

# SAPPHIRE LEADERSHIP GROUP

## *Noble Subjects of the Great King*

### January 11, 2011 Newsletter

#### The Third Season

Some of the changes of season which God serves up are monumental and abrupt.

Mary went from nobody to somebody in one day. Elisha went from farmer to PA in one afternoon. Peter went from leading to following in a moment's time.



Some changes are long anticipated.

Abraham ached for his son to arrive. Jesus was ready to preach 18 years before His time. David waited years for the "Most Wanted" to become "Most Loved."

Most seasonal changes require a new set of tools.

Ruth quit taking orders and had to learn how to give orders to an attentive staff. Nehemiah traded palace politics for wall building. Moses exchanged sheep for slaves.

As we move into our third season, much is changing here as well.

Our objective has changed. Our target population has changed. Our process for bringing about transformation will be changing. Our metric for evaluating whether we are on target has definitely changed.

Our new website expresses the beginning of our retooling for the new season. As time goes on we will refine the message and the tools. For now, the objective is clear and we have set our face to execute the tasks needed to move toward that objective.

Clarity will come as we proceed. The important thing is that we have accepted the challenge.

And we are extending it to you.



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## The Blog Has Moved

It not only got a new set of clothes, but the archives got cleaned up too. (That is code for Arthur's incurable addiction to the delete key.)

You will need to bookmark the new URL which is <http://noblesubjects.com>.

And you will need to subscribe to it again if you want each new article automatically e-mailed to you as soon as it is posted. The subscription button is on the bottom right of the home page.

Take the time to read "About Sapphire" as well. It sets the tone for the new season.



We have movement in Balmoral!

One of the areas we focused on was the winter weather. My premise was that storms could come and go, doing what winter weather does, but it was not necessary for the sky to be grey for weeks on end. Here is the link if you want to review that prayer.

As a matter of fact, people living in the area tell us with excitement that there is more bright sunlight this winter than they can remember in the past. I believe God gave us this measureable, verifiable evidence, to encourage us to press in for the rest of the objectives.

We finished the series of prayers for cleansing, land boundaries and healing nature by the end of 2010. We have started the New Year with blessings of peace.

These prayers have been moved to their own blog so that it is easier to find what you need. Each prayer is now a stand alone article.

Here is the URL for the new blog. Remember to bookmark it.

And if you would like to receive an e-mail when each new blessing is posted, there is a feature on the right hand side of the home page called "E-mail subscriptions." Click there and leave your e-mail address.

Alternatively, you can sign up on our Twitter account which we use ONLY to notify you of new posts on the Balmoral blog. There will be no Tweets about Arthur's granola or the lines at the airport.

And if you have no idea in the world what we mean by Balmoral, click on the link and read "About!"



Picture this.

She is two years old, full of energy and cuter than cute.

Grandpa walks in the door and she races across the room, hurls herself into his arms, nearly strangles him with her hug as she gives him her biggest kiss.

It is a timeless picture of love.

She loves him passionately. She loves him unreservedly. She loves everything about him and knows he returns the love. She loves him with every bit of the capacity for love which she has.

She not only loves, she is the product of love. Her father and mother are in their late-twenties. They have loved each other since high school, loved from a distance during college, then married.

Fred and Sally have an all encompassing love. Although he works downtown, they both find time to connect throughout the day. They have been married for four years now but are still as romantic as during the first six months.

He has trained their daughter to wait and watch while Mom gets first dibs. When he returns from work, Sally meets him at the door, they hug hard and kiss big before he turns to scoop up his daughter and gives her a hug and a kiss.

The miracle of their making a baby that has his face and her sparkle still amazes them day after day and they lean against each other and savor the depths of their shared love again as they

watch her run back to her grandfather to resume the story time.

That evening Grandpa went to the elder care home to be with his wife of 53 years. As he sat in the recliner and watched her struggle for breath in an uneasy sleep, his love for her surged like an ocean wave. He ran the films of their life, pausing to savor a thousand vignettes where they had faced life together.

They had both been raised during the Depression and fallen in love before WWII. He fought in Europe while she worked in a factory, wondering what the future would hold.

He returned, they married and began the struggle to make a life in the wild post-war boom. There were good times as they built their small house together. Sad times as she lost their first three children. Brave times as they started a business and worked endless hours for too many years.

Just as the business began to get a little momentum, she began to have children. Then came years of kids underfoot at the business, and Mom and Dad taking turns going to the little league game and PTA meetings.

They watched their firstborn daughter become a hippie and vanish in the flotsam of a turbulent culture. There was never closure in knowing if she was dead or alive. Their second child went to Vietnam and came home to a level of scorn and disregard that his father never would have imagined his nation capable of.

Fred was their third. He had no heart for the risks and drama his parents and siblings lived through. He opted for band instead of sports in high school, went to the state college, graduated and was quietly working and building a family in a house with a white picket fence.

Grandpa knew there was no point staying. His wife had long since stopped recognizing him or anyone else. It was late and the kids would worry until they heard the old lumbering Buick turn into the driveway.

Still, he hated to go. He loved her so ...

\* \* \*

Three flavors of love. Each intense. Each holding nothing back. But Grandpa's love was of a far richer texture than the others because of all they had gone through together.

There are flavors of love in our walk with the King.

The first love of someone who has just met the King is a joy to watch.

And the love of the worshipper who is lost to this world, enraptured with the revelation of the beauty of the Bridegroom is a deeper, richer love.

Ah, but I propose to you that the love of the noble subject has a depth and texture to it that far outstrips the other two.

The person who has learned how to receive from the King and to build in a long, hard, sustainable fashion has a deeper love.

The person who has gone to war for the King and put his life on the line has a flavor of love that the mere worshipper does not know.

The person who has walked the priestly road and carried the brokenness of the culture close to his heart knows something of the love of the King that the people who have only worshipped in a context of beauty and safety don't know.

David's mighty men eventually tasted prosperity and fame as a result of their association with him. But the bond of love between them was formed while they were in the wilderness, running for their lives, seeking to scavenge a living for their families while in hostile circumstances. It was these men who partnered with David to extend the hegemony of his kingdom.

It is not wrong to be a two year old and love your Grandpa.

Nor is it wrong to be a young couple deeply in love, building a home in a secure environment.

But at the end of the day, there is immensity to the dimensions and flavors of Grandpa's love because of the highs and the lows of the long journey with his wife.

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Possessions seem to be one of our biggest barriers to becoming noble subjects.

So many Christians today are responding badly to the crumbling civil liberties and the impending economic disaster. Now is not the time to move into a panic of self-preservation.

Noble subjects come to the King in times of crisis and bring their lives and their resources to place at His disposal. Whether we live or die, going through a time of crisis with our eye on the King's business will give us deeper intimacy with Him. It is the momentous times in life, not the idyllic vacations, that significantly enlarge our spirit's capacity for deep love, rich love, noble love.

The prize is not our toys or our comfort. The prize is our size. God never despises the simple love of the two year old. But our King rejoices in the love of strong men and women who have grown big through living big and therefore bring big spirited passion to Him.

By Arthur Burk  
On the Quarterdeck, Anaheim, CA  
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