

Waiting on God

Overview

How many of us ever attended a street meeting once a year, yeah? You all know that I revere what's going on too much here to try to make something happen. I think it's a sacrilege to try to manipulate the spirit of God. But this morning when I was practicing here, a word came to me that somebody in this church, your finances are running low and you really need work. And God needs to open doors for you to be prosperous again. This is a thing that people don't like to confess and particularly men don't. But if there is such a person here, I'm not asking you to come forward, just stand where you are and we're going to speak prosperity over you. I kind of come to the end of my stuff and I need God to answer prayers. Or anybody like that here? Now I'll go on.

Now, I want to thank you, Pastor David, for being willing to do different things because the Lord asked me to do a very different thing today and I'm too old to fight with him. I've learned that he knows what's best. And what I'm going to do this morning, I used to criticize people when I was young. I'm going to read you a devotional as God gave it to me in my devotions three or four weeks ago. So I'm at 55, or so. To you, O Lord, I lift up my soul. O my God, I trust in you. Let me not be ashamed, nor let not my enemies triumph over me. Indeed, let no one who waits for you be ashamed, that those be ashamed who deal treacherously without cause.

So I'm 130. Out of the depths I have cried to you, O Lord, Lord, hear my voice. Let your ears be attentive to the voice of my supplication. If you, Lord, should mark iniquities, O Lord, who could stand? But I'll all you. There is forgiveness with you that you may be feared. I wait for the Lord, my soul waits. And in his word I do hope. My soul waits for the Lord more than those who watch for the morning. I say more than those who watch for the morning. O Israel, O Church of God, hope in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is abundant redemption, and he shall redeem Israel from all their iniquities.

Psalms 37 is one of my favorite Psalms, and verse 7 part of it says, Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him. Can you say that after me? Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him. Much of modern prayer praise and worship takes its cue from the Psalms and the order of Levitical worship in the Old Testament, voting and dancing and flag waving being and clapping and extemporaneous singing, and anybody who knows me well will attest to the very vocal and physical worship with which I sometimes worship God. I've been kind of behaving myself here, but I've been known to run around the church when something comes over me. I'm prone to the lifting of my hands. I'm prone to wave handkerchiefs. I'm planning and certainly I'm really strong about vocal praise and occasional shouting.

So what I'm about to say is not meant to discourage that, but today I want to emphasize a part of Pentecostal worship that seems to have faded. It is what I was nurtured in and instructed by

in the preaching as an example of my parents and others who influenced me as I grew up in the church. It is a vital component of prayer and worship. It is called waiting on God. In recent years there's been an activity known as soaking in the renewal movements, waiting on God encompasses that, but it is much more. As well as the shouts of the Psalms, there was great emphasis on stillness. Psalm 10:13, surely I have calmed and quieted my soul like a weaned child with his mother. Psalm 46:10, be still and know that I am God. Habakkuk 2:20, the Lord is in his holy temple that all the earth keeps silence before him. Psalm 40 and verse 1, I waited patiently for the Lord and he bent low. Has he been bending low this morning?

He bent low and heard my cry. Isaiah 30 and 15, in quietness and confidence, shall be your strength. Jesus spent whole nights in solitude and prayer, and I'll talk about that later. Joshua stood alone and we often don't emphasize this for 40 days on the mountain as he awaited Moses in the Shekinah. No wonder God used him so mightily as a leader. Jeremiah, let me get to that in a minute. Joshua stood alone, but there is a hymn that came to my mind as I was preparing this and copying out of my daily diary.

There is a place of quiet rest near to the heart of God, a place where sin cannot molest near to the heart of God. Oh Jesus, blessed Redeemer, sent from the heart of God, hold us who wait before thee near to the heart of God. Waiting on God involves reflection. Again, the rest of waiting on God is shown in the lamentations. Jeremiah sat in the ruins that were Jerusalem. There was no instant solution. The gleaming city of Zion had become a gutted pile of rubble. In the aftermath of that shock and awe, there was plenty of time for reflection. Lamentations 3:20, my soul, he says, still remembers, and sinks within me, is bowed down. Verse 24 says, the ruins about him have not ruined his faith. He said, the Lord is my portion.

Jerusalem may be in ruins, but I have the Lord. Saints, when everything else is taken away from us, we have the Lord. The Lord is my portion, says my soul. Therefore, I hope for him. Life can ruin your stuff, but it doesn't have to shipwreck your faith. So Jeremiah declares, the Lord is good to those who wait for him. It is good that one should hope and wait quietly, that he will sit alone and keep silent. This aspect of waiting on God was a spiritual discipline taught to me by word and example from my earliest memories. In my experience, this occurred both with individuals and whole congregations in prayer. Now, what I'm about to say, I don't want to be misunderstood, but I want you to hear it.

In evangelical circles, we have become addicted to sound. We can't even make the announcements in church without sound. We certainly can't talk without it. But many times I've been in a room in prayer and waiting on God with a group of people, and somebody has come in, and immediately they have turned on some kind of music with words, because they need it in order to worship. Now, let me tell you, sometimes music is a catalyst. Sometimes it motivates me to worship. I'm not denying that, and as a musician you know, I have promoted that. Without a doubt, it's biblical.

There are times when music was used as a motivator, as when Elisha called for a minstrel, when they wanted to hear a word from the Lord. But then at times we need to reflect in silence and solitude. Elisha's forced evacuation into a cave in the wilderness in a mountain made this to be

mandatory. Depressed, disgraced, and despairing, his days were spent in forced reflection. And there in that silence came a mighty response from God, and he received a word for his future ministry. Jesus sought such times of solitude and meditation and communion in prayer. His all-night sessions gave him direction from his father and fresh perspective.

It was on a solitary rooftop that Peter received a vision that changed his whole life and opened the door of salvation to those of us who sit in this room this morning. It was in the solitude of Patmos that John received, a revelation being wrapped in the Spirit on the Lord's Day. And his insights are still blessing us, especially in this generation. Can you say him into that, this one? So some of us need to be freed of addiction to sound, to turn off the cell phone, to shut out the noise of the day, to enter into silence, to learn the blessing of sitting, kneeling, and prostrating until the racket gives way to the revelation of the Holy Spirit. Till turbulence gives way to peace, till the noise of a thousand voices fade as the voice that spoke over Eden begins to speak to your soul.

Here are the words of Whittier's timeless hymn. If you were raised in the denominational church, you probably sang it many times. Drop thy still-dos of quietness, till all our striving cease. Take from our souls the strain and stress, and let our ordered lives confess the beauty of thy peace. Breathe through the heats of thy desire, of our desire, thy coolness and thy calm. Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire, speak through the earthquake, wind and fire. Have I got some more time? This is an integral part of waiting on God, and especially in this day of instant everything, of automatic anything, and the information highway on your laptop. In the margin of my study Bible, it reads, wait in faith. It is part of the discipline of waiting, a waiting that is born of faith. Amen.

Visit me in the secret place, that God will happen in my solitude. It resists the voice that whispers that God has abandoned me, and left me to fend for myself. It reminds me of an old Pentecostal song, what else? I'm the Museum of Pentecostal Theology. When banks of death seized on my soul unto the Lord, I cried. Till Jesus came and made me whole, I would not be denied. I will not be denied. I will not be denied. Till Jesus comes and makes me whole. I will not be denied. It is what the resolve of waiting does in our spirit, and I want to tell you that God responds to that. Such resolute waiting purges my mind from acting solely on past experiences, from being rash and jumping to conclusions, or trying to foolishly inject all of the latest things I heard at whatever leadership convention I was at.

In this psalm, David admits to trouble, adversity, and the need for answered prayer. The desperate call for guidance. So he waits in God's tent till revelation, rejuvenation, and rescue happen. My friend, that takes resolve in waiting on God. Waiting on God assures us of renewal. We sang this verse this morning from Isaiah 40, 31, but they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings. Brackets, I'm tired of being in the yard with turkeys. They shall mount up with wings as eagles. They shall run and not be weary. They shall walk and not faint.

There is an air of expectancy in holy waiting. Those expecting Jehovah, another version says, will pass to power. Those who look for him and hope for him, so waiting in God is not a passive experience only. There is an act of expectancy. It looks to and fro for the Lord to respond. It is

buoyed up by the sure hope that the one they wait for is the Yahweh who has made a covenant with his people. The one who has informed Jeremiah with these words, call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and hidden things that you do not know. Whatever is baffling you and overcoming you in the mind, I want to tell you that waiting on God will help a whole lot with that. Call unto me and I will answer thee and show you great and hidden things that you do not know. He has intervened powerfully in the past.

Of him, Joshua testified. Not one of all God's promises has failed. Somebody say, I'll allude to that. Solomon repeated these words in his prayer of dedication for the temple. So we wait in hope. We expect response and renewal. In certain knowledge, Isaiah proclaims that act of waiting, my expectations will cease from anger, and I will soar like an eagle. To be restored till I can soar above the obstacles, the mountains that obstruct me, and I will not wait in vain. I don't know how many times, and you've had it in your life, when I've got down to pray, and I actually didn't know how to tell God whatever was wrong with me. But suddenly in his presence, in particular as I prayed in tongues, I would begin to mount up about that.

And a now later, I wasn't in the depths of despair, I was flying in the pure air of God's prayer. How many have had that experience? Yeah, God is good for those who wait for him. Waiting presumes rescue. Isaiah 49:23, they shall not be ashamed. Who will wait for me? Waiting on God and waiting for God develops maturity. Sometimes in our own wisdom, we tend to run ahead of God or lie behind his leadership instead of relying on him. This was the case of Israel at the borders of Canaan. Their refusal to wait at the word of Moses cost them 40 years of wandering around. If we wait, rescue can happen. Say that with me. If we wait, rescue can happen.

In the context of this word from Isaiah is the assurance of God's rescue and reinforcement. Verse 25 tells us what waiting on the Lord will do. Even the captives of the mighty will be taken away, and the prayer of the terrible will be delivered. For I will contend with him who contends with you, and I will save your children. Some parents shout hallelujah to that this morning as we wait for God to move. David Jeremiah and his daily devotion, which my mother, my wife, no she's not my mother, gave me as a Christmas gift. The quote is compelling. To wait, that means to pause and consider our own inadequacy. And the Lord's all sufficiency and to seek counsel and help from the Lord.

The folly of not waiting for God is that we forfeit the blessing of not having God work for us. The evil of not waiting for God is that we oppose God's will to exalt himself in mercy. God aims to exalt himself by working for those who wait on him. Church, wait on God, and wait for God. So the psalmist says, I wait for him. I wait for him more than those who watch for the morning. I wait for the Lord. Waiting on God brings reward, and I'm not going to read all of this because we sang it this morning.

Jesus said, you will be baptized with the Holy Spirit, not many days, hence, but wait in Jerusalem until you are in dude with power. If you know something is going to happen, the devil will oppose you into waiting and bring all kinds of confusion and busyness into your life. But if you're determined to wait until the promise comes, God rewards you with the answers to your prayers. Peter would have found this challenging when God said it because one time Jesus said, tell

Peter that the other disciples that I'm going before them into Galilee, but Peter got a little bit in a hurry. Patience was not his long suit. So he talked a bunch of his buddies into a fruitless and exhausting fishing trip. I don't pick on Peter. I've gone on a few of those trips myself. Denied the Lord just decided he wasn't coming fast enough so I was going to fix it myself. I want to tell you those who waited in the temple, in the upper room, blessing God, praying, fixing the fallout from failed leadership, all of these things.

Oh, they're waiting with rewarded fire, tornadic sound, miracle tongues, an immersion in power that was so overwhelming. I thought they were drunk, powerful preaching, mighty conviction, mass conversions, multiple baptisms in water at the testimony to newfound faith, waiting on God for ten days had an incredible reward. And saints, I don't think God has changed. Those that wait on God will see the promise that he has given. Hebrew says unto those that look for him eagerly awaiting, will he appear the second time without sin unto salvation. Oh Lord Jesus, how long are we shouting the glad soul? Christ returned. Hallelujah. Hallelujah, amen.

This Saint Jesus the angel said, and has been taken up from you into heaven, will come as you have seen him going to heaven. What rapture is going to meet our waiting eyes? We shall behold him. Excuse me, but we shall behold him. We shall be changed in a moment. And grace above all grace, every one of us will be like him, for we will see him as he is. Waiting, working, watching, leads to winning. They that wait for me will not be put to shame. Perhaps you could turn off the noise this week. Perhaps you could wait in his presence till the fever in your brain subsides. Perhaps you could sacrifice an hour of sports on TV so you could behold his glory.

Perhaps you could fast a meal in feast on his word and await the promise of the Holy Spirit. I know that tearing for spirit baptism is not necessary since Pentecost, but I want to tell you that waiting brings rich rewards. I think of a chorus I learned about ten years ago. It's simple. In his presence, in his holy presence, the weary can find perfect rest, the broken are restored. In his presence, in his holy presence, there's nothing like the presence of the Lord. So I tell you every time I come down here, I think about our house on Neff Street in Humberston before it was joined before Colvin. And to think about, as I was doing this, I thought about a woman named Lemoyo. She lived across the street from us. Her husband wasn't serving the Lord. And the loyal would come to the altar. After the music died down, or whatever, she'd still be there in quietness. And I can't even explain this past to David, but there was something guttural that rose up against in her voice. And I could tell that she was doing the business of the kingdom, and she was attacking as she waited for the forces of evil.

I listened to that woman as it overflowed in a holy ghost intercession. I want to tell you that her husband, who was a chain smoker, always let her go to church by herself, surrender to Jesus Christ, and her children got saved. I want to tell you that waiting in God's presence has incredible rewards. And some of you have been waiting a long time. And I'm not trying to make this simple because it's deeply spiritual. But as you wait, the wait will lift off you. And you will learn to lose your strength. And you will fly like an eagle. And you won't lose any of your power. They shall not faint. Did you get something out of this this morning? I have never done this.

I've never taken my... I have a book and I write something every day of what the Lord says to me

from His Word. You got five days of it this morning. But will you sing it with me again, Lucas? They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as equals. They shall run and not be weary. They shall walk and not faint. Teach me, Lord. Teach me, Lord. To a turn your eyes upon Jesus. Look full in His wonderful face. And the things of earth will grow strangely dim. In the light of His glory and grace.

O soul, are you weary and troubled? No light in the darkness you see. There's light for a look at the Savior and life more abundant and free. Turn your eyes upon Jesus. Look full in His wonderful face. And the things of earth will grow strangely dim. In the light of His glory and let your virtue flow at this moment. Turn your eyes upon Jesus. Look full in His wonderful face. And the things of Earth will grow strangely dim. In the light of His glory and Grace, Turn your eyes upon Jesus. Look full in His wonderful face. And the things of earth will grow strangely dim. In the light of His glory and Grace.

Jonathan was five years of age at the time. His woman, his nurse, who would have looked after him in the royal household, scooped him up in her arms and she fled to save the little boy's life. Something on toward happened in that journey. Did she stumble over a stone? We don't know exactly how, but she dropped the child. And in dropping the child, his limbs were ruined. There was no opportunity to seek out some kind of medicinal help and that little fellow, Mephibosheth, his legs were never set properly. And he was a cripple all of his days. Yes, they said to the day, to the new king, there is a young fellow, but he's lame.

Why would they even have to bring that up? He's no threat to you, David. You see, they're not sure that David isn't gonna try and kill off everybody and he's playing a game. Oh, I wanna honor him. With my knife. Where is he? Well, he's living at somebody else's house in a place called Laudebar. He's hiding from the king. King David didn't lose a minute. He sent and got him from the house where he was living in Lodebar. And when Mephibosheth, son of Jonathan, who was the son of Saul, came before David, he bowed deeply, abasing himself and honoring the king. David spoke his name, Mephibosheth. Mephibosheth thinks he's got about five minutes left to live. Yes, sir. That's my name. And David said, Mephibosheth, don't be afraid. I'm not gonna harm you. I'd like to do something special for you in memory of your father, Jonathan.

To begin with, I'm gonna return all the property that your grandpa owned, the former king. Shuffling and stammering, not looking him in the eye. Mephibosheth says, who am I that you pay attention to a stray dog like me? Who am I, Lord, that you would choose to put me in the chair, in your house, I'm less than a dog, I'm less than a worm. Nobody knows my failures, nobody knows my faults. I acknowledge what the Bible says to me, David, you're a wretched, horrible sinner. And like a leper cannot get rid of his leprosy and like the leopard cannot get rid of his spots. Your sin is what comes before me. I cry out, so who am I? David said to Ziba, everything that belonged to Saul and his family, I've handed over to your master's grandson, you and your sons and your servants will work. Mephibosheth's land that I'm returning to him and you will work it and provide for Mephibosheth from his fields, but from now on, the cripple Mephibosheth will sit at my table. Mephibosheth ate at David's table, just like he was a member of the royal family. Mephibosheth also had a son. Mephibosheth lived in Jerusalem, taking all his meals at the king's table. He was lame in both of his feet. I love this story.

A young man in those times took pride in his physical ability. If he was gonna work the farm like his daddy, he wanted to work harder and faster and be more productive than his dad. If for some reason he was conscripted or volunteered to serve in the army, he wanted to be the best soldier in that entire army. To do so, he had to be strong in every way. Mephibosheth was afraid of his own shadow. He had nothing to offer anywhere. His legs, he was a cripple. He couldn't work the farm. He couldn't sign up as a soldier. He couldn't go to the corner store and get himself a cold, coca-cola. He had to have somebody go and do it for him.

He couldn't make his own way to the kitchen table. He had to be lifted and carried and put in that place. If anybody was feeling, not only deformed in his lower person, but deformed in every way. It was Mephibosheth and David sought him out, brought him to his house. And here's the picture I have. When Mephibosheth, when the king would be, the king would be the last one to come into the banqueting room, right? All the servants would be there, the food's all laid out. This is meal fit for a king. All the royal people would be there. Mephibosheth would be seated as well. He would have been probably brought in a little early because it'd be a challenge of just getting him in play.

When the king walked in and took his rightful place at the head of the table, his sons, his daughters, his wife, those who were invited guests, they were all sitting there. And there's that Mephibosheth and his crooked, withered legs were not seen. They were under the king's table. And Mephibosheth dined sumptuously the rest of his days. The word of God says, there's no God like our God who rides the heavens to help us. In my head, I see this picture of God leaving point A to get to point B. He's at point A, I'm at point B. The Lord will ride in the heavens, unimpeded by gravity, unimpeded by anything. He rides swiftly and he's there in a moment. He rides the heavens to get to where you are and to look after you, to bless you, to adore you, to kneel down if necessary to lift you up is what Jesus did in his whole life here on, on the earth.

He stooped down to be among us, to lift us up. He'd be there in a moment as he rides the heavens to come and help you. 14 You need to sit at his table and underneath the everlasting arms. You're too crippled to get to that table. You're crying unworthy, unworthy, unworthy as he's carrying you to that place. He says, sit at my table, but my failures, my faults, they're under the table, I can't see them. In truth and reality, the cross eliminates all of our failures, removes any trace of our having been broken, battered by disappointment, by our own silly ideas and by our proneness to do that which is ungodly.

For all have sinned the word of God and we've all come short of our heavenly Father's expectations, but he invites you to come and sit at his table. There are people going through things in this very hour that I can't reckon with, I can't identify with. Two nights ago, my phone rang. We had guests. We were reading our meal, and the phone rang. When I heard this gentleman's voice, I left the room, so I could be alone with my friend. He said, I'm gonna cry, you know. I said, you go ahead. Men don't cry, don't you know. Big boys don't, they don't let you know who they are. Tears are a sign of weakness, but the word of God says that they, whose sowing tears shall reap with joy. He cried in Maple Ridge, and then I cried in Vineland, and I cried. I felt so helpless, there's nothing I could do, there's nothing I could do.

The pain was incredible. I couldn't fix it, and I felt so desperately helpless. I've been trouble ever since. I'm losing sleep at night. My friend is in trouble. He's at the other end of the country, but then this came to me. He prepared a table for me while I was afraid of what was coming. And so I'm going to give you in my closing thoughts here, something that I suggest is a spiritual something that I cannot claim, been there, done that, follow me. Because people sitting here right today have experienced difficulties. I've yet to experience, not that I anticipate that I will, but every good garden usually has rose bushes. And those thorns can be pretty harmful. Every life, every one of us will go through valleys that we might describe as having shadows of death. My favorite old-time preacher's name was J.H. Blair. No question in my mind.

He stood in this room and he preached. No question in my mind whatsoever. He was everybody's spiritual grandpa. And this was a statement he made when I was 15, 16 years of age, and it resonates in my mind and in my heart to this very moment. He said, we who know the Lord know how to live right. And we who know the Lord, we die well. I'm suggesting that no matter how deep the valley and no matter how frightful are the shadows, pray that God will open your eyes and see there's a place of feasting. But Lord, they're about to, the Lord says, I know that. I feel the pain of their swords already. I know that. Put it out of your mind for now.

Sit with me. I'm a picture guy. I picture this. That when he says, I know you're afraid and here's my antidote. Sit down at my table. Does the Lord sit beside you? That's kind of awkward. Sit down at my table. I sit across from you. Eyeball to eyeball. Something that I learned in Ethiopia. I love it to this day. We would be so uncomfortable. Because we don't function this way. 16 The people of Ethiopia still, they can afford hardware. A fork, a knife, and a spoon. But they like to eat like Adam ate. Yummy, yummy, yummy. And this to me is beautiful. Because when the brothers, and I were considered brothers, sitting at the table, a round table, and the endura was piled sky high. Now, it doesn't pile up. It's a flat green bread. It's been pickled for days. Pickled bread. It tastes pickled. It's green. Kind of frightful. It's a taste you have to acquire. But what's piled on there is all kinds of foods. Potatoes and maybe some pieces of meat and vegetables. And what you do is you tear off a piece of this flatbread, this endura, and you use it as a table napkin that you're going to eat.

So you get a whole of that and you grab a whole of some potato or a morsel of chicken and you put it in your mouth. And you don't let your fingers touch your mouth because it's going back in the bowl. You can't double dip. And Brian, this was amazing to me. All of a sudden it just happened simultaneously. A man across from me at the table picked up the endura, picked up a morsel of meat, and turned to his friend who was sitting beside him. It was like they're playing the game like mama used to play with the baby. Here comes the airplane. Where's the airplane hanger? Open the door. Yeah, and then it goes. It's speechless, what they do. But they take that morsel of food and they turn to their brother. And in essence, they're saying in a historical cultural way, I'm not your enemy. I'm not going to poison you.

I'm going to feed you with my own hand. And this brother with trust opens his mouth. And this fellow slides the food off of these fingers with his thumb. He never touches his face and the food rolls into his mouth. And they did it all around the table. And the fellow right beside me grabbed a piece of endura, picked up some potatoes, came toward me and I said, I feel quite full

right now, thanks. I was uncomfortable. I was uncomfortable.

Listen to David before you leave this house. Jesus with his own hand wants to feed you. And you have the nerve at his table to say, I'm a little uncomfortable. People get so uncomfortable with God. Are you serious? I can think of some people in high places in this country. You need to be afraid of them to have an agenda. But God, you can trust. Open your mouth, sister. Open your mouth, brother. And let them put the delightful manner of heaven in your mouth. You never tasted anything so good. In the hour of your despair, in the darkest moment of your life, pray that God will show you that while the tears are running down your cheeks, the only thing you can plant right now, because you feel empty otherwise, the only thing you're planting right now are tears.

They who sow with tears, they will reap with joy. This crying, this torment may endure for a night. The birds start chirping about four. If you've ever been awake that early to find out, I hear them every morning right outside my window. Before the sun is up, the birds are announcing. It's morning joy joy joy joy. I'm going to finish one more time. It's 14 minutes after 12. I'm going to finish one more time. I watched a film, *The Life*. Oh, David. *The Dutch Lady*. *Europe*, *The War*.

Thank you. I just had a senior moment. Felt good like a good sneeze or a yawn. Corey Tenboon is looking after her sister. Her sister is dying in the concentration camp. And the sister is losing her faith. She's struggling with this. Corey, why? Why are we being tormented like this? 18 Where's God in all of this? And Corey, it's recorded in film. It's recorded in writing. Corey said to her sister, my darling, there's no pit so deep that his hand cannot touch you. In your agony, in your pain, there's no pit so deep that he can't meet you there. There's always a table. There's always something there for you.

It's hard to be disenfranchised, to feel disenfranchised. It's hard to get upset about anything when you're enjoying the finest meal you've ever had. It kind of takes your mind off of things. Feed on the Lord. He'll not let you down. I've got to find a Kleenex. I'm slobbering all over the place. You better shut off. For those of you who are watching, forgive me for my meandering this morning. Thank you both nostrils of God.