

GNITN

#1,116

Tears Tonight, Joy Tomorrow

Having A Bad Day

As I was praying for a message for this podcast, I was struck by how blessed I am. Now that may not seem to be an earthshattering thing for many of us, but according to many around the world just existing for one more day with just the basics for themselves and their loved ones is a huge struggle. Interestingly, when asked, people living in the poorest areas responded with the highest number of good attitudes while those in more affluent areas tended to have worse attitudes. A *Pew Research* [poll](#) confirms this:

It may sound surprising, but many of those in the poorer countries surveyed were more likely than those in richer nations to say the day was a good one. When looking at this question by national income, there is a slightly negative correlation between saying the day is a good one and per capita GDP. The U.S. is a major outlier on this measure. It has the highest GDP per capita among the countries surveyed and Americans were more likely to rate a day as particularly good than people in other rich nations. Still, in almost all these countries, the most common response to this question is that the day was just “typical.”

The poll doesn't try to explain why this paradox seems to be happening. But I'm pretty sure it has more to do with what is happening in these people than what is happening to them.

It Could Be Worse

But that doesn't mean every day is perfect. Here is the [story](#) of a person who had a day that really went sideways:

Bryan Heiss lives in Provo, Utah. One day during 1982, he awoke to find a leak in the ceiling of his apartment. The water was dripping in his face, so he jumped out of bed and called his landlord to see what could be done about the problem. When he stood up, he splashed in the water that was already gathering on the carpet. His landlord told him to quickly rent a water vacuum.

Bryan tore down the flight of stairs to get in his car to go rent a wet vac, but he discovered that all four of his tires on his car were flat. He went back upstairs, reached for the phone, and was shocked so severely it nearly knocked him down. Bryan then shouted for a friend and asked him for help.

When he got back downstairs, Bryan found that someone had stolen his car. He knew it didn't have much gas, so he and his friend walked a few blocks, found the car, pushed it to a service station, and put gas in the tank and air in the tires.

Bryan later returned home and went upstairs to get dressed for an ROTC graduation ceremony he had scheduled that night. He donned his uniform and tried to get out of the house, but the water had caused the door to swell in its frame. He had to scream until someone could come and kick in the door from the outside.

When he finally jumped in his car, he immediately realized that he'd sat on his bayonet, which he had carelessly left in the driver's seat. Bryan was taken to the hospital for some very strategic surgery.

Let's pause for a second. You'd think that would be a good place to end this story, right? At this point, I just want to say, "And Bryan spent the night at the hospital and got a fresh start the next day," but that's not the end of this poor dude's day.

Friends took him home, and when Bryan opened the door, he saw that falling plaster had toppled the cage of his prized pet canaries, killing all of them. As he ran to the birds, across the wet carpet, he slipped. He hurt his back so badly he had to be taken to the hospital...again.

By this time a newspaper reporter caught up with Bryan and asked, "Mr. Heiss, how can you explain all of this happening to one person in a single day?"

Bryan answered, "It looked like God was trying to kill me, but He kept missing."

A Really Bad Day

In the Bible we read about a [time](#) where things got extremely difficult:

Some time later, Ben-Hadad king of Aram mobilized his entire army and marched up and laid siege to Samaria. ²⁵ There was a great famine in the city; the siege lasted so long that a donkey's head sold for eighty shekels^[a] of silver, and a quarter of a cab^[b] of seed pods^[c] for five shekels.^[d] ²⁶ As the king of Israel was passing by on the wall, a woman cried to him, "Help me, my lord the king!" ²⁷ The king replied, "If the Lord does not help you, where can I get help for you? From the threshing floor? From the winepress?" ²⁸ Then he asked her, "What's the matter?" She answered, "This woman said to me, 'Give up your son so we may eat him today, and tomorrow we'll eat my son.' ²⁹ So we cooked my son and ate him. The next day I said to her, 'Give up your son so we may eat him,' but she had hidden him." ([2 Kings 6:24-29, NIV](#))

Now that is one depressing story, right? Instead of crying out to God unfortunately, the king blamed God and wanted to kill the prophet, Elisha. However, God gave them a word they couldn't believe:

Elisha replied, "Hear the word of the Lord. This is what the Lord says: About this time tomorrow, a seah^[a] of the finest flour will sell for a shekel^[b] and two seahs^[c] of barley for a shekel at the gate of Samaria." ² The officer on whose arm the king was leaning said to the man of God, "Look, even if the Lord should open the floodgates of the heavens, could this happen?" "You will see it with your own eyes," answered Elisha, "but you will not eat any of it!" ([2 Kings 7:1-2, NIV](#))

Without going into the details, four men with leprosy were outside the city and basically decided that rather than die in the city they would take their chances with the enemy army and went to them in the morning. What they found was the enemy camp deserted since God had put fear in them and they left without taking anything with them during the night. These four men then informed the king, and everyone ran to get all the food they needed along with a lot of silver, gold, and good clothes. It all changed in one day (see [2 Kings 7:3-20](#)).

But God

You could be having a day like Bryan Heiss or these two mothers in the Bible. I don't know. The circumstances can vary, but I do know that God doesn't change. Just like he changed the circumstances of the Samaritans, He can intervene for you. Will it happen overnight? Maybe. Will it be as dramatic as God causing the enemy army to flee for their lives? I don't know, but things are always better when God is allowed to do what only He can. I leave you with what my father-in-law calls a good ghost story which in his vernacular is a Holy Ghost story. It was close to Christmas like it is now and they had no money to buy gifts. They took a Sears catalog and cut

out pictures of presents they were going to give to each other. It was snowing that night and they heard a knock on the door. My father-in-law went to see who it was and all he saw was a box, but no footprints in the freshly fallen snow. How did the box get there? And what was in it? He opened the box and he saw a lot of five-dollar bills, more than enough to have a very Merry Christmas after all. They had one of the best Christmas experiences ever and it was all because the Father of all good things honored their faith in Him. They never, not for a moment got mad at Him for their lack of finances. And that's my message to you as well. If your circumstances are dire now, hopeless, helpless and bereft of joy, lean into God harder than ever before. Rather than tell you exactly how He will move I'll get out of His way and let Him do the miraculous. It might be a gentle breeze of care or a strong gust of love, but I do know He will show up. Here is how the psalmist encourages us:

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy comes in the morning. (Ps 30:5, AMPC)

Hang on for one more day my friend. You might have cried yourself to sleep but joy truly does come in the morning.