

## **Thirty Days to a No Regrets Life: Learn Humbly**

### **Dr. Barry D. Lovett**

People who face the end of their lives often have a remarkable humility.

*“My grace is all you need. My power works best in weakness.’ So now I am glad to boast about my weaknesses, so that the power of Christ can work through me.” 2 Corinthians 12:9 (NLT)*

We have God’s power to help us in our lives, but so much of the time we live life in our own strength.

Everyone who has ever succeeded in life has also failed many times.

Simon Peter crashed on the track of life but yet God gave him the power to begin again. And he became a great champion for Christ.

### **Learn From our Losses.**

*“The Lord turned and looked straight at Peter. Then Peter remembered the word the Lord had spoken to him: ‘Before the rooster crows today, you will disown me three times.’ And he went outside and wept bitterly.” Luke 22:61-62* That’s a picture of deep regret.

Because of the power of the cross, failure is never final.

**Take responsibility for my failures.**

*“A man who refuses to admit his mistakes can never be successful. But if he confesses and forsakes them, he gets another chance.” Proverbs 28:13*

You have to admit your failures before you can learn from your failures.

**Let go of my guilt.**

When we crash we feel like the race is over. It's hard to start again.

*“... go, tell his disciples and Peter, ‘He is going ahead of you into Galilee. There you will see him, just as he told you.’ Mark 16:7”*

Peter was totally broken, he felt like God could never use him again. But Jesus wanted him to know he was still in the race.

God forgives you but then you have to let go of your guilt because guilt blinds me to God's vision for my future.

Stop looking at the past. Start looking at your future.

. The Room.

It just grabbed my heart. He writes, *I dreamed I found myself in the room. There was no distinguishing features except for one wall covered with small index card files. Without being told, I knew exactly where I was. This lifeless room with these small files was a crude catalog system for my whole life. Here was written the actions of my every moment, big and small, in a detail my memory couldn't match. The titles ranged from the mundane to the outright weird: Books I have read, lies I have told, comfort I have given, jokes I have laughed at, a lot of things I wasn't proud of, like things I have done in my anger, people I have judged, things I've muttered under my breath. And when I came to a file marked lustful thoughts, I felt a chill run through my body. I drew out a card and I shuddered at it's detailed content. I felt sick that such a moment had been recorded. One thought dominated my mind: No one must ever see these cards. No one must ever see this room. I have to destroy them. I became desperate and pulled out a card to destroy it, only to find it as strong as steel when I tried to tear it. Defeated and utterly hopeless, I returned the file to its slot and then the tears came. I fell on my knees and I cried. I cried out of shame from the overwhelming shame of it all, but then as I pushed away the tears, I saw Him. There was Jesus reading each card. I couldn't bear to watch His response, and in the moments I could bring myself to look at His face, I saw a sorrow deeper than my own. Starting at the end of the room, He took out a file and one by one began to sign His name over mine on each card. The name of Jesus covered mine. It was written with His blood. I don't think I'll ever understand how He did it so quickly, but the next instant it seemed I heard Him close the last file and walk to my side. He placed His hand on my shoulder and He said, it is finished. I stood up and He led me out of the room. There was no lock on its door and There were still blank cards to be written on.* - Joshua Harris