

Submission is Inferior to Reverence

11/28/2014

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**Submission is inferior to
Reverence. However, in Reverence how can
I but submit?**

March 18, 2013, following two weeks of preparation on a new trading plan, I again believed I was following Father's direction in my choice of work and how He would lead me to successfully carry it out. For the past 2 ½ years, day by day, I sought His direction on refining my trade, looking forward to success. 16 hour days, most every day of the week was the norm. I can't say I could have worked any harder; every day was spent to its fullest.

The discouragement could hardly have been greater, either. Day after day, money went out and little if any came in. Loss after loss, I fought back discouragement and turned to God asking for help. I knew learning something new like this would be hard and the risks very high, yet the reward would be a good and secure living. Every realization that the trade plan was still lacking would lead me to seeing the next change. Each reexamination would bring me an improvement I doubted I myself could have conceived. I believed these were direction from God's Spirit, echoes I am familiar with hearing. Today, I'm not sure if it was Him or the enemy.

That Monday the 18th, a much hoped for success turned into another loss. This time, rather than patiently accepting yet another hard knock, I became angry. I slammed

down the mouse, flew out of my chair, and began venting my anger, I hope respectfully, at the God Who I believe was guiding me.

I went outside to smoke.

Being cold, I went to the greenhouse and shut the door. Pacing back and forth, years of frustration

grew, as did my anger. Pacing, pacing,

yelling at God for the first time I can recall in my life, I looked East towards the door - and it was gone.

Instead, I saw, from the shoulders up, Jesus. I recognized Him immediately, smiling at

me. Curiously, tragically, I didn't recognize the gravity of the moment either.

I looked at Him and seethed "I'm killing myself to make this go, we're going down the toilet, and You're there smiling at me. What the Hell is that all about?"

It was the worst day of my life, and the best day of my life. And I didn't even realize it.

Amazingly, it would be another couple of hours before I actually took inventory of what had happened.

Jesus appearing to me. Smiling as

I showed incredible irreverence. What

was I to make of it? My initial

conclusion was akin to a good parent looking lovingly at a child in the throws of a tantrum, knowing that this too would work out.