

Never give up on  
anyone—because  
God is longsuffering  
(10:20-21)

“How could He have called us if He had not been crucified, for it is only on the cross that a man dies with arms outstretched? Here, again, we see the fitness of His death and of those outstretched arms: it was that He might draw His ancient people with the one and the Gentiles with the other, and join both together in Himself.”

–Athanasius, *On the Incarnation*

Never give up on  
anyone—because  
God's grace is bigger  
than you think (11:1-6)

“The good news is that in becoming the minority in all countries, a remnant, the Church also becomes a world church in the true sense, bound to no culture, not even to the West of the old Christendom, by no means triumphant but rather a pilgrim church witnessing to a world in travail and yet a world to which it will appear ever stranger and more outlandish.”

–Walker Percy

But remember—God  
does harden in sin  
those who turn against  
him (11:7-10)

“When God hardens someone, he doesn’t create the hardness; he simply allows the person to go his or her own way. God hardens those he wants to harden. And all those whom he hardens want to be hardened.”

- Tim Keller

Still, never give up on  
anyone—because what  
you see now is not the  
end of the story of God's  
overflowing grace  
(11:11-16)

“It’s in the nature of grace that it never stops with us. It never stops at any boundary, any border of culture. It’s the nature of grace that it’s always reaching one group of people in order to reach another group of people.”

–Christopher Ash



# Prayer of Confession

Leader: O Lord, how clever and persistent I am in my attempts to intrude myself into the equation of grace.

I would even argue that it was something in me that you foresaw which prompted you to choose me.

I would argue my faith, my repentance, my yearning for you, as possible grounds for your choice of me.

All: But now I repudiate it all.

Why did I, a hardened rebel, surrender my sword to you,  
my rightful King?

How did I, a lost wanderer, find my way to your  
doorstep?

Did I reason my way into your grace?

Did I believe my way there?

All: Did I lift myself, fatally maimed, into your arms, my Great Physician?

No. It was your grace, and therefore your choice.

You alone framed the gracious plan according to which I have come to be yours.

You chose me for yourself, and now you are preserving me for yourself.

All: I yield fully to you, omnipotent Savior.

Only keep me faithful to yourself amid the filthy idols of this present evil age.

O God, preserve me from sin.

Lead me in the paths of righteousness, for your name's sake, all the way home.

In the holy name of Christ. Amen.