myth is that every faithful prayer gets a yes. But the truth is: every faithful prayer gets an *answer*—and sometimes that answer is “no” or “not yet.”

The danger is not in the unanswered prayer. The danger is in how we interpret it.

Satan would love for you to believe that God's silence means He's uninterested. That your requests aren't valuable. That your voice is too small. That your needs are too ordinary.

But Scripture says otherwise.

“The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.”

– *Psalms 34:15*

He hears. Always. Every word. Every whisper. Every broken “please.” Even the prayers you couldn’t form into sentences.

But He also sees the *whole picture*. And sometimes, what feels like delay is actually protection. Sometimes, what feels like denial is actually a *higher yes*—one that hasn’t unfolded yet.

Faith When It Doesn’t Make Sense

There is a moment in every believer’s life when faith stops being about feelings and becomes about *trust*. Not blind trust—but tested trust.

And let’s be honest—it’s easy to trust God when the answers come quickly. It’s easy to believe when the miracle shows up on time. It’s easy to worship when the door opens, the healing happens, and the answer makes sense.

But it’s a whole different level of faith to say:

“Even if You don’t... I’ll still trust You.”

That’s the kind of faith Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego had when they told Nebuchadnezzar:

“Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us... *but if not*, be it known unto thee... we will not serve thy gods...” – *Daniel 3:17-18*

That’s *grown-up faith*. That’s not manipulative faith. That’s not demanding faith. That’s surrender.

What to Do in the Silence

So what *do* we do when the heavens are silent? When the prayers go unanswered?

Here’s what I’ve learned—sometimes painfully—over the years.

1. Keep Praying Anyway

Just because you didn’t hear back doesn’t mean God didn’t hear you.

“Men ought always to pray, and not to faint.” – *Luke 18:1*

Keep showing up in the secret place. Keep bringing the same request—not out of vain repetition, but persistent faith. The widow in Luke 18 kept knocking until the unjust judge responded. And Jesus said, *How much more will your Father respond?*

2. Lean into the Word

When God is quiet, His Word still speaks. The Bible is never silent. And sometimes the answers we’re looking for aren’t coming in a “yes” or “no”—they’re coming in the form of comfort, clarity, and correction through Scripture.

3. Be Honest with God

You don’t have to pretend. God is not threatened by your tears, your confusion, or your frustration. David wasn’t. Jeremiah wasn’t. Even Jesus wasn’t.

Pour it out. He’s listening.

4. Praise Without the Breakthrough

Worship isn’t a reward for answered prayer. It’s a weapon in the silence. And when you praise in the silence, it becomes a declaration of trust, not just gratitude.

“Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him...” – *Job 13:15*

5. Remember Past Faithfulness

Go back to the altars. Remind yourself of what God *has* done. Rehearse the miracles, the rescues, the doors that did open. Let memory fuel your present trust.

When “No” is the Most Loving Answer

Some of the greatest gifts God has ever given me were *unanswered prayers*.

I’ve begged for relationships that would have destroyed me.

I’ve pleaded for doors that would have trapped me.

I’ve asked for outcomes that would have robbed me of far better things.

And at the time, I didn’t see it. I was frustrated. I questioned. I doubted.

But now, with years of hindsight, I see the hand of grace in every “no.”

Because unanswered prayer is not unloving. It’s often the *most* loving thing God could do. A yes would have ruined us. A delay would have distracted us. A green light would have pulled us off-course.

The “no” wasn’t rejection—it was *redirection*.

The Gift of a Withholding God

Imagine this: if God said yes to everything we prayed, instantly and without delay, He wouldn’t be our Father—He’d be our servant.

But He’s not. He’s the Lord of Heaven and Earth. He sees the end from the beginning. And sometimes, His love withholds what we think we want to give us what we truly need.

He’s not punishing you. He’s *preparing* you.

He’s not ignoring you. He’s *instructing* you.

He’s not silent because you’re unworthy. He’s silent because sometimes, silence is part of the sanctification.

And honestly? I’d rather walk with a God I *don’t always understand* than trust a god I can predict and control.

Closing Thoughts: Still Holding On

I’ll be honest. There are still prayers I pray that haven’t been answered.

Some have been hanging there for years. Some are so tender I rarely speak them out loud anymore. Some I’ve cried over. Others I’ve just surrendered, saying, “Lord, You know.”

But I’m still holding on. Still believing. Still showing up.

Because I’ve learned something: when the prayer goes unanswered, the real miracle isn’t always in the outcome. It’s in the *faith* that endures anyway.

And maybe—just maybe—God isn’t trying to change the situation right away.

Maybe He’s changing *you*.

If you’re in that space right now—between the prayer and the answer—please know this:

You are not alone.

You are not forgotten.

And the silence is not permanent.

God is closer than you think. His ear is not deaf. His timing is not broken. His love has not lessened. And His answer—whatever it is—will be worth the wait.

So keep knocking. Keep trusting. Keep praying.
Even when the saints grow weary.
Even when the heavens seem still.
Even when prayers go unanswered.

The story isn't over.
And God is still good.

3 of 12: When the Saints Grow Weary – Faith Without Fire

There's a kind of tired that goes deeper than sleep can fix.
There's a kind of emptiness that prayer doesn't immediately fill.
And there's a kind of faith—often overlooked, often misunderstood—that shows up even when the flame has flickered low.

I'm talking about **faith without fire**.

The kind of faith that keeps showing up when you don't feel anything.

The kind that keeps obeying when the joy is gone.

The kind that doesn't need sparks or emotional highs or revival meetings to keep putting one foot in front of the other.

And it's that kind of faith that—more often than not—proves the strongest.

This essay is for the weary one. The believer who isn't backslidden, but isn't burning either. The one who still reads the Word, still prays, still serves, still chooses right—but wonders why their heart feels dry.

You're not alone. And you're not broken. You're not fake. You're not failing.

You're *faithful*. And that counts more than you think.

The Myth of Constant Fire

Somewhere along the way, we picked up a dangerous misconception: that the Christian life should always feel exciting. That you should always be “on fire” for God. That if you're not feeling passionate, you're doing something wrong.

And while it's true that zeal, passion, and joy are part of the Christian experience... it's *not true* that they're constant.

Nowhere in the Bible does God promise that every day will feel like Pentecost. In fact, many of the Bible's most faithful saints went through seasons of dryness, weariness, and silence—yet they *still obeyed*.

“Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.”

— *Job 13:15*

That's not a fiery statement—it's a *faithful* one.

The Quiet Faith That Heaven Sees

Let me speak plainly: **Heaven notices obedience more than emotions.**

There are days when reading the Bible feels rich and alive. But there are also days when it feels dry and flat—and you read it anyway.

There are days when prayer flows easily. And then there are days you pray and feel nothing. No goosebumps. No tears. No “word.” But you still bow your head.

There are days when serving others fills you with joy. And other days you feel taken for granted, unnoticed, and worn thin. But you still serve.

That's not dead religion. That's not hypocrisy. That's not failure. That's **faith on the battlefield.**

Because *true love obeys*—even when the emotions are absent.

“If ye love me, keep my commandments.”

— *John 14:15*

Jesus didn't say, “If you feel spiritual, obey.” He said, “If you love Me, obey.” And love isn't always loud. Sometimes it's quiet. Steady. Gritty. Real.

The Danger of Chasing Fire

There's a danger in constantly chasing spiritual fire. Because in doing so, we risk falling in love with *feelings* rather than *faithfulness*.

You see, if we're not careful, we can start measuring our walk with God by how emotionally "lit" we feel. And when that fire fades (as it inevitably will), we might begin to question if something's wrong with us—or worse, if God has left.

But fire fades. And when it does, God *hasn't* moved.

The Israelites saw fire and cloud every day for 40 years in the wilderness. But still, they murmured. They rebelled. They doubted.

Fire doesn't guarantee faithfulness. And dryness doesn't mean distance.

"We walk by faith, not by sight."

— *2 Corinthians 5:7*

And we could just as easily say: *We walk by faith, not by feelings.*

What Faith Without Fire Looks Like

Let's be honest. There are days you:

- Don't feel like reading the Bible.
- Don't feel anything during prayer.
- Don't feel grateful in worship.
- Don't feel excited to go to church.
- Don't feel bold to witness.
- Don't feel strong in your spirit.

And yet, you still do those things—not because of emotion, but because of **devotion**.

That is a holy thing. That is a God-honoring thing. That is *real Christianity*.

Let me say it like this:

Showing up without fire is not failure.

Showing up *without fire is the proof of faith.*

Grace for the Gritty Days

Sometimes we need to hear this: **It's okay to feel spiritually dry.**

You're not a second-class believer because you're not bursting with joy right now.
You're not unworthy because you don't feel goosebumps every time you pray.
You're not broken because you're walking through a season of silence.

David wrote:

“My soul cleaveth unto the dust: quicken thou me according to thy word.”
— *Psalms 119:25*

That's a man after God's own heart... stuck in the dust. And yet, he turned to God's Word. He didn't run from the altar—he collapsed on it.

There is *grace* for those days. Days when all you can offer God is *showing up*. And showing up is sometimes the holiest thing you can do.

Why Obedience Still Matters

So why does obedience matter when the passion is gone?

Because *it shapes your soul*. Every act of obedience is an act of worship—even when it's not emotional.

Think about it: when your flesh says “Don't bother,” and you obey anyway, what does that say about your heart?

It says you love God more than your feelings.

It says you value His will above your comfort.

It says you're trusting His Word more than your mood.

And that kind of obedience **builds spiritual muscle**.

You're Not Alone in This

You're not the only one serving on “empty.” You're not the only one walking through the motions not because you're fake—but because you're *faithful*.

Elijah was a prophet of fire. And yet, after his greatest moment on Mount Carmel, he crashed in a cave, begging to die. God didn't scold him. He *fed* him. He *listened*. He *renewed* him.

Jeremiah wanted to quit preaching. He even said:

“Then I said, I will not make mention of him, nor speak any more in his name.”

— *Jeremiah 20:9*

But then the Word burned in him again. Not because he chased fire—but because he kept obeying until it came back.

Even Jesus had to walk a lonely path, sweating blood in Gethsemane, with no crowds, no miracles, no cheers—just obedience.

“Nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt.”

— *Matthew 26:39*

That’s the pinnacle of obedience without fire. And it changed everything.

How to Stay Steady When the Fire’s Gone

1. Stick to a Simple Rhythm

When you feel dry, don’t overcomplicate things. Go back to the basics. Scripture. Prayer. Quiet moments. A single verse, honestly read, is better than ten chapters rushed.

2. Don’t Wait to Feel It—Just Do It

Feelings often follow actions. The heart may be slow to engage, but it catches up when the body moves first.

“They that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength...”

— *Isaiah 40:31*

Waiting doesn’t mean doing nothing. It means staying in the right place until strength returns.

3. Find the Hidden Worship in Obedience

Light a candle. Play soft worship. Journal your thoughts. Make space for God—not to feel something but to *remember something*. Even silence can be holy.

4. Talk to Someone Honest

Spiritual dryness thrives in isolation. Don’t hide it. Confess it. Be honest. You might be shocked how many others are going through the same thing.

5. Preach to Yourself

Like David did.

“Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God...”

— *Psalm 42:5*

Talk to your own heart. Remind it who your God is. Remind it of His faithfulness. Declare truth over your weariness.

When the Fire Returns

You won't feel dry forever.

The fire *will* return. Maybe not the same way. Maybe not with the same intensity. But it will come back—stronger, deeper, purified.

Because here's the truth: *God honors the faithful.*

And one day, when the fire does come again, you'll be glad you kept walking.

Glad you stayed in the Word.

Glad you prayed through silence.

Glad you worshiped through the fog.

Because that's the kind of faith that gets rewarded.

“Well done, thou good and *faithful* servant...”

— *Matthew 25:21*

Not “fiery” servant.

Not “popular” servant.

Not “always-feeling-it” servant.

Just... *faithful.*

A Word to the Weary

If you've made it this far, I want to say something simple and clear:

I see you. And God sees you even more.

You've kept going when others gave up.

You've stayed in the Word when it felt dry.

You've prayed with nothing but tears.

You've served without applause.

You've walked through darkness holding the hand of a silent God—and you haven't let go.

You may not feel “on fire” right now. But that doesn’t mean your flame has gone out.

Sometimes, the hottest part of the fire is the quietest.

And sometimes, the strongest faith burns under the ashes.

Keep walking. Keep reading. Keep praying.

Even when the saints grow weary.

Even when the fire feels gone.

Even when you’re serving on empty.

You’re not fake. You’re *faithful*.

You’re not forgotten. You’re *refined*.

And your obedience in this season may be the loudest worship you’ve ever offered.

4 of 12: When the Saints Grow Weary – The Need for Rest

I’m taking a vacation soon.

That may not sound revolutionary to most people, but if you’re like me—if you’re in ministry, leadership, or just trying to stay faithful in a world that keeps spinning faster—it’s not always easy to admit that you need rest. And even harder to take it.

There’s a part of me that feels guilty about it. A voice in the back of my mind that says, “*People are counting on you.*” Or, “*Real believers don’t take breaks—they press on.*” Or the most common one: “*God never stops, so why should you?*”

But those voices aren’t coming from God. They’re coming from weariness dressed up as false duty. And they need to be silenced.

Because here’s the truth I’m learning—**rest isn’t quitting. Rest is obedience.**

This essay is for every worn-out, soul-weary saint who has mistaken burnout for devotion. For every believer who thinks stepping back is weakness. For every follower of Christ who needs permission to breathe.

Let me be the one to say it clearly: **you can rest. You need rest. And God is not mad about it.**

The Myth of Constant Motion

We live in a culture that glorifies hustle. We applaud nonstop productivity. We admire the ones who never stop grinding, always pushing, never slowing down.

That mindset has crept into the Church. We admire pastors who “never take a day off.” We praise believers who “are always doing something for the Lord.” We feel guilty when we’re not “doing enough.”

But none of that came from Jesus.

“And he said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while: for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat.”

— *Mark 6:31*

Jesus said that.

He didn’t scold the disciples for needing rest. He *invited* them to it.

And if the Son of God, in His perfection, told His disciples to rest... what makes us think we’re above it?

Rest Isn’t Laziness

Let’s clear something up: **rest is not laziness.**

Laziness is neglect. Rest is recovery. Laziness says, “I don’t want to.” Rest says, “I’ve poured out, and now I must be refilled.”

They are not the same.

Even God Himself modeled rest.

“And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested...”

— *Genesis 2:2*

Not because He was tired—but because He was finished. Because it was *good*. Because He was setting a pattern we would need to follow.

If God rested after creation, and Jesus rested during His ministry, and the apostles took breaks for recovery—why do we think rest is optional for us?

Burnout Isn’t a Badge

Somehow, in modern Christianity, burnout has become a badge of honor.

We hear people say, “I’m just tired... but I’ll keep going,” and we nod admiringly, as if spiritual exhaustion is proof of faithfulness.

It’s not.

Burnout is not a fruit of the Spirit. It’s a warning sign. A flare. A holy whisper saying: *Slow down, child. Come apart with Me before you come apart completely.*

Because the truth is, if we don’t *choose* to rest, life will *force* us to.

Through breakdown.

Through emotional fatigue.

Through bitter detachment.

Through physical sickness.

Through the slow erosion of joy.

And then we’ll have to do what we were too proud to do earlier—step back, sit down, and let God minister to *us*.

Jesus Took Breaks

Read the Gospels closely and you’ll notice something: **Jesus frequently stepped away.**

- He withdrew to lonely places (Luke 5:16).
- He went up into the mountains to pray (Matthew 14:23).
- He rested by the well (John 4).
- He slept in the boat, even in the middle of a storm (Mark 4:38).

He wasn’t running from His calling. He wasn’t avoiding ministry. He was *staying healthy for it*.

He knew something we forget: **you can’t pour from an empty cup.**

And if the perfect Son of God needed rest, how much more do we?

The Sabbath Principle

We don’t live under the Law, but we would be fools to ignore its wisdom.

The Sabbath wasn’t just a law—it was a *gift*.

“The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath.”

— *Mark 2:27*

In other words, God designed us to need rhythms. To need breaks. To need rest—not just physically, but spiritually and emotionally.

The modern world has erased Sabbath. It says every day is hustle day. Every night is email time. Every weekend is another opportunity to get ahead.

But God says: *Rest*.

Even fields were commanded to rest (Leviticus 25:4).

Even the land got a Sabbath.

Because nothing thrives under constant pressure. Not crops. Not churches. Not marriages. Not minds. Not ministries. Not hearts.

My Upcoming Rest

As I prepare for this upcoming vacation, I’m reminded that it’s more than just a break from work—it’s a *return to balance*.

I won’t stop writing altogether. There may still be essays, moments of sharing, thoughts from the heart. But I won’t force it. I won’t grind it. I won’t guilt myself into productivity.

Instead, I’m going to sit with God. Listen. Reflect. Walk. Sleep. Laugh. Be present with my family. And most importantly—*breathe again*.

Because when I come back, I want to come back filled.

Not just with words—but with *life*.

And if you’re feeling worn down right now, maybe it’s time you take a step too. Maybe it’s time you stop apologizing for needing what God built into your very design.

What Biblical Rest Looks Like

Biblical rest is not laziness. It’s not spiritual apathy. It’s not indulgent escape.

It’s **purposeful restoration**.

It includes things like:

- **Quiet time with the Lord** – without pressure, without agenda.

- **Sleep** – real, deep, unhurried sleep.
- **Worship** – not for performance, but for communion.
- **Nature** – creation was made to restore the senses.
- **Stillness** – no podcasts, no phone, no noise.
- **Laughter** – with your kids, your spouse, your friends.
- **Sabbath** – not as law, but as liberty.

Rest isn't passive—it's *active surrender*. It's saying: "I'm not God. I can stop. I can trust. I can rest."

How to Know You Need It

Here are some signs you're overdue for rest:

- You dread what you used to love.
- You're numb instead of prayerful.
- You snap at small things.
- You're going through the motions.
- You're always tired—even after sleep.
- You're doing more for God than *being* with God.
- You're serving everyone... but you're spiritually starving.

If that's you, take the warning seriously. Don't wait until the crash. Step away. Even Jesus told the disciples, "*Come apart.*"

You have permission.

Resting Is Not Quitting

One of the enemy's greatest lies is this: *If you rest, you're quitting.*

No. If you *don't* rest, you're quitting—you just don't know it yet.

Burnout is silent resignation. It's the slow fading of joy. It's quitting with your body still present but your heart long gone.

Rest, on the other hand, is **resistance**.

It's saying, "I will not be enslaved by busyness."

"I will not let my identity be my productivity."

"I will not serve others from an empty soul."

Rest is how you keep going.

The Testimony of Stillness

Sometimes, the most powerful testimony isn't in what you *do* for God—it's in how you *trust* Him.

And trust looks like this:

- I trust You enough to stop.
- I trust You enough to let go.
- I trust You enough to say no.
- I trust You enough to walk away from the noise.
- I trust You enough to believe that **You** hold all things together—even when I'm resting.

That's not weakness. That's *worship*.

Closing Thoughts: Rest, and Rise Again

When the saints grow weary, they need more than revival meetings. They need more than pep talks.

They need **rest**.

Not because they've failed—but because they've *fought*.

They've prayed through silence.

They've walked without fire.

They've served on empty.

They've pressed on without applause.

And now, they need to rest.

If that's you, hear this clearly:

God is not disappointed in you for being tired.
He's proud of you for how long you've lasted.
And now He invites you: *Come apart. Rest a while. Be with Me.*

There's a time to run.
A time to build.
A time to speak.
A time to go.

And there is a **holy time to stop.**

To sit.
To breathe.
To listen.
To be refilled.

And when you do—you'll find He was never far.
He's been waiting at the well. Waiting in the quiet. Waiting on the other side of the grind,
ready to restore what the race tried to take.

So rest, saint of God. Not forever—but for now.

Rest.
And rise again.
Ready. Whole. Joyful.

Even when the saints grow weary.

5 of 12: When the Saints Grow Weary – God Knows You're Tired

There's a verse I've been carrying with me lately. Not just memorized, but *felt*. It's one of those gentle verses that doesn't shout—it whispers. And in that whisper is everything the weary heart needs to hear:

“For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.”
— *Psalm 103:14*

Read it again, slowly. Let that truth breathe through the walls of your heart.

He knows your frame.

He sees how fragile you feel.

He understands the weight of your thoughts.

He remembers your limits—not to shame you for them, but to **show compassion in them**.

This isn't a message about how to get your energy back. It's not a formula for spiritual motivation. It's not a list of seven steps to feel better by Tuesday.

This is a *reminder of mercy*.

Because God doesn't wait for you to get strong again before He helps you.

He meets you where you are—tired, worn, struggling, doubting, dry—and calls you beloved anyway.

This essay is for the tired saint. The one still showing up, but barely standing. The one who keeps pressing forward, but wonders if God notices the strain.

He does.

And not only does He notice... He *remembers*.

We Are Dust — And That's Not an Insult

Psalms 103 is one of those chapters that sings of God's love. It speaks of His mercy, His forgiveness, His redemption, His patience. And then—right in the middle of this praise—it says something so simple, yet so staggering:

“He remembereth that we are dust.”

Not steel.

Not fire.

Not stone.

Dust.

But here's what's wild: the verse doesn't say *we* remember that. It says *He* does.

We forget our limits. We expect ourselves to run forever. We scold ourselves for breaking down. We expect perfection... and then collapse under the weight of that pressure.

But not God.

He doesn't expect more than you can give.

He doesn't demand you to pretend you're stronger than you are.

He doesn't look at your exhaustion and shake His head.

He looks at you and remembers: *you're dust*.

And that's not a slam. That's *compassion*. It's God saying, "I know exactly what you are—and I still love you, still use you, still carry you, still call you mine."

He Doesn't Grow Weary — But We Do

Isaiah 40 reminds us that:

"The everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary..." — *Isaiah 40:28*

God doesn't get tired.

But you do. I do. We all do.

And the beauty of that passage is that it doesn't shame us for it—it says the God who *never* faints gives strength to the ones who *do*:

"He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."
— *Isaiah 40:29*

You don't have to bring your strength to God.

You bring your weariness.

Your weakness.

Your "I-can't-do-this-anymore" prayers.

And *He meets you there*.

Jesus Felt It Too

We often picture Jesus as untouchable in His strength. And yes—He is the Son of God, full of power and majesty. But don't forget: **He became flesh**.

He wept.

He slept.

He got thirsty.

He groaned.

He withdrew from crowds.

He grew weary from walking (John 4:6).

He cried out in anguish in the garden.

The One who holds all things together **knows what it feels like to fall to the ground in exhaustion**.

So when you say, “I’m tired,” you’re not praying to a God who doesn’t get it. You’re praying to a Savior who lived it.

“For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities...”

— *Hebrews 4:15*

He’s not just aware of your pain. He’s touched by it. He feels it. He sits with you in it. And He intercedes for you through it.

Tired Doesn’t Mean Faithless

One of the most damaging lies Christians believe is this:

“If I were stronger in faith, I wouldn’t feel so tired.”

That’s a lie.

Fatigue isn’t faithlessness.

Weariness isn’t weakness.

Exhaustion doesn’t mean you’ve failed.

Even Paul, the spiritual giant, wrote this:

“We were pressed out of measure, above strength, insomuch that we despaired even of life.”

— *2 Corinthians 1:8*

He wasn’t glowing with spiritual energy every day. He despaired. He felt pressure *beyond his strength*.

That’s the apostle who wrote half the New Testament.

Faith doesn’t mean you never get tired. Faith means you keep trusting when you are.

When You’ve Got Nothing Left

What do you do when you’ve got nothing left in the tank?

When your Bible feels like dry ink on a page.

When your prayers are whispers soaked in tears.

When the worship songs feel hollow.

When you know the truth, but can’t feel the hope.

When you can't fix your face into a smile anymore.
When all you want is to collapse.

You do *this*:

“Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”
— *Matthew 11:28*

You *come*.

Not with your strength—but with your struggle.

Not with answers—but with ache.

Not with your best—but with your burden.

Because His invitation isn't for the “put-together.” It's for the weary.

God's Mercy Meets You Now

There's something quiet and beautiful about Psalm 103. Not only does God remember your frame—He *acts on it*:

“The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.”
— *Psalm 103:8*

It doesn't say He waits for you to get better.

It says He *is* merciful.

Right now.

Right where you are.

In the middle of your fatigue.

In the valley of your confusion.

In the slump of your spiritual burnout.

His mercy *is enough*.

Not for the future version of you who has it all together.

But for the present version of you—the one curled up in your car, in your bed, in your silence—wondering if God still hears you.

He does.

He always has.

He remembers your frame.

He remembers that you're dust.

And He responds with *mercy*.

He Carries You

You're not carrying your life alone.

“Even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you.”

— *Isaiah 46:4*

Let that soak in.

I will carry you.

When you're young.

When you're old.

When you're strong.

When you're tired.

When you're ready to quit.

When you don't have the strength to take one more step.

He carries you.

Not just when you're “useful.”

Not just when you're productive.

Not just when you're on fire.

Even when you're slumped in silence, He's still holding you up.

What If You Just Need to Sit?

Some days, you don't need a charge—you need a *chair*.

You need to sit still. To breathe. To cry. To stop fighting to feel better.

To stop pretending to be strong.

To let God love you in your **dust-frame**.

Psalms 23 doesn't say, “He drives me to be better.”

It says:

“He *maketh me* to lie down in green pastures: he *leadeth me* beside the still waters. He *restoreth* my soul...”

— *Psalm 23:2–3*

Maybe today He doesn’t want you to *do* anything.

Maybe He just wants to *restore* your soul.

From Weakness to Worship

Your worship isn’t worthless because you’re weary.

It’s *realer* than it’s ever been.

That prayer you muttered under your breath as you broke down in the kitchen?

That counts.

That verse you barely got through this morning?

That counts.

That act of obedience you did without feeling anything at all?

That counts.

Because you’re not serving God from a mountaintop right now—you’re *servicing Him from the valley*. And that kind of worship smells like costly oil.

You’re Not Alone

Every saint I’ve ever known who’s walked with Jesus for more than a minute has hit this point.

The weariness.

The fog.

The soul-tired ache.

The “*Lord, I know You’re good, but I don’t feel it right now*” honesty.

You’re not strange. You’re not broken. You’re *human*.

And God knows that.

He designed that.

And He blesses *that honesty*.

You don’t have to fake strength.

You don’t have to “push through” every time.

Sometimes, you need to rest.

To sit in His presence.

To cry out, “Lord, I’m tired.”

And let that be enough.

Because it is.

Closing Thoughts: His Strength Is Made Perfect in Weakness

You don’t have to get strong to be loved.

You don’t have to “get better” to be seen.

You don’t have to prove anything to be held.

You just have to come. As you are. With whatever you’ve got left.

“My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.”

— *2 Corinthians 12:9*

Let that be your anchor today.

God is not waiting for you to feel better.

He’s remembering that you are dust.

He’s meeting you with mercy.

He’s holding you when you collapse.

He’s carrying you when you’ve got nothing left.

He’s restoring what life tried to drain.

And He’s not ashamed of your tired soul.

So if you’re weary...

Just breathe.

Just rest.

Just be still.

God knows you’re tired.

And He’s not far.

He’s close.

He’s kind.

And He’s carrying you—dust and all.

Even when the saints grow weary.

6 of 12: When the Saints Grow Weary – Clown World Christianity

There's a term I've been hearing tossed around more and more—one that at first felt flippant, even irreverent. But the longer I watch what's unfolding around us in this generation, the more I realize: *it fits*.

Clown World.

It's the phrase used to describe this upside-down, inside-out version of reality we now live in—where good is called evil, evil is celebrated, truth is mocked, logic is dead, and sanity is ridiculed. But it's not just the world at large. It's crept into churches, pulpits, worship playlists, Christian media, Christian influencers... and now we're in a strange season where *Clown World has a choir robe on and carries a cross made of Styrofoam*.

This essay isn't meant to just call it out—it's to speak to those of us walking through it. The ones trying to stay faithful in a world where **mockery of God isn't just tolerated—it's trending**.

This is for the remnant that looks around and thinks, *"Am I the only one who sees how insane this all is?"*

You're not crazy. You're just awake.

What Is Clown World?

Clown World isn't about red noses and circus music—it's about **delusion dressed up as virtue**.

It's when truth is replaced with emotionalism.

When feelings outweigh facts.

When spiritual buzzwords replace solid doctrine.

When parody becomes policy.

When blasphemy is branded as boldness.

When churches become platforms for political theater and cultural appeasement.

When "tolerance" is the highest virtue, and "thus saith the Lord" is the fastest way to get canceled.

Isaiah described it long before Twitter did:

“Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness...”

— *Isaiah 5:20*

It’s not new. But now, it’s everywhere. And it’s loud.

Mocking God Has Become Mainstream

We’ve gone beyond ignoring God—now we laugh at Him.

Drag queens performing in churches.

Pastors rewriting the Bible to appease culture.

Worship songs that say more about self-love than repentance.

TikTok theologians who deny hell but affirm horoscope spirituality.

Preachers who wouldn’t dare preach sin but will preach self-help until they’re blue in the face.

It’s *spiritual insanity*.

“Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”

— *Galatians 6:7*

They’re mocking now—but they won’t be forever.

The problem is, when mockery becomes the norm, **truth starts to sound like hate.**

And if you’re someone who still believes the Bible is true, sin is real, hell is hot, Jesus is the only way, and holiness still matters—you’re labeled narrow, judgmental, old-fashioned, or worse.

Welcome to Clown World Christianity.

The Weariness It Causes

Let me be honest—*this is exhausting*.

Not just the sin in the world, but the compromise in the church.

You expect the darkness from Hollywood. You expect it from the media. You expect it from political systems.

But what do you do when it's coming from the pulpit? When it's sung from the stage? When it's posted in Christian hashtags?

The grief runs deeper.

The weariness isn't just about the evil—it's about the *silence* of those who should be speaking up. It's about the *mockery* of those who are trying to stay faithful. It's about watching brothers and sisters fall for it and not knowing how to reach them anymore.

You feel like Jeremiah in his day.

Like Elijah under the juniper tree.

Like Lot, whose soul was “vexed” day by day by the filthy conversation of the wicked (2 Peter 2:7–8).

“Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law.”

— *Psalm 119:136*

It's not just weariness. It's heartbreak.

Fighting Distractions in a Circus

One of the most sinister tools of Clown World Christianity isn't just deception—it's **distraction**.

While the world burns, we're debating over coffee bars in the lobby.

While souls are going to hell, we're arguing about stage lighting.

While apostasy spreads, we're chasing engagement algorithms.

Distraction is the devil's tool when deception isn't enough.

And if you're not careful, you'll start performing instead of proclaiming.

You'll start appeasing instead of preaching.

You'll start entertaining instead of evangelizing.

That's how you build a crowd.

But you'll never build a Church that way.

Holding Onto Truth in the Fog

So what do we do? How do we stay grounded when everything's spinning?

We **hold the line**.

Even when it feels like we're the only ones.
Even when people roll their eyes.
Even when the clown music plays louder than the trumpet.

“Buy the truth, and sell it not...”

— *Proverbs 23:23*

Hold fast to sound doctrine.
Hold fast to the Word of God.
Hold fast to the gospel that still saves.
Hold fast to the name of Jesus Christ—not as a brand, but as the *King of Kings*.

Truth isn't trending, but it's eternal.
And when the fog lifts, the truth will still be standing.

What It Means to Be the Remnant

Don't underestimate the honor of being part of the remnant.

It may feel small.
It may feel lonely.
It may feel like you're losing.
But *you're not*.

God has always worked with remnants.

Noah.

Lot.

Elijah.

The 7,000 who didn't bow to Baal.

The disciples who wouldn't stop preaching.

The early Church who chose prison over popularity.

And now you.

You're not behind. You're not outdated. You're not “out of touch.”

You're *in alignment*.

With the Word.

With the Spirit.

With the narrow road that leads to life.

When Even Church Feels Foreign

One of the deepest griefs of Clown World Christianity is this:

Even church doesn't feel like home anymore.

You walk in and see more branding than Bibles.

You hear sermons that could be TED Talks.

You leave without hearing about repentance, righteousness, the cross, or Heaven.

And you wonder, *Is there anywhere left that hasn't sold out?*

There is.

Scattered, hidden, burning quietly—there are still churches preaching the Word.

Still pastors weeping for souls.

Still saints praying in closets.

Still voices crying in the wilderness.

Still homes where family altars burn.

Still people who would rather be right with God than popular with men.

You're not alone. The remnant *is* out there. And we are not silent.

Why It's Worth It

Let me remind you why we stay faithful.

Not because it's easy.

Not because it's popular.

Not because it always feels rewarding.

But because **Jesus is worthy.**

Because eternity is real.

Because souls are precious.

Because compromise kills.

Because truth sets people free.

Because He's coming soon—and we want to be found *watching*.

A Word of Caution: Don't Let the Circus Make You Cynical

It's easy to become bitter.

To sneer at the fake.

To mock the mockers.

To shut off your heart and close off your spirit.

But bitterness is another kind of clown paint—it just wears a different color.

Don't let Clown World make you a jaded saint.

Be a faithful one.

Call out sin—but weep when you do.

Speak truth—but speak it in love.

Rebuke deception—but do it with a broken heart, not a hardened one.

Jesus turned over tables—but He also wept over Jerusalem.

Let's follow His example.

Anchored in the Word

When everything else feels like a circus, the Word of God remains our anchor.

“Thy word is true from the beginning: and every one of thy righteous judgments endureth for ever.”

— *Psalm 119:160*

Return to it daily.

Let it renew your mind.

Let it clean out the lies, the nonsense, the noise.

Let it give you courage to stand when others bow.

Let it remind you that this world is not your home.

Closing Thoughts: Standing at the End of the Parade

Sometimes I picture it like this:

We're standing at the end of the parade route.

The floats have gone by.

The dancers have passed.

The noise is fading.

The confetti is settling.

And there we are—standing quietly with a sword in our hand and tears in our eyes.

Not clapping.
Not cheering.
Just watching.
Waiting.
Holding the line.

Because we know that when the circus ends, the **King returns**.

He's not coming back for a show.
He's not coming back for a stage.
He's not coming back for a celebrity pastor or a viral sermon.
He's coming back for a *bride without spot or wrinkle*.

So we endure.
We resist the clown show.
We keep our garments clean.
We keep our hearts pure.
We keep watching.
Even when the saints grow weary.

7 of 12: When the Saints Grow Weary – Where Is Everyone?

There's a question I've asked in my heart more times than I can count. Maybe you've asked it too, especially in this strange season of spiritual drought and rising compromise.

Where is everyone?

Where are the believers who still stand on the Word of God without apology?
Where are the pastors who still preach hell is real and Jesus is the only way?
Where are the churches that still feel like home instead of performance halls?
Where are the people who used to burn for truth, who used to hunger for holiness, who used to be unashamed?

I'm not asking this in arrogance. I'm asking it with grief. With longing. With weariness.

This essay is for those who still show up, still hold the line, but often feel like they're walking through this storm alone. You're not just weary from the world—you're weary from **loneliness**.

You love Jesus. You believe the Bible. But you keep looking around and asking, *Where is everyone?*

And if that's you, this one's from my heart to yours.

The Vanishing of Fellowship

Let's just say it outright: **fellowship is harder to find these days.**

Yes, there are people gathering. Churches are open. Conferences are full. Events are being promoted nonstop. But so much of it feels... *off*.

Surface. Shallow. Compromised.

You walk in hoping to find brothers and sisters, and instead you find brand managers.

You look for a family—and find a crowd.

You look for Spirit-filled worship—and find fog machines and playlists.

You look for biblical preaching—and hear motivational monologues.

It's not that the Church is gone. It's that **the Church has been buried beneath layers of marketing and moral compromise.**

And those of us who long for the real thing? We often walk out more lonely than we walked in.

The Grief of the Scattered Remnant

It didn't used to be this way. Or maybe it did, but we just didn't see it.

But now, with the rise of apostasy, the dilution of truth, and the full-blown merger of Christianity with culture, the **remnant** is feeling more scattered than ever.

You meet someone who says they're a Christian, and your heart leaps—until five minutes in, you realize their "Jesus" isn't the one in your Bible.

You try a new church, and the doctrine looks solid on the website—but the sermon leaves you wondering if you accidentally walked into a TED Talk.

You long to sit down with someone and talk about prophecy, holiness, spiritual warfare, the blood of Jesus, and the urgency of the hour—but most people just want to talk about the next church retreat.

And it leaves you asking: *Am I the only one who still sees it?*

Elijah's Moment: You're Not Alone

You're not the first one to feel this way. Elijah did too.

After calling fire down from heaven. After slaying the prophets of Baal. After standing alone on Mount Carmel—he found himself under a juniper tree, broken, drained, and convinced:

“I, even I only, am left...”

— *1 Kings 19:10*

He thought he was the last man standing.

But God corrected him gently:

“Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal...”

— *1 Kings 19:18*

In other words: **you're not alone. You just can't see them right now.**

And maybe that's what we need to hear too.

Yes, fellowship is rare. Yes, the Church is compromised in many places. Yes, apostasy is rampant.

But **there is still a remnant.**

We are scattered. But we are not extinct.

We are hidden. But we are not silenced.

And we are being gathered—quietly, supernaturally, in new and unexpected ways.

VerseQuest, X, and the Rise of the Digital Upper Room

Let me say something I never thought I'd say ten years ago: **some of the deepest, most honest fellowship I've had in recent years has been online.**

I know, I know—screens aren't substitutes for the laying on of hands. Online platforms can't replace true church. Twitter (now X) is a spiritual minefield.

But in this digital wilderness, **God is gathering His people.**

I've seen it with my own eyes.

I've seen believers connect from across continents over a shared love for Scripture.
I've seen weary saints find encouragement in a 280-character post that speaks directly to their spirit.

I've seen people rejected by their local church for standing on truth find community in threads and spaces where the Word is rightly divided.

I've seen tears, repentance, conviction, teaching, iron sharpening iron—all in a place people said “God could never use.”

But He is using it. Because **He's still gathering His people—just not always in the places we expect.**

“Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together... and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching.”

— *Hebrews 10:25*

We used to think that verse only applied to physical buildings. But in these last days, **the assembly is happening in living rooms, through phone screens, in DMs, in comment sections, in livestreams, in study threads.**

The *form* may have shifted—but the *faith* has not.

The Loneliness Is Real—But It's Not Final

Let me say it plain: loneliness hurts.

Even Jesus felt it.

“Then all the disciples forsook him, and fled.”

— *Matthew 26:56*

In His darkest moment, He stood alone.

But He endured—for us.

And now, in our lonely moments, **He stands with us.**

You may feel alone, but you are not forsaken.

You may feel isolated, but you are not forgotten.

You may feel disconnected, but you are still part of the Body.

There is a thread that ties you to thousands of others who still believe.

There is a whisper of truth that connects you to millions of martyrs who stood alone before you.

There is a fire that burns in you that didn't start with you—and it will not end with you.

Rebuilding Fellowship in the Wilderness

So what do we do?

1. Keep Showing Up—Even Online

You might not have a local church that feeds you, but that doesn't mean you stop assembling.

Join the study threads. Engage in the Word-based communities. Encourage others in the remnant.

Don't just consume—*contribute*.

Your voice might be the one someone else needs today.

2. Pray for Real-World Connections

God can still bring real people into your life.

Pray for a brother. Pray for a sister. Pray for one family to walk with you.

You don't need a crowd. You just need *fellowship*.

3. Start a Home Gathering

If you can't find one—build one.

Invite two or three. Open your Bible. Break bread. Worship without a stage.

The early Church thrived in homes, not stadiums.

4. Stay Open, Not Bitter

It's easy to close off your heart when you've been disappointed by churches or betrayed by "Christians."

But bitterness will isolate you further.

Stay open. Keep loving. Keep hoping.

We're Still the Church

The Church was never about a building.

Never about a program.

Never about a livestream.

It's about **called-out ones**—ecclesia—those who belong to Jesus and to one another.

"Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular."

— *1 Corinthians 12:27*

That means **you belong**.

Even when the pews feel empty.

Even when your phone is the only place you hear the Word.

Even when you cry out, “Where is everyone?”

You’re still part of His Body.

Still filled with His Spirit.

Still on mission.

Still watched over by the Shepherd and Bishop of your soul.

Closing Thoughts: The Answer to the Question

So... where is everyone?

They’re out there.

Tired.

Scattered.

Longing.

Watching.

Waiting.

Still holding the line.

And by God’s grace, we’re finding each other again.

Not always in buildings.

But in truth.

In prayer.

In late-night tweets.

In shared Scripture.

In hearts that refuse to bow to the system.

We’re still here.

Still burning.

Still believing.

Still assembling—one post, one prayer, one testimony at a time.

This is not the end of the Church.

It’s the purification of it.

And even when the saints grow weary, the Shepherd is still gathering His flock.

You are not alone.

8 of 12: When the Saints Grow Weary – Oil for the Lamp

There's a parable Jesus told that's been ringing louder in my spirit with each passing month. Not because I'm trying to be dramatic or prophetic for the sake of it, but because the more you look around, the more it becomes evident:

Some are running out of oil.

I'm talking about the parable of the ten virgins. It's one of those teachings Jesus gave to warn—not the world—but *those who were watching*. People who looked the part. People who were waiting for the Bridegroom. But when the moment came... only five were ready.

“And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out.”

— *Matthew 25:8*

Gone out.

Burned up.

Burned through.

Burned down.

This essay isn't a deep theological study on every interpretive angle of that parable. This is a devotional from my heart to yours. It's about what it means, in *these days*, to **keep your oil**. To stay spiritually lit. To not give in to the draining, grinding, fog-inducing madness of this present world.

This is for those of us who are weary—not because we've fallen asleep, but because we've stayed awake too long while others dozed off.

If you've felt your flame flickering, your soul dragging, your passion dimming—this is for you.

Let's talk about the oil.

The Parable That Haunts (and Helps) the Weary

“Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom...”

— *Matthew 25:1*

They all had lamps.

They all expected the Bridegroom.

They all waited.

But only **five brought extra oil**.

And when the call finally came—“Behold, the bridegroom cometh”—only the ones who prepared beforehand were ready to go in.

This is one of the sobering parables where *half* the crowd looks the part, waits the same way, and still ends up shut out.

Let that sink in.

This parable isn’t about unbelievers. It’s about believers. Watchers. People who profess to be waiting for Jesus.

And only some of them kept oil.

What Is the Oil?

There are plenty of interpretations. Some say it represents the Holy Spirit. Others say it represents spiritual preparation, intimacy with God, obedience, or personal devotion.

I think it’s all of the above—and more.

The oil is the **inner substance** of your spiritual life. The thing no one can see but God. The *real you* behind the public light. The part of your walk with Jesus that doesn’t tweet, post, preach, or publish.

It’s not charisma. It’s character.

It’s not gifting. It’s depth.

It’s not what you show. It’s what you store.

And here’s the part that convicts me every time:

You can’t borrow oil.

The foolish virgins begged, “Give us some of yours.”

But oil doesn’t transfer like that.

You can borrow someone's words, their theology, their playlist, their encouragement. But you *cannot* borrow someone's prayer life. You can't borrow their obedience. You can't borrow their faithfulness in secret.

You either have it... or you don't.

Why the Oil Matters More Now Than Ever

We're living in a generation that's running on fumes.

A Church that's addicted to events but allergic to endurance.

A people more concerned with moments than maturity.

But the Bridegroom is coming.

And only those with oil will be ready.

Not the loudest.

Not the flashiest.

Not the most relevant or the most followed.

But the ones who have *kept oil in their lamps*.

Because the wait has been long. And in the wait... we get weary.

"While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept."

— *Matthew 25:5*

That line wrecks me. Because it shows something real: **delay is hard**.

We've been waiting a long time.

Jesus hasn't come back yet. The sky hasn't cracked open. The trumpet hasn't blown. And in the delay... many hearts have gone cold.

But here's the key: *some kept oil anyway*.

How Do You Keep Oil?

Here's where it gets practical—and personal.

If oil is the internal fire of your walk with God, then keeping it means **guarding, fueling, and maintaining** what gives that fire its power.

Here's how I try to keep oil. I'm not perfect in any of these, but they've helped me fight back when the world starts draining my reserves.

1. Protect Your Secret Place

There is no substitute for *time alone with God*.

I don't care how good the sermon is or how high the worship flows—if you're not meeting with Him in secret, your oil is leaking.

Jesus said:

“But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and... pray to thy Father which is in secret...”

— *Matthew 6:6*

Not Instagram. Not TikTok. *Secret*.

Even 10 minutes alone with God, unrushed and undistracted, can restore weeks of weariness.

2. Stay in the Word—Even When It's Dry

There are days the Bible leaps off the page. And there are days it reads like ink on paper.

Read it anyway.

Because every word sown is oil stored.

Every verse is fuel for a future hour you haven't reached yet.

Every chapter is a deposit of divine perspective that will pay dividends when the lights go out.

“Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.”

— *Psalms 119:105*

No Word? No light.

No Word? No oil.

Stay in it. Not for performance—but for preparation.

3. Cultivate Obedience in the Small Things

This one's not flashy. But it's oil-rich.

When God prompts you to do something—*do it*.
Even if no one sees. Especially if no one sees.

The oil is in the obedience.

Say no to the compromise.

Say yes to the nudge.

Turn off what grieves the Spirit.

Speak the word He tells you.

Forgive the person He shows you.

Every act of obedience is like a drop of oil. And over time, they fill the lamp.

4. Worship When You Don't Feel Like It

Worship isn't about emotions—it's about **posture**.

When you lift your hands in weariness, when you praise in the fog, when you exalt Him while empty—*that's oil*.

“The sacrifice of praise...”

— *Hebrews 13:15*

It costs something. And it fills something.

Sing the song. Even with a cracked voice. Even through tears. Even with questions.

Worship keeps your wick trimmed and your oil flowing.

5. Refuse to Compromise for the Crowd

Let me say this bluntly: *compromise drains oil*.

Every time you water down truth, tolerate sin, or go silent to fit in with the lukewarm, your lamp gets dimmer.

Stay faithful. Stay biblical. Stay clean.

It's not about perfection—it's about **separation**.

Keep your garments white. Keep your heart soft. Keep your conscience clear.

This is not the hour to flirt with worldliness.

When You Feel Like You're Running Low

Let me speak to the weary heart:

Maybe you feel like your lamp is dim.

Like the oil is nearly gone.

Like the waiting has drained you.

Like the noise of the world is too loud.

Like the fire of yesterday is now just a flicker.

You're not alone. And you're not disqualified.

The fact that you *still care* about the oil proves you haven't lost it.

And God, in His mercy, refills those who ask.

“Ask, and it shall be given you...”

— *Matthew 7:7*

Ask for fresh oil.

Ask for new hunger.

Ask for restored intimacy.

Ask for fire again—not just for show, but for **readiness**.

He gives liberally.

He restores.

He reignites.

The Midnight Cry Is Coming

There's a moment in the parable that sobers me every time:

“And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.”

— *Matthew 25:6*

Midnight.

Dark.

Unexpected.

Disruptive.

And in that moment—*everything is revealed*.

Who has oil... and who doesn't.
Who was preparing... and who was performing.
Who had fire... and who only had form.

It won't matter how trendy your faith was.
It won't matter how many people followed your page.
It won't matter how many church services you attended.
It will come down to one question:

Do you have oil?

This Is the Hour to Get Ready

We are not in the moment of the shout yet.
But we are close.

You can feel it.
The shaking. The signs. The urgency.

This is the hour for the wise to wake up, trim their lamps, and store oil like never before.

“Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.”
— *Matthew 24:44*

This isn't fear. It's *faithful preparation*.

The wise see the signs and prepare.

Closing Thoughts: Don't Burn Out—Burn Pure

To every weary saint reading this:

You've stayed awake when others have slept.
You've guarded your lamp when others have laughed.
You've wept in secret while others partied in the open.
You've waited through the silence.
You've pressed through the darkness.
And you've kept the oil—maybe not perfectly, but faithfully.
Don't let it go now.

We are closer than ever.
The midnight cry is near.
And when it comes... your oil will shine.

So keep filling.
Keep praying.
Keep worshiping.
Keep separating.
Keep watching.

Because even when the saints grow weary, the wise stay ready.

And your lamp will light the way...
when the Bridegroom comes.

9 of 12: When the Saints Grow Weary – The Duty of Joy

There's a verse we quote often—especially in hard times. But if we're honest, it's one that can feel more like a slap than a balm when you're walking through the fog.

“...for the joy of the LORD is your strength.”

— *Nehemiah 8:10*

Joy? Really?

When you're running on empty?

When your prayers seem unanswered?

When the news is grim, the church is lukewarm, the world mocks your faith, and you feel like you're holding it all together with duct tape and a whisper?

It sounds like a command you're not sure you can obey.

But what if I told you that joy isn't a “perk” of faith—it's a **duty**?

What if I told you that joy isn't about feeling bubbly—but about standing firm?

That it isn't the result of strength—it's the *source* of it?

This is the ninth essay in our series, *When the Saints Grow Weary*.

And today, we're talking about joy—not as an emotional high, but as a holy *choice*.

If you've been weary and wondering what happened to your joy, or whether it even matters in times like these... this one's for you.

The Context of Joy in Nehemiah

We love to quote that phrase—“The joy of the Lord is your strength”—but few stop to remember *where* it came from.

The people in Nehemiah’s day weren’t having a revival picnic. They had just returned from exile. They had rebuilt the wall under constant threat. They were emotionally exhausted, spiritually convicted, and deeply *grieved*.

Ezra the scribe stood before them and read the law aloud—for hours. As the Word washed over them, the people began to weep.

Why?

Because they *saw themselves clearly*.

They saw their sin. Their failure. Their history of rebellion.

They were broken. Humbled. Tender.

And in that moment, the command didn’t come, “Yes, stay miserable. That’s how God likes it.”

No. The leaders said something wild:

“Mourn not, nor weep... Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet... neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the LORD is your strength.”

— *Nehemiah 8:9–10*

They were told to **rejoice**.

Not because their situation was perfect.

Not because the battle was over.

Not because their emotions lined up with it.

But because joy was a weapon they would *need* to go forward.

Joy Isn’t a Suggestion—It’s Spiritual Warfare

Let’s get something straight:

Joy is not about pretending things are okay.

It’s not plastering on a fake smile and saying “God is good” while your heart is in pieces.

Joy is *defiance*.

Joy is choosing to believe the goodness of God even when circumstances scream

otherwise.

Joy is the battle stance of the believer who refuses to let darkness win.

When Paul wrote to the Philippians—*from a prison cell*, mind you—he said:

“Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice.”

— *Philippians 4:4*

That’s not emotion.

That’s *discipline*.

That’s a declaration: *I will not lose my song to sorrow.*

I will not give the devil my hope.

Because without joy, strength evaporates.

Why Joy Matters When You’re Weary

When you’re tired, joy feels impossible.

But here’s the twist:

Joy is *what gets you through the weariness*.

Not relief. Not sleep. Not even understanding.

It’s *joy* that becomes your inner engine—the fuel for endurance.

“Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross...”

— *Hebrews 12:2*

Did you catch that?

Jesus endured the *cross* because of joy.

Not because it was easy.

Not because He felt strong.

But because He looked past the pain and saw the glory.

And if *He* needed joy to endure... what about us?

So What Is Joy, Really?

Joy isn’t hype. It’s **hope rooted in truth**.

It’s not the denial of pain—it’s the declaration that pain doesn’t get the last word.

It's deeper than happiness.

Happiness is fragile. Circumstantial. Fleeting.

Joy is **anchored**. It's rooted in who God is, not in how we feel.

Joy says:

- “God is still good, even if I don't feel it.”
- “His promises are still true, even if I don't see them.”
- “He's still working, even if I don't understand it.”
- “I have a future, even if my present feels dark.”

How to Reclaim Joy When It's Gone

You don't find joy by chasing feelings.

You *build* it by returning to the foundations.

Here's how I've learned to reclaim joy—especially when I don't feel a drop of it.

1. Go Back to the Gospel

When all else fails, I remember the cross.

Joy begins at Calvary.

If I lose sight of what Jesus *already* did, I'll never find peace in what He's *yet* to do.

“Restore unto me the joy of *thy salvation...*”

— *Psalms 51:12*

That's the baseline.

Not your job.

Not your calling.

Not your circumstances.

Salvation is joy.

You were headed for hell. Now you're a child of God.

That alone is reason to lift your head.

2. Speak the Truth Out Loud

When joy dries up, it's usually because *lies have taken its place*.

Lies like:

- "You're alone."
- "Nothing will ever change."
- "You're not good enough."
- "You've failed too many times."
- "You don't matter."

Silence those with *Scripture*.

Say it out loud.

- "I am accepted in the beloved." (Eph 1:6)
- "He will never leave me nor forsake me." (Heb 13:5)
- "He is working all things for my good." (Rom 8:28)
- "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." (Ps 23:1)
- "In His presence is *fullness of joy*." (Ps 16:11)

Preach to yourself.

Joy isn't just felt—it's *spoken into existence* with truth.

3. Worship in the Fog

Sometimes the most powerful worship happens when you least feel like doing it.

That's not hypocrisy. That's *faith*.

Worship isn't just a response to joy.

It's a *pathway* to it.

Turn on the song.

Lift your hands.

Cry if you must.

Dance if you're able.

Whisper if that's all you've got.

Just worship.
Joy will meet you there.

4. Surround Yourself With the Right Voices

Some people drain you. Others refill you.

If your joy is always on E, ask yourself: *who's speaking into my life?*

Online?

At church?

In conversation?

Are you around people who stir your spirit or siphon it?

Even Paul had Timothy. Even Elijah had Elisha. Even Jesus had Peter, James, and John.

Don't walk this road alone.

And if you don't have anyone yet?

Join an online study. Plug into communities that preach truth. Follow people who lift you higher, not lead you to despair.

5. Do Something Generous

It sounds strange, but when I'm at my lowest, I try to *give something*.

- A word of encouragement.
- A small gift.
- A Scripture to someone else.
- A visit. A prayer. A note.

Why?

Because joy grows in giving.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

— Acts 20:35

It realigns your heart. It shifts the focus. It breaks the grip of inward spiral.

When Joy Feels Like a Distant Memory

If joy feels impossible right now, I get it. I've been there.

There are days when I read Nehemiah 8:10 and say, "*That's great... but what if I can't feel it?*"

And here's the truth I've come to know:

Joy doesn't always feel like dancing.

Sometimes, it feels like *still standing*.

- Standing when the storm doesn't stop.
- Standing when the answers don't come.
- Standing when the depression lingers.
- Standing when the fire is gone.
- Standing when everyone else seems to have moved on.

That's joy too.

It's not the kind you shout from a stage.

It's the kind you whisper through tears.

But God sees it.

He honors it.

He strengthens it.

The Joy of the Lord—Not the Joy of Your Situation

Notice Nehemiah didn't say, "*Your joy is your strength.*"

He said:

"The **joy of the Lord** is your strength."

This is *His* joy. Not yours.

It's not your job to manufacture it.

It's your job to tap into it.

The Lord has joy—even when you don't.

And His joy—over you, in you, around you—can become your fuel.

Zephaniah 3:17 says:

“The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty... he will rejoice over thee with joy...”

You may be too tired to rejoice.

But He rejoices over you.

And *that* becomes your strength.

Closing Thoughts: Choose Joy—Even Weary

To every saint who’s grown tired in the waiting, in the fighting, in the praying:

You have not lost your faith.

You have not failed.

You are not forgotten.

And your joy is not gone forever.

It may be buried.

It may be dim.

But it can return.

It *will* return.

And when it does, it won’t be shallow.

It’ll be forged.

Refined.

Unshakable.

Because it was born not in laughter—but in the furnace.

So choose joy—not because you feel it, but because **you need it**.

Even when the saints grow weary,

Joy remains a weapon.

A promise.

A duty.

A strength.

And the joy of the Lord—yes, *His* joy—will carry you all the way home.

10 of 12: When the Saints Grow Weary – When Saints Break Down

There's a breaking point that every saint reaches sooner or later. A moment where all the verses you've memorized feel far away. The prayers feel dry. The strength you've carried for so long crumbles like ash in your hands. You sit in silence—or in sobs—and wonder...

Is this what burnout feels like in the Spirit?

You've fought the good fight. You've stayed in the Word. You've prayed through nights others slept through. You've stayed faithful when most fell away. But now, in the quiet, your soul trembles, and something inside says:

"I can't do this anymore."

This is the essay for that moment.

For the *breaking point*.

Because saints break down too. Not because they lack faith—but because they've carried so much of it for so long, they're exhausted. And in that holy collapse, God doesn't condemn. He **meets** us.

Let's open the Psalms and sit beside David for a while. A man after God's own heart. A man who killed giants. A man who wrote worship songs. A man who also... broke down.

Psalm 13: The Prayer of a Weary Heart

"How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? for ever? how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?"
— *Psalm 13:1*

Let that land.

David—giant slayer, worship leader, future king—is accusing God of forgetting him.

That's not poetic exaggeration. That's pain.

"How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart daily?"
— *Psalm 13:2*

Daily sorrow. Internal wrestling.

This is what it feels like when saints break down.

There's no mask here. No spiritual performance. Just a soul **undone**.

And this is what makes David so relatable—not his victories, but his vulnerability. Because while we may not slay Goliaths, *we've all felt forgotten.*

Psalm 142: The Cave Cry

Now turn to Psalm 142. David's hiding in a cave. Not metaphorically—a literal cave, fleeing Saul, the king who wants him dead.

“I cried unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication.”

— *Psalm 142:1*

David *cried out*. Not quietly. Not inwardly. **With his voice.**

Sometimes we need to cry out. To say it aloud. To let the pain out of our chest and into the air, where God can breathe on it.

“When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path...”

— *Psalm 142:3*

He was overwhelmed. Suffocating. Spiritually flooded.

Still sound like a faith hero to you?

That's the point.

Even the strong break down.

Breaking Down Is Not the End

We tend to believe breakdowns are failures.

That if you're truly spiritual, you'll never collapse.

Never cry yourself to sleep.

Never feel numb.

Never whisper “Why, Lord?” through clenched teeth.

But the Bible doesn't hide these moments.

It gives them *a voice*.

Job sat in silence for seven days.

Jeremiah wept over a nation.

Elijah begged to die under a juniper tree.

Even Paul said he was pressed “beyond measure... so that we despaired even of life.” (2 Cor. 1:8)

And Jesus Himself?

“My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death...”

— *Matthew 26:38*

Jesus—**Jesus**—felt soul sorrow so deep it pushed Him to the edge.

So when saints break down, it’s not heresy.

It’s *honesty*.

And it’s often the moment God draws closest.

Honesty Is Holiness

Somewhere along the way, we picked up the lie that spiritual strength means never showing weakness.

So we:

- Quote verses we don’t feel.
- Post smiles we don’t mean.
- Say “I’m fine” when we’re falling apart.

But the Bible doesn’t celebrate perfection. It celebrates *dependence*.

God never asked you to be unbreakable. He asked you to be *real*.

“The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart...”

— *Psalms 34:18*

Did you catch that?

God is **near** the broken.

Not the ones who fake strength. Not the ones who power through with polished theology.
The *broken*.

That means when you collapse in the quiet and tell God you’ve got nothing left—you’re not backsliding.

You’re coming *closer*.

What to Do When You Break

Let's be real: breakdowns happen. The question is—what do you do *in them*?

Here's what I've learned in my own moments of spiritual exhaustion.

1. Pour It Out, Don't Bottle It Up

David didn't hide his breakdown. He *wrote it down*.

He sang it. Cried it. Screamed it.

And now we call it *Scripture*.

Stop holding it in. Say it. Write it. Whisper it. Sob it.

God isn't offended by your honesty. He already knows.

But something *breaks open* in us when we say it out loud.

2. Don't Let Shame Speak Louder Than Grace

Shame tells you:

- “Real Christians don't feel this way.”
- “You're not strong enough.”
- “You've failed.”

Grace says:

- “Come to Me, all you who are weary.”
- “My strength is made perfect in weakness.”
- “Even youths shall faint, but I will renew your strength.”

Choose which voice you listen to.

Only one will lead you home.

3. Rest Without Quitting

When you break down, *rest*. Don't *resign*.

You may need to pull back from some things. You may need to go silent for a while. You may need to sit at His feet instead of serving in the kitchen (Luke 10:39–42).

That’s not quitting. That’s recovering.

Even Jesus withdrew to lonely places to pray.

Even Elijah needed a nap and a meal.

You are not a machine. You are dust. And your Creator remembers that (Psalm 103:14).

4. Let Someone In

David didn’t just cry out to God—he cried to *others*.

“Attend unto my cry; for I am brought very low... bring my soul out of prison...”

— *Psalm 142:6–7*

Find your Jonathan. Your Timothy. Your friend who doesn’t need a polished version of you.

If you have no one—ask God for one.

But don’t carry it all alone. The enemy thrives in isolation.

5. Rebuild from the Ruins

After David’s darkest psalms, guess what comes next?

Songs of *hope*.

Psalm 13 ends like this:

“But I have trusted in thy mercy; my heart shall rejoice in thy salvation.”

— *Psalm 13:5*

Psalm 142 ends:

“The righteous shall compass me about; for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.”

— *Psalm 142:7*

Even after the breakdown... there’s rebuilding.

God doesn’t leave you in pieces. He kneels beside you and *puts you back together*.

Why God Allows the Breaking

We hate breaking. But God often uses it.

Why?

Because:

- Brokenness humbles us.
- It strips away pride.
- It makes us reach for His presence again.
- It opens our eyes to the hurting.
- It deepens our worship.
- It makes us more like Jesus.

Sometimes, the breakdown is the beginning of a *breakthrough*.

Not the kind that fills stadiums. The kind that *softens hearts*.

What If You're There Right Now?

Maybe you're in that cave.

Maybe you're in the kitchen, collapsed on the floor.

Maybe you've cried until your eyes burned.

Maybe your spiritual fatigue feels like depression, numbness, or a fog you can't shake.

Please hear me:

You are not failing. You are human. And you are still loved.

Your breakdown does not disqualify you. It does not erase your calling. It does not mean God is done with you.

It means *you're at the end of yourself*.

And that's where God begins.

When Saints Break Down... and Still Believe

There is something holy about a saint who weeps... and still says "Amen."

Who falls... and still lifts their hands.

Who screams, "How long, Lord?"... and still shows up in prayer.

Who breaks down... and still believes God is good.

That's not weakness. That's *refined strength*.

He's not looking for your perfection. He's looking for your **honesty**.

Closing Thoughts: God Is in the Collapse

If you're breaking down, don't run from God.

Run to Him.

Collapse into His arms. Cry on His shoulder. Pour it out at His feet.

You don't need to pull yourself together before you come.

You just need to come.

He will not reject your tears.

He will not shame your weariness.

He will not scold your sorrow.

He will hold you.

He will heal you.

He will restore you.

So yes—saints break down.

But even when the saints grow weary,

God never does.

He is your strength.

Your comfort.

Your counselor.

Your healer.

Your shelter.

Your safe place.

And He's still here. Even now.

Even in the breakdown.

11 of 12: When the Saints Grow Weary – Looking for the Light

There's a verse that sits like an anchor in my soul lately. It's not just a doctrine. It's not a slogan. It's a lifeline—a quiet flame that keeps burning when everything else feels dark and upside-down.

“Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.”

— *Titus 2:13*

That phrase—“**blessed hope**”—carries more weight now than ever before.

Because the truth is, we're not just holding on to a teaching about the end times. We're holding on to a **Person**. We're looking for *Him*. And the darker the days grow, the brighter that longing becomes.

This essay is for those of us who are watching. The ones who feel the ache. The ones who long for His return—not out of fear, but because this world no longer feels like home.

If you've felt that yearning growing deeper, you're not broken. You're *awake*.

And you're not alone.

When the World Grows Darker

Let's just say it plainly: things are not getting better.

The news cycle spins like a hurricane of madness.

Truth is traded for propaganda.

Morality is mocked.

Children are confused.

Good is called evil.

Evil is paraded as good.

The systems of this world are collapsing—and it's not just political or cultural. It's *spiritual*.

There is a darkness rising. And while many choose to numb themselves with entertainment, distractions, or busyness, some of us are feeling it more acutely than ever before.

It's like a homesickness for a place we've never been—yet deeply belong.

“For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.”

— *Hebrews 13:14*

This longing isn't weakness. It's *clarity*. The more the world decays, the more our eyes begin to shift. And in that shift, we begin to look—really look—for the Light.

What Is the Blessed Hope?

Let's be clear: the “blessed hope” isn't just the concept of Heaven.

It's not just the escape from this broken world.

It's not even just the idea of the rapture.

The blessed hope is **Jesus Himself**.

His *appearing*.

His return.

His rule.

His face.

“...and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.”

This is personal.

We're not waiting for an event—we're waiting for a **Person**.

And that Person is not coming back as a baby in a manger.

He's not coming as a suffering servant.

He's coming as a **King with fire in His eyes**.

The Lamb is coming back as the Lion.

And that day—**that glorious day**—is what we're holding out for.

The Longing Grows in the Darkness

Some of us didn't always long for Heaven the way we do now.

We used to make plans. Chase dreams. Build futures.

But the more this world twists, the more those things start to fade.

The career doesn't sparkle like it used to.

The goals feel hollow.

The comforts feel temporary.

It's not depression. It's not despair. It's **detachment**.

God is gently loosening our grip on the world—so we can cling more tightly to Him.

This is what Paul was describing when he wrote:

“For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.”

— *Philippians 1:21*

That’s not morbid. That’s *clarity*.

When Christ is your treasure, **being with Him is the goal.**

This Hope Isn’t Passive—It’s Fuel

Looking for the Light doesn’t mean we disengage from life.

It doesn’t mean we sit back, stare at the sky, and do nothing.

On the contrary, hope **activates us.**

It gives us *urgency*.

It purifies our walk.

It strengthens our hands.

It ignites our purpose.

“And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.”

— *1 John 3:3*

Hope doesn’t make us lazy. It makes us **ready.**

It fuels prayer.

It deepens worship.

It sharpens discernment.

It keeps us sober when the world is drunk on delusion.

That’s the kind of hope we need in these last days.

The Watcher’s Burden

But here’s the honest part: *watching is hard.*

When you’re the one seeing through the fog—while others are partying in the dark—it can feel lonely.

You feel the urgency.

You grieve the compromise.

You notice the signs.

You long for His return.

And others? They roll their eyes.

They mock.

They sleep.

They say, “*Where is the promise of His coming?*” (2 Peter 3:4)

That’s why Jesus warned us:

“Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins...”

— *Matthew 25:1*

Half were watching. Half were distracted.

And when the cry came, **only the prepared were ready.**

Don’t let the silence of others drown your watchfulness.

Don’t let the delay dull your lamp.

Keep your oil.

Stay awake.

Even when it’s hard.

The Beauty of the Return

Let’s take a moment and remember what we’re actually waiting for.

We’re not just waiting for an end to evil.

We’re waiting for **the beginning of the reign of righteousness.**

When Jesus returns:

- Every wrong will be made right.
- Every tear will be wiped away.
- Every injustice will be answered.
- Every pain will be healed.
- Every question will be silenced by His presence.

“And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.”

— *Revelation 22:4*

Can you imagine that?

Seeing His face.

No more sorrow.

No more weariness.

No more mocking.

No more confusion.

Just *light*.

That's not escapism. That's *hope*.

What to Do While We Wait

If the longing is real—and it is—how do we live while we wait?

1. Stay in the Word

The darker the days, the more we need to immerse ourselves in Scripture.

Let the promises of His return anchor your soul.

Let prophecy remind you of the timeline.

Let His words ignite your worship.

2. Strengthen the Brethren

Just like Jesus told Peter before the cross:

“...when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.”

— *Luke 22:32*

We're not here to hoard hope.

We're here to spread it.

Text a friend. Share a post. Lead a study.

Encourage the remnant.

We're *watching together*.

3. Purify Your Walk

Hope isn't just anticipation—it's purification.

Live holy.
Cut off what's pulling you backward.
Forgive quickly.
Repent often.
Worship deeply.

This is the hour to **trim your lamp**.

4. Keep Looking Up

Jesus said:

“And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.”

— *Luke 21:28*

Looking up isn't denial—it's direction.

Yes, the world is burning.

But the sky is *glowing*.

He's coming.

Soon.

And when He does, **every second you waited in faith will be worth it**.

The Crown for the Watchers

Did you know there's a specific crown for those who long for His return?

“...a crown of righteousness, which the Lord... shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.”

— *2 Timothy 4:8*

Not those who debated about His coming.

Not those who argued charts and timelines.

Those who **loved** His appearing.

Do you love His appearing?

Do you long for it more than the next political fix?

Do you ache for it more than your next paycheck?

Do you look for it more than you scroll your feed?

If so... there's a crown waiting.

Closing Thoughts: Let the Light Lead You Home

You're not crazy for longing for Jesus.

You're not weak for being tired of this world.

You're not broken for crying, "Come, Lord Jesus."

You're awake.

You're ready.

You're looking for the Light.

And the Light is coming.

"And the city had no need of the sun... for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

— *Revelation 21:23*

So lift up your head.

Trim your lamp.

Strengthen your hands.

Encourage your heart.

Even when the saints grow weary,
we are still **watching for the Light**.

He is coming.

Not just as a hope—but as a **promise**.

And until then...

we watch.

we wait.

we shine.

12 of 12: When the Saints Grow Weary – Almost Home

This is the final essay in the *When the Saints Grow Weary* series. And I'm writing it with a full heart. Tired? Yes. But *full*. Because something has been happening throughout this journey—something sacred.

We've talked about the fatigue of walking by faith in a world gone mad. We've sat beside David in his despair. We've wrestled with silence, burnout, unanswered prayer, the madness of Clown World, the ache for fellowship, and the fight to keep the oil burning. We've looked up for the Light when all else grew dim.

And now... here we are.

Still standing.

Still waiting.

Still faithful.

Still burning—even if it's just a flicker.

And if there's one thing I want to say in this closing reflection, it's this:

We are almost home.

Not in some vague, poetic way.

In a very real, very soon, very literal way... the journey is nearly over.

And the race?

It was worth it.

We Didn't Quit

Let's take a moment and acknowledge the obvious:

We've been through a lot.

This world has drained us.

The battle has worn us thin.

The noise has pressed us down.

The compromise around us has broken our hearts.

The silence of Heaven has tested our faith.

And yet, here we are.

Not perfect.

Not unscathed.

But *present*.

We didn't quit.
Even when it felt like we could.
Even when the crowd walked away.
Even when church felt hollow.
Even when prayers weren't answered.
Even when worship was just tears on the floor.

We stayed.

We held on.
We believed.

“Having done all... to stand.”
— *Ephesians 6:13*

We may be weary—but we're **still in the fight**.
And that counts. That matters. That's worship in its rawest form.

The Scars Are Proof of the Journey

If your heart is scarred—don't hide it.
If your soul feels scraped from the climb—don't be ashamed.
Scars don't disqualify you from the race.
They prove you've been in it.

They tell the truth:
That faith isn't always fire.
That hope isn't always loud.
That obedience isn't always easy.

But **God is always faithful**.

And even when the saints grow weary, God never leaves the battlefield.
He's walked every mile beside us—even the ones we thought we staggered through alone.

We're Further Than We Think

Sometimes we feel stuck.
Like we're circling the same mountain.
Like we haven't grown.
Like we should be “further along by now.”

But the enemy loves to lie in the fog.

What you don't see is how many steps you've already taken.

How much you've overcome.

How many days you chose to stand when quitting was easier.

How much stronger your roots are now than they were a year ago.

You've been growing in the silence.

Your endurance has deepened.

Your discernment has sharpened.

Your detachment from this world has intensified.

You may feel behind. But you're actually **right on schedule**.

The finish line is nearer than we think.

And when we cross it... we'll see it all clearly.

This Was Never Home

Let's admit it—there was a time when we tried to make this world our home.

We wanted to belong.

We wanted to build.

We wanted to plant roots.

But slowly... gently... God has been **loosening our grip**.

He's allowed the world to shake.

Not to scare us—but to *prepare us*.

To awaken us.

To lift our eyes.

To remind us that *this is not it*.

“For our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.”

— *Philippians 3:20*

We are pilgrims.

Sojourners.

Strangers.

And now—after all we’ve walked through—we’re not just *willing* to leave this world behind...
We’re *longing* to.

Because we know what waits on the other side.

The Welcome We Long For

Can you picture it?

The gates.

The glory.

The face of the One we’ve loved in secret.

The arms that stretched wide on Calvary now stretched wide to welcome us home.

And the words that every weary saint longs to hear:

“Well done, thou good and faithful servant...”

— *Matthew 25:21*

We don’t get that welcome because we never struggled.

We get it because we *stayed faithful* in the struggle.

We don’t get it because we were flawless.

We get it because we didn’t quit—even when everything in us said to.

That welcome? That joy? That *homecoming*?

It’s coming.

And it will swallow every ache whole.

Looking Back with Joy

One day—soon—we’ll look back on this life.

On the pain.

The confusion.

The battles.

The tears.

The unanswered questions.

The long nights.

The lonely mornings.

The moments we said, “God, I don’t know if I can keep going...”

And we'll smile.

Because *we did*.

By His grace... we did.

And none of it was wasted.

“For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”

— *2 Corinthians 4:17*

It won't just be worth it.

It will be **infinitely outweighed** by what's coming.

To the Ones Still on the Road

Maybe you're reading this at 1 a.m., eyes burning.

Maybe you're on your lunch break, scrolling through tears.

Maybe you're sitting in your car, whispering, “*Lord, I'm tired.*”

Let me say it again:

You are almost home.

Keep walking.

Keep watching.

Keep worshiping.

Even if you're crawling.

Even if you're limping.

Even if your lamp feels dim and your heart feels hollow.

He's not far.

He's coming.

And He sees every step.

The Journey Was Worth It

You may not realize it yet.

But every “yes” in the silence...

Every “I forgive” when bitterness was easier...

Every act of obedience no one saw...

Every whispered prayer...
Every verse clung to...
Every tear bottled by heaven...

It all mattered.

It still matters.

Because the goal was never ease. It was **eternity**.
And the destination has always been **Him**.

Almost Home

So what now?

You keep going.

Not because you feel strong every day.
But because **He is strong in you**.

You press on.
You pour out what's left.
You hold the line.
You trim your lamp.
You look for the Light.

Because even when the saints grow weary...

We do not faint.
We do not forsake.
We do not fold.

We **endure**.

And soon... *we enter in*.

“And so shall we ever be with the Lord.”
— *1 Thessalonians 4:17*

Almost home, family.
Almost there.

Series Conclusion: When the Saints Grow Weary

We made it to the end—but we're not done yet.

Twelve essays.

Twelve heart cries.

Twelve chances to be honest about what many of us feel but struggle to say out loud.

This series wasn't written from a mountaintop. It was written in the valley. In the midnight watch. In the quiet corners where faith still whispers even when the fire is faint.

And if you've walked through it with me, essay by essay, you know:

This was never about giving up. It was about pressing *through*.

Because even when the saints grow weary...

We do not stop.

We do not sink.

We do not surrender.

We break down—but we don't break away.

We cry—but we still believe.

We stumble—but we keep our lamps trimmed.

We are those who *look for the Light*.

We are those who *fight for joy*.

We are those who *still love His appearing*.

And now—at the end of this journey—we stand together with a holy reminder pulsing in our spirits:

We are almost home.

So let's walk the last mile well.

Not in our own strength—but in His.

Not to earn a crown—but to hear "*Well done.*"

Thank you for reading.

Thank you for enduring.

Thank you for being part of the remnant that refuses to bow or burn out.

Keep the oil. Watch the sky. Encourage the brethren. Finish strong.

Because the King is coming.

And soon... we'll be home.