



PARTICIPANT'S GUIDE



# Mirage

## DISCUSSION ►

*“My people have done two evils:  
They have turned away from me,  
the spring of living water.  
And they have dug their own wells,  
which are broken wells that cannot hold water.”*

—JEREMIAH 2:13, NCV

## FOR REFLECTION

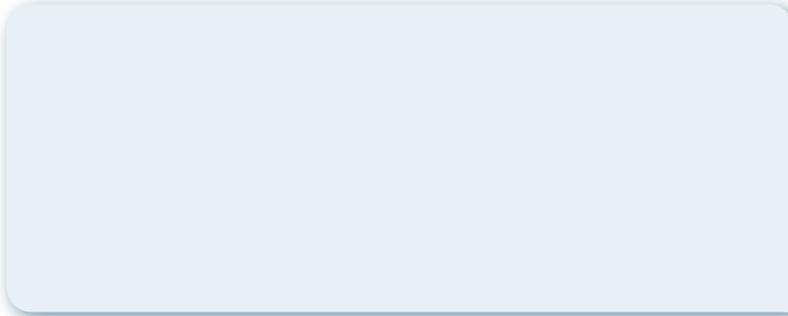
“If I only had . . . , then I’d be happy!” How would you complete that sentence? If you only had a mate? If you only had a boatload of money? If you could only find the right career? Or maybe it’s something as simple as “If I could only get the house cleaned up, the checkbook straightened out, and the kids to school on time!” How would you finish the sentence?

“If I only had . . .

then I’d be happy!



Is what you are pursuing in an effort to make yourself happy poisoning your life in some way? For example, you might be pursuing corporate success, but it is leading to ulcers and a shaky marriage. Or you might be going from one sexual relationship to another, but this is causing emptiness and regret. Identify any damaging effects to which your efforts to quench your thirst are leading.



Here are some Scriptures that are referred to in the DVD presentation. Circle anything that stands out to you.

*The words of the Teacher, son of David, king in Jerusalem:  
“Meaningless! Meaningless!” says the Teacher.  
“Utterly meaningless! Everything is meaningless.”*

*What does man gain from all his labor at which he toils under the sun?  
All things are wearisome, more than one can say.  
The eye never has enough of seeing, nor the ear its fill of hearing.  
—ECCLESIASTES 1:1–3, 8*

*I thought in my heart, “Come now, I will test you with pleasure to find out what is good.” But that also proved to be meaningless. “Laughter,” I said, “is foolish. And what does pleasure accomplish?” I tried cheering myself with wine, and embracing folly—my mind still guiding me with wisdom. I wanted to see what was worthwhile for men to do under heaven during the few days of their lives.*

*I undertook great projects: I built houses for myself and planted vineyards. I made gardens and parks and planted all kinds of fruit trees*

*in them. I made reservoirs to water groves of flourishing trees. I bought male and female slaves and had other slaves who were born in my house. I also owned more herds and flocks than anyone in Jerusalem before me. I amassed silver and gold for myself, and the treasure of kings and provinces. I acquired men and women singers, and a harem as well—the delights of the heart of man. I became greater by far than anyone in Jerusalem before me. In all this my wisdom stayed with me.*

*I denied myself nothing my eyes desired;  
I refused my heart no pleasure.  
My heart took delight in all my work,  
and this was the reward for all my labor.*

*Yet when I surveyed all that my hands had done  
and what I had toiled to achieve,  
everything was meaningless, a chasing after the wind;  
nothing was gained under the sun. —ECCLESIASTES 2:1–11*

*Can anything ever separate us from Christ's love? Does it mean he no longer loves us if we have trouble or calamity, or are persecuted, or are hungry or cold or in danger or threatened with death? (Even the Scriptures say, "For your sake we are killed every day; we are being slaughtered like sheep.") No, despite all these things, overwhelming victory is ours through Christ, who loved us.*

*And I am convinced that nothing can ever separate us from his love. Death can't, and life can't. The angels can't, and the demons can't. Our fears for today, our worries about tomorrow, and even the powers of hell can't keep God's love away. Whether we are high above the sky or in the deepest ocean, nothing in all creation will ever be able to separate us from the love of God that is revealed in Christ Jesus our Lord. —ROMANS 8:35–39, NLT*

*The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!" And let him who hears say, "Come!" Whoever is thirsty, let him come; and whoever wishes, let him take the free gift of the water of life. —REVELATION 22:17*

You may have tried talking to God before. Would you be willing to try writing your thoughts to Him? In a sense, it's just like writing a letter. Write what comes to mind. You may find it therapeutic.

**God,**  
**Here are some of my thoughts. . . .**