



BRANDON PICKETT



bpickett@sbcv.org



facebook.com/brandon.pickett

How Desperate Are You?

Have you ever had this happen to you? One minute you are walking side by side with your young child in a store or mall, and the next, you look, and they are gone. I remember that happened to me. My heart dropped. My heart started racing. I called their name, scanned the aisles, rushed past strangers—nothing else mattered. I didn't care if I looked ridiculous or if people stared. I was desperate to find my child. Praise the Lord, we found each other pretty quickly. But there are times when I think about that kind of desperation—deep, raw, urgent ... and think, do I have the kind of desperation for Jesus? That is exactly what we see in Scripture when people go after Jesus.

In Mark 10 and Luke 18, a blind man named Bartimaeus sits by the road (where he probably sits every day begging for his life). There's a huge crowd all around Jesus. But when Bartimaeus hears that Jesus is coming by, he immediately cries out, "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me!" The crowd tries to shush him, to keep him quiet, but rather than listen to them or shrink back ... he yells all the louder! Why? Because when you're desperate, you don't worry about what others think. You know Jesus is your only hope—and you cry out with all you've got.

When Jesus called for him, Bartimaeus threw aside his coat, jumped up, and came to Jesus. Can you sense his desperation? When Jesus asked him what he wanted him to do, Bartimaeus didn't hesitate, "I want to see!" When Jesus told him his faith had healed him, the Bible tells us, instantly, he could see!

Jesus hears your cry. He knows your heart.

That same desperation is in the woman with the issue of blood. She's tried everything for twelve years, and nothing has worked. Think of the doctors and the medicine and money and the time and the incredible disappointment that she's been through. But when she hears that Jesus is passing through, she knows this is her only shot at healing. Is she passive?

No way! She pushes through the crowd just to touch the edge of His robe. Jesus stops, turns, and she is healed—not because she followed a formula, but because she reached out in absolute faith.

Think about the friends who carried a paralyzed man to Jesus. When they couldn't get through the front door because of the crowds, they climbed the roof, tore it open, and lowered him down right in front of Jesus. That's bold. That's persistent. That's desperation.

In every case, desperation leads to a breakthrough. Not the kind of desperation that's hopeless or panicked—but the kind that refuses to give up. The kind that says, "Jesus, I need You. I can't do this without You. I won't be silent, and I won't stop until You move."

This is why church planters leave the comfort of a job or their hometown or a ministry and start a work in a new place where people are desperate.

This is why churches send men and women from the place they've grown up and lived their whole lives to live and minister somewhere they've never been, to share the Gospel with people who are desperate.

This is why we as churches join together to pray, give, send, and go—to make sure those who are desperate know that they are not alone. That the creator of the universe is so concerned with their situation that out of His great love, He sent His one and only Son.

And on a more personal note ... just like I searched with everything in me to find my child, God responds to those who desperately search for Him. He's not annoyed by our cries. He's not too busy or too distant. He hears, He stops, He turns, and He meets us right where we are.

So go ahead—cry out. Reach for Him. Tear the roof off, because Jesus honors the heart that's desperate for Him.. ■