

## LAZARUS COME OUT

John 11:43 ( NRSV ) <sup>43</sup>When Jesus had said this, he cried with a loud voice,

“Lazarus, come out!”

Read John 11 :1-44

This is a very poignant tale of love and hope. It is here we read that Jesus wept, when He saw the grief of His dear friends. And it is also here we read about the hope that can penetrate deep into the hollows of stony grave.

This is also that tale of redemption of you and me.

We were dead and bound in sins and one day, this Great God, in the form of the Son of Man, walked up to our stinking graves and called us all by our name. Each one of us. “Laura come out.” We came alive to a new life, to a new hope, to a new inheritance.

**Ephesians 2:4-6 ( NRSV )** <sup>4</sup>But God, who is rich in mercy, out of the great love with which he loved us <sup>5</sup>even when we were dead through our trespasses, made us alive together with Christ <sup>6</sup>—by grace you have been saved— <sup>6</sup>and raised us up with him and seated us with him in the heavenly places in Christ Jesus,

Recently this verse came back to me vividly and it showed me a new way to intercede for one of my friends.

This person had loved the Lord with all of her heart, mind and soul and it was a joy to see her serve the Lord. She stood against everything that was dear to her, so that she would unwaveringly follow the God who had called her.

Through the years somewhere something went wrong. She trusted a false prophet and I tried so so very hard to pull my friend away from that person’s evil influence.

I still do not know what happened. My friend was betrayed by that person in every way - money, trust in relationships and everything which binds life.

She stopped speaking to me. She displaced her anger of that other person on me. To cap it all her mother died. Her mother had a massive heart attack and as she was in her last moments in an ambulance, my friend after many years called me and insisted I pray for her mother. I was bewildered and after five minutes she called up and said

her mother died and she also said, had I prayed properly her mother would have lived.

I knew it was her grief which made her say that. And I prayed for her.

Then she completely vanished from my radar. No message, no calls, no mails nothing. There was no number I could call her and no address.

Then after more than two years, she called me some three weeks ago and spoke in a voice that had broken beyond recognition.

There was no faith in her anymore. There was no life. Her life had come to nothing. And I could see she has become living dead. She refused to call me akka, meaning elder sister, which was how she usually called.

I was pained to hear her. It was not like her. She had disintegrated. She hung up after sometime. She has done predoctoral degree (MPhil), yet is jobless.

She has been in my mind for these weeks and I was praying for her in all the ways I can think of. This morning when I was thinking of her, thinking how she had gone to the point of no return, then the Lord put this text in my mind.

No one could have been worse than Lazarus. He had been dead for full four days. When all the human effort had failed, when all hope and faith had been completely buried, there was still the Voice which called Lazarus as though he was alive and kicking. Sure enough the Voice of Jesus, brought back Lazarus alive and kicking. He calls the dead as though they are alive.

**Romans 4:17 ( NRSV ) <sup>17</sup>...in the presence of the God in whom Abraham believed, who gives life to the dead and calls into existence the things that do not exist.**

It was then it struck me, that we need to leave it in the hands of God. Those things which are so dead.

Sometimes it can be our faith which is dead and buried.

Sometimes it can be the Promise of God in our lives that lies buried in the tomb of unbelief

Sometimes it can be treasured relationships which are hopelessly buried.

Sometimes the joy of our lives can become irredeemable.

Sometimes a dear friend or spouse or children may have become dead to God.

Sometimes addictions might have killed our souls.

Sometimes as in this case, a friend might have become disintegrated and seem beyond restoration.

Yet if today Jesus would walk to the doorstep of this grave and call out, “Lazarus come out,” there would be a new life. A new Hope. A Resurrection.

We need Jesus. So this is how I prayed today. I said Lord, you have to go and call her out by name. I don’t know when He will, but only He can do that. Yet I have to keep praying that He will go there, walk to that graveyard. Make that trip up from where He is and call her out. Come out My girl and live out My purpose.

Only that Voice can penetrate into the deep pit of darkness, despair and hopelessness.

The Voice of One who overcame alone can bring us back to life and to live the purposes God has for us.

Revelation 1 : 17 Jesus placed His right hand on me, saying, “Do not be afraid; I am the first and the last, <sup>18</sup>and the living one. I was dead, and see, I am alive forever and ever; and I have the keys of Death and of Hades.

My dear friend for the thing which you had lost hope, that is the very thing where the glory of the Lord will be revealed.

Turn it over into the eternal arms of Jesus. He will walk there where we cannot and call to the depths where we cannot and bring that very thing alive and well.

He is our Hope. He is our Help. He is our Deliverer.

Even when Jesus comes four days late, He is always on time. God bless.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TxB7lLOp88E>