

When the saints go marching in
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Joel Akin

Hosea 2:23 And I will sow her unto me in the earth; and I will have mercy upon her that had not obtained mercy; and I will say to [them which were] not my people, Thou [art] my people; and they shall say, [Thou art] my God.

Of all the most wonderful things in all the known world I have been with the Lord. I. One little I. Yet in the bill of life I have been with God. Not in a small way. I was with Him who is God in a big way. One in which God held me as close as he could. One in which God went out and held Leviathan and went and held me. He protected and kept me. He held and kept me in all things.

Yet in the find of life I became a little odd. Not because of God but because the enemy slew the day I was born. They slew me in the womb and they slew the way I was made. I was born out of womb and slew in the head. I went into a world we call war early on. I was born in war and in time I learned to adapt. I learned to fight and I learned to hear. I wasn't as young men except perhaps in the area of lust. That was a war to itself. Yet in a way lust is the conception of help vs the concrete of thought. When we reach out to God in lust we reach out with a cement shoe. One which is so big it wells up to us as lace but breathes on us with wretched sweat.

This is the dilemma of all of us. We know she awaits for us as a whore. She comes to us as a cry. She speaks to us with sweetness. Yet she holds the door not to hell as yet but to the way of delight. If it goes well she bears it to us. She calls us back for more. Yet if I went I did so with pain. There were a few things I did which were wise and wise is the point of pain.

In those times I went for a massage to the parlours that offered time for \$10. I told them up front I was there for the special but I was dealing with an incurable back pain. I could not afford the price of those I went to. So I went out of the box and I enjoyed it for no one complained. Some I went back to again and again and there were some I came to call friend who treated me with respect. They saw that I suffered and they didn't judge me but worked on my back. Yet I kept these things secret because I went to a place of shame. I went to a place that the world fell was evil. And yet I received only kindness and help for the pain I bore.

The final toll is they were kind but no one offered me help among the Christians like this. I needed the full back worked on. People push buttons when they reject people for all reasons. God will carry those up who care to be with him for all time. That means us who live in pain carry up the heart. It is the heart of people who have no one but the love of one.