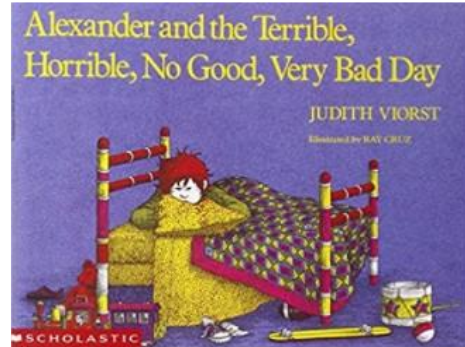


Dear Chapelites,

A Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day

“It was a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad day.” This phrase was repeated over and over again by Alexander in Judith Viorst’s children’s story. His crises included gum in his hair, no prize in his cereal box, mistakes in schoolwork, friend drama, no dessert in his lunch, a cavity at the dentist, no stripes on his sneakers, lima beans for dinner, kissing on TV, bath water too hot, and railroad train pajamas. “It was a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad day.” His mom said, “Some days are like that.”



Have you ever had days like that? I think we all have.



As I listened to our Sunday guest speaker Brad Hurtig, I realized that my worst day was not as bad as his. He began with a question: “What if in the blink of an eye, you lost both of your hands? How would you respond?” He described the accident and his physical and spiritual journey. I marveled at his resilience and his spiritual maturity—as a teen when his accident occurred and as an adult “missionary to public schools in America.” I listened to every word of his presentation—twice! If you missed it, the link is below. He said that God was bigger than his problem.

September 11, 2001 was one of those days. All, who were alive, remember where they were when they first heard the news.

Leslie Hankin was on the thirty-sixth floor the North Tower of the World Trade center. She lost twenty-two friends that day. Here are excerpts from a national news interview last Saturday on the twentieth anniversary of the attack.

“Imagine going through a building and the stairs that were narrow and filled with smoke . . . and seeing people and hearing people screaming and being burned alive. When we came out of the building . . . where we came out of the building was where most of the jumpers were. It has been twenty years of remembering that. I’ll never forget the sounds of that building coming down.” She talked of brave firefighters who gave their lives trying to help her friends.



She suffered from very severe PTSD and credited God for her healing journey. “It was

after 911. My son talked to me about something he heard in school. He went to a Christian school at the time, and he was talking to me about a scripture he learned in school. For some reason, it resonated with me. And I just went to the Lord that night and just prayed, 'I don't love you because I don't know you, but if you really are the God my mother talked about, if you really are the God my father preached about, then I'm going to need you to be bigger than this event for me.' I've been on a journey of discovery of who God is, and then learning who I am, and the strength that God gives each of us in the human spirit to really be able to overcome."

King David sings, "He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High will abide in the shadow of the Almighty. I will say to the Lord, "My refuge and my fortress, my God, in whom I trust." (Psalm 91:1-2 ESV)

Anne Wilson sings, "Are you past the point of weary? / Is your burden weighing heavy? / Is it all too much to carry? / Let me tell you 'bout my Jesus. . . .He makes a way where there ain't no way / Rises up from an empty grave / Ain't no sinner that he can't save / Let me tell you 'bout my Jesus." ("My Jesus")

Whatever your "terrible, horrible, no good, very bad day" was like, God is bigger than that. If that day is today, hang on to God for strength, healing, and hope.

Pray for one another. Pray for healing for those who are ill or hurting.

See you Sunday!
Pastor Brad

Last Sunday

Brad Hurtig - "Find a Way" Brad's talk begins at 31:14.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=obkWedL50CQ&t=1964s>

Next Sunday

Message: "Thanksgiving and Purity Bring Joy"

Teaching Series: "How Can I Find Joy?"

Philippians 1:1-11

<https://www.youtube.com/c/LibertyChapelLC>

- September 16, 2021