

## Hope and Joy of the Lord

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When I was a child I spoke as a child but when I became a man I put away childish things. I know that one could speak with the tongue of men and of angels but above all things I wish that I might prosper myself in the ways of the Lord. There are things I see in the future that make me cry and sometimes I weep. I pray that God might bring about a change across the earth and that hope might be restored to men once again. That Hope would arise up from the ashes of the earth and that hope might not die but live again.

Hope is like a cherished memory that we hold precious on the shelf and each time we pass by we smile whimsically and think of things that once were. For Hope restores things and hope repairs things and hope cherishes things and hope is what I see. Hope takes our dreams and relinquishes them unto the Lord and from these dreams they begin a restoration in our life bringing healing and life to those things which are broken. For from Hope there arises a gift we call forth in love. It is the beginning of faith but the faith gives way to love that love would bring forth fruit.

For from Hope I see a future filled with joy and joy carries with it hope. For Hope and Joy are like sisters long separated. They weep and mourn for their loss but they look around them at their other sisters and brothers and cry out to them "have hope, have joy" and they do. For Hope is a friend that carries us in our sorrow for though Joy has left her there is within her heart a cry for love. For love is like a dream for her. She looks at it and sees a wall she wishes to pass called Faith. She says "If I could only touch love and then I would find Joy once again." She carries herself to the wall in her life and she reaches out and touches it tentatively and finds it filled with sorrow. And she says I want faith, I need faith, but when I reach for it I find only sorrow. So she looks around her and ask her friends and acquaintances "Have you seen faith? Have you found Joy?" And they say "No Hope we haven't."

So she struggles to her feet and she searches for Joy across the breadth of the world, in the skies, in the stars, in the heavens, all the way to God Himself. And she cries out "Lord, why have you taken my Joy?"

And He weeping replies "I do not have your joy but Joy shall come to you in the mourning." And she Hope, bears her precious seeds home and she ponders them in her heart. She protects them and she cares for them and she prays "God, I don't understand."

There are times in life when we carry precious seeds with weeping not knowing or understanding why they seem so unfruitful. But there is someone named Hope who understands. God set her above the stars and she sang with Joy so that even the stars remember her and speak fondly of hope. But she, Hope, carried the cargo of precious seeds from all the worlds that had been destroyed. Carrying them that one day they might be restored and one day they might showcase the beauty of all things God had made. For there is within her ship a cargo of seed, of precious seed beyond anything we have yet conceived. Beautiful seeds that hold the promise for tomorrow. You see, she is Hope to us, and that Hope is what will bring Hope to our world. Not because we have turned our backs away from Hope but that Hope might know God saw her, saw her need, saw her desire for being restored once again to things that might be.

So rejoice in Hope for she is the daughter of God. And God saw her and set her a little lower than the angels that she might know the pain and sorrow of men. But God said "Hope shall return and Hope shall once again carry Joy to the stars." And that mourning of joy shall give way to a promise called the Hope and Joy of the Lord. And there is no words to describe the healing that she will bring upon the wings of Liberty. For Liberty is real but held in chains within the earth. But her moment of freedom is coming near when Liberty shall break these surly bonds of earth and shall rise once, twice or more towards the stars. Not death, not time, nor its curses shall hold Her back from her destiny. For out of the darkened bondage's of earth and her groaning I can hear the voice of liberty and the bell of freedom and the promises of God calling forth from the ages "Arise Hope, with healing in your wings. For the Glory of the Lord shall cover you as the sun covers the earth." And you will arise Hope and I pray I shall see these things with my eyes. Though they grow tired and weary yet I know that my redeemer liveth and by Him do I breath and by him do I live and by him do I hope in these things.