Carrying the Burden
April 24th, 2013

"Come unto Me, all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn from Me, for I am gentle and lowly in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For My yoke is easy and My burden is light." –Matthew 11:28–39

In the early 80's when God had called me to the ministry, I started out by singing in various churches. I would bring my case of cassette tapes with all of the beautiful back up music that would accompany me and sing my heart out.

On one particular evening, I was invited to perform the special music at church meetings here in Three Rivers, Michigan, where the speaker was the brother of a well known televangelist. The church was packed, but I didn't feel much anticipation or expectancy from those who had come. There seemed to be a heavy spirit of oppression hanging over the sanctuary.

There were a few of the typical praise and worship songs to start the service. As I sat with the speaker, he leaned over and said, "It feels like a brick wall between them and us!" He was right! It felt cold and disconnected. The room seemed filled with those who were carrying the heaviness of the burdens of life.

The first song I had chosen to sing was entitled, "He Will Carry You."

"There is no problem too big_God cannot solve it. There is no mountain too tall_God cannot move it. There is no storm too dark_God cannot calm it. There is no sorrow too deep_He cannot soothe it."

"If He carried the weight of the world_upon His shoulders, I know my brother that He will carry you. If He carried the weight of the world_upon His shoulders, I know my sister that He will carry you."

He said, "Come onto Me_all who are weary_and I will give you rest."
Feeling that brick wall before me, I stepped off the platform to the front row of people, extended my hand to a man who was sitting there, and as he took my hand, the walls came crashing down around us. The man began to sob. 

Stepping down the line of people to a lady sitting there, I once again extended my hand to her and as she took my hand, more walls came down and she sobbed as the words to the song, "I know my sister that He will carry you."

Why do we carry such heavy burdens? We all do it. Carry our burdens like they are some kind of heavy trophy. If we could only realize that God did not create us to carry such a load. He did, in fact, invite us to come unto Him, all of us who labored by carrying such a heavy burden and if we would give it up to God, He would give us the rest we seek.

Could it be that we are displaying "pride" by carrying those burdens? PRIDE says, "I can do it myself God! No need to bother You with such things. I am big enough to carry it. I am a big boy wearing big boy pants."

If it looks like pride and smells like pride, guess what?

Come unto Jesus today, with your hands lifted up, fists full of those burdens, and ask Him to take it from you and replace it all with His rest. Confess your pride. Open those fists and quit holding on to them so tightly. LET IT GO ... in Jesus name!

Now, enter into the rest of the Father. He gives you that rest because of the sacrifice made by His Son, Jesus.

Doesn't feel too bad now does it? Not bad at all. Begin to praise God for the weight lose.

(Oh no you did not just turn around and look back at that pile of stuff and try to take back one of those burdens!!!)