

SHALOM *in the Home*

Shalom in the Home: "Living from the Overflow"

Shalom-ie my Homies! We are in Week 6 of our series, *Shalom in the Home*. In the first couple of weeks we talked about **Giving God Control** by adopting His vision for our family and pursuing Godly revelation instead of our personal aspirations. In the last few weeks we covered **Owning our Role** and we got to hear some real talk from some real folk. We heard from some amazing married couples in our Church, we got the inside scoops on growing up in the home from the next generation, and last week we heard from a few of the parents on raising Kingdom Kids. In these two weeks we are going to catch a vision for what it looks like to **Make Life Whole**. Remember, when we submit to the **Author**, He empowers us to walk in His **Authority**, so we can live **Authentically**.

Today, I want to talk about *Living from the Overflow* in our homes. How many of you want to live life out of an overflow? How many of you want to love your kids out of the overflow? How many of you want to love your spouse out of an overflow? Jesus promised that we would experience life more abundantly and that we would have rivers of living water flowing from within us but to be honest with you, many times I feel like my love is more like a trickle. You come home from a long day and barely manage to squeeze out a few drops for the kids. Your spouse wants to connect and you're wringing your love tank dry.

Many of us are familiar with Psalm 23, "*The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He makes me to lie down in green pastures; He leads me beside the still waters. He restores my soul.*" But how many of us really feel this way in the day-to-day? "My cup runs over."

OG Discussion Question: *On a scale of 1-10 (1 being empty and 10 being full) how full does your tank feel on average?*

Someone reimagined Psalm 23 and for some of us this might rings truer.

"The clock is my dictator, I shall not rest. It makes me lie down only when completely exhausted. It leads me into discontentment. It hounds my soul. It leads me in circles of frenzy, for activities sake. Even though I run frantically from task to task, I will never get it all done, for my ideal is with me. Deadlines and my need for approval, they drive me. They demand performance from me, beyond the limits of my ability. They anoint my head with migraines, My inbox overflows. Surely fatigue and time pressures shall follow me all the days of my life. And I will dwell in the bonds of frustration forever." (Author Unknown)

I pray this wouldn't be us! We want to live from the overflow!

A wise person once commented that there are three kinds of people in the world: the flint, the sponge, and the honeycomb. To get anything from a flint, you have to hammer it. Yet all you get for your effort are some chips and showy sparks. You see, the flint gives nothing away if it can help it, and even then only with great display.