

Hey guys....today let's talk about sinful angry outbursts.

I want to tell you about a common reaction of anger with my husband that used to dominate my life:

You know what. I am angry. I feel like all I have been to you these past few weeks, all the kindness, all of the help, all of the good thoughts, are completely obliterated in your sight. Even when you spoke harshly towards me yesterday, I was eager to forgive and forget and to welcome you back with kindness and now today, when i, for once, say that I am upset or that i feel ignored by you, I feel made to grovel for your attention and kindness. And i want to tell you. All the anger i feel. You need to know. But inside, I feel a quiet beckoning to come to the Lord. to tell him my grievances. But I am bursting inside though, i can't stop. Pride.

Embarrassment. Frustration. Indignation. All of these thoughts run through my head. I tried talking to him. I tried reasoning with him. To help him see things from my point of view but he wont listen. No, he did listen but i dont feel better. I don't feel like I received back a proper payment for my embarrassment. I feel like he owes me more. But what. What can a man give? What can he do to assuage my feelings of shame and anger? What do I require in order to feel heard and understood and loved and supported? Apologies aren't enough? 3 or 4 more apologies aren't enough. Now i am mocking him. I'm laughing in his face because of the absurdity of his attempts to mollify me. He's saying all the words, the same ones he always says, thinking that one of them will soothe me but i am not willing to accept them. Anger is fed up and ready to be unleashed.

But I keep thinking of how I know this is all wrong. It's wrong for me to be this upset. It's wrong for me to want to be satisfied, to let my anger be given center stage. To have my feelings acknowledged and petted and soothed. But I can't stop. Or can i? Can i stop? How can i stop? I cannot stop. All of my feelings are legitimate, maybe? But so what? What will happen if i never get satisfaction? Will i hold this grudge for 8 hours until he returns home? Will I continue to nurse this hurt and embarrassment close to my heart and watch it grow larger and larger? Will i rehearse, again, the new script i created in my head, my new argument that I will unleash on him the second he hits the door? Or will i master myself and go to

the Lord. I feel a bit like Jonah. Remember when the Lord sent him to the city of Nineveh because the Lord wanted to save the people and Jonah fled instead? When confronted about his anger by the Lord God, what did Jonah say? He said Was not this my saying when I was in my country? I knew that thou art a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger and of great kindness and repentest of evil. You were going to forgive them and I DON'T WANT THAT. I don't want you to forgive them. Is this me? Is this what I am saying too? God wants to change me, he keeps pressing his word into my heart but I DON'T WANT TO CHANGE. Even now. I was doing so good towards my husband. I was doing so good. And now I am angry and I know what I should do according to the word of the Lord BUT I DON'T WANT TO DO IT. I don't want to be like him and be gracious and kind and merciful and forgiving and relent concerning calamity. I don't want to do good right now, my anger is too ready for relief. Jonah spoke so harshly about the goodness of God to offer salvation to the worst people on the planet. Is this how I feel too? God is ready to forgive but not me? I will not forgive unless I have what I need to feel better. Are my feelings greater than God's feelings? This can't be right? How did I end up here? How do I get out of here? Do I want to be delivered even if it means I go without my retribution? I am in a horrible pit, stuck in miry clay. Do I seek the Lord to bring me out and set my feet upon a rock? All I see is myself though. My soul is disquieted within me and it refuses to be comforted. I have likened my lover to the wicked and to even suspect that he is happy and triumphing over me right now is making me lose my mind.

I speak over myself the psalms that ought quiet me: O Lord my God in thee do I put my trust: save me from all them that persecute me and deliver me. Lest he tear my soul like a lion, rending it in pieces, while there is none to deliver. O Lord, if I have done this: if there be iniquity in my hands, if I have rewarded evil unto him that was at peace with me (yea, I HAVE delivered him that without cause is my enemy), let the enemy persecute my soul and take it. I am wrong, I know it. My anger doesn't get to rule my household, I am wrong Lord. I call my husband my enemy wrongly Lord. I gave evil for evil Lord, Forgive thy servant oh God, for thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness, even if I, your beloved maidservant, commit it.

I will bless the Lord who hath given me counsel; I have trusted in thy mercy and my heart shall rejoice in thy salvation. My feelings and emotions have lied to me. They have boasted great things, telling me I am right and I deserve respect and kindness but Lord let the lying lips be put to silence, which speak grievous things proudly and contemptuously against the righteous.

On and on I pray, committing myself and my ways to the Lord until I silence the sin of pride which so easily besets me. I master myself using the Word of the Lord and I refuse to give my flesh what it demands, which is vindication.

This ordeal with my husband is just a trial, a test. Will I practice what I have learned in the word, running to the one I say is my strong tower or will I lie during times of peace saying in thee oh Lord do i put my trust but when it's time to live on that trust, i cower and throw off his teachings. Oh how pitiful a woman feels who has decided to put her trust in the Lord. she spoke hastily, saying fanciful words of devotion to the Lord and now the Lord has proven her to be a liar. She won't trust him, she wont understand that God is using everything for testing her faith to produce endurance in her. She confuses faith in God with "I'm gonna let God show me what He can do" because when she is persecuted or tested, she says my God my God why hast thou forsaken me? Why art thou far from helping me? And from the words of my roaring? I cry in the daytime but thou hearest not. She accuses God of not making things go well for her. She begs him not to let her be made ashamed but what she meant is you better not let anyone triumph over me ever.

I think this is a rebellious generation who feign trust in God and who take his name in vain. They say they believe him but they live as though they are desolate and without hope in this world.

Oh taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in Him. What about you? Has God searched you and proven you a liar? Let me know down below in the comments section.

That's it for today guys...