

Peter, please open the door

I. Good Morning! I am Simon Peter

- Shabbat Shalom!
- Imagine with me that it's A.D. 34—just six months since Jesus ascended
- Let me begin, by saying—
 - a. I am beginning to think of Jesus 'first' each day
 - b. Losses will come, and I believe I can endure
 - c. But Jesus is the one thing I *cannot, will not* part with

II. I denied Him...

- I admit, I denied I even knew the Man
- And yet, he turn at that early hour
- After the cock had crowed
- Looking past a face bloodied and bruised
- I think I saw a tear roll down his cheek
- As he looked at me—
 - a. Not as one condemned
 - b. But as one who could be forgiven
- It was a look that said, "Peter, please open the door!"

III. I ran to the Garden

- I came to the Garden alone
- No Jesus, No buddy disciples—just me!
- I went to that spot—where Jesus’ blood and tears had not quite dried
- My distraught heart, my crushed spirit sought redemption

IV. ME

- I thought I had the answer to every question
- I was a step ahead of Jesus
- He seemed so methodical
- Sorry, at times, Jesus seemed out of touch with reality—out of touch with the times
- Jesus needed to get cool, be up, with it, at it
- Why did I have to be the one who was together on everything?

V. Pride—one ugly disease

- Pride is a dreadful disease...
- Boasting knowledge, understanding
- When really beneath it all one is scared to death
- It is all a front—I think you call it now “a sham”

VI. Denial of Jesus

- When Jesus had said, “Peter, you’re going to deny me...”
- I realize now, after I had done it
- That I had denied Jesus entrance into my heart long before
- I just denied him in word alongside the campfire

- Time and again He came knocking
- Each time I refused Him entrance inside

VII. **Your 40 Days at Valley**

- I understand you've just finished a 40 Day journey
- I like to think of it as 40 Days of Jesus knocking on our heart's door
- Have you heard him say, "Please, open the door!"
- What would it take for you to open the door?
- To actually invite Him in?
- There are door jams which prevent this from happening, I know them all too well

VIII. **Door Jams**

- Laying aside pride? Prouder
- Laying aside doubt? Doubter
- Laying aside your own self? User
- Laying aside the need to control? Controller
- Laying aside the tough talk? Talker

IX. **Me, Peter**

- I was good at every one of these door jams
- My attempts to live my life without needing or depending at all on Jesus
- There was no one prouder, no one a stronger doubter, no one a more persistent user, an obsessive controller, or a mouth that could out-talk me.

X. The Look of Jesus

- But then came that look of Jesus
- What was I to do?
- To the Garden I ran—to the Rock I fell upon
- Only by the Holy Spirit could I move my hands from keeping the door jams in place and instead reaching for the door knob

XI. Door Knob! Door Knob!

- I reached for the door knob and turned it
- The Door opened and here's what happened...
 - a. Pride of life fell—Surrender of my sinful self was my first step
 - b. Doubts went away—I began to member up to Jesus
 - c. User no longer—my addiction to self was broken—I became a sharer; I no longer looked at life as all mine, I was turning into a sharer
 - d. Control had controlled me—I gave up the fight and became a carer, like Jesus
 - e. Talk I finally discovered is cheap—being a lover like Jesus, shows you really understand and know the cost of His love

XII. Mother's Day—Rhoda's letter

- I saw your tribute to mothers today
- How nice! How loving!
- I would like to share a young lady's story via a letter from her
- Perhaps written to mirror my story

- Let me read her letter to you

XIII. **Prayer** – Jesus, is that You at the door? I’ve been keeping You waiting while I am trying a clear the door jams. Maybe I just need to answer the door and receive Your help get the jams completely cleared. Would you come in, please! AMEN