

4 Ways to Keep Fighting When You Want to Give Up

By Kurt Bubna from Homeward_ - March 9, 2022

Yesterday, while I was reading what the Apostle Paul wrote regarding making sure we are fully armored up, it dawned on me that my armor is old, rusty, and dented. Yes, old armor is better than no armor, but mine is really ugly. For a long time, I've been fighting. Fighting evil in this world. Fighting the nasty ways of others. And fighting my flesh (*which is not nearly as satisfying as battling yours*). At times, I've grown weary in well-doing. It's not as easy to swing the sword as it once was. Frankly, I'm a mess.

If you're reading this and thinking, What's wrong with him? then you're probably too young to understand. Give it a few decades, and you'll get it. If you're reading this and speculating, He probably has sin in his life! then you're right, I do. We all do. Wrestling with sin will always be a present reality on this side of eternity.

One of my favorite authors, Scott Saul, recently wrote, *"Ironically, the more like Jesus we actually become, the more, unlike Jesus we realize that we are."* When I was young, I thought way too highly of myself. Now, I realize how kind and merciful God is to this recovering idiot. *"Even the greatest heroes of faith were also flawed and broken—wrecked, weary, restless, and sometimes tortured sinners—even at their spiritual peak."*

So, what do you do when you're blemished and battle-weary?

Remain hopeful. Don't despair. No matter how ugly the battle is now, it's only temporary. Seriously, hang in there; heaven's coming!

Stay the course. Don't give up. My armor may not be pretty, but it's never been about me or about looking good. I live to serve the One, and He's never going to leave my side. Don't forget that you & I aren't in this war alone. When we are weak, that's when we realize we've never been that strong anyhow. But He is.

Keep fighting. Don't let your guard down. Okay, you're old, tired, and beat up, and you don't shine like you used to (*or thought you once did*). As my friend Jack Little used to say, *"Keep swinging the sword!"* King David blew it in his old age because when he should have been at war with his troops, he was lounging on the rooftop. Stay in the battle. Always. Keep. Fighting.

Maintain vital connections to others. Don't get isolated. When you're tired, the temptation is to withdraw and hide. We tell ourselves (*or the enemy whispers*); *'You just need to be alone.'* The greater your weariness, the greater your need for connection to those who will stand with you and hold you up. When you're pooped, you need more support, not less.

As it happens, my dents just remind me—all the time—of how much I need Jesus—all the time. Here's a crazy idea: maybe my beat-up armor is a badge of honor that should remind me that God has always been faithful to me. He's always been my strength and my shield. He's always been my helper. So, fear not, I'm still breathing. And still in the fight.

All because of Jesus.

*The Lord is my strength and my shield;
my heart trusts in him, and he helps me.
Psalm 28:7 (NIV)*