

## Coffee with Jesus

Many years ago, I had a very dear friend that lived in Sterling City. She was the closest thing I'd ever had to a sister. Each morning we would drop our children off at school and I would go to her house. We would sit around her table, drink our morning coffee and talk about the day's events, the kids, the dogs...just life in general. There were also those mornings we'd share the deep things...the concerns, the hurts, the trials...those heart issues that you only share with someone you trust...someone you are not afraid to cry in front of...someone who loves you like a sister. We had so much in common and I can't think of anything we couldn't talk about. She moved away and those mornings around her dining table ended. It was as though there was a void in my life for many years afterward. I've not had that kind of friendship since. We still visit and keep up with each other's lives somewhat, but it's not the same. After almost 20 years, I miss her dearly. I miss those morning visits over coffee and I still think about them often.

One morning the Lord woke me up at 5:00 a.m. The first thing that came to mind at that hour of the morning was, "Lord, am I supposed to intercede for someone?" I didn't hear anything and I couldn't go back to sleep so I got up and started the coffee pot. I turned on some worship music and just listened while I curled up in the recliner. After a little bit, I got up and poured myself a cup of coffee and as I sat back down, I remembered those mornings having coffee with Annette and I had to smile. I still missed my friend so. It was at that moment I heard the Spirit say, "I woke you up because I just wanted to have coffee with you this morning." Wow! He then spoke out of John 15:15. He said, "Danetta, I no longer call you a servant. I call you a friend." Because those times with my dear friend were so special, and I had experienced the beauty of an extraordinary friendship, the words the Lord spoke that morning were some of the sweetest I've ever heard from Him. I knew what "coffee with Jesus" was about. I knew how special those times could be. I knew that's what He was wanting and it brought incredible joy to my heart.

This was such a timely word from the Lord because just like yours, my life gets hectic and my calendar fills up quickly. That summer had been one of those hectic (but beautiful) summers. It seemed like each day there was a 'to do' list a mile long and it had really begun to wear me down. Earlier that month at church we were worshipping and it was an amazing time. However, I was having trouble focusing on the Lord so He told me to go back to my seat and journal what I was feeling. In the middle of worship, while everyone else was praising, hands lifted, voices singing, I was sitting down and writing away. I wrote, "Lord, I'm trying to focus but the events of the days, weeks and months are still distracting me. It's almost as if focusing on You and wanting to be 'swept away' is just one more thing for me 'to do'. I'm weary, Lord." As I wrote out my heart, He began to speak to me and I journaled as I heard His heart respond. He said, "I'm not wanting to add to your 'to do' list. I want you to let me have it. Quit worrying and rest in Me. I've got your family. I've got your finances. I've got it all. Please take time to rest in Me. You're trying to do it all on your own. You're even making worship work. Worship is sweet. Worship is not work. Danetta, you can't worship for

worrying. You're even worrying about how to worship right." And then He went on to show me more personal things as to the cause of these heart issues. As He spoke, I saw it for what it was as it poured out of my heart and onto the paper. The Father is so beautiful that way.

A few weeks later when He said, "I just wanted to have coffee with you this morning" my heart melted. You see, it occurred to me that I never had to struggle to fellowship with Annette each morning. I didn't have to try to focus. It wasn't work. It was simple. It was sharing my heart with a friend. It was listening to a friend share her heart with me. It was having someone share the burden...give counsel...encourage...share ideas...even rebuke when necessary. I knew her plans, her hopes and dreams and she knew mine. That's what Jesus wanted me to experience in Him and I knew that in a very real and personal way that morning. He even says that in the rest of the passage in John 15. "A servant doesn't know his master's business. Instead, I have called you friends, for everything that I learned from my Father, I have made known to you." He wanted all of my heart...and He wanted to share all of His heart with me! That's amazing....but that's what friends do.

I can't say I've shared a cup of coffee with Jesus every morning since that day, but when I do hear that voice, I'm up and ready to go. Those mornings are so special. Of course, that's not the only time of the day I hear His voice and certainly not the only way we communicate. There are times for battles, times for deeper encounters, times for brokenness and repentance, times for dreams and visions. In this season though, He knew just what I needed. He knew that in my struggling and busyness, I needed to be reminded of the simplicity of a relationship with Him. My heart was swept away because I saw how He personally called me to Himself. He took something from my past that was so rich and sweet and made it ours. He took something I could relate to...something I've missed so much....and revived it.

There's no greater honor than to be called a friend of Jesus. I've noticed now that I look back on that first morning with Jesus and smile just like I have done so often when I remember the times around Annette's table. A void has been filled after all these years and it happened when I truly got the revelation that He calls me a friend.

There's nothing better than coffee with a friend...than coffee with Jesus.