THE SPIRIT OF FAMILIARITY

How Honour is Eroded by What Becomes Too Common

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Dedication

To the One who is forever Holy —
Majestic in wonder, endless in glory, worthy beyond comprehension.

And to every heart that still trembles at His Word,
to every soul that refuses to treat the sacred as common,
to every seeker who guards their awe like treasure —

May your reverence never grow old.
May your wonder never be worn out.
May your eyes forever see Him as He truly is.

This is for you.

Preface

Familiarity is a silent thief.
It does not steal by force, but by slow erosion — quietly stripping the sacredness from what once moved us to tears, what once stirred us to worship, what once caused our hearts to tremble before God.

I have seen the devastating cost of familiarity — in lives, in ministries, in relationships, and even in destinies.
The saddest stories are not of those who never encountered the sacred, but of those who did — and then lost their awe.
Not because God grew smaller, but because their eyes grew dim.

This book was born out of a conviction — a call to remember.
To remember the weight of the presence of God.
To remember the gift of divine connections.
To remember the sacredness of the moments, the people, and the assignments we are entrusted with.

These words are not written from the heights of achievement, but from the place of deep longing — a longing to see the holy honoured again, to see awe restored where it has been lost.

I write to awaken hearts — to stir again the wonder that routine has silenced, to rekindle the honour that time has eroded, and to restore the reverence that heaven still requires.

In these pages, you will not find complicated theories.
You will find a simple, solemn call: **Never let the sacred become common.**

May these words arrest your drift.
May they shake you out of numbness.
May they restore your sight.
And may your life be one where God is honoured, His vessels are treasured, and His presence is treated with the awe it deserves.

Let honour rise again.

— *Emmanuel Mukisa*

Acknowledgements

I give all glory to the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of Kings, whose presence is forever holy and whose wonders are without end.
It is His voice that calls us back to reverence. It is His Spirit that teaches us to honour the sacred.

I honour and deeply thank my Man of God and spiritual father, *Pastor Chris Oyakhilome DSc, DD,*
whose life and ministry have taught me the meaning of true honour — not only in words, but in spirit.
Through his teaching, his example, and his unwavering reverence for the sacred, I have learned to treasure what God treasures and to guard what God calls holy.

Thank you for imparting to me a consciousness of the sacred that shaped this message and this life.

I also thank every heart that still trembles before God — every seeker, every worshipper, every servant — who refuses to let the holy become common.
This book is a tribute to your pursuit, and a call to preserve what heaven holds dear.

May the spirit of honour rise again in our generation.

CHAPTER

1

The Nature of Honour

Honour is not merely the courtesy we extend with words; it is the posture of the heart towards what we recognise as weighty, sacred, and valuable. In the divine economy, honour is the currency by which access, increase, and promotion are transacted. Where there is no honour, there can be no lasting establishment. Where honour is withheld, dishonour inevitably breeds.

In the Kingdom of God, honour is not optional; it is foundational. Scripture commands, *"Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king."* (1 Peter 2:17). To honour is to discern the assigned value of a person, place, or principle and to treat it accordingly — not as you see it, but as God sees it.

Yet honour is not natural to the fallen heart. It must be taught, cultivated, and preserved. Left unattended, the human heart drifts not towards reverence but towards contempt. What once thrilled it soon bores it. What once awed it soon becomes ordinary. The tragedy is not in the object losing its worth — it is in the perceiver losing their sight.

Honour builds bridges between generations; it sustains relationships across seasons. It binds sons to fathers, communities to their leaders, and believers to the God they cannot see. It was honour that enabled the widow of Zarephath to receive her miracle from Elijah. It was honour that opened the

Shunammite woman's home to the presence of the prophetic. And it was the absence of honour that closed the gates of Nazareth against the very miracles their broken hearts longed for.

Honour is recognition. Honour is reception. Honour is reward.

To honour is to unlock what is hidden within a vessel. For every gift God sends, there is a covering of humanity that tests our perception. Jesus, though the Son of God, was sent wrapped in flesh, laid in a manger, and raised among carpenters and fishermen. To those who could not see beyond the ordinary, He remained only ordinary. The supernatural became inaccessible not because it ceased to exist, but because familiarity dulled their discernment.

Honour is the lens through which the extraordinary is perceived within the ordinary. Without it, the miracles we pray for may pass us by unnoticed.

As we journey through these pages, understand this:
Honour is not flattery.
Honour is not formality.
Honour is the life-giving sight that keeps the sacred sacred.
Without it, even the most divine among us becomes "common," and the heavens that should have opened remain silent.

The sin of familiarity begins when honour dies.