

Last weekend I had a phenomenal time in Brown County. I road my motorcycle down and my brother Jameson rode his motorcycle up from Kentucky and we met just outside of Nashville to camp. (MS 1--walk thru 5 pics) ([See all pics](#).)

Late Saturday afternoon we decided to go riding through Brown County State Park. The roads were incredible. Smooth. Narrow. Winding. Up and down. Perfect kind of roads for motorcycles.

And it was going GREAT until...the **infamous super steep hairpin turn**.

This thing is steep. It's narrow and it's a super tight hairpin going up and to the right.

I'm doing just fine, been through plenty of windys already...but just as I'm coming into the supertight, supersteep hairpin---I see a pickup truck coming into the turn.

And that's when I **instinctively** (and WRONGLY) let off the gas.

My natural inclination in a tight corner with traffic is **to back off**. Well that's only correct if you're **not** going **up** Pike's Peak.

So as soon as I backed off the gas, my bike said, "Hey, I'm gonna lie down and take nap RIGHT NOW!" Shwoomp! Down she goes.

And all this is in a micro second. I feel it falling, and I'm thinking, "EJECT EJECT!" And so I clumsily tumble off in some kind of **Chris Farley Beverly Hills Ninja**-type move, doing some backwards summersault.

Or like—have you ever seen a **bear fall off of a tricycle??**

My adrenaline was spiked. I'm up off the ground as quick as I hit the ground.

The guys in the pick up were running towards me saying,
"Hey Chris Farley Ninja dude, are you ok?"

Turns out I **was** suffering from **internal wounds**---multiple contusions to my pride and sprained masculinity.

My brother who was ahead of me had doubled back and as soon as he sees I'm ok--- **he just about falls off of his bike laughing**.

Seriously, the whole rest of the weekend this is what I see...
(his back to me, shoulders moving, laughing as he imagines me rumbling-bumblin-tumblin into the grass.)

And let me seriously state that I attribute the fact that neither me nor my bike being hurt, to God being very kind and taking care of me. Fortunately we got to (& still get to) laugh about it vs. something much worse.

So as we talk today about what it means to "Learn Humbly" one of things that little fiasco reminded me of is the fact that **"I don't know it all."**

As much as I try to be safe when I ride, the truth is, I just don't have experience in EVERY kind of riding situation. I don't know it all.

And when it comes to LIFE—and all the different aspects to it, WE DON'T KNOW IT ALL.

(Show of hands) Is there anyone here who **does** know it all? (no?)

Is there anyone here who wants to raise the hand of the person next to you because they think they know it all?

Ok, so in a move of solidarity and humility, let's say out loud together, "**I don't know it all.**" (audience participation—play with it—whisper it)

I don't even care you fall asleep now. If you just leave here, even halfway believing that you don't know it all, that'll be a good thing.

Because "**I don't know it all**" is darned close to a **magical** phrase.

When your kids are upset with you for something, you just say, (audience say it).

When your friend is upset because of something you did, you just say, (audience say it).

When your boyfriend, girlfriend or spouse is ticked off at you just **whisper** in their ear, (audience say it).

And watch this—

When life seems like it's out of whack because you metaphorically "dumped the bike" in your life--- you then look to God and say, (audience say it).

And we're having fun with this little phrase, but it's a **biblical concept!** Check this out **(MS 2)**

"Live in harmony with each other. Don't be too proud to enjoy the company of ordinary people. **And don't think you know it all!**"

Romans 12:16 NLT

The apostle Paul, is writing to the believers in Rome, and in this chapter he's telling them, as Christ followers, how they should live. And he's talking about this character trait called **humility** and says,

"Don't be too proud to enjoy the company of ordinary people. And don't think you know it all!"

We really need to hang out on this word "humility" because it's THE ballgame. If we don't get past the "humility" deal, we won't even get to the "learning" deal.

Humility is about **not** thinking so much of ourselves.

And honestly...in a lot of areas...we think a lot of ourselves...we **do** know it all.

Let me give you some examples:

Last Sunday my brother and I rode our bikes over to Bloomington and had lunch at the [Trojan Horse](#).

And as we're enjoying our super yummy gyros and spanikopita, I can't help but hear the girls talking behind us.

And it went something like this:

“Oh, I believe in spirituality. I believe there’s some force out there. But I don’t think it works like religions say it does. I think you could call it ‘god’ but I think you could call it whatever you darn well want to call it.”—(and you wouldn’t believe what she called it ;-)

(Disclaimer: I’m not trying to slam this girl—I bring it up because this is how I used to think.)

And a lot of us have thought this way: “Yeah, there’s some kind of god-thing, but religions are all wrong--it all works however *I* think it works—like *I* think it does.”

Which when you think about it, it’s pretty darned **self-centered** view of the world and it’s pretty much “I DO know it all.”

Without studying, without investigating, without experiencing—to say that spirituality works however it is in MY MIND.

Seriously? The way it makes sense in MY mind should be the way it works in reality? That’s not a very humble view of life.

And in **lots** of particular situations, you & I think we **know it all**:

We know who won the vice presidential debate.

We know how the Wall St bail out/rescue should have gone.

We know how much the coach should be playing my kid.

We know **who** should lead worship, **how often** and **what songs** they should sing.

Did he just say that?

Yes he did.

Boy, he likes to stir the pot, that Morgan guy.

But the Bible is **dripping with encouragement** for us to be **humble and teachable**.

And the Bible is amazingly **vacant** with passages that encourage us to be **brashly opinionated**.

(preach to myself...)

(MS 3)

“He guides the humble in what is right and teaches them His way.”

Psalm 25:9 NIV

“...God opposes the proud but favors the humble.”

James 4:6

“A man's pride brings him low, but a man of **lowly spirit** (humility) gains honor.”

Psalm 29:23 NIV

People who are living as if they had *one month to live* **get** the biblical concept that life is not about THEM, their opinions and how **they** would do things. There’s something about a **front row view of mortality** that seems to make people feel small, and like a vapor—here one day, then gone...

And to be clear: we’re talking about humility because we can’t learn without it. We can’t learn unless we truly believe we **need to learn—need to grow**. Without a humble spirit, even the lessons from Christ Himself can’t take root in us.

So here's a humility gauge for you:

How much are we **eager to say something** vs. being eager to listen?

Ecclesiastes 5 warns us of overusing our words and under-using our ears.

So in a spirit of humility, let's look at ways we can learn.

(MS 4)

One way to learn is to **own our mistakes**.

Proverbs 28:13 says,

"A man who refuses to admit his mistakes can never be successful. But if he confesses and forsakes them, he gets another chance." LB

Mistakes are things we have **all made** and will **still make**.
(And if you don't believe that, you've made the mistake of DENIAL.)

Owning mistakes breeds health and maturity.

But when we don't admit our mistakes, our tendency is to lie to our self and in turn to **BLAME other people**.

After my little bike dumping episode, in all honesty I felt a very real temptation.
I was tempted to say,

*"Man that truck was crowding the center line—I **had to** put on the brakes!"*

That went through my mind and about a second later I thought, "No. *I* dropped the bike."

And **owning** is important because if we don't accept responsibility for our actions, we won't acknowledge what **really** happened---and then we're **ripe to repeat it**.

Example:

If I said it was the pickup truck's fault that I dumped my bike, then I'd never learn what **I did** to cause it. And odds are the next time I'm in that same kind of a situation, I'm going to be prone to drop the bike again.

But because I owned it---I kept asking myself, "What did I do wrong? Why did that happen?"

And within a little while I realized that **slowing down** was the mistake. I should have **downshifted** and **stayed on the gas** to keep me moving through the turn.

Better example:

I'm divorced. If I would have said it was **all** my ex-wife's fault, I never would have learned what **I did** to contribute to the divorce.

And odds are I would have brought the same unhealthy habits into my next marriage---and then down the road I would have wondered why marriage #2 was on the ropes.

Which brings up the next point: **(MS 5)** Own it, then **learn from it**.

Which allows me to use one of my all-time favorite Proverbs:

“As a dog returns to its vomit, so a fool repeats his foolishness.”

Proverbs 26:11

I want you to really hear this: If we make a mistake, it's not the end of the world. We will **all dump the bike sometimes**. Making mistakes is part of life.

But it's when we REPEAT the **same mistake** that we enter into foolishness.

We think it's disgusting when a dog blows chunks & then eats it. The writer of Proverbs says it's equally repulsive when we **cluelessly repeat** unhealthy or destructive decisions or behaviors.

So when you **drop the bike**---when you blow it---**don't obsess** about the fact that **you** made a mistake.

Dig this for a second: If we are so shocked and undone because WE made a mistake--- That's a sign that we're thinking a bit too much of ourselves---we're not living out of humility.

Humility would acknowledge that we're ALL far from perfect and prone to drop the bike. And one more thought for you---you sure didn't shock God---He knew you were going to blow it.

Bad decisions---if we don't handle them well--- can be like **boomerangs**. They'll keep coming back around unless we learn WHY we did it, and HOW to do it differently next time. (repeat)

The next time you “drop the bike,” **examine** it, **learn** from it, **figure it out**---that way our mistakes will be more like **helium balloons**.

When we let go of a helium balloon, we just watch it slowly drift out of sight...and we usually never see it again...

So let's own it & learn from it---or get people to help us learn from it.

Let's be a church that makes our mistakes **helium balloons**---and **not boomerangs**.

So our next point---after we've owned it, and learned from it---(MS 6) is to **let it go**.

Let go of that helium balloon and watch it drift out of sight.

In Philippians 3, Paul is talking about **living out of his relationship with Christ**. Not living out of his past or his own accomplishments. And writes this:

(MS 7)

“I don't mean to say that I have already achieved these things or that I have already reached perfection. But I **press on** to possess that perfection for which Christ Jesus first possessed me. No, dear brothers and sisters, I have not achieved it, but I focus on this one thing: **Forgetting the past and looking forward to what lies ahead**, I press on to reach the end of the race and receive the heavenly prize for which God, through Christ Jesus, is calling us.”

Philippians 3:12-14 NLT

Sometimes I think you and I are very good at understanding grace when it comes to our salvation with Christ. We **get** that we're forgiven and we have a life in heaven.

But then I'm **not sure** we're great at realizing how the power of the cross really does pay for all our "dropped motorcycle" moments.

I say that because my sense is that some of us are still plagued with the guilt of a bad decision. And instead of fully **embracing Christ** in **today** and **tomorrow**—

we still feel like we're **chained** to **yesterday, yester-month, yester-year**.

I'd like to read this very short story titled **The Room** that was written by pastor and author [Josh Harris](#). This was actually a dream he wrote down when he was visiting Puerto Rico when he was 19.

(begin) ([Watch it on YouTube](#))

I dreamed I found myself in the room. There was no distinguishing features except for the one wall covered with small index card files. Without being told, I knew exactly where I was...

This lifeless room with these small files was a crude catalog system for my whole life. Here was written the actions of my every moment, big and small, in details my memory couldn't match.

The titles ranged from the mundane to the outright weird: Books I have read, lies I have told, comfort I have given, jokes I have laughed at.

A lot of things I wasn't proud of, like things I have done in anger, people I have judged, things I have muttered under my breath. And when I came to a file marked **lustful thoughts**, I felt a chill run through my body.

I drew out a card and I shuddered at its detailed content. I felt sick that such a moment had been recorded. One thought dominated my mind: **No one must ever see these cards**. No one must ever see this room. I have to destroy them.

I became desperate and pulled out a card to destroy it, only to find it strong as steel when I tried to tear it. Defeated and utterly hopeless, I returned the file to its slot and then the tears came...

I fell on my knees and I cried. I cried out from the overwhelming shame of it all, but then as I pushed away the tears, I saw Him...

There was Jesus reading each card...

I couldn't bear to watch His response...and in the moments I **could** bring myself to look at His face, I saw a sorrow deeper than my own.

Starting at the end of the room, He took out a file and one by one began to sign His name over mine on each card.

The name of **Jesus** covered mine. It was written with His blood. I don't think I'll ever understand how He did it so quickly, but the next instant it seemed I heard Him close the last file, and walk to my side.

He placed His hand on my shoulder and He said it is finished. I stood up and He led me out of the room. There was no lock on its door. There were still blank cards to be written on. (end)

By Joshua Harris. Originally published in New Attitude Magazine. Copyright New Attitude, 1995.

Christ on the cross, didn't just pay for a one-time entrance into Heaven ticket.

Jesus on the cross is forgiveness for all our mistakes—all out note cards of life. No matter how heinous. No matter how embarrassing.

Jesus on the cross is the **wisdom** to **humbly learn** about **how & why** we dropped the bike this time.

Jesus on the cross is the power to learn humbly so that **our mistakes are helium balloon and not boomerangs.**

If you have struggled with getting free from a mistake in your past, then maybe you need to have a **holy helium balloon party.** (dead serious)

You'll need a helium balloon. Black Sharpie. Red Sharpie. And a spiritual mentor or friend.

Write your "dropped the bike moment"—your mistake, your sin—on the balloon with a black sharpie. "X" it out with the red Sharpie. Sign Jesus' name. Let it go.

And then when the evil one tries to chain you back up to that part of your past—you'll see the image of that balloon floating away--which is imagery of Christ paying for that deal in full.

To live humbly is the simplicity of waking up each day and saying,
"God, I don't know it all. I need you today. I don't want to live a **me-driven day** and a **me-driven life.**"

Listen to Colossians 2:6-7

"And now, just as you accepted Christ Jesus as your Lord, you must continue to follow Him. Let your roots grow down into HIM, and let your lives be built on Him. Then your faith will grow strong in the truth you were taught, and you will overflow with thankfulness."

Colossians 2:6-7

(congo "Center" –Charlie Hall)