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The Gentle Giant, the Mature in Christ.  
What I want to be when I grow up...

You are the mature. You have walked with Christ for a while now. You are the rock, calmly standing firm as the storms rage. Your foundation runs deep, the word of God is your mantle, your core.

You are a gentle giant that only the most astute in wisdom notice. The young in faith break against you, emotionally spent, they fall onto you. Yet, your gentleness is the cushion that breaks their fall. You share God's wisdom and watch as hope grows.

Your foundation is deep because your faith has been refined. You have lived through the impossible and been rescued by the miraculous power from above. Delivered time and again by a power not of your own doing, lest you be tempted to boast.

You resist the temptation to rage against those who sin and the fallen world. You too were once as hopeless and as damned a prisoner as they. Instead you preach God's word and lift Christ up to the awareness of others. It is His Holy Spirit that cuts like a knife. The guilty and the lost respond in fear, maybe some rage and some weep. But God's love and shelter is exhibited through you, as you proclaim the gospel good news of salvation through Jesus Christ. Salvation, peace with God, redemption and a born again newly created life are your heart's passions for the lost without Jesus Christ. Your joy is contagious, and you project your peace on to others.

Your wife knows the cuts and wounds that you wear, yet she is confident that you stand watch over her and her children. You pastor your family as well as the sheep. You exhibit what it is like to love, to defend, to pray, to share scripture, to put others first and you demonstrate seeking forgiveness when you fail.

Your image is that of a great strong man holding an infant in your powerful arms. The babe senses not, the power in your limbs or the security of your stance. The babe only perceives the love in your eyes. You know it is the same with you and your Father from above.

You realize that God has blessed you only because He chose to. It still greaves your heart when you contemplate your own sin and that Christ chose to suffer and die for you, in your place. Even still, as you see yourself privileged to be used by God in the lives of others, you still feel unworthy. But God chooses to make you into a gentle giant anyway for His glory.

Father please grow me and all the men that are yours, into becoming this rock, this way of the gentle giant, serving others for your glory.

Gary

Jesus asked:  
Who do men say that I Am?  
Who do You say that I Am?

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