



No Wake Zone

Part 3 – All In

Shay Robbins

I'm excited to be here. Are you guys enjoying the No Wake Zone and your summer fun or what? What an appropriate series title. What an appropriate time of life to throttle back and really find our rest in the Lord.

While many people are using the summer to throttle back, in a lot of ways, the Robbins family, as well as a number of our Woodland Hills families are serving at Kanakuk Kamps during the summer. This time of year, while many are throttling back, Ashley and I are throttling forward because this is our big part of the year. My wife and I serve at K-1, which is our elementary camp. So, we have these six to eleven year olds.

Let me tell you, kids say the darndest things. We've been there for a month now. The first three weeks, we were getting camp ready and training our staff. Then about a week ago, we had our first batch of kids come in and there have been giggles and laughter across Taney Como and Table Rock for the last week.

I had this little kid... I'm going to call him Larry. Larry is about seven years old. He is kind of plump. He's a plump little guy. The kind of guy you would see in the Little Rascals. He walks up to one of my staff and my staff asked him where he was from.

He looks up at him and says "I don't know."

No, no. What city are you from?"

"I don't know."

"What state are you from?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Well, welcome to Branson.

Yesterday, there was an eight year old who had crawled underneath his bunk and he pulled in two trunks to make this blockade. He was hidden back there with a makeshift light sabre. For forty minutes,

he and I had a standoff with one another and one of our staff guys because his counselor had asked him to finish his plate at breakfast. We gave him some time to cool down and then I called in one of my big guns. I called in my Lacrosse coach. He's the coolest guy at camp. He goes by the name of Cha-cha. We had Cha-cha come in. He pulled the trunk out and he whispered under the bed "Hey, bro, how about you come jump on my four-wheeler and we go to lax practice?" The kid was okay with that. He crawled out of hiding and we've been having a great time ever since.

Last night, we did what we call The Cross Talk. It's a drama presentation of the Passion of the Christ, the crucifixion and resurrection story. We act it out. Last night it had to be at least a dozen kids that gave their hearts to Christ just across the lake. So, the Spirit of God is moving, his salvation is in this place here in Branson, Missouri, and it's fun to be a part of.

The title of this message is *All In*. It doesn't sound like a No Wake Zone type of title, but the reality is that even in the midst of our heaviest season, it's so important for Ashley and I to process through our life and decide how we are going to find our No Wake Zone even in the midst of the hustle and bustle of camp. We've watched the last two messages of Ted's online and have been processing through this.

For me, as I process through my life, my memories go back to my childhood. In my childhood, my parents were great to give us a lot of room to run. We have these amazing summertime memories. Some of my greatest memories are with my buddies from high school, before I had a cell phone. We'd get together on a Friday or Saturday night in the garage in a little town of 7,000 people and we would listen to country music and play cards. It's just one of those memories that I look back on and I'm so fond of because there was just no distraction. We were just there, being together, enjoying our community and friendship. We would play Euchre and Pepper and Spades. One of my favorites we played was No Limit Texas Hold'em.

Our illustration for the morning is in No Limit Texas Hold'em. In order for you to win the game, you have to go all in. You have to take all your chips and push them to the center in order to win the game. You can't just nickel and dime your way to a victory and so it is in the Christian faith. We can't experience the fullness of Christ; we can't rest in him when we are holding chips back.

That's what we are going to talk about today and in the spirit of the No Wake Zone, we have something fun we are going to do. There happens to be a dealer chip hidden somewhere in this sanctuary. Whoever finds this dealer chip... We are going to play a song that you guys will probably recognize, but when they find this chip, during that song, I'm going to have them run up here and we have a prize for them. We have \$25.00 to Papa Johns. Not only that, but whoever finds the dealer chip is going to have three gifts to hand out. They will now be the dealer and will be able to dish out some blessing to their friends around them, so you can begin groveling.

As I told you, one of the card games I love is No Limit Texas Hold'em Poker. One of the reasons I feel like I love it so much is because... God gave me this, but it's been both a blessing and a curse in my life. He gave me an all or nothing personality. With that personality... As I've said, my parents were so good, especially with us boys, to just allow us to run, especially in the summer. They gave us a lot of leash and they allowed us to make mistakes, and I think as a result, we grew up fast.

An all or nothing personality + an accident-prone nature + time = hospital visits.

As I reflect upon it, there was kind of an equation that played out throughout my childhood. I want to share the equation with you this morning. An all or nothing personality plus an accident-prone nature (that's me) plus time equals hospital visits. Is anybody there with me?

It all started when I was probably four or five. That's was kind of the inaugural icebreaker for my accident-prone nature. One night, I got up to go to the restroom. On my way back to my bed, there was a stuffed animal in the middle of the room. I tripped over my stuffed animal and the metal part of my bed frame was there waiting to catch me in my fall. I fell face first into it. The root of my tooth ripped out of my gums and somehow it was still fastened up in my gums. My loving father, Rob Robbins, pinned me down in the bathroom. I still remember this. He had his knees on my arms as he took his farm plyers and yanked that sucker out of my skull. Isn't that a great dad? We decided to nickname him The Dentist in the first service.

That was just the beginning of this particular tooth. My adult tooth came in and I was out in the backyard. This is just a year later. I'm digging a fort. I'm making a foxhole so I can bury down in there and shoot the bad guys. I jumped on my spade and my feet went off the side of it. The handle jammed into my tooth and broke it in half.

Since then, this tooth has broken in half eight times. Is that amazing? It's phenomenal. Once was a bully on the playground. Another time I was sliding on the ice and I bounced my face off the ground. This next one was frankly astounding. I was eating a bowl of salad and bit down wrong on a Bacos and I broke my tooth. I didn't know that was possible, but it is.

Then I had some eye issues. Really, it was just the flesh around my eyeball that had the target on it. When I was in seventh grade, living in Mankato, Minnesota, we were tubing down this big hill. We had this great idea. We were going to set the world record for the number of kids on a tube. Isn't that a great idea? I was so eager, I jumped in on the bottom; I was going to be the first. Well, my ten buddies piled in on top of me. It's all good until we started to go down the hill. I realized that all these bodies, legs, hands, and heads were pushing my face into the ice all the way down the hill. When we got to the bottom of the hill and our tube finally came to stop, all the flesh is missing on this side of my face. Mothers, Vitamin E works miracles, so you'll want to stock up on that.

A few years later, the same eye... This I was in high school. My buddies and I were having a bottle rocket war. Okay, kids, do as I say, not as I do. My friend Trent comes running out of the ditch with some illegal artillery. He had a lit Roman candle and he was running at me. He was just a few feet away from me when the first fireball came blazing out of this thing. I caught that fireball with my eyeball. It was just like a little catcher's mitt. You know, grab hold of that thing. The flaming ball was stuck to my eyeball, so I just kind of sat there and waited for it to burn out. All of the sudden, the bright light shining through my eyelids stopped and I took my hand and wiped away my singed flesh. More Vitamin E; it works miracles.

This is another Mankato story. In seventh grade, I was so pumped about my first baseball game. I had my physical scheduled the day before the first game. I went in and they checked my heart. I had an irregular heartbeat. They wanted to monitor it for 24 hours. They gave this hip pack and then put these heart monitors all over my chest and stomach. They told me I could play the ballgame, but I just couldn't slide on my stomach. I thought I could pull that off. During warmups, our coach was hitting shag flies. He hits this shag fly. He must have really been feeling his oats because he put it over the fence. I didn't realize it as I was running backward and I hit the fence. I flipped over it, got knocked unconscious, and I broke my collarbone. So, I'm lying there in this mangled mess, completely limp. The moment I wake up, I see all these soccer and t-ball moms hovering over me, losing their minds. They had pulled up my shirt and they thought I had a heart attack or something. That was traumatizing.

Another year later, I was playing football with my buddies in the front yard. Carl was significantly larger than I was, but that wasn't going to stop me from taking him down. Do you know what I'm talking about? I wrapped up around his legs and I used my body weight to pull him to the ground. My head hit the ground and his knees and all of his body weight landed on my jaw and I heard this big pop. My tooth came out. Yeah, a different one this time and it came all the way out. I told the guys I lost my tooth and that we had to find it. My parents weren't home, so I had to go to the neighbors for them to deliver me to the hospital this time. My buddies were out there looking for my tooth, but they couldn't find it.

We figured out why when we got to the hospital. We came to realize, after the x-ray, that I hadn't lost a tooth. That was just the crack in my jaw the width of a tooth. So, it had cracked in two places. They had to wire my jaw shut for a month and a half. All I could eat was what I could suck through my teeth. It just so happened that my jaw was wired shut during Thanksgiving and Christmas. I would have these crazy cravings. One day, I was craving cheese. I love cheese. So, when nobody was around, I went to the refrigerator and pulled out a big bag of cheese. I took the cheese, went into the bathroom, shut the door, and locked it. I took that cheese and tried to shove it through my teeth. I was trying to eat the cheese through my teeth.

Why are you people laughing at me? That really messed me up. You people are sick. So, it bothers me when people order hamburgers. You need to value your cheese people.

This is another amazing one. I love this one. In junior high, I was down at the creek with my buddies. We were pulling these horseweeds out of the ground. When they dry up... there is a bulb on the bottom of them. You take your pocketknife, you sharpen up that bulb, and it just makes an awesome spear. We were chucking out spears down there at the creek bottom when the neighborhood bully, Matt Otto, walks down. I'm holding my spear in my hand. So, what do you think I did? I chucked it at him. My spear went flying through the air and it hit Matt Otto in the chest and then bounces off because apparently his chest is made of steel. This atomic bomb of fury went off in his eyes and he picked up my own spear and began to chase me down with it. I turned around and I ran for my life. The only problem was that he was physically superior to me in every way. He made up all that ground in like three strides. He got to within a few feet of me and, with my own spear, he chucked it at me and stabbed me in the back of the leg. The spear fell out and I was looking at a hole in the back of my calf. I looked at Matt Otto and he was laughing. I was thinking *That's it; that's how you get speared? It's so simple.*

I did the only thing I knew to do. I took my sock off, made a tourniquet out of it, and limped my way home. They took me to the hospital and stitched it up, no big deal; I was home a couple hours later. The only problem was I woke up the next morning and I went to roll out of bed, my foot would not hit the floor because my leg would not bend. I realized when I couldn't bend my leg that there were problems. We went to the hospital again and they popped out the stitches. You guessed it, the puss came flowing out; it was infected. The doctor cut open the wound on the back of my knee, cleaned it all up.

I'm sorry, ladies. I promise it's going to be worth it. This is adding to the illustration. You're going to learn more because of these stories.

They cleaned out the back of my leg and they stitched it up with 26 stitches, but they had to leave the original spear wound open. Twice a day, I had to shove saltwater gauze in that hole so it could heal from the inside out. To this day, if you touch the back of my leg, I will Judo chop you so fast. It's sensitive, all right. I'm sensitive.

This all out personality has plagued me in some ways over the years. But, when it comes to faith, this poker analogy is so true. Many of us, when it comes to our faith, will just kind of put our toes in the water; we'll dabble a little bit. We never go all in; we never take the plunge and experience the blessing of walking intimately with Jesus, giving him everything in our life. Rather, out of self-protection and all these different reasons that we have, we will shove just a handful of our chips forward and we'll hold some back. We won't give him everything. Again, as we talked about earlier, you can't win a game of No Limit Texas Hold'em without going all in. That's how it works.

I've been processing through this concept. I call it the orphan complex. The orphan complex is when men and women who have a relationship with Christ, who have been adopted into God's family... Even though they've been adopted and their heavenly Father has provided them a safe home with security and comfort, they wander off, drift away, and experience all the emotions that an orphan does.

There was a movie a couple of years ago I watched. It called August Rush. Did anybody ever see that? If you've seen August Rush or Annie or any movie about orphans, you've identified or empathized with the emotions that happen when a child is separated from their parents. In August Rush, the entire movie is about this young boy named August trying to find his parents. His entire life was consumed by this restlessness in his soul to find Mom and Dad. As you watch that movie and you experience those emotions with him. We can all identify with it.

In the scripture, there is a doctrine of adoption. The doctrine, simply put, is thoughts about God. When we take the scriptures and we have proper thoughts about God, we can build out doctrines or a set of thoughts about God in regard to adoption. All of us are born with brokenness and sin that separates us from God. We play the role of orphans. As orphans in that separated relationship, we were designed, in that perfect relationship, to be in the comfort of God. That longing that we wrestle with, that restlessness, God uses it to call men and women into his comfort. One of the biblical definitions of comfort is to come under another one's strength. That's what God does when he adopts us as his sons and daughters.

If you're willing to accept that gift, that offer that he has made, you come into his household. If you're willing to confess your sin and recognize him as savior, you can be a part of his family. He will be your daddy. You can come underneath his comfort.

When we are born in that rebellion, we wrestle with that orphan complex, but we also have the capacity, as followers of Christ, to be adopted, but then to be wayward, to wander, and to drift away. We find ourselves in these times of life where we're just restless and we don't know why. It's likely because we've drifted away. We're experiencing the emotions of an orphan and those aren't rightly ours because we are sons and daughters, we've been adopted by the Most High and his comfort is available to us.

God gives us David as an example. David was a man after God's own heart. He had a whole heart for God. But, David made a lot of mistakes. I'm thankful that God chose David to be an example of a man after God's own heart, so that men and women like us have hope. David knows God, he walks with God, but there were times in his life where he found himself wayward, where he drifted away. You see him wrestle in the Psalms. First and Second Samuel will give you the historical picture, the storyline of his life, but the Psalms will give you a window into his heart. David was very honest.

In Psalm 42, David writes this and he talks about this orphan complex, this longing and this restlessness that is plaguing him. He says ***1 As the deer pants for the water brooks, so my soul pants for You, O God. 2 My soul thirsts for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God? 3 My tears have been my food day and night, while they say to me all day long, "Where is your God?" 4 These things I remember and I pour out my soul within me. For I used to go along with the throng and lead them in procession to the house of God, with the voice of joy and thanksgiving, a multitude keeping festival.*** He's talking about that adoption, that familiar place of safety and fellowship with God.

5 Why are you in despair, O my soul? And why have you become disturbed within me? Hope in God, for I shall again praise Him for the help of His presence. 6 O my God, my soul is in despair within me; therefore, I remember You from the land of the Jordan and the peaks of Hermon, from Mount Mizar. That's David, a man after God's own heart and he's restless. He's restless because he is not dwelling in the comfort of the Lord. He has walked away from him momentarily.

There is a passage in Hebrews 2: 1. In the Greek, the writer of the Hebrews is talking about the concept of mooring your ship in the harbor. The idea is that when you bring your ship into the harbor, you'll pull up to the docking area and you'll take heavy chains or heavy ropes and you'll moor or attach those ropes or chains to the anchor of the harbor in the front and the back of the ship. So, when the storm comes or when the night falls, your ships stands firm, secure in the harbor.

In Hebrew 2, he writes this. ***1 For this reason we must pay much closer attention to what we have heard, so that we do not drift away from it.*** As believers who have a relationship with Christ, adopted sons and daughters, sometimes we purposefully and knowingly and sometimes in ignorance, find ourselves drifting away. When you are experiencing that restlessness in your life, when you feel like your ship has floated away and it's being tossed to and fro by the waves of the sea, let that be a

reminder to us, church, that we've wandered and that God is calling us back through that restlessness. That peace and that rest that can only be found in the harbor, moored in tightly to the anchor of Jesus Christ.

In Texas Hold'em Poker, the dealer will give you two cards, so you have a small hand to play. There are community cards that are laid out, but the reality is the quality of your hand is what you hold. One of the encouragements I want to give the church today is to play the hand that you've been dealt. A lot of times, we are dealt a hand and because of the quality of our hand or the experiences of our life, we will only give so much, we'll only push so much into the center of the table and withhold chips from God. Many times, we do it out of self-protection. Sometimes we do it out of pain and anger. Sometimes we do it out of unforgiveness. The truth is that rest that we all seek while we are wrestling with that orphan complex... You can only receive that rest when you go all in. Don't let your hand, the cards that you've been dealt, become your excuse. If you allow that to happen, you're going to be restless until the day you die.

For some of you, you might be holding a hand where you were a victim. Someone that you know and trusted abused you, betrayed you, turn their back on you. As a result, you have this wound in your life, just like the back of my leg, that is festering with bitterness and anger and unforgiveness. As a result, when it comes to your relationship with God, you withhold chips from him because you've chosen the path of self-protection.

"God didn't protect me when I was hurt so badly; surely he won't protect me now. I'm going to hold my chips close. I'll give him this area of my life and I'll give him that area of my life, but this is too sensitive, too tender."

Some of us may be holding cards in their hand where they've found themselves caught up in sin. It has overtaken our life. It's hidden; it's a secret. It might be sexual sin. It might be sin in regard to your body image. It might be sin with your finances. But, you've got this sin in your life that is dominating and you want to walk with Christ. You want to experience freedom, but you don't have all of your chips in the center of the table. You're hiding them.

Then there might be some of us in here who are holding their cards in their deck and they're just kind of standing on the edge. They haven't decided whether they can trust Jesus, whether they can place faith in him. Let your restlessness show you that God longs to be in relationship with you. Whatever your hang up is or your doubts or your fears... Whatever they are, Satan is going to use those to leverage you to hold your chips back. That restlessness will never be met. You may be able to sooth it for a time. There are all kinds of things that we could do to self-medicate and to sooth that longing, but it never lasts. Those of us who have lived that life, myself included, know... I went from one high to another and it just never lasted. It was never long enough. When I would come down off the high, there I was, living in my restlessness, holding this lousy hand and not knowing what to do.

In Revelation, John speaks to this in Chapter 3. ***15 'I know your deeds, that you are neither cold nor hot; I wish that you were cold or hot. 16 'So because you are lukewarm, and neither hot nor cold, I will***

spit you out of My mouth. The scripture tells us that the Lord rejects the idea of just sticking your toes in the water. That doesn't work. You can't fool God. You can't hide from God.

Ted shared a scripture from Matthew on the first Sunday of this series. Jesus was telling the people ***"Come to me, all who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."*** But, you can't take your chips and hide some of them or put some in your pocket or bury some over here. You can't hide them from Jesus. The only way you can come to him is to bring all of your chips to him. Jesus requires surrender in our life to walk in relationship with him.

Finally, God demonstrates his jealousy for us through Jesus going "All In." One of the marks of a great leader is a leader who never asks someone to do something they are not willing to do themselves. God put his leadership on display by sending his one son, Jesus. He says, "I'm going to require of you that you go all in, but I'm going to lead the way. I'm going to send Jesus and he's going to put it all on the line. He's going to sacrifice his life. His body will be shredded for you to go all in so that when you make the decision to push your chips to the table, it's his blood that covers them." In his sacrifice, we find our peace.

In Ephesians, the scripture says this. ***"And he came and he preached peace to you who are far away, and peace to those who were near; for through him, we both have access in one Spirit to the Father. So then you are no longer strangers and aliens, but you are fellow citizens with the saints, and are of God's household..."***

Paul is talking about that adoption. He says whether you are near or you are far off, whether you have two chips in the pile or you've put them all in and are only withholding two. Whether you are near or you are far, he came and he preached peace. Regardless of where you stand... One of the things we get hung up on is we say to ourselves *The hand that I'm holding is too heinous, it's too gross. With the mistakes I've made, I'm too embarrassed to come out of hiding with them.* The reality is that when God went all in, he went all in for every part of you. There isn't a sin that he isn't willing to cover with his blood.

When you guys came in here, you were given a poker chip. Instead of having you guys come up here and throw your poker chip on a table or drop it in a basket on the way out, we want you to walk out with that chip. Put it somewhere that your fingers touch, whether it's in your pocket or in your purse or in your phone case. We want you to walk away with that chip and to spend time with God this week. Ask him "Lord, what am I holding back from you?"

I want you to hear this, church. When you put your chips all in, it's going to be a painful process. Know that. Sacrifice always requires pain and loss. For some of us, it might require that whatever the hand is that you've been holding, privately to yourself... It may require to push your chips all in and show your whole hand to your spouse or to your community group or to your best friend to bring that darkness into the light. It may require that.

It might require that you go to the person that you've been holding a grudge against or have unforgiveness with and, once and for all, you push all your chips in and you say "I need your forgiveness

because I've been playing judge and jury in our relationship. You need to know that what you've done to me hurt me, but I release you, I forgive you, I'm going all in."

When we do that, as we analyze and look closely at our life, as we examine and probe our ways, God will be good to show us what we are holding back. When you push those chips in, it's that act of moving into that harbor and anchoring up, mooring yourself under the peace and security and protection and love and the blessing of Jesus Christ.

So, we leave you with the challenge. I think what you'll find, if you're willing to take the chance and go all in, is you'll begin to experience those No Wake Zones that we've been talking about. The reality is if you're withholding chips, it doesn't matter how many naps you take, it doesn't matter how many boat rides you go on, it doesn't matter how long your vacation is, your soul is going to be restless because God's calling you. He wants you in his family. He wants to bring you under his comfort, under the strength of his protection. That's where the adopted sons and daughters of the Most High belong. That being said, I'm going pray over us as a church body and we'll worship together. My hope is that we do a little soul-searching this week.

Father, we thank you for the truth of your word. I just want to pray, God, that the power of your word would penetrate our hearts and that the seeds cast from your scripture would land on fertile soil, take root, and grow up and bare great fruit. I pray, Jesus, for this body of Christ that they might find rest in you, that you would allow them to throttle back and rest in the No Wake Zone. I just pray, Jesus, that you would minister to us now and that your Holy Spirit would do whatever needs to be done in our hearts. It's in Jesus' name we pray... Amen.