

Give Me Back My Stuff

[Transcript: "Graham Cooke: Give Me Back My Stuff" – www.youtube.com/watch?v=87w0q-TTedU]

I was having this dream and I was in the place and I was pouring some wine and you know fantasizing over cheese. And I'm waiting for the noise. I don't hear it. Then suddenly I hear a different kind of noise I hadn't heard before. It's sounds like an army but it's not. And in fact when I heard it it's like I had this sense of dread. So I crept in a little and pulled the curtains aside and I see Jesus coming over the hill and he looked really annoyed. And I'm watching him coming up and he catches sight of me and he glared at me and so I kind of like go away. And I go right to the back of the structure which is ridiculous because it's all like translucent curtains and there is no protection.

And he comes in and he stops and he looked, and I've never seen that look on his face. He looks at me and his chest his healing and he points his finger and he said, "You give me back my stuff."

"Excuse me?"

"Give me back my stuff."

"I don't know what you mean!"

"Graham, you took something that belongs to me and I want it back."

"What. What Stuff? I don't..."

"Graham, don't you mess with me. You took something that belongs to me. It is uniquely mine. It belongs to me. You took it, you stole it. I want it back. Give me back my stuff."

I said, "Lord I don't know what you mean? Everything, anything I have you gave me. I don't have anything of yours. I don't know what you mean Lord."

"Graham, you took my stuff!"

"What did I take?"

"Fear, anxiety, criticism, anger, judgement, cynicism. I died for it. I paid a price for it. It belongs to me. Give me back my stuff. Gimme back that doubt. I want that doubt. I want that resentment. I want that betrayal that you keep hugging close to your heart. I want all your negativity. I want your passivity. It doesn't belong to you any more. I paid a price for it. It's mine. Give me back stuff."

And I'm kneeling on the ground and I'm going, "Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God." And then I see it. "Oh my God. That's the reason I can't keep presence. That's a reason I can't I always have to keep reloading faith. Keep attracting doubt."

And he looked at me and I look at him and I said, "I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry." And he smiled at me, which honestly, was like getting saved all over again. And he pulled me to my feet, hands on my shoulders, held my arms length, looking deep into my eyes and he said, "One thing that kept me on the cross was knowing I would rob you of all of this to the rest of your life. I took that to me. I took that to me, all of those disappointments, all those curses. I took every negative thing that you will never have to have it in life. Give me back my stuff, son. It doesn't belong to you. It never did. It's not yours any more. You can't just blindly be anxious every time you want. You can't use panic without giving me peace. You can't have a lifestyle that's competing against my business and stopping you from embracing fullness."

[Now available here: www.youtube.com/watch?v=A-dBioGxk0E]

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