

Oh my Father



*By Margaretha Tierney
Remnant Messages
P. O. Box 378
Ararat, VIC 3377
Australia*

*Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that
keep the commandments of God, and the faith of
Jesus.
Revelation 14:12*

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Oh my Father

I praise you that I am Your child. You know all about me.

You know when I sit down, and when I stand up. During the night when I am asleep, You are thinking about me. If I could count the times You had me in mind, it would be more than the grains of sand in the sea.

Father, You even know my thoughts. Before I speak, You understand what I am going to say. You know what is in my mind and heart. It is too wonderful for me

If I went up to heaven, You would be there. If I am buried in the grave, You are there. If I could fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, or swim to the depths of the sea, You would still be with me. If I tried to flee from You, Your Presence would be there. Even if I tried to hide in the blackness of night, I would be seen, for darkness and light are the same to You; the night shines as bright as day.

Oh my Father, no matter where I go, I know You will lead me, for Your Spirit is everywhere, seeing, hearing, knowing, watching, leading, and loving me.

I praise you for I am fearfully and wonderfully made. Even before I was born, you loved me. When I was a baby, a small child, an adolescent, a young person, you watched over me. Now I am older, and you still care about me. ¹

But Lord, I want to know more about You.

Why did You love me even before I was born? You knew I would fail to live according to the high standard of Your holy law.

Even now my heart is wayward. I do not want it to be, but I still struggle with the flesh. I still struggle with pride. I still take too long to surrender. You knew this, even before the world was created, and yet You still thought of me conceived and formed in my mother's womb. You still wanted me brought forth.

No wonder the apostle John said 'God is love'. You must be love itself. ²

I think of that council way back in eternity when You and Your Son covenanted to redeem mankind if sin should arise. Yes, I know you are omniscient and know all things, but it is wonderful to think You had already made provision to save me. ³

I am awed to think that the God of the universe would promise to give His own dear Son as a sacrifice for guilty man! What love is this! And then Your Son, begotten in Your image, freely volunteered to become that substitute. I have never known such love. ⁴

Father, I want to understand more about this kind of love, a love that even found it difficult to decide between a human being not yet born, and Your only begotten Son whose glorious presence you could see and rejoice in every moment. ⁵

I want to know more of Your Son too. What love He must have had to be willing to leave the magnificence of heaven to take upon His divinity human nature. And not even humanity in the perfection of Adam, but human nature that had experienced degeneration for four thousand years of sin. ⁶

Your Son left the realms of glory to suffer the hunger, thirst and tiredness I experience. Not only that, but He was tempted in every way I am tempted, only more so. When I have been tempted in the past, I have resisted for a while, but then I gave in. But Your Son *never once* sold His integrity to the devil. He never sinned in His *entire* life. ⁷

Father, I want that kind of victory over sin.

I do not want to give Satan any advantage, and so I choose to keep the commandments because I love Jesus. ⁸ This is the desire of my heart. Help me to hold to it always.

I pray my ear will catch the distant music, and the shouts of victory in the heavenly courts.
⁹

My heart longs for the day when I will stand with all the redeemed on the sea of glass, and Jesus will place upon my head the crown of victory.¹⁰

Oh it makes my heart tremble just to think of it – Jesus will place a crown upon *my* head!

By faith I can see Him standing before me. His nail-scarred hands lift the jewelled crown in front on me, and with words of peace and love, He begins to place it upon my unworthy brow. I want to step back and say, ‘No Lord, not on my head’. He smiles and says, ‘You have gained the victory in my blood. Let it be so’.

Oh my Father, may it be so in that day.

Amen

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Adam and Eve had succumbed to the temptations of Satan, and fallen into sin. Now they were doomed to misery, sickness and death. “The whole family of Adam must die”.¹¹

Sorrow filled heaven

The countenance of the Son of God was marked with sympathy. He looked upon the angels; their anxiety was intense. Approaching the glorious light surrounding His Father’s throne, the Son quietly passed into its brilliance. Soon He was “in close converse with His Father”.¹²

Oh My Father

Our newly created children have fallen for Lucifer’s lies. They have eaten of the forbidden fruit.

My Father, we knew this would happen, and we made provision for the terrible emergency.
¹³ You agreed to send me to redeem them, to become part of the human race and take their penalty.

Father, may the promise be given to our sinful children?

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Quietly the Son left His Father’s presence. His face still showed sadness, and the angels wept in sympathy. No one spoke, but heart empathised with heart.

Again Christ entered the light surrounding His Father’s throne.

Oh My Father

These dear children have no way of escape. If left to their fate, they must die eternally. We created them in our image; they are our children. Our love for them is deep, but my Father, there is no other way. We must provide the remedy for sin.

Father, may I give them the promise of redemption through My blood?

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Again the angels see their Commander leave the presence of His Father. His countenance is still sorrowful. Angelic harps are silent; for the salvation of the human race is at stake.

Once again the Son returns to His Father's presence.

Oh My Father

I am willing to drink the bitter cup of humiliation for the human race. I know your heart aches, but Father, the penalty must be laid upon a divine-human substitute, and there is only the Son. No angel can pay the price....

Father, will you give the command that the Seed of the woman will bruise Satan's head?

Yes, I know.... there is the heel....

But Father, I am willing to bear the penalty. I will be oppressed and afflicted, wounded and bruised for their iniquities, but Your Spirit will sustain Me. I will be taken as a sheep to the slaughter. You will be close by Me in that hour. ¹⁴

Yet I will see the travail of My soul, and we shall be satisfied Father. ¹⁵ The victory will be won. The universe will be safe, for sin can *never* rise again. ¹⁶

Yes Father.... I will give the command that our fallen children may have hope.

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When the Son of God came from the presence of the Father the third time, "His countenance was calm, free from all perplexity and trouble, and shone with benevolence and loveliness, such as words cannot express. ¹⁷

"Said the angel, 'Think ye that the Father yielded up His dearly beloved Son without a struggle? No, no. It was even a struggle with the God of Heaven, whether to let guilty man perish, or to give His beloved Son to die for them'." ¹⁸

The plan of redemption was opened up to the angels, and nothing was concealed from them. At first they could not rejoice, but being assured that the death of God's Son would not only redeem man, but destroy Satan, they were comforted. After their Commander had explained everything, He bade them be reconciled to the plan, for it had been accepted by the Father.

"Then joy, inexpressible joy, filled Heaven. And the heavenly host sang a song of praise and adoration. They touched their harps and sang a note higher than they had done before, for the great mercy and condescension of God in yielding up His dearly Beloved to die for a race of rebels." ¹⁹

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Abraham was facing the greatest trial of his life. He had spent a difficult night in prayer, and now he was on his way to Moriah. That first day was the longest he had ever experienced. It "dragged slowly to its close. While his son and the young men were sleeping, he spent the night in prayer, still hoping that some heavenly messenger might come to say that the trial was enough, that the youth might return unharmed to his mother...." ²⁰

Oh my Father

I cannot understand Your command. It seems contrary to everything I know about You. You are asking me to take Isaac, my only-begotten son, and sacrifice him as I would an animal. ²¹

Yet Your words are very specific. You did not say to take my son Ishmael. You said to take my son, my 'only son Isaac'. I do not want to make a mistake, but is it really You Father who is asking me to sacrifice the young lad?

Isaac is my pride and joy. Yes, I love Ishmael, but Isaac is special. He is the son of my old age. He is the son of my wife Sarah.

Oh my Father, Are you really asking me to sacrifice my son Isaac, my beloved son Isaac.....

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“But no relief came to his tortured soul. Another long day, another night of humiliation and prayer, while ever the command that was to leave him childless was ringing in his ears. Satan was near to whisper doubts and unbelief, but Abraham resisted his suggestions. As they were about to begin the journey of the third day, the patriarch, looking northward, saw the promised sign, a cloud of glory hovering over Mount Moriah, and he knew that the voice which had spoken to him was from heaven”.²²

‘Abide ye here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you’.²³

Abraham laid the wood upon Isaac, and he carried the knife and the fire. Together they ascended the mountain.²⁴

“Even now Abraham did not murmur against God, but strengthened his soul by dwelling upon the evidences of the Lord’s goodness and faithfulness.... Looking beyond that which was seen, Abraham grasped the divine word, ‘according that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead’.²⁵

Suddenly Isaac asked the question.

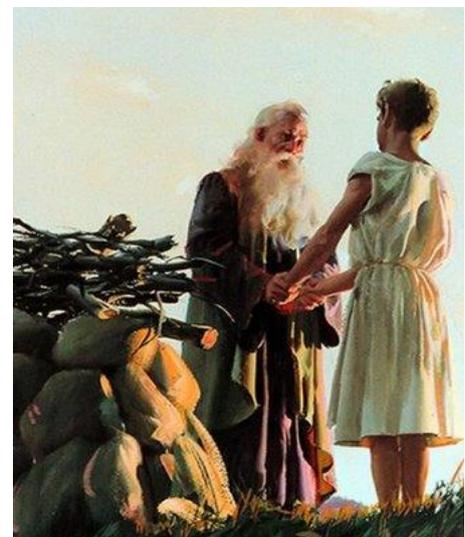
‘My father, behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?’²⁶

“O what a test was this! How the endearing words ‘my father’, pierced Abraham’s heart! Not yet – he could not tell him now.

‘My son’, he said, ‘God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt offering’.”²⁷

When they arrived at the appointed place, Abraham, with trembling voice, began to reveal the divine message to his son. “It is with terror and amazement that Isaac learned his fate, but he offered no resistance... and as the purpose of God was opened before him, he yielded a willing submission.”²⁸

Isaac was a sharer in Abraham’s faith.



Tenderly the final preparations were performed, the last tears shed, and as the father raised the knife, a voice from heaven called, ‘Abraham, Abraham. Lay not thine hand upon the lad....’ The test had ended. Looking about, the old man sees a ram caught in a thicket. He brings the new victim and offers it instead of his son.²⁹

Heavenly beings had witnessed the scene on Mount Moriah. They had watched as the faith of Abraham and the submission of Isaac were tested. They saw Abraham's unfaltering obedience and applauded his fidelity." 30

"And the Scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the gospel unto Abraham..." 31

This "most agonizing sacrifice" that Abraham was called to make was to be a "figure" or 'type' of the promise of God in sending His only Son. 32 Jesus said to the Jews, "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see My day, and he saw it, and was glad." 33

"It had been difficult for the angels to grasp the mystery of redemption – to comprehend that the Commander of heaven, the Son of God, must die for guilty man.

When the command was given to Abraham to offer up his son, the interest of all heavenly beings was enlisted. With intense earnestness they watched each step in the fulfilment of this command. When to Isaac's question, 'Where is the lamb for a burnt offering?' Abraham made answer, '**God will provide Himself a lamb**'; and when the father's hand was stayed as he was about to slay his son, and the ram which God had provided was offered in the place of Isaac – then light was shed upon the mystery of redemption, and even the angels understood more clearly the wonderful provision that God had made for man's salvation. 34

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Jesus had spent the evening of Passover with His disciples. They had sung a hymn, and made their way over the brook Cedron to the Mount of Olives. Entering into the garden of Gethsemane, Jesus said to His disciples, 'Tarry ye here, and watch with Me'.

He then "staggered a short distance from them, and fell prostrate to the ground." 35

Oh My Father

The hour has come. My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. 36

Father, the weight of guilt.... It is so heavy....

If it be possible.....

Oh, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me..... never-the-less, not as I wilt, but as Thou wilt. 37

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Rising with painful effort, Jesus walks uneasily to the place where He had left His companions. They are sleeping, but awaken at the sound of His step. Sadly Jesus asks, 'Could ye not watch with Me one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.' 38

Again the Saviour is seized with a superhuman agony. Fainting and exhausted, He staggers back to the place of His former struggle. 39

Oh My Father

I am being separated from Your Presence..... the gulf is so broad, so black, so deep.... 40

Father.....

My Father, if this cup may not pass away from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done.... 41

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The conflict is terrible. Its measure is the guilt of a world lying in wickedness. “The sins of men weighed heavily upon Christ, and the sense of God’s wrath against sin was crushing out His life.”

42

Looking upon His disciples, Jesus finds them still sleeping, unmindful of their Saviour’s agony. He leaves them undisturbed, and goes back to His place of prayer.

Oh My Father

Your sentence of sin is upon Me. I now know the justice of divine wrath. Father, I am fearful My human nature will not endure the weight.....

I long for sympathy. I long for the companionship of My disciples. I need an intercessor for my soul. I long for Your face to shine upon Me.

Father.... I feel the unity between us breaking up.... I dread this separation from You.....

Oh my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me.....

I see the power of sin. The woes of a lost world come up before Me. I see its doom.... If the transgressors are left to themselves, they are helpless and lost. Father, I make my decision. 43

If this cup may not pass away from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done.

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Christ fell dying to the ground. Where were His disciples now?

He needed their sympathy and companionship. ‘The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak’.

44

God suffered with His Son, for it was His responsibility to place the sins of the world upon Christ. How the Father’s heart ached as He withdrew His Spirit – the Sin-Bearer must bear the weight Himself. He “trod the winepress alone...” 45

“He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth.... and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.... He hath put Him to grief, when Thou shalt make Him an offering for sin....” 46

Silent and heartsick, the angels watched as the Father separated His beams of light, love, and glory from His beloved Son. 47

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Suddenly footsteps are heard in the garden. Jesus says to His disciples, “Rise, let us be going; behold, he is at hand that doth betray Me.” 48

During the next nine hours, Jesus suffers the humiliation of an illegal trial -- scourging, buffeting, spitting. Finally the death penalty is pronounced for Christ’s own testimony that He is the Son of God. Early the next morning, Jesus is hurried outside the gates of Jerusalem to the place of the Skull. Here on Mount Moriah the Saviour of the world is crucified. 49

“The angels who witnessed the humiliation and soul anguish of the Son of God were not permitted to interpose, as in the case of Isaac. There was no voice to cry, ‘It is enough’. To save the fallen race, the King of glory yielded up His life.”⁵⁰

Six hours later, the Son of God was dead.⁵¹



Oh my Father

I cannot comprehend the sacrifice of Christ as I should. It is marvellous and wonderful, but my heart is so insensitive to the sufferings of My Saviour.

When I think of how much He suffered, I want to experience the sorrow of those who loved Him two thousand years ago. I want to shed tears of bitterness for the humiliation He experienced on the cross.

My feelings of sadness do not seem real enough. They do not do justice to the horrors of Christ’s sacrifice for me.

I want a new experience in these things.

And I want to know more of what You suffered Father. Your suffering has sometimes been forgotten, but You gave *Your Son*.

“God so loved the world, that He *gave His only-begotten Son.....*” – yes Father, You *gave* Your Son to the fallen race, not just to bear our sins, and die our sacrifice, but to retain His humanity forever.⁵² And His hands and feet will always bear the scars of His triumph over sin, never to be erased.⁵³

My mind cannot take it in.

And the risk of failure was immense. You could have lost Your Son for eternity.....⁵⁴

What a decision!

No wonder it took some time to decide. Abraham’s anguish was great, but how small our sphere of suffering when compared to Your mental torture Father!

Christ is Your only Son. I know You have a whole universe of created sons, but You have only One who is begotten in Your own image. Only One who is the same nature as Yourself; the very image of You.⁵⁵

Father, I want to be like Him. When He took humanity, You gave Him Your Spirit that He might represent You to this world.⁵⁶ I want that same power so that I too can rightly represent You in the world.

I want to be like Jesus.

I ask You now to fulfil the desire of Your Son that He will be in me, as You are in Him.⁵⁷ I long for the Spirit that was in Him to be in Me, for then it can be truly said, ‘Christ in me, the hope of glory’.⁵⁸

Bless this desire of my heart Father.

I praise You that Christ is alive. He lives, and is seated on the right hand of Your glorious throne, mediating between You and me.⁵⁹

Cover me with the blood Father, in the precious name of Jesus, Yeshua the Messiah.

Amen

I lay my sins on Jesus, The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees me
From the accursed load, From the accursed load.

I bring my guilt to Jesus, To wash my crimson stain
White in His blood most precious,
'Till not a stain remains, 'Till not a stain remains.

I long to be like Jesus, Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child, The Fathers holy child. 60

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