

SERMON NOTES

Series: How to Live Victoriously

Title: Learn Humbly

Text: 2 Corinthians 12:9

Theme: Humility, Failure

Teacher: Pastor Barry

Time: 2/8/26. File Under: Christian Living



People who face the end of their lives often have a remarkable **humility**.

“My grace is all you need. My power works best in weakness.’ So now I am glad to boast about my weaknesses, so that the power of Christ can work through me.” 2 Corinthians 12:9 (NLT)

We have God’s power to help us in our lives, but so much of the time we live life **in our own strength**.

Everyone who has ever **succeeded** in life has also **failed** many times.

Simon Peter failed but yet God gave him the power to begin again. And he became a great champion for Christ.

LEARN FROM OUR **LOSSES**.

“The Lord turned and looked straight at Peter. Then Peter remembered the word the Lord had spoken to him: ‘Before the rooster crows today, you will disown me three times.’ And he went outside and wept bitterly.” Luke 22:61-62

That’s a picture of **deep regret**.

Because of the power of the cross, **failure is never final**.

TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR **YOUR FAILURES**.

“A man who refuses to admit his mistakes can never be successful. But if he confesses and forsakes them, he gets another chance.” Proverbs 28:13

You have to **admit** your failures before you can **learn** from your failures.

LET GO OF **YOUR GUILT**.

When we crash we feel like the race is over. It’s hard to start again.

“... go, tell his disciples and Peter. ‘He is going ahead of you into Galilee. There you will see him, just as he told you.’ Mark 16:7”

Peter was totally broken, he felt like God could never use him again. But Jesus wanted him to know he was **still in the race**.

God forgives you but then you have to let go of your guilt because guilt **blinds you** to God’s vision for your future.

Stop looking at the past. **Start** looking at your future.

The Room

I dreamed I found myself in the room. There were no distinguishing features except for one wall covered with small index cards. Without being told, I knew exactly where I was. This lifeless room with these small cards was a crude catalog system for my life. Here was written the actions of my every moment, big and small, in a detail my memory couldn’t match. The titles ranged from the mundane to the outright weird: Books I have read, lies I have told, comfort I have given, jokes I have laughed at, people I have judged, things I’ve muttered under my breath. And when I came to a file marked lustful thoughts, I felt a chill run through my body. I drew out a card and I shuddered at its detailed content. I felt sick that such a moment had been recorded. One thought dominated my mind: No one must ever see these cards. I have to destroy them. I became desperate and pulled out a card to destroy it, only to find it as strong as steel when I tried to tear it. Defeated and utterly hopeless, I returned the file to its slot. I fell on my knees and I cried. I cried out of shame from the overwhelming shame of it all, but then, I saw Him. There was Jesus reading each card. I couldn’t bear to watch His response, and in the moments I could bring myself to look, I saw a sorrow deeper than my own. Starting at the end of the room, He took out a file and one by one began to sign His name over mine on each card. The name of Jesus covered mine. It was written with His blood. The next instant it seemed I heard Him close the last file and walk to my side. He placed His hand on my shoulder and He said, it is finished. I stood up and He led me out of the room. There was no lock on its door and There were still blank cards to be written on. - Joshua Harris