

Hope Springs Eternal.

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Alexander Pope had it write in his essays of man. Hope Springs eternal from the human breast.

What a measure man is. Content in his own right he settles himself into a status of thought. He lives his life without tomorrow's blessing yet longs for it just the same. We assuage our conscience with mediocrity yet still search the heavens for a sign. And in those tender moments we find a measure of time. Time's measure is the allotment of guidance from heaven. God carries us into a time realm where we are allowed to slow down enough to think. It is there that I contemplate the moment and the our and the passages of the seasons. I look and think "Time will carry me forward to a time when I can say "Its over" and sure enough 3 months later I remember that key seasons beginning and those initial thoughts and I realize how fleeting life is.

Without the measure of man and his thought towards a hundred years, what I call the 10% of grace, then where would man be. Would we crawl towards adversity as a moth towards the fire? Would we syrup our self out of the tree in dribbles or out of the grain with paddles? For time doesn't care that we measure our time in hours or days or to the wiser years. He carries us just the same.

And so it is with Hope. Hope is like the first steps toward God. We hear and we understand and we take those thoughts we receive and ponder them in our hearts. True hope springs forth eternally and we grow into a measure of life based on the extent of our hope. Though the enemy sweep in with his broom and try to steal away those seeds yet God raises up in us new ones based on the old. Like a cow that chews at the grass the cow things he takes all there is not realizing that hope will grow again. And we are like grass and our flesh like grass is cut down today and tossed in the oven tomorrow. But those perennial seeds refuse to cease growing. Those lilies are still there waiting for their season to spring anew. And so we, with hope, carry forward. And we, with hope, spring up from our resting place.

And like the grave, so like the Lily, as remembrance of that

resting place. In the earth and clay and mixed with stone we find ourselves asleep waiting for a call. A call from heaven crying unto our heart "Spring up oh well within my soul Spring up oh well into eternity."

And so like Lily rising from its grave we take those dormant seeds and pray and nurture them with hope. Praying against all belief and teachings of men that such things cannot be. We pray with Hope towards Heaven that the Head of all Holiness might herald our cry. And if He, God, the central figure and Hero of heaven hears our plea, then what are we but the standard upon which the heap of hope is planted.

For sometimes God measures out our lives in the garbage for it is the garbage of this world that has held us down. And we have cried for those pressures that bear upon our soul and our heads. We are broken down by weight of sorrows and sufferings and pain that keeps us locked inside of a body broken by sin.

So we cast aside those things but they like seasons carry them back to us in endless repetitions. And the rain falls with the hail stones and the hail stones fall with the wind. And the wind twists and turns against us hurling the sorrows of pain that do not end. And we cry unto the heavens until the sun shines. But we grow thirsty again even in the midst of our tears. Until finally we are left waiting for a miracle that arises out of the dust of time.

Will the end of this cycle end? Will we ever find the source of eternal hope and eternal casting into the oven? Is this the cycle measured out by heaven for our soul? Has the beast of this earth ransacked our dreams and stolen our hopes, and broken the promises given to us? Around me lies garbage and rubble and the heavens promises are cast down. But we cannot find the end of this story. We can see it and we can hear it. But there is no one who knows, upon this earth, the sorrow I feel. The weeping I give to them and to others. There is no one who understands the endless days that pass beneath my feet until my sole is crushed and I limp day by day by day.

Yet if there is a God I would ask "God, why have you cast down my soul? Why have you allowed the enemy to steal my dreams? Why have you turned away in my moments of weeping so even in that the enemy sends his mocking and laughter?"

And if there was a God who cared and wanted the truth spoken He would say

"Let there be peace on earth. Let there be joy in the heart. Let there be hope in the soul. For above all there is a God who sees and prays and weeps with you. For I am a God who cares and a God who knows and a God who sees. And I have the right to speak from the first to the last. And though all you wrote is true there is a God who cares. I know you write this for yourself as a remembrance of these hours. And these hours have become a source of hope in a way. A strange way. For out of the midst of the pain there is born a hope for life. And life is the key to this story. And it will end soon. Not in years or decades but in months. For in months there shall arise a new hope. And a new hope shall bring out the star of hope. And the star of hope shall be part of the story for you. Don't be afraid of the darkness that comes by night or the shadow that roars at midday. There are none in all the world who can steal away the joy of the Lord. Fight with hope and fight with joy. Look to sleep to rest you. And rest to stimulate your heart so you are not so exhausted. Take time to rest and in that rest listen for the voice of the Lord."

With love to all.

