

A Merry Heart Doeth Good Like a Medicine

“*♪A merry(cheerful) heart does good like a medicine, but a broken(crushed) spirit dries the bones♪ (KJV)*” (Pr. 17:22)

I have spoken over the years about Marilyn's and my friend Flo Ahrens (Happy 79th Birthday, Flo!). She taught me many Scripture songs and among them was: *♪A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones♪*. So, a glad heart, a healed heart, a heart at rest in *Abba Father*, *does good to the body the way a medicine does good*. And then the warning, the other half that we almost never take seriously. A crushed spirit, a spirit weighed down by grief and fear and despair, *reaches all the way down into the bones and dries them out*. The trouble *starts* in the spirit and it *travels down* into the structural frame of the body. The chain is forged in the inner man and then it tightens on the flesh.

The Hebrew word translated *medicine* is one of the *rarest words* in all of Scripture: *gê·hāh* (גֵּחָה). It is a word that appears only once in the entire *TNK*. One time out of every page, every law, every psalm, every prophet, *The Almighty* used this particular word for healing, *exactly once*. And He placed it right here in this verse about a merry & cheerful human heart. It is what scholars call a word that stands alone with no other verse to compare it to and its root carries the idea of healing, of a cure, of the body being mended and made well. Let us pause and think about what that means. *Yah Adonai* took a *one-of-a-kind word*, a unique word He would never use again anywhere else. And He set it down like a sealed prescription inside this proverb. He *hid his medicine* in a word he only spoke *once*. And the channel of that medicine is the condition of our heart before him.

A merry heart is not something you have to manufacture out of thin air. And the medicine in this word was never free. Before you ever felt it, *it was purchased*. The prophet *Isaiah* in *Isaiah 53:5*, looked down the centuries and saw why our body could ever be made whole again. *“He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon him. And with his stripes we are healed.” “With his stripes we are healed.”* So the cheerfulness that does good like a medicine *is not positive thinking*. And it is not pretending. It is the settled joy of a heart that knows the price that has already been paid. That every stripe laid across the back of our precious *Yeshua* was a receipt marked *paid in full* over our body. What this proverb says is pointing past our feelings to an execution tree where that medicine was *bought with His blood*. This is why it works. Not because we talked ourselves into a better mood, but because the One who made your bones has already bled completely and fully to mend them.

I want us to analyze part by part this blood-bought one-of-a-kind medicine can do when applied over the very places the enemy has tried to dry out. Start with the bones because that is where the verse ends. In the bones is the marrow and in the marrow is where *the life of the body is quietly manufactured*. Day and night without our permission and without our help. The ancients did not have a microscope. But the Spirit of *Yah Adonai*, who inspired this proverb knew exactly what He was saying when He reached past the skin and the muscle and named the bones as the place that *dries up under a crushed spirit*. Another proverb states it this way: *“the fear of the Lord shall be health to thy navel and marrow to thy bones (Prof. 3:8), KJV”* Over the deepest part of our frame, over the marrow that no doctor can reach with his hands, we can speak the *medicine of this verse*. We can declare that our bones are not drying out. We can declare that the merry heart *The Almighty* is restoring in us is sending healing like a medicine all the way down into the marrow of our life. Do we believe this?

Let us progress from the bones to the heart itself, the merry heart that the verse begins with. This is not a command to fake a smile or pretend joy. This is also not about pretending we are not afraid. A merry heart in Scripture is a heart that has found the *solid rock* to stand on. It is a heart that has handed its fear to *Elohim Our Father* and received his peace in exchange because: *“The joy of the Lord is your strength (Nehemiah 8:10)”* Not the

joy of good circumstances, but the *joy of the Lord*. Put your hand on your heart. Over our heart, over its rhythm, we declare that *Be filled with the joy of the Lord*. His joy is doing good to us like good medicine. The dread that has been squeezing our chest in the night watches, we renounce it. We were not made to carry it, today we *renouncing it*. We come up further to the realm of the mind, will and emotions because the broken spirit lives in our thoughts. Much sickness is fed and watered by a mind that will not stop rehearsing the worst outcomes. The replaying of the diagnosis, the imagining of the funeral, the thousand quiet conversations with fear that no one else ever hears. That is the broken spirit drying the bones hour after hour and the body is hearing every word.

Over our mind today we claim the medicine of the merry heart. We take captive every thought that exalts itself against the promise of *Our Father* and we bring it down to the obedience of *Messiah Yeshua*. Let us give our mind back to the one who made it. Let *His Peace* which *passes all understanding* stand guard over our thoughts like a sentry on the job that never sleeps. We apply the *medicine* of this verse over our whole body. We apply it over every diagnosis that doctors have names for and to every nameless place that hurts. Over the blood that carries life to every cell. Over the lungs that have labored. Over the nerves that have burned and tingled and ached. Over the places that are tired in a way sleep does not fix. We are not naming a cure. We are not stopping anyone's treatment. We, in innocence, are doing what this proverb invites us to do. We are going to let a merry heart, a heart at rest in the finished work of *Yeshua*, do good to our body like a medicine *all the way through*.

If a broken spirit can forge a chain that reaches the bones, then there is something working against us in the dark. It is time we speak to it directly. We are not going to whisper this spirit. *Sickness* you are *not* the landlord of my body. You have been squatting in a temple that belongs to the living *Yah*. Your lease is up! I *speak to every spirit of fear* that has been crushing my heart and drying the bones from the inside. *The Almighty's Word* has found you out and you are exposed right now. A *merry heart does good like a medicine* and heaven is administering that medicine to me right now into the very place sickness has been hiding. Sickness, you do not get to forge another link in this chain. Every chain you have wrapped around my body link by link beginning in a wounded spirit and tightening on the flesh *is being broken now* in the name of *Yeshua*. Not loosened, *broken*. Your grip is failing and dryness is reversing. My marrow is remembering its maker. Loose this child of *Yah* and let go! Did you feel something? It is not me. The Word of *Yah Adonai Our Elohim* which the Bible says is *sharper than any two-edged sword* doing what it always does when spoken in faith. Now that the chain is broken, let us not rush. Rest! Let everything go quiet now. Take your hand and place it over your chest and just leave it there. We do not have to strive. We do not have to perform. His medicine was purchased. Receive it!

Let us pray: Father, we come to you slowly with no panic and no rush because you are not in a hurry and neither are we. You see us with our hand on our heart. You see the spirit that has been crushed, the bones that have grown weary, the nights that have been long. And today we receive the medicine you sealed into Your Word long ago and purchased on the cross of Your Son. The glad heart that does good to the body, the joy that is strength, the healing You hid in a single word because you wanted us to come close enough to find it. We found it! Let it flow now into the bones, into the marrow, into the blood and the breath and the deep places no hand can reach. Let the dryness end. Let the spirit lift. Let what was broken be bound up and what was bowed down be raised. We are not asking from a distance, Lord. And we are not striving to earn what Your Son already paid for. We are resting in what You have promised, in Your timing and by Your Will, not by the strength of our own striving. Quiet every fearful thought. Still every racing pulse. Pour Your peace over my whole body like warm water over cold ground and let it soak all the way down. There is nothing to earn here. There is only Your goodness. Doing good like a medicine to a heart that has chosen even in the dark to be glad in You. We receive it. We rest in it in the Name of and by then *Blood of Yeshua*.

The snare is broken, and we are escaped! The marrow is His, and we can breathe again. *Shabbat Shalom!*