

## Praise for *Help Is Here*

“Never before has a book so beautifully invited me to sit down, take a breath, and unpack the overwhelm, exhaustion, and burnout that’s underscored the last few years. Max’s works always feel like coffee with a dear friend, but *Help Is Here* is different. Max’s latest book challenges us to fight for a new way ahead—trusting in our Savior to not just nudge us from the darkness but to rescue us and lead us in Glory. Max’s words are poetic and pointed—steeped in Grace and rooted in scripture. This is a must-read for anyone who’s been through the ringer and ready for a new way.”

—Emily Ley, bestselling author and founder of Simplified

“Do you want to have a deeper, closer relationship with God? You can do that through the Holy Spirit! In my good friend Max Lucado’s new book, *Help Is Here*, he explores the person, power, and provision of the Holy Spirit. Max explains how having a relationship with Him makes your life fuller, richer, and more exciting than you ever dreamed possible. You must read this book!”

—Robert Morris, senior pastor, Gateway Church; bestselling author of *The Blessed Life*, *Beyond Blessed*, and *Take the Day Off*

“Max’s leadership and beautiful testimonies throughout these pages have encouraged and equipped me in how to embrace the Holy Spirit and choose praise instead of panic. Through his stories and deep knowledge, Max lovingly reminds us that worship and praise are the answers for our anxiety-ridden, overworked, and overstressed pace of life.”

—Hillary Scott Tyrell, Grammy Award–winning co-lead singer of Lady A

“For years I have longed as a pastor for a book like this on my shelf to give away. Finally, not a doctrine or an explanation of the Holy Spirit, but an actual introduction and invitation to God’s living presence.”

—Richard Kannwischer, senior pastor at Peachtree Presbyterian Church

“Are you weary? Burned out? Simply dissatisfied with your spiritual life? Let my friend Max Lucado tell you all about your Helper—the divine Spirit who changes everything. This exhilarating book—both profound and practical—will energize your life with God as never before. Don’t miss the life-changing adventure that’s inside these pages!”

—Lee Strobel, bestselling author of *The Case for Christ* and *The Case for Heaven*

“Max Lucado’s brilliant mind and tender heart are on display once again in his newest book, *Help Is Here*. Max combines his renowned storytelling with powerful, biblical revelation about the person of the Holy Spirit. This is a beautiful and important book. Nothing stretches the imagination more than recognizing that God gives Himself to us as an inheritance. The person of the Holy Spirit is our greatest gift, and it is our delight to learn how to host Him well. Everything true, noble, and beautiful in us comes from the Father, who filled us with His Spirit, empowering us to do what was humanly impossible. We have been called to be, as Max writes, ‘the supernatural expression of God on the planet.’ What a privilege; what a responsibility; what a joy.”

—Bill Johnson, Bethel Church, Redding, California; author  
of *Open Heavens* and *Born for Significance*

“Few people in the evangelical world write with the penetrating insight and persuasive clarity as does my friend Max Lucado. This book testifies to that once again. When Max first informed me that he was writing a book on the Holy Spirit, I knew in an instant the impact it would have. Many who have followed Max’s ministry through the years will be surprised when they discover that he now believes in the contemporary validity of all spiritual gifts in the life of the church today. Max’s thoroughly biblical case for the work of the Spirit will challenge and, ultimately, persuade you of its truth, and greatly encourage you to seek for an even greater manifestation of the Spirit’s power in your life. I highly and happily recommend it.”

—Sam Storms, Ph.D., Enjoying God Ministries, author  
of *Understanding Spiritual Gifts: A Comprehensive Guide*

“Max Lucado possesses a miraculous ability to distill the deep waters of God into refreshing springs of simplicity and grace. We couldn’t imagine walking out the purposes of God in our lives without the empowering understanding of the Holy Spirit that Max’s new book provides. If you’ve ever wondered how it’s possible to navigate the challenges of this world and still ‘consider it all joy,’ *Help Is Here* is not to be missed!”

—Matt and Lauri Crouch, Trinity Broadcasting Network

“In our heaviest times, *Help Is Here* shines a bright light of hope and encouragement to show us that no matter what we go through, we do not have to carry the burdens alone. Whether it’s hardship or burnout, Max Lucado reminds us there is help, and it’s not far away but ever-present in times of trouble.”

—Sadie Robertson Huff, bestselling author,  
speaker, and founder of Live Original

“Max Lucado is not only a hugely talented writer, he also has insights into spiritual truths which draw us all closer to Jesus.”

—Nicky Gumbel, pioneer of Alpha

“The Holy Spirit . . . the most misunderstood, misrepresented member of the Trinity—and yet, before Jesus ascended into heaven He told his disciples not to leave Jerusalem until the Holy Spirit had come upon them. The promise was that they would receive power from on high. Who doesn’t want that? Who doesn’t need that? Let Max walk you through the amazing scriptures that describe the wonder, the promise, and the power of the Holy Spirit, who is available and so necessary for each and every one of us who follow Jesus. Thank you, Max . . . we needed this!”

—Terry Meeuwsen, cohost, *The 700 Club*; founder, Orphan’s Promise

“Max Lucado’s honoring of Jesus’ Free Gift of the Holy Spirit to every Christian believer, apart from any deserving preconditions or ‘surrenderings’ whatsoever in order to ‘deserve’ this Spirit, is full of encouragements to be simply and daily alive to this Indwelling One! I warmly recommend Lucado’s wise counsel.”

—Dr. Frederick Dale Bruner, Professor of Theology  
Emeritus, Whitworth University

“Reading the Bible, prayer, church, time spent away from the endless scroll of social media and 24/7 news . . . A life of peace is not out of reach but, as it’s been said, the easy things to do are also easy not to do. Our culture grows more anxious, more stressed, and more hopeless by the minute all the while the things that make for peace sit idly by. If you’ve been left feeling increasingly helpless or debilitated by despair, let Max Lucado gently steer you to greener pastures. The practical help and hope found in *Help Is Here* will put heaven’s wind at your back and give you the tools to reclaim your confidence.”

—Levi Lusko, lead pastor of Fresh Life Church and bestselling author

“Lucado offers a lifeline for every weary person on the planet. Read. Inhale the breath of Life. Know the joy and power from above.”

—Ken Shigematsu, pastor of Tenth Church, Vancouver,  
BC; bestselling author of *God in My Everything*

## ALSO BY MAX LUCADO

### INSPIRATIONAL

3:16  
*A Gentle Thunder*  
*A Love Worth Giving*  
*And the Angels Were Silent*  
*Anxious for Nothing*  
*Because of Bethlehem*  
*Before Amen*  
*Come Thirsty*  
*Cure for the Common Life*  
*Facing Your Giants*  
*Fearless*  
*Glory Days*  
*God Came Near*  
*Grace*  
*Great Day Every Day*  
*He Chose the Nails*  
*He Still Moves Stones*  
*How Happiness Happens*  
*In the Eye of the Storm*  
*In the Grip of Grace*  
*It's Not About Me*  
*Just Like Jesus*  
*Max on Life*  
*More to Your Story*  
*Next Door Savior*  
*No Wonder They Call*  
*Him the Savior*  
*On the Anvil*  
*Outlive Your Life*  
*Six Hours One Friday*  
*The Applause of Heaven*  
*The Great House of God*  
*Traveling Light*  
*Unshakable Hope*  
*When Christ Comes*  
*When God Whispers*  
*Your Name*  
*You Are Never Alone*  
*You'll Get Through This*  
*You Were Made for*  
*This Moment*

### COMPILATIONS

*Begin Again*  
*Jesus*  
*Start with Prayer*  
*They Walked with God*

### FICTION

*Christmas Stories*  
*Miracle at the Higher*  
*Grounds Café*  
*The Christmas Candle*

### BIBLES (GENERAL EDITOR)

*Children's Daily*  
*Devotional Bible*  
*Grace for the Moment*  
*Daily Bible*  
*The Lucado Encouraging*  
*Word Bible*  
*The Lucado Life*  
*Lessons Study Bible*

### CHILDREN'S BOOKS

*A Max Lucado*  
*Children's Treasury*  
*Do You Know I*  
*Love You, God?*  
*God Always Keeps*  
*His Promises*  
*God Forgives Me,*  
*and I Forgive You*  
*God Listens When I Pray*  
*Grace for the Moment:*  
*365 Devotions for Kids*  
*Hermie, a Common*  
*Caterpillar*  
*I'm Not a Scaredy Cat*  
*Itsy Bitsy Christmas*  
*Just in Case You*  
*Ever Wonder*

*Lucado Treasury of*  
*Bedtime Prayers*  
*One Hand, Two Hands*  
*Thank You, God,*  
*for Blessing Me*  
*Thank You, God,*  
*for Loving Me*  
*The Boy and the Ocean*  
*The Crippled Lamb*  
*The Oak Inside the Acorn*  
*The Tallest of Smalls*  
*Where'd My Giggle Go?*  
*You Are Mine*  
*You Are Special*

### YOUNG ADULT BOOKS

3:16  
*It's Not About Me*  
*Make Every Day Count*  
*Wild Grace*  
*You Were Made to*  
*Make a Difference*

### GIFT BOOKS

*Fear Not Promise Book*  
*For the Tough Times*  
*God Thinks You're*  
*Wonderful*  
*Grace for the Moment*  
*Grace Happens Here*  
*Happy Today*  
*His Name Is Jesus*  
*Let the Journey Begin*  
*Live Loved*  
*Mocha with Max*  
*Safe in the Shepherd's Arms*  
*This Is Love*  
*You Changed My Life*

# *Help Is Here*

Finding Fresh Strength and Purpose  
in the Power of the Holy Spirit

MAX LUCADO



THOMAS NELSON  
*Since 1798*

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It is the Spirit who gives life; the flesh is no help at all.

—JESUS (JOHN 6:63)

*With great joy I dedicate this book to  
Dr. Pete Ledoux  
Child of our good Father, lover of the Spirit,  
follower of Jesus, and servant of people.*



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Denalyn, my bride—The writing of this book coincided with our fortieth year of marriage. Forty years! Forty minutes is more like it. I love you, and I want you to know I would do it all again.

And to you, the reader—Blessings on you! I am so honored that you would entrust me with a few minutes of your time. I do not take the privilege lightly. Be equally assured I’m aware of my limited understanding. To ponder the Spirit is to ponder an endless ocean of beauty. No one comprehends the depths. The words of Bernard Ramm are spot-on:

There is a hiddenness to the Spirit that cannot be uncovered. There is an immediacy of the Spirit that cannot be shoved into vision. There

## *ACKNOWLEDGMENTS*

is an invisibility of the Spirit that cannot be forced into visibility. There is a reticence of the Spirit that cannot be converted into openness. For these reasons one feels helpless, inadequate, and unworthy to write a line about the Spirit.<sup>1</sup>

The Spirit defies comprehension yet welcomes the attempt. This is mine. May it encourage you.



# *Preface*

**L**et's imagine you're on a vacation. You load the car and drive to a mountain village hotel. Clean air. Splendid vistas. Cool weather. It's going to be great. Besides, this hotel is offering an end-of-season special that fits your budget. This is your chance to do what you've always wanted to do: hike the mountain trails.

On the first morning you're the first person out the door. No sleeping in for you, no sirree. Pack on back. Water bottle full and enthusiasm level high. Trail map in one hand, walking stick in the other. What fun!

The fun is short lived. The trail is steep. Your new hiking boots are stiff. A few minutes up the trail you wonder, *Did someone stuff sandbags in my backpack?*

You step to the side of the path to catch your breath. That's when

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you hear the trail guide and his happy followers. He wears a wide-brimmed hat and speaks with a confident tone that makes you think he knows his stuff. He identifies the names of the flowers, describes the history of the trail, and shares a few tips on the best way to have the best day of hiking.

His followers aren't carrying gear, so they walk at a fast clip. The guide points out wildlife along the way and pauses to answer the hikers' questions. You consider tagging along and eavesdropping. But you didn't pay for a guide. Besides, you couldn't keep up.

Within moments the group is way ahead. You lag behind with your increasingly uncomfortable load.

After a few miles you catch up. They are sitting in a meadow, listening to the guide describe the vast mountain range. And they are eating lunch! Sandwiches, chips, sodas, and cookies. Are those homemade chocolate chip cookies? It's a feast!

You sigh and wonder if the PB&J you brought is going to be soggy. No matter. You've lost your appetite. You turn and head down the trail. Enough misery for a day.

The next morning your muscles ache and your feet are swollen. It takes the better part of an hour and a box of Band-Aids to cover your blisters. Off you go to try a different trail. Day two is a mirror image of day one. The trail is steep too soon. Your legs are tired too fast, and if the backpack felt full of sandbags yesterday, today it feels as though it contains concrete blocks.

And guess who you hear coming up the trail behind you? That's right. The cheerful guide and his gaggle of fortunate followers. You step to the side of the trail and let them pass. One of them is whistling. A couple are chatting. The guide makes a joke, and the others laugh.

And you? Think arthritic pack mule.

Within a few miles you come upon the group again. They are, you guessed it, sitting in a meadow, eating a picnic lunch, enjoying a nature presentation.

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“We have homemade ice cream,” the guide announces. “Let’s eat it up!”

You grumble something about the inequities of life, turn around, and walk back to the hotel. You spend the afternoon watching reality TV and eating your PB&J.

Days three and four? Identical to days one and two.

On day five you don’t even leave the hotel lobby.

You are minding your own business when you hear someone call your name. You look up. It is the hiking guide.

“I’ve been looking for you,” he says. “Where have you been?”

“What?”

“I’ve been hoping you would be a part of our daily hikes. They are included in your package. The lectures. The food. It’s all a part of the deal. Maybe you didn’t read the brochure we sent.”

“I guess I didn’t.”

“We take care of everything. We truck your pack up the trail so you don’t have to carry it. We have a team that prepares a gourmet meal. And, well, you get *me*. I know these trails better than anyone. My job is to lead you into the high country.”

“Really? How did I miss that?”



There is a weariness among us. We are weary from the loads we carry and the challenges we face. We have questions we cannot answer and problems we cannot solve. We’d hoped that life would be an invigorating pilgrimage, a high-country adventure. We never expected to grow so tired so soon.

We grow weary on the walk.

Yet what if there is help? Someone to walk with you and guide you, to shoulder the load.

And what if this help was heaven-sent? Not another person who,

*PREFACE*

like you, is prone to blisters and leg cramps. Someone who is ever strong. Never tires. Always near. Unhindered by what hinders us.

Interested?

Pack away the Band-Aids and PB&Js. No more blisters for you, my friend. A better climb awaits.

## CHAPTER 1

# *The Holy Who?*

*We have not even heard that there is a Holy Spirit.*

—ACTS 19:2

*And now I will send the Holy Spirit upon you, just as my Father promised. Don't begin telling others yet—stay here in the city until the Holy Spirit comes and fills you with power from heaven.*

—LUKE 24:49 TLB



I began attending church as a youngster. Gung ho and willing to tackle the mountain, I was barely into double-digit years before I was reading my Bible, memorizing scriptures, and doing my dead-level best to obey every command I heard from the pulpit. I hoisted the backpack of good Christian living and set out to scale the lofty peaks of morality, spirituality, and devotion.

*Always tell the truth.*

*Never lag in faith.*

*Pray more.*

*Do more.*

*Believe more.*

Believe me, I tried. But, boy, did that trail grow steep. Peer pressure, raging hormones, and guilt conspired to convince me I'd never make it. Can a fifteen-year-old suffer spiritual burnout? This one did.

Maybe you know the feeling.

The fire in your belly is running low on kindling. But where is the firewood?

## HELP IS HERE

It's not for lack of searching. The Lord knows you've tried. At least you hope he knows. You've signed up and stood up for everything you know to be right and good. Yet why this cold wind in the face? Why this uphill struggle? These gray skies? This empty spot?

Something's missing, and for the life of you the life of you feels as if it is fading.

Drip by drip. Little by little. Day by day.

If that is you, can we talk? Can we start with this? The Lord does know. He does care. It is not his will that you lead a lifeless life. He has something—no, Someone—you need to know.

I do not recall being told about this source of strength. I don't fault anyone. After all, I owned a Bible. I could have searched the pages. Yet had you asked me to explain him to you, I would've just shrugged and said, "The Holy Who?"

Ask people, "*Who is God the Father?*" They have a ready reply. Or "*Describe God the Son.*" Most will not hesitate to answer. But if you want to see someone hem, haw, and search for words, ask, "*Who is the Holy Spirit?*"

Part of the challenge is found in the terms. God as *Father*? We comprehend that image.

God as Jesus, the *Son*? That idea is manageable as well.

But God as *Spirit*? The word itself is mystical.

I do recall an early encounter with him.<sup>1</sup> I was wrapping up my senior year of high school when a wonderful thing happened in our small West Texas town. An evangelist from a far-off country called California showed up in a school bus that had been painted to look like a flower garden. He was a convert in the Jesus Movement that was sweeping the country in the early 1970s. He wore shoulder-length hair and bell-bottom jeans. He set up camp in the school parking lot and began preaching about Christ and the power of the Spirit. By that time in my life, I'd abandoned the steep mountain trail of spirituality. The only spirit I knew came in the form of a liquor store bottle. The

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hippie preacher invited a group of us to attend a Bible study in homes and learn more. So I went to one.

The address I was given took me to a trailer house on the edge of town. I didn't know anyone there, but everyone was very kind. We sat on the floor, read from the book of Acts, and for the first time that I can recall, I heard someone describe the work of the Holy Spirit. The exact words I've long since forgotten. But the sentiment I readily remember: The Spirit is your life-giving friend, here to lead you home.

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The Spirit is  
your life-giving  
friend, here to  
lead you home.

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When we prayed, a couple of people prayed in a language I'd never heard. They asked if I'd like to pray in the same manner. I said, "Yes." I tried, but nothing happened. Even so, I was impressed. These people didn't seem trail weary. They were invigorated. Their eyes lit up when they spoke about the Spirit.

You might expect my story to take a dramatic turn at this point. A Damascus road moment, perhaps. Saul becoming Paul. But, alas, there was no bright light in the trailer park. I didn't become an apostle or write epistles. Quite the contrary. I was so convinced that I was unqualified to walk with the Spirit, I didn't even try.

More years of prodigal living ensued. The pigpen became my home address, and the other pigs were my tribe. Worse still, I continued to call myself a Christian, hopping nightclubs on Saturday nights, sitting in a pew on Sunday mornings. I was the hypocrite who turns others away from Christ.

In my early twenties a dear man, who eventually became a dear friend, helped me believe that God's grace was greater than my rebellion. I knelt at a church altar, trusted heaven's mercy, and set out on the trail again. Forgiveness became my message, my life story. I changed my career path, went through seminary, and served churches

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in Miami and Rio de Janeiro and eventually settled down as a pastor in San Antonio, Texas.

That's where the wheels came off again.

If you think the trail of Christian living is steep for a youngster, it is even more so for a minister. I resolved to study hard, counsel wisely, solve problems, organize committees, and satisfy each cranky member. I maintained a game face for three or four years, but somewhere in my midthirties I ran out of fuel. Suddenly I could not sleep. How does a person lose the ability to sleep? I'd climb into bed and listen to the relaxed breathing of my wife. I'd imagine my three young daughters snoozing in their beds down the hall. I'd think about my friends and coworkers, each of whom was resting peacefully. Our dog was sleeping. Our goldfish was sleeping.

And me? My mind was racing, a Ferrari on a time trial. I thought of members to be called, decisions to be made. On more than one Sunday morning, I stood before the church having had little, if any, sleep. I was desperate.

Was this the season in which I found the Holy Spirit? Sort of. It would be more accurate to say the Spirit found me.

In those late-night hours when I could not sleep, I would climb out of bed, pad down the stairs, and kneel at our couch and pray. Dejected figure I was. Not Max the pastor. Not Max the church leader. That fellow in the crumpled pajamas was Max the depleted, confused disciple.

My prayers were moans. My faith was a frazzled thread. I couldn't even summon the energy to fake it. I was honest. Honest to God, I was. Turns out God has a soft spot for an honest prayer.

Little by little I began to sense the Spirit. He led with a kind touch. He wooed with a whisper. Mysterious? By all means. But figment of my imagination? No. Not at all.

I requested strength. He gave it. I asked the Spirit to heal the sick. More than once he did. I prayed for vitality and joy. Both returned. The long winter thawed into a welcome spring.

## THE HOLY WHO?

One day while studying for a message, I read the words Jesus used to describe the Holy Spirit: *comforter* and *friend*. I recall having this wonderful realization: “I know that Person.”

That was three decades ago. I no longer think of the Holy Spirit as the Holy Who. I now call him our Heaven-Sent Helper. He is the ally of the saint. He is our champion, our advocate, our guide. He comforts and directs us. He indwells, transforms, sustains, and will someday deliver us into our heavenly home.<sup>2</sup>

He is the executor of God’s will on earth today, here to infuse us with strength. Supernatural strength.

Was this not the promise of Jesus? He would not let his followers begin their ministries unless they knew the Holy Spirit. “Don’t begin telling others yet—stay here in the city until the Holy Spirit comes and fills you with power from heaven” (Luke 24:49 TLB).

By this point the disciples had spent three years in training. They had sat with him around campfires, walked with him through cities, witnessed him banish disease and command demons. They knew his favorite food, jokes, and hangouts. But they were not ready. They’d seen the empty tomb, touched his resurrected body, and spent forty days listening to the resurrected Christ teach about the kingdom. But they needed more.

“You shall receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; and you shall be witnesses to Me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and to the end of the earth” (Acts 1:8 NKJV).

Mark it down. The Holy Spirit comes with power. Power to make good choices, keep promises, and silence the inner voices of fear and failure. Power to get out of bed, get on with life, get busy about the right things in the right way. Power to face the unexpected, unwanted passages of time. Power. This is what Jesus promised then, and this is what Jesus promises still.

How is your power level?

Perhaps you have all the power you need. Life is a downhill stroll

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through a pleasant meadow. You never lack energy, enthusiasm, or strength. Your step has a spring to it; your voice has a song to it. You are ever the joyful, empowered person.

If that describes you, can I recommend a book on honesty?

If that doesn't describe you, consider the possibility of a life-giving relationship with the Holy Spirit.

No more walking this path alone. No more carrying weight you were not intended to bear. It's time for you to enjoy the presence of the Holy Spirit and experience the vigorous life he offers.

Your Bible makes more than a hundred references to the Holy Spirit. Jesus says more about the Spirit than he does about the church, marriage, finances, and the future. Why the emphasis on him? God does not want a bunch of stressed-out, worn-out, done-in, and washed-up children representing him in the world. He wants us to be fresher day by day, hour by hour.

But let's be careful. The topic of the Holy Spirit seems to bring out the extremists among us. On one hand there are the show-offs. These are the people who make us feel unspiritual by appearing super-spiritual. They are buddy-buddy with the Spirit, wear a backstage pass, and want everyone to see their healing gifts, hear their mystical tongue. They make a ministry out of making others feel less than godly. They like to show off.

On the opposite extreme is the Spirit Patrol. They clamp down on anything that seems out of line or out of control. They are self-deputized hall monitors of the supernatural. If an event can't be explained, they dismiss it.

Somewhere in between is the healthy saint. He has a child-like heart. She has a high regard for Scripture. He is open to fresh strength. She is discerning and careful. Both he and she seek to follow the Spirit. They clutch with both hands this final promise of Jesus: "You shall receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you" (Acts 1:8 NKJV).

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Is it your desire to know the Holy Spirit better and to nurture your relationship with him? Then you and I are on the same page.

Scripture employs more than a dozen metaphors to describe the work of the Spirit. In fact, it is a testimony to his grandeur that one metaphor will not suffice.

Do you want to be wowed by Jesus? The Holy Spirit is the ultimate *teacher* (John 14:26).

Do you struggle to obey God's commands? The Spirit is the *wind* of God (John 3:8).

Do your prayers seem weak? He is our *intercessor* (Rom. 8:26).

Unsure of your salvation? He is the *seal of heaven* upon the saint (Eph. 1:13).

The Spirit is the *dove of peace* who calms us, the *gift giver* who equips us, the *river of living water* who flows out of us to refresh the world (Matt. 3:16; 1 Cor. 12:1–11; John 7:37–39).

The list goes on. Over the next few pages we will ponder the amazing benefit of the divine presence. Whether this is a fresh encounter or your first encounter, it does not matter. God wants you to have the energizing strength of the Holy Spirit.

Some time ago I was driving from one place to the next when I realized my gas tank was nearly empty. My indicator said I had less than ten miles worth of fuel. I spotted a convenience store and parked next to a pump. I placed the nozzle in my tank, swiped my card, and began filling up my car. I then set out to do all the things we do at such locations. I went into the store and bought a soda. I chatted with the store clerk. I thought about buying a hot dog but reflected on its contents and decided not to do so. I went back to my car and washed the windshield and emptied some trash out of my car. I removed the nozzle from the gas tank, climbed into my car, and was barely back on the road when I happened to look down at my gas gauge. It was on empty!

I'd like to say the pump clicked off prematurely. Knowing me and my attention span, however, I probably forgot to squeeze the lever.

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I did everything except for the one thing I needed to do.

Does that describe your life? Have you forgotten the one thing you need to do? Have you neglected the Holy Spirit?

The Spirit of God longs to give you his great power. He will guide, teach, and energize you. He will shoulder the burdens you were never intended to carry.

Challenges come with life, but they need not define your life. Help is here.