



Abba Father

Hello everyone. Welcome to "Notes from the Presence." For the past few weeks, I have been spending quite a bit of time in God's presence and have noticed that when I draw near to my heavenly Father, I can't stop the word 'abba' from coming out of my mouth. I have been saying it over and over again and each time I do, it invokes a deep emotional response in my heart. Even writing it now, my heart is stirred. I have come to believe it is a season that the body of Christ is in - I have been hearing the same thing everywhere I go.

There are a lot of different opinions on what the word "abba" means. I have read theological discussions that argue it is nothing more than the aramaic equivalent to "father." I have also seen other articles that say it is an intimate and endearing term that a small child would call his or her father similar to "daddy." When Jesus would use the term, He would always combine abba together with father - abba father. I am uncertain of the true meaning of this ancient word, but I do know that it has been stirring up deep things in me as of late. I have discovered this to be the case with many theological subjects. There is knowing "about" something, then there is the revelation that comes from encounter.

So, why is my heart so moved over the word "abba?" My guess is that I, like every other person on our planet, am an orphan without the stabilizing factor of Father God in my life. Paul describes Him as the one "through which every family in heaven and on earth derives its name." In the beginning, we were created with a family project in mind - to bring the kingdom of heaven here to our earth. Friends, it was and is all about a family - God's family. We became separated by sin and were left a planet full of orphans, but now we are adopted back into the family again through Jesus. I am particularly moved by God's adoption process. If you think about it, there is little a child can do to bring about his or her own adoption. It is the parents who seek out and decide to adopt a particular child. Every time I say the word "abba," I am moved by the fact that He chose

me to be a part of His family. We are actually given a "spirit of adoption" according to Romans 8 and it is by this spirit that we cry "abba father."

My question to myself today - what intrinsic encounter have I been experiencing through this simple phrase, "abba father?" A search of my heart reveals that it is all about affection for me. Somehow I am deeply moved with affection - the affections of my heart run wild. I find myself stirred with love for this Father to the point where whether it is just an aramaic equivalent, or an endearing term it matters not - I can't stop saying His name over and over. I heard a profound quote the other day while listening to a Bethel podcast from Bill Johnson - "I am only as big as my affection." For me, it seems like each time I cry out "abba," there is a pile driver that drives a piling of affection deeper and deeper into my heart. I don't understand how or why, just that my love for Him is intensifying and in talking to others, it seems like they have been experiencing the same thing. It is almost as if our Father in heaven is putting out a call through His Spirit to His children to come close - ever so close. We are being summoned to the lap of the One who gave up everything to adopt us back into His family. We are being invited to lay our heads on His chest and listen to His heartbeat - the steady, unshakable rhythm, a combination of light and love that holds our universe together. We are being invited to encounter and drink in His love. In turn we love because "He first loved us." Even the love and affection that we have for our magnificent heavenly Father is given by Him first.

I have a sense that the Spirit is deepening our affections in order to lay a foundation for things to come. There is no way that we will win our world through anything but rest and peace. The things that are so foundational and non-violent in the kingdom of God are actually incredibly violent to the forces of darkness. Peace is violent to the devil. Love is violent in the demonic realm. Light is violent to darkness. Rest is violent to a world caught up in a never ending cycle of restlessness.

And so, the reason for this blog today - to awaken the ears of my readers to this call. When a unique season is given like we are in, we are wise to hear the sound - "He who has an ear, let him hear what the Spirit says to the churches." The Spirit of God speaks in this way to His church. It is the reason why everywhere we go, we seem to hear the same voice, the same call. I have been hearing it consistently now for a few months from many different sources.

Here is the call - come close, drink deep, listen carefully, find rest, find My way of doing, leave the orphan spirit behind, learn to be a son/daughter, let the Spirit drive the pilings of affection deep, encounter "abba."

To end today, I am going to leave you with a link to a song by Jonathan Hesler that captures the heart of heaven for this season. It is simply entitled "[Abba](#)."

May your affections for "abba father" deepen with each passing day.

Thanks for reading. Jesus is real and He is the exact representation of the nature of our heavenly Father.