



May 21, 2010

Dear Friends:

#### HOW GREAT WE ART

I've been amused of late by the proliferation of ministerial self aggrandizement and promotion. Self exaltation is rampant. Our Christian publications are littered with pages of folks with self given titles and status. There's Bishops, Prophets, Prophetesses (equal time, here), Psalmists, Worshipers, Elders, Ministers, Seers, lions, tigers and bears, oh my.

We just seem to love our titles today. And with the promo materials sounding like, "Bios Gone Wild", it kind of makes some of us feel not as special and gifted.

We live in a time when the ability to afford, at least this month, the ad or the web site gives instant credibility without a record of faithfulness and fruitfulness. Before you get too worked up, let me say, we should believe in the Ephesians 4, Five Fold Ministries, the gifts that make room for themselves and we should honor the proven gifts in those who have remained authentic to the cause.

However, I find my response somewhat measured to the rash of Doctors or Grand Poobahs in our midst who, because of influence or finances, got paraded and pronounced a Doctor or Most Holy One. Promotion comes from God.

It is okay with me if someone feels their need for a title, I'm just aware that some have become so enamored with their titles that their entitlement mindsets are not too far behind. The royal treatment gets demanded and expected.

I remember sitting in a restaurant as one of the announced Anointed Ones, cruelly and curtly repeatedly browbeat an eager to please waitress because his dinner was not up to his prophetic palate. As we left, I went back and apologized for his petulant rant. Don't think we really left a good testimony there.

I once heard another "Bishop/Priest" type, coolly and forcefully, justify some vitriolic mean spirited antics as he vehemently bloviated how he was fully deserving of the money and power status in his organization and any detractors would be wiped out. During the diatribe, I couldn't help but notice, for maximum peer down effect, the proximity of the lower couch in front of the higher chair. Yeah, money, power and influence always to seem to be lurking around when bowing is demanded.

And regarding some of the "original copies", you've also probably noticed another trend, the changing of speaking accents when the "power" is in full gear. I'm talking about

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regular talking folks who suddenly turn "southern" to supposedly, lend credence or validation to the dramatic moment. The "yours" are now "yos", the "sure" is now "sho". This spectacle along with the title brandishing wannabees who pander for crowd response with the trusty, "Boy, I wish I had some people in here who know what I am talking about!" or "I can't get any hep (help) in here." Makes you wonder if this is what our Founder had in mind.

And we don't have enough space to talk about questionable taste and motives behind Report Letters with each line carefully crafted for maximum sympathy and donation response. Mere photo ops, minute meetings, minor acts of benevolence and momentary conversations get exaggerated and embellished into some momentous, magnificent ministry! Actually, its thunder and lightning with a fizzle.

Speaking of right motives, we also live in a time when, in some circles, sudden burdens for the poor destitutes get ramped up, in order to actually keep their own pristine places unaffected and intact for the beautiful people. As Ed Sullivan would say, "A really big Shoo". Hey, he was anointed, too.

We all know that God will resist the proud but He gives grace to those who are humble before Him. That deals with our true motives toward Him. Jesus didn't pass out cards, "Messiah, Savior of the World". He just went about doing good because God was with Him. Performance speaks for itself.

*Michael*

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**LifeGate**

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