

P106

Grace Notes Program
SERIES: INTIMACY with GOD
TITLE: The Unforgiveness Barrier
SONGS: CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART
SECRET PLACE

Welcome to 'Grace Notes' brought to you by Sandbek Concert Ministries. Barbara has a special message to share with you today. So stay as she continues her series 'INTIMACY WITH GOD' with 'The unforgiveness barrier'. Ask God to prepare your heart, as Barbara sings the Psalmist David's prayer from Psalm 51.

******* WRITER: Brown Banister**
**** CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART ** LENGTH: 2:24**

Create in me a clean heart O Lord my God
And renew a right spirit within me.
Create in me a clean heart O lord my God
And renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from Your presence O Lord.
Take not Your Holy Spirit from me.
Restore to me the joy of Thy Salvation - O Lord
And renew a right spirit within me.

Create in me a clean heart O Lord my God
And renew a right spirit within me.
Create in me a clean heart O lord my God
And renew a right spirit within me - within me.

What I have to say today, I say in all due respect for my father.

Father's Day used to be a hard day for me. I respected my father greatly, but I didn't really know him. Our relationship was nil. The only words I remembered hearing directed to me when I was growing up, were critical ones. My mom told me that he'd often brag about my accomplishments to others, but I never heard it.

Every year, I'd go to the greeting card counter to buy a card for him and I'd cry. I really wanted to be able to buy a mushy one that said, 'You're everything I ever hoped for in a dad', but I couldn't bring myself to do it. I didn't feel that way. And out of respect for his care of me, I couldn't buy a generic 'Have a great day' one either. It was tough.

When dad was diagnosed with leukemia, feelings I had long since tucked away resurfaced. Dale and I had been married for over 20 years by that time. One day as I was driving, a song came on the radio that talked about the 'secret place' you have in your heart where you don't want to go. I had felt a real barrier in my relationship with the Lord and I hadn't been able to identify what it was. I asked God to reveal my secret place to me. In my spirit he said that I still hadn't forgiven my dad. I was blaming all the things I couldn't accomplish on him. I almost ran off the road.

I can't say that it was an instant transformation. In fact it took almost two years to work through that. God showed me that the reason why dad didn't demonstrate verbal and physical love to me was because he didn't know how to. He had not received it from his parents and was even told by them that he was never wanted.

God then helped me to forgive the past omissions and to see a different aspect of love he had demonstrated. He was a good provider - we always had the best he could afford. He was a fine example of ministering for the Lord, as he took our family to prisons, missions and churches, where we sang and he preached.

During this time God gave me a poem as I struggled to feel what I thought I should feel for my dying father.

FEELINGS I CAN'T FEEL

By Barbara Sandbek

***I tried to say those words today
and mean it from my heart...
I couldn't.***

***There's nothing there...I just can't care.
I know you need my love...
I'm sorry.***

***Why didn't we have a relationship
the kind I envy so...
Was it you?
Why didn't we ever enjoy each other,
spend time together...
Was it me?***

***I yearn to have the memories
that warm my thoughts of you...
I don't.***

***I never felt a loving hug...
heard you say, "Well done"...or felt approved.
Never knew what it was like
to see you smile...when I came in a room.
Never sat upon your knee...
heard you cheer...when I brought home good grades.
Missed those dad and daughter times...
others tell...but I can only dream.***

***Did my expectations far exceed
all that they should have been?...
I wonder...***

***Should I've been satisfied with less
or just have given more?...
Could be...***

***It's hard to live on 'Should have beens'
or pine for 'Could have beens'...
It hurts.***

***'Cause 'Have beens' only serve defeat
for those who cling to them...
I KNOW.***

***Love's not a feeling..it's a choice.
God chose to give His love when He gave Christ.
He died for us before we cared
to provide for our forgiveness..undeserved!***

SO....

***If we don't choose to forgive and forget
the things that were omitted
WE LOSE.***

Dad lived through eight 'bedside goodbyes' before he finally went home to be with the Lord. As I went to his bedside for each 'call of the family', I wanted so very much to extend to him the love expected of a daughter for her dying father, but all I could feel was an obligatory love.

I shared this poem with a friend. She said that as she read it, she received a message from the Lord for me. I felt freedom from this, her response...

**My dear child,
the love you never received
from your earthly father
may never come,
Nor may the feeling that
you so much desire,
to 'love' him
as you feel Jesus would.
Do not look for something special -
I know your heart -
I know that you have willed to forgive,
even as I instructed you.
Agape love does dwell in your heart
by the Holy Spirit.
I do not ask of you the impossible.
I see my Son when I look at you -
His righteousness,
His love,
His forgiveness.
IT IS ENOUGH.
I love you,
Abba Father**

I felt no bitterness towards him. I had stopped blaming him for things I was insecure about, or couldn't do. But deep inside me, I still wanted to know he loved and accepted me.

After his stroke, he was moved to a nursing home where I would visit him weekly. He was unable to speak, but could understand what was going on. He communicated solely with his eyes.

It was the Christmas season and mom asked if I would sing for the residents. The day before, as I was meditating, the Lord spoke to my heart saying, "You must talk to your dad about your feelings". I immediately responded, "But Lord, it's not necessary. You've helped me resolve it. Besides, he can't respond. It wouldn't be fair. What good would it do?"

But, His words remained. As I began to entertain the thought, I figured that maybe he needed a blessing from me before he died. I could certainly do that. "Ok, Lord...I will".

The day was here. Mom and I always went together because it was more comfortable for me. Some days he would really be out of it, so we'd just rub his hand, pray for him, and talk to each other while he rested. This day he was stark awake. When we went into the room, mom said she was going to leave me alone with him for awhile so we could talk. (Funny...I hadn't told her what I'd planned to do.)

I knew I couldn't get emotional because I had to sing later. I started out with one of those stupid statements you never want to say..."Dad, I know I've probably waited too long to say this". A lump formed in my throat! Keeping it in check, I continued by describing all the good things the Lord had reminded me that he had done. This felt right. I'm not sure he knew what to make of it. I stopped, thinking this was all I needed to do, but the Lord prompted with. "You're not finished". Ok, here goes..."But, I just want to know one thing, dad....are you proud of me?...are you proud of me?"

His eyes were searching my face now, almost as if he were surprised. He opened his mouth and said CLEARLY..."I'M PROUD OF YOU."

He never spoke again.

God knew what I needed. He gave me closure to a life-long desire I was willing to leave unfulfilled, through a miracle.

In the months that followed before his death, I learned more about the man I called dad. He had changed in the years after I was out of the house, and I was able to see it. Though I could never go back to experience the childhood kind of love I missed, I was able to love him in an adult way. God truly gave me a Godly heritage.

Over the years, I've met many people who have had hurtful relationships. Some are still enslaved by an unforgiving spirit.

I believe, from experience, that until we're willing to forgive those who've hurt us, we will never enter into a true understanding of God's forgiveness of our transgression against Him. This is because EXPERIENTIAL forgiveness awaits those who have partaken of it through participation.

We can't expect our relationship with God to be all it can be unless we're willing to open up our hearts and let Him reveal those secret things and then turn them over to him to heal. I want to sing for you now the song that changed my life. As I sing it, ask yourself the question..

"Is there a place in your heart, where even you won't go?"

******* WRITER: Steve Chapman**

**** SECRET PLACE *** LENGTH: 3:16**

VERSE 1:

**A heart is like a house
One day I let the Savior in.
There are many rooms
Where we would visit now and then.
But then one day He saw that door.
I knew the day had come too soon.
I said Jesus I'm not ready
For us to visit in that room.**

CHORUS 1:

**'Cause that's a place in my heart
Where even I don't go.
I have some things hidden there
I don't want no one to know
But He handed me the key
With tears of love on His face
He said "I wanna made ya clean
Let me go in your secret place."**

VERSE 2:

**So I opened up the door
And as the two of us walked in
I was so ashamed
His light revealed my hidden sin.
But when I think about that room now
I'm not afraid anymore
'Cause I know my hidden sin
No longer hides behind that door.**

CHORUS 2:

**It was a place in my heart
Where even I wouldn't go.
I had some things hidden there
I didn't want no one to know.
But he handed me the key
With tears of love on His face.
He made me clean
I let Him in my secret place.
Is there a place in your heart - where even you won't go?**

**Thank you for joining the program.
Barbara would love to hear from you. You can write to her at
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Or contact her through the website www.gracenotesradio.com.**

For a copy of this program send \$7.00 and ask for program 106.

Join us next time. We'll continue our discussion on INTIMACY with GOD.