

Genesis 15:1-6

“After these things the word of the Lord came to Abram in a vision, saying, “Do not be afraid, Abram. I am your shield, your exceedingly great reward.”

But Abram said, “Lord God, what will You give me, seeing I go childless, and the heir of my house is Eliezer of Damascus?” Then Abram said, “Look, You have given me no offspring; indeed one born in my house is my heir!”

And behold, the word of the Lord came to him, saying, “This one shall not be your heir, but one who will come from your own body shall be your heir.”

Then He brought him outside and said, “Look now toward heaven, and count the stars if you are able to number them.” And He said to him, “So shall your descendants be.” And he believed in the Lord, and He accounted it to him for righteousness.”

As a child growing up I reached an age where I wanted this certain bicycle. It had these high handlebars like you see on some motorcycles. It had this long seat we called a banana seat, which had a high back on it so if you had a passenger they could lean back. I wanted a Spider Bike. All my friends had one of these types of bikes and I wanted one.

I don't remember if I was 8 or 9 but it was around that age, and I remember coming down the stairs Christmas morning and there is was a brand new bright red Pee Wee Herman bike complete with a large basket on the front of the handlebars and a double basket over the back tire. If you were wondering if I was disappointed the answer was yes. I wanted a Spider bike not what was there.

See that Spring I was going to be buying a newspaper route from my older brother and I would need this type of bike to carry all my papers so I could deliver them around town quickly. With those three baskets I would not have to carry everything on my boney shoulders. My parents were providing me with what I needed not what I wanted.

That Spring I took control of my brother's paper route and began my first venture into the working world. There I was, delivering newspapers with a bicycle I did not want nor had I asked for. As it was Spring and the snow had all melted we could now ride our bicycles to and from school every day. One day when school let out those of us who had road our bikes ran over to the bicycle racks and discovered someone had stolen my bike. My bike was gone now what was I going to do?

The principle took me inside he called the local police and with the help from the some of my friends we started looking and it was about an hour it was found, well at least the frame; both wheels, seat, handlebars and baskets were all missing. That evening I was naturally upset but I was upset with my parents for buying me a bicycle I did not ask for. I was sure if I had received what I wanted then this would not have happened.

As we read earlier Abraham believed God for a promise of an heir and a future which did not exist. God had Abraham look up and told him he would have descendants as numerous as the stars. He also said as numerous as the sands on the beach. Abraham was told he would have many descendants but as yet he had none, but yet he kept believing that his

heavenly trustee, God was faithful enough to deliver when the time came.

Not only Abraham, but each one of us has our own trust fund set up and God is our trustee.

The past couple of weeks we have been reading from 2 Kings about Elisha. If we were to open up where we left off last week we would see where Elisha had promised a Shunammite woman she would bear a son. She explained she was too old but none-the-less almost a year later she conceived a son.

Having reached the age where this young boy could now go and assist in the fields. The young man developed a headache his father sent him home which is where he died. This distraught mother with a servant travel to where Elisha is and she lets him hold it, she held nothing back. In 2 Kings 4:28 we read what this woman said; *“Did I ask my lord for a son? Did I not say, Do not deceive me?”* She was blaming Elisha for giving her a son; if he had not then she would not be suffering so.

There will be times when we burn our plows, dig all the ditches and pour out all the oil, and instead of receiving beauty from the ashes we receive what we see as ashes for ashes. There will be times when all we get from burning our plows is what we perceive as smoke in our faces. There will be times when all we get from digging our ditches is what we perceive as blisters and muscle spasms. And there will be times when all we get from pouring out our oil is what we perceive as a waste of what little we had left.

When we give the sacrifices we believe God is asking for and we don't receive anything in return we become angry with God; we blame God; we may even feel we have been wronged or even deceived. Never is an ounce of our sacrifices, our prayers, or our faith is ever wasted just as it was with Abraham, and the Shunammite woman, and with us. Nothing is ever wasted God is watching and as Scripture says, "*He accounted it to him for righteousness,*" he accounts it to us for righteousness.

As the title of this morning sermon says "I'm a trust fund baby are you?" A trust fund holds aside money for an individual until he/she reaches the age specified by the creator of the fund. When the beneficiary or person reaches the age specified a trustee is then

responsible to make sure the beneficiary receives what has been held in trust for him or her. All the specifics of this are recorded in a legal document, known as a deed.

I personally believe God has what could be seen as a trust fund with my name on it. I have not personally seen the terms or the details, but I believe every resource deeded to me from my Lord and Savior is released to me at the appointed moment. Again, as stated to Abraham in our passage this morning, “*And He accounted it to him for righteousness.*” This makes me and you a trust fund baby.

Life with God assures us that God never wastes our faith. He never has and I believe never will. Everything we have is a gift from God to begin with. We often believe we did it; we believe we do a lot of things, but the reality of it is God allows us to do and achieve everything. One day we will see where what we deemed as a minor and/or major setback was in reality it was one of the greatest setups to seeing and experiencing God's glory in places we never imagined.

Have you ever noticed how people do things for God more often than not we consider what we give and/or do as our sacrifice for or to God? And most of the time we are quick to look for the reward for our sacrifices. Too often we believe we should receive monetarily for what we do and/or give.

A couple, visiting in Korea, saw a father and his son working in a rice paddy. The old man guided the heavy plow as the boy pulled it. "I guess they must be very poor," the man said to the missionary who was the couple's guide and interpreter. "Yes," replied the missionary. "That's the family of Chi Nevi. When the church was built, they were eager to give something to it, but they had no money. So they sold their ox and gave the money to the church. This spring they are pulling the plow themselves." After a long silence, the woman said, "That was a real sacrifice." The missionary responded, "They do not call it a sacrifice. They are just thankful they had an ox to sell."

Faith is never wasted. What we deemed as awful in our lives can and often is something which will benefit us if not right away then, down the road. I know a woman who had a son who rode in what is called a Poker Run and on the way home this group of motorcyclists drove through an

intersection and then pulled off at a convenient store when they noticed they were missing one of their riders. A couple drove back up the road to discover this driver had an accident and was unconscious.

I was called that night and told they had him on life support and would test again in the morning for brain damage. I was notified in the morning the test was negative and the man's mother had decided to disconnect life support. Patricia and I arrived home that evening and I then planned the funeral with the young man's mother.

The day of the funeral I walked into the church I had lunch with this grieving family and then we proceeded to the church parlor where the family met with other family and friends just prior to the funeral. I had prayer with the family just prior to the start of the service. I stepped out of the parlor and stepped into my office and when I returned to the parlor the mother of this young man was anything but grieving but instead she was excitedly praising God and shouting "God is Good all the Time. All the time God is Good!" over and over she was saying this.

See what no one knew yet was this woman who was about to bury her youngest of three boys was excited because she had just received a phone call. This call was letting her know a young boy in the county who was dying from kidney failure was found to be a perfect match with her son's kidney and as we were about to begin a funeral to bury this young man another young man was about to receive a new lease on life.

As we read "*He accounted it to him for righteousness.*" God is accounting all we do and it is distributed when He deems needed. When we reach the point when we realize it's not about us but instead it's about God's glory will and purpose. I'm a trust fund baby and so are you. It's time we start living like one.