

A scenic landscape featuring a mountain range in the background under a sky filled with orange and yellow clouds at sunset. In the foreground, there's a body of water and some dark, silhouetted trees on the left and right sides.

and forget
not His ~~all~~
benefits

Week 2

"Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits..."

In this holy space, let's consecrate ourselves to the King with hearts eager to remember.

Eager to bless.

The word *benefit*, which derives from the Latin root *bene* meaning "good" or "well", is defined by Webster as "an act of kindness".³

My soul, remember and call to mind His overwhelming goodness, His great kindness.

James 1:17

"Giving thanks is that: making the canyon of pain into a megaphone to proclaim the ultimate goodness of God when Satan and all the world would sneer at us to recant."

Ann Voskamp

One of the enemy's most fruitful lies is the deception that God is not legitimately good. From man's earliest history, Satan has been using this tactic to rob us of so much which the Father has intended for us to possess. His sinister question to Eve in **Genesis 3:1**, "Did God actually say, 'You shall not eat of any tree in the garden?'" is the first part of a one-two punch. He quickly follows with "You will not surely die. For God knows that when you eat of it, your eyes will be opened, and you will be like God, knowing good and evil."

God's purposefully keeping something from you, foolish girl. Something wonderful.

Eve falls hard for his masterful bit of twisted rhetoric.

Those niggling doubts, those blatant, bald-faced falsehoods that God can't possibly be true-to-the-core good because if He is, *then what about ...*

Every one of those devious questions is posed with a singular aim: to destroy true intimacy with our Father.

And the antidote?

By the power of Holy Spirit-breathed faith, we make declarations of truth.

Psalm 84:11-12

In the years of promises yet unfulfilled, His goodness is our eternal yes and amen.
In the pain of hopelessness, His goodness is joy poured over our barren places.
In the darkness of grief, His goodness is our comfort, bearing our deepest sorrows.
And in the wreck of brokenness, His goodness is the gentle healer of our souls.

Psalm 31:19

*"Why should the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?"*

Isaac Watts

Psalm 77

Recollection of His benefits is fuel for praise.



Selah

"And forget not ..."

Ah! I do forget and so very fast. This lapse of memory has been referred to as "soul amnesia"⁴, and I'm inclined to agree.

Forget not ... God pardons.
Forget not ... God heals.
Forget not ... God redeems.
Forget not ... God crowns.
Forget not ... God fills.

I forget — forget it all in a flash. I allow the Son to be eclipsed by self and circumstance. And in that loss of True Light? Shadows loom; they loom larger than life.

Ah, but in remembering? Hope buds, swells, blooms ... no more a starved seedling struggling in shadows but a flower thriving in the sun. As we turn towards the Son, basking in the beauty of His glorious Light touching our lives, we release a fragrance, an incense of praise rising to Him.

Forget not ... God pardons all my mess.
Forget not ... God heals all my hurt places.
Forget not ... God redeems my very beating, breathing life from the shadows.
Forget not ... God crowns me, even me, with faithfulness, and compassion.
Forget not ... God fills my days to the brim with beauty.

We tell of Him, His story giving life to ours, and He is blessed.

~Rosanna

reflections

SAMPLE

“...who forgives all your iniquity...”

Isaiah 43:25

He is the One who blots out our transgressions.

An old-fashioned term, *blot*. For some, it can conjure an image of parchment-style paper coupled with inkwell and pen. Smudged puddles cover letters which an author intends to be stricken from the page.

Too often we view ourselves in kind: all marred by inky blotches, our vain attempts to cover the blemish of sin.

But the heart of our Father observes us through a different lens.

Isaiah 1:18

John 1:29

Our sins and transgressions, though scarlet in intensity, are covered with the blood of the Lamb. A divine exchange takes place — propitiation — and the spot is not left doubly darkened but completely, miraculously clear.

2 Corinthians 5:21

And what of sin's bedfellows, guilt and condemnation?

Psalm 32:5

Psalm 51

“I need not walk through the earth fearful of every shadow, and afraid of every man I meet, for sin is washed away; my spirit is no more guilty; it is pure, it is holy. The frown of God no longer resteth upon me; but my Father smiles, I see his eyes, — they are glancing love: I hear his voice, — it is full of sweetness. I am forgiven, I am forgiven, I am forgiven!”

Charles Spurgeon

Is there any rebellion of heart, Lord, which you cannot cleanse, any choice towards self which you cannot purge? Jesus, may I be convicted today of sin so that I might rejoice all the more in your complete, incomparable forgiveness.

reflections

SAMPLE

“...who heals all your diseases...”

Mark 2:1-11

In Mark's gospel, Jesus makes a claim which astonishes the religious rulers of His time: just as the Son of Man has the power to heal, so does he have the authority to forgive sins.

But the converse is a statement which can astonish, even today.

Just as Jesus Christ has the authority to forgive sins, so does He have the power to heal.

James 5:13-18

As in David's previous assertion “... who forgives all your iniquities ...”, the Psalmist employs one of his favorite adjectives in his next declaration “... who heals all your diseases ...”.

All.

His statement is tied to an unspoken question which can't be ignored: is there any sin which God has not the power to forgive?

“But that you may know that the Son of Man has the power on earth to forgive sins ...”

Likewise, then: is there any disease which Jesus has not the power to heal?

“I say to you, rise, pick up your bed, and go home.’ And he rose and immediately picked up his bed and went out before them all ...”

“Sickness is to our body what sin is to our soul. The same atoning work of Jesus dealt with both.”
Bill Johnson

Matthew 4:23-24

Exodus 15:26

May we go out as carriers of His bold and extravagant love, pouring His healing power over our neighborhoods, our cities, our nations.

Because the healing of the nations is the very heartbeat of our Savior.

Heal us, Father, Yahweh Rapha. Restore our bodies to abundant health through Your almighty power. Mend us completely: body, soul and spirit.

Selah

Do I truly believe? To what extent do I trust the Lord of the Universe?

How can I accept His seeming silence when I petition for healing?

I have prayed fervently alongside others for miracles. I have claimed Kingdom promises for my own family. I have whispered desperate pleas to my Papa God for myself.

Do I do so with complete faith for Him to respond? Or am I hindering His desire to bless me with His very best simply because I plead in an attitude of bereavement — perhaps clinging to a partial, hidden expectation that my prayer will not be answered?

The Message translation presents verse 4 of Psalm 103 in these words:

He crowns you with love and mercy — a paradise crown.

He wraps you in goodness — beauty eternal.

He renews your youth — you're always young in his presence.

I am always young in His presence!

The eagle glides effortlessly upon the **updrafts**, higher and higher into the upper atmosphere, closer and closer to the **throne** of God. We can obtain this communion with our Father only by opening wide our wings of worship to embrace the presence of the Holy Spirit as we enter into His holy presence.

I have often experienced healing during a worship service. It's happened when I've abandoned myself fully to the Father, immersed myself completely in worship. How incredible it is to abandon all physical pain and worship the Lord without expectation of what may happen next: freedom from pain as I am enveloped within our Father's presence, confidence to ask and freely receive with expectation of His healing as I'm lifted up into the stratosphere of His presence! It's there that I truly trust Him, and I wait with joyous expectation.

~Megan