

JESUS AND THE PIGGY PEOPLE

One of the most touching stories you will ever read is found in the eighth chapter of Luke. It is a story of Legion meeting Jesus. It is a story about a certain man whose real name was never given. 'Legion' was the name the devil answered Jesus with so we can use this name to keep the story in focus and understandable.

The Bible description of Legion starts as Satan is doing his vintage labor on a human being. We pick up the story as Jesus was stepping out of the boat the disciples were anchoring on the shore of Gadara. For some reason I think it was later in the evening about sunset when horrifying screams came from the cemetery of tombs that was there where the boat was being secured.

The Living Bible says, "As he was climbing out of the boat a man from the city of Gadara came to meet him, a man who had been demon possessed a long time. Homeless and naked, he lived in a cemetery among the tombs. As soon as he saw Jesus he shrieked and fell to the ground before him screaming, "What do you want with me Jesus ..." (Luke 8:27 & 28 Living Bible)

The Bible says Legion was a man. We know that if he was a man that at one time, he was a baby. One day a proud dad experienced the indescribable joy of fatherhood as the family doctor announced Legion's birth. A mother had gone through the sufferings of sickness, pregnancy, and childbirth pain to bring Legion into this world. A baby was born, a baby cried, and a miracle was wrought. Tears were fought back, as always, when we mortals experience the workings of God.

Many years ago, Hank Williams Sr. Wrote and sang a song that became a country hit. The lyrics went:

He was some mother's darling
He was some mother's son
Once he was there and
Once he was young
A mother she rocked him
Her darling to sleep
But they left him to die
Just a tramp on the
street

Most of us have reached the point in our lives where we can look back and remember our move from innocence to guilt. From purity to disobedience, sin and to wherever and whatever our walk has digressed. We can also watch our children and our grandchildren go through this

same set of hoops in their lives. We can easily remember their first step, first day in school, little league, school plays, graduations and the other images that seem to be etched in our memories for a million forevers. The good memories are great, but we have also seen the effects and damage that comes with the year as sin creeps in and seems to inject its poison into everything. We watch helplessly as rebellion and addictions grapple for their very soul. We very well know there is a real evil in this world and the devil's one desire and goal is to destroy us along with everything good for which we stand.

Somewhere in this mix Legion went from the innocence of the cradle to a screaming crazy man living in the tombs of the cemetery. Somewhere between Legion's birth and the Gadarean cemetery, something went wrong and it wasn't an overnight thing.

Life slips by in one-minute chunks; 1440 per day; or if you should convert to heartbeat chunks you'll run around 100,000 per day. We make little decisions daily that guide our pathway whether it is to a destiny of abundance and peace or to a horrifying ending of fear and hell itself.

The scriptures imply that Legion was an older man. The text says that he was, "... a certain man that had devils a long time and wore no clothes." (Luke 8:27 KJV)

Legion's past, in part, could look as maybe yours or mine. He could have been brought up in a good home; maybe he was a good athlete in high school and college. He maybe stood at an altar beside his childhood sweetheart whom he loved very much and repeated the wedding vows. He could maybe have experienced fatherhood himself; had a son or daughter and spent time together. Possibly, for a time, all was well. He could have been on his way to a very successful career with everything falling in place that is necessary for what we call the good life.

Things can go good for a time no matter what we do, but we that have been around a few years know that a havoc of hell can break loose and destroy the best of the best. We live in a rough and rocky world and our human existence is fragile as delicate glass. Doing or not doing simple things can lead us to the cemeteries of hell. Maybe Legion just put off whispering a prayer for help when things were getting tough. Maybe he skipped over his Bible time and worship services. Maybe he skipped his quiet time with the Lord that always helps us to reflect and find the strength that we need to carry on and go through the problems of everyday living. He may have substituted these very important activities for a fun time that did not bring the spiritual strength that he needed so desperately. This is really easy to do. Maybe he just shut off the calling that was being whispered in his heart when it was party time and his friends coaxed him into doing things in which he had rather not be involved.

We don't know exactly why or when,
but we do know, things went bad, real bad.

WHAT CAUSES GOOD PEOPLE TO GO WRONG?

There are three simple statements found in the twelfth chapter of Hebrews that may at least partially answer this question.

“Try to stay out of quarrels and seek to live a clean and holy life ...”

“Look after each other so that not one of you will fail to find God’s best blessings.”

“Watch out that no bitterness takes root among you, for as it springs up it causes deep trouble, hurting many in their spiritual lives.” (Hebrew 12:14 & 15 Living Bible.

We live in a mean world. At times we are wronged. Terrible things happen that are not of our own making. Tragedy and heartbreak can plant seeds of bitterness in the best of us, but who is it going to destroy?

Many years ago, when I first started preaching, I was visiting the shanties in a very run-down migrant, vagrant, occupied neighborhood. As I approached elderly, defeated, pitiful man sitting on a porch, I sensed the presence of the Lord. As we talked, he told me that earlier in life he had served as pastor in a small church. He went on to tell that after laboring for years and increasing the attendance, he was voted out because of a sermon he preached. Instead of going on and being obedient to the Lord and turning his defeat into a steppingstone, he became discouraged and rebellious, and his life went down, down, and down some more. He told of years he spent in prison and sins that haunted his every waking moment. From a physical appearance, he had very little time to live. Something very small and ugly had ruined something very great and precious; a human life.

If this could happen to him, then it could happen to you or me. It could have happened to Legion. We all are subject to the destructions of Satan. Good people can and do go wrong, and most of us have a reason.

One of the most promising young men that I ever worked with was destroyed when he found one of his little twin girls strangled on a Venetian blind cord near her little bed. Little by little and year by year this tragedy drained his spirit and he turned to alcohol and eventually died a derelict.

LIVING IN HORROR

Legion lived in horror. It was every day and all night long. Little by little the wickedness of Satan gained control of his spirit, his emotions, and his life. It was like the old song, only a thousand times worse:

Once a day, all day long

Once a night, from dusk to dawn

The Bible says, "... the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." "There is no peace, sayeth my God, to the wicked." (Isaiah 57:20 & 21 KJV)

This story in the Bible is more than just a wild man going half crazy in a graveyard. This is a story about you and me. This is the story about the evil that we all struggle to ward off from our lives. You don't have to live in the tombs and run naked. You can be driving a Bentley, living in a gated community and in the know at the country club, yet be so tormented that you could jump from a cliff. You can look as though you have it made, possessing the security that the world dreams of and still feel like blowing your brains out with a shotgun.

According to the latest statistics over twenty-six percent of Americans are suffering from anxiety and/or depression. Over 200 million prescriptions were written last year in our nation for antidepressants and many were for very young children. If you have had any experience at all with this malady you know how horrifying it can get. The battles that we are fighting in our minds are in many cases worse than real combat with live ammunition. Many of us look normal and healthy yet our spiritual being has been in wars that have left us scarred, maimed and dysfunctional. The headline in today's local newspaper reads, "How much can one family take." The sub heading reads, "George Wallace (Not the former governor) lived through his daughter's murder and his wife's suicide. He died Friday, beaten to death in his home." The article went on to say how his wife, only a few weeks after her daughter's death took barbiturates, went to sleep beside him with a lock of their daughter's baby hair clasped in her hand. She left a note on the kitchen table. "Am going to heaven with Michele."

I have yet to find a sane explanation of horrors such as this one, but I do know that spiritual torment can and does wrap its grimy fingers round our throats and does its best to make our lives a tornado of hell. The demons that tormented Legion are still alive and well, and they are working just as hard under a different cover. Never ever kid yourself; there is a real devil.

THE WINDOW OF OPPORTUNITY

Have you ever gotten into a bad situation that you thought would never end? I think most of us have. When it is really bad you can entertain some pretty eerie thoughts. You can want to push a button and get out of this world. Legion screamed and shrieked with a spirit that would make hair stand up on your neck while hundreds of yards away. He would break any chain that could be placed on his feet or hands. He would cut himself with stones and wish in his heart to die, but there was no relief.

The scripture says he "... was driven of the devil ..." (Luke 8:29 KJV).

We all have a driver of some nature. What kind of a road are we on and where is this driver taking us? When and where is this thing going to end? Today? Next week? Next month? Never?

Heaven? Hell? How bad can it get and how long can it last?

Most of us know more about defeat than we do victory. We know the helpless and hopeless frustration that comes when things just won't come together in our lives. Many of us have a dream that will not materialize and a goal that seems to stay totally out of the possibility range.

Legion had these feelings multiplied by a thousand. He was bound and cast out without one ray of hope from any corner of his mind. He had lost it all: family and faculties. He was doomed to an existence of pure hell.

Speaking of Jesus and his men, the Bible says, "... they arrived ..." (Luke 8:26 KJV) It also says, "A man from the city of Gadara came to meet him ..." (Luke 8:27 Living Bible).

One day at one moment and at what often is the darkest hour of our life ... we meet with Jesus. Heaven steps to the doorway of our world and everything we need to become is offered at this given moment. Most, as strange as it may seem, turn away. Legion could have and probably had a fleeting thought to run in the other direction, but he did not.

He still had enough 'whatever' in him to start a dialogue with Jesus, which was the most important conversation of his life. The questions he asked were from a person with a very misunderstanding of the man to whom he was speaking. "What do you want with me, Jesus?" Please I beg of you ... don't torment me!" (Luke 8:28 Living Bible)

At times it isn't easy to recognize a satanic statement. Nothing would make the devil any happier than for us to think that Jesus came to cause trouble, hurt or embarrassment. His words still ring out around the world and throughout all ages. "... Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest ... Take my yoke upon you and learn of me and ye shall find rest unto your soul." (Matthew 11:28) He stood and stands in the midst of poverty, insanity, depression, defeat and frustration and proclaims that, "The thief's purpose is to steal, kill and destroy. My purpose is to give life in all its fullness." (John 10:10 Living Bible)

Legion's mentality was in a mode that thought truth was trouble, freedom was fearful and that normality was not to be. We all have been there.

Our Lord comes with an open heart and open arms. With His eyes of steel and a voice that was generating spiritual power at about one million volts per second, Jesus spoke to every need that Legion had or would ever have. As his wretched body twisted in the sands of that Gadarean cemetery, thousands of demons left their home of torment to send hogs by the thousands shrieking and squealing over a cliff to drown in the sea that was below. We have a Lord whose words can turn hell into a city of ice and a life of torment into an eternity of peace.

He didn't come to Gadara that day to play around and He doesn't come to our situation with

anything on His mind other than setting us free and filling us with His power. When the Bible says they arrived ... He arrived! The window of opportunity was open and the confrontation of forever was now taking place.

WHEN JESUS COMES

Things can change in our lives and they can change fast. When Jesus was climbing from the boat he saw a naked man with eyes that pierced like serpents. He saw a man with matted and unkempt hair. His body was naked, scabbed and bleeding where he had cut himself with stones. Legion was a perfect picture of bondage and torment; a man loaded with guilt, sin, shame, pain and confusion.

When Jesus spoke, a light of love began to make its way into Legion's eyes. The Bible says, "When he saw Jesus, he cried ..." (Luke 8:28) When the Lord stands in the doorway of your heart ... you cry. When he speaks and your guilt, sin, sickness and frustrations are removed ... you cry. When suddenly you find yourself bathed in His love and goodness ... you cry. When the Holy Spirit from Heaven floods your soul ... you cry. When you are born into this world ... you cry ... and when you meet Jesus ... you cry again.

It may not look proper or dignified, but you cry. People may not understand and question your emotions; but you still cannot help it; you cry and it is so wonderful.

The voice that screamed and shrieked through the night was now toned with love and peace. The body that was naked, cut, bleeding and running through the tombs was now clothed and relaxed at the feet of Jesus. The mind that would not function was now sound and in conversation with the Lord. We don't know the intricacies of how it happened, but thank God we know it happened. The Apostle Paul proclaimed, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" (Rom. 11:33 KJV)

If this story were in any book other than the Bible I probably would not believe it. Can you even picture Legion talking with Jesus, and Jesus talking back? A wild maniac turned preacher material in a matter of seconds.

Several years ago I was going to work one morning and the weather was cold, rainy and terrible. I was headed to a nice warm office, but I very well remembered when I had to work under some terrible conditions, both in and out of the weather. As I was thinking of, and about halfway praying for the people that had to work in that weather, the Lord seemed to speak in my heart. He said, 'I don't put my people in a comfortable place, I put a comfortable place in my people'. Legion was

I believe Legion asked questions and Jesus gave answers. Maybe Legion asked, 'Jesus, why did

you come here?” And Jesus responded, ‘Legion, I came here to see you. I came here to heal your broken heart and to set you free. I came to save you from this cemetery and to give you a life that is filled with peace and joy. I came to put you back with your family and to give you power to live a happy and fruitful life and later on for you to live with me in Heaven forever. Legion, I came with big plans and they all include you.’

It is so difficult for simple people like us to comprehend eternal life with the Lord. It is so wonderful to sleep on a satisfied pillow and to be able to meditate and talk with Jesus at any given moment for any length of time.

I am sure that Legion told Jesus of the lonely, miserable, rainy and cold nights he spent screaming through the cemetery. I am certain that he sobbed and told of the breakdowns, mistakes and tragedies that had brought him to this point of death in his life. I am sure that he told him of children, family and friends that had been alienated because of things he did and did not do.

You can tell the Lord everything. He is the only one that really understands your background and the pressures you were under when you did what you did. He understands all of the circumstances that led you from where you were to where you are at this very moment. Legion in His one-on-one first-time conversation surely told all.

DEALING WITH PIGGY PEOPLE

It would be unfair to stop here and say everyone lived happily ever after, because this is not the way it is. When Legion looked around there were hostile people from the city gathered there watching him talk with Jesus. The Bible says, “ ... they were taken with great fear ...” (Luke 8:27)

The people in Gadara did not understand spiritual warfare and neither do the people in your town. Most were more concerned with their beach being contaminated with dead stinking hogs than they were with a man being delivered from demon possession and going back into society. Most wanted Jesus out of town and you can believe it or not, but that is the attitude of almost every hamlet, village, city and metropolis of this world. They did not accept him then, and things are no different this very moment. The real bad part is, most people are not going to change. Instead of having devils on the inside, Legion was fighting them on the outside. He got that lonely feeling that all Christians have in their bosom. Suddenly you are in a world that doesn't want you nor your Lord either. You want to get out of town with Jesus and you start asking questions about it. You want to get away from the piggy people.

there with Jesus and a misunderstanding world was looking on. He wasn't in the most

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comfortable spot on the outside, but he had the most comfortable spot on the inside.

'JESUS SENT' WHERE DEMONS WENT

The scripture says Legion, “ ... besought him that he might be with him; but Jesus sent him away, saying, ‘Return to thine own house, and show how great things God hath done unto the’...” (Luke 8:38 KJV)

As Jesus and His men untied their boat and pushed away from the shore I am sure that Legion probably watched and waved until the silhouette of their sails disappeared over the horizon. As he walked calmly through the dusk cemetery on his way back to town, he undoubtedly lifted his arms to Heaven in thankfulness to God for sending His son to set him free. Tears flowed freely as he went to his home where his children could hug him again. He wrapped his arms around his wife and told her he had met Jesus. He went to his mother and father’s house and told them their prayers had been answered; that God had saved his soul and that Jesus had sent him to tell everyone what He had done.

Legion went to church and told the pastor what the Lord had done in his life and that he was ready to be baptized and go to work. He went down where the piggy people were cleaning the dead hogs from the water’s edge and pitched in helping them to bury them in the dirt. He went to the stinky part of town and testified of God’s wonderful power setting his mind free and bringing him out of the graveyard. He told the same people that were afraid and had asked Jesus to leave town of the great miracle in his life and of the love that Jesus had for them.

He went to the clothing store and bought some new clothes and testified about his life-changing encounter with a man from Heaven.

He walked the streets, he went into bars and he talked to his old friends; his eyes were lit up. Legion was full of joy. The Bible says, “ ... he went all through the city telling everyone about Jesus’ mighty miracle.” (Luke 8:39 Living Bible)

Tears streamed down Legion’s cheeks as he told of his cemetery bondage and tombstone living. He described his last horror scream as his naked and cut body twisted in the graveyard dirt. He told about the sun setting and Jesus stepping on his shore and into his world. As he described the warmth of God’s delivering love he could see the same light of love coming into the eyes of his listeners. I don’t think the song was around, but if it had been he could have been singing:

I love to tell the story
It will be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love

When I think about this story, I find myself crying, too. It is impossible to have a brush with Jesus and not be broken to tears; to know the Lord and His goodness and to be humbled and longing to submit to His will and way.

I heard a story the other day that I had heard years ago and forgotten. It was about two men who met riding on a train. As they were talking, the older man sitting glued to the window of the rail car, was telling his life story. He said that he was just released from prison where he had spent twenty-five years of his life. He was so bitter while serving his time that he never answered mail nor did he ever allow his family or friends to visit, no matter how many times they tried. He said that he did not even know if they were alive or dead. All communications had been cut off.

Then he said, "When I learned for sure that I was being released, I wrote them a letter. I told them if they still cared and if they would forgive me for my hate and my crimes, to tie a yellow ribbon on the old oak tree that is in the front yard of our old home place. This train goes by my old home place and we will be passing there in just a few minutes. I told them I would be on this train."

The old farm and the oak tree began to come into focus. As the train rumbled near the sight he could see the yellow ribbons. It looked as though one was tied on every branch from top to bottom. The family had gathered and everyone from the smallest toddler to the grandfather were standing at the tree. They were all waving with both hands. All was forgiven; the road to home was clear and paved with love.

A story like this can touch your heart. It is so good to know that you are loved and forgiven by your loved ones, no matter what. I also know about another story, and it describes a deeper forgiveness and love.

There was a tree outside of Jerusalem many years ago. The piggy people of this world placed a perfect man from Heaven on this old cross. With nails driven through His hands and feet, His body writhed with pain as His blood trickled down the center post and into the earth. This for the sins of Legion, myself, you, and the multitudes of this whole world.

Today, the cross is empty and in a different place. It is planted in the front yard of our heart and our train is passing by. It is loaded with the ribbons of God's wonderful love. Love for the piggy people. Piggy people like Legion, like me, like you and like the man riding the train; piggy people that have misunderstood the depths and the wonders of God's love for man. Piggy people that have asked Jesus to leave the premises of their heart and then returned to their stench knowing that he was the only miracle that could deliver their soul from the hell and torment that Satan has injected into their souls.

Legion was a Jesus-sent preacher and so is anyone else that experiences this new birth and the dynamo power of God's Holy Spirit. The same demons that tormented Legion through the miserable nights and days are the same ones that cast a cloud of fear and misunderstanding over the ones that ran Jesus out of town. They are the same ones that are wrecking our homes and are in our streets. They are ones that are turning our young people into prostitutes and drug addicts. They are the ones turning the hearts of the older into bitterness and regret. They are the ones that are bringing terror to our nation, to our world and most of all to our hearts. They are the same ones that talk to you and tell you not to pray, study your Bible or attend a worship service. They are the ones that tell you that you are losing your mind and there is no hope for any tranquility or peace for your soul. They are the ones that tell you that your Bible will not help you and that praying is a waste of time.

There are times that I want to get out of Dodge and head for Heaven, but the time just isn't quite right. There are too many good people that are living on the piggy side of life and need every word of encouragement they can get. There is too much misunderstanding about Jesus and the only ones that can help to clear up this kind of thinking is real live Legions that have tasted the horrors of hell and then been delivered. This is my kind of crowd. I'm a piggy preacher trying to tell piggy people of a better life.

Our resumes do not need diplomas and degrees. What we need is a certified heart of deliverance from the cemeteries and the hog pens of life. When the folks in Jerusalem saw Peter and John they stared in amazement. They saw that they were ignorant and unlearned men; but they saw something else. The Bible says, "...They took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." (Acts 4:13) When Legion started preaching on the streets of Gadara He did not have to present His ordination papers or pass an examination by a church deacon committee. He was lit up with a fire the King of Kings had built in His soul while in the cemetery sitting in the sand at his feet.

Today we can do the same thing. It doesn't matter where your Gadara is and it doesn't matter how far down the hill you have gone. It doesn't matter that you have screamed all night in horror and if every devil in hell has camped on the altar of your heart. It doesn't matter if you have failed every friend and family you have ever had. It doesn't matter if you have lied until your mother will not believe you or if you have been drunk for thirty years. Jesus will come to your town and into your tombs. He has a way of speaking the word and making the devil leave the premises forever.

THE PAST VS. THE FUTURE

There is something very conspicuous about this story in the Bible. There are many details that are not revealed. The Bible does not tell when Legion got off track and ran his life awry, but it

does tell when he twisted in the sand at the feet of Jesus and got it straight again. It doesn't tell how he got started on the road that drove him crazy and made him scream in the night, but it does tell who spoke peace to his soul so he would never do it again.

It doesn't tell the when, where and the why he lost his mind, but it does tell the who, when and the where that he got it back again.

It doesn't tell who he was talking to that told him to move from home to the cemetery, but it does tell who he talked to that told him to leave the cemetery and go back home.

GOD CATCHES AMNESIA

I know it may sound outlandish but the God that loves us has terrible memory lapses about certain things. He had one with Legion and He will have one with us. When it was time for the Holy Spirit to write the story of Legion and some question came up about his past; heaven stonewalled it. There is a sea of forgetfulness where our past is planted. It is guarded with angels and surrounded with "No Fishing" signs. Nobody gets in and no sin gets out. They are locked in as far as the east is from the west and covered with Calvary's blood. They will be there for a million forevers.

The scriptures proclaim, "I will write my laws into their minds so that they will always know my will, and I will put my laws in their hearts so that they will want to obey them." And He adds, "I will never again remember their sins and lawless deeds." (Hebrew 10:16 & 17 Living Bible). Some years ago I read a story about an elderly couple that had lost their only child, a son, in an airplane crash. He was a fighter pilot in the military and had been honored many times for his service. He was and always had been a very good boy and a fine young man. The mother and dad were reminiscing one night about how they had enjoyed their son. They were being thankful to have had him for the time he was theirs and discussing what a loss it was for them to bear.

The mom asked the dad at what point in his life did he feel his deepest most tender love for his son. Was it when they went fishing together for the very first time, or to the first ball game or maybe it was that time when he took him to town and bought a new bicycle for his birthday?

After a few minutes of thought the dad replied. "It wasn't any of those. I loved him at all times, but it really wasn't in the good times that I loved him most. When I loved him most was when he had disobeyed me, I don't even remember what the issue was, but I do remember him coming to me and telling me how sorry he was. We hugged each other and cried ... we were never any closer than we were in those moments."

None of us have probably lived as good as this young man had lived, but the love from our

Lord is even stronger than he and his dad experienced. In our darkest and most frustrating guilt-filled hour

... God loves us most. We can fall into His arms and our sins will be forgiven and forgotten. The only thing He remembers is us and the hug.

Legion did, and he went home. Not home for a lifetime; home forever. He went home where the good and the good feeling is on the inside ... for eternity.

IN REVIEW

What is the lesson for our life? Why was this story recorded for us to read and learn from? Can we make progress this very moment?

- Number one ... Things can start out good and turn into a havoc of hell. You can be well and happy and drift from there to screaming in the cemetery. There is no security outside of the Lord.
- Number two, small everyday decisions are eternal decisions. Don't forget to whisper a prayer. take time to reflect, to lift your hands and give thanks. Remember the Word ... go to church. It may be just what you need.
- Number three ... Remember the window. One day and at one moment, Jesus happens upon your heart. Don't misunderstand the one that loves you more than you know ... start a dialogue at His feet.
- Number four ... Go home. The ribbons are hanging on the tree and the cross. Tell your loved ones you met the Lord. Get back into family hugging.
- Number five ... Love the piggy people. That is what we all are. We need Jesus, not a sea filled with dead hogs and hearts filled with misunderstanding.
- Number six ... Forget the past. God has amnesia when it comes to forgiven sins. If we can forget everything else, why not our past failures and sins? Give them to Jesus.
- Number seven. Last but not least ... God's deepest love is in our deepest hurt and confusion. He forgets the hell and remembers the hug. He loves us more than we will ever know. He has great plans and we are in them all!

CLOSING PRAYER

Heavenly Father, thank you for sending Legion to tell the piggy people of your love. Thank you for this word that is in my hands; words of your great and unlimited love that tell me I am welcome

back to the family. Forgive me of mistakes, failures, shortcomings and most of all for my sins and ignorance of your love and way. My sins are too heavy for me to carry so I give them to you. Jesus, be my Lord ... right now ... tomorrow ... and forever. I give my all to you. I offer myself for your service ... as you wrap me in your arms.

- Amen