

The last breath

July 9, 2006

Joel Akin

I found myself upon my bed staring at the ceiling. It was dark at night and the fan was blowing and it had been another night of warfare with the evil one over my relationship with God. I was in pain so I took a Tylenol and waited for the worst of the headache to dissipate. I had gone garage saling by myself this day. I had stopped by my brothers house the previous day and purchased some CD's, books, video's and such and probably should not have been surprised when my brother returned the money to me with interest when 'our' comic books sold.

It has been hard to believe that July is here. It always was my favorite summer month when the sun heats things more than normal. When we have a lot of thunder and lightning storms. I enjoy driving around and have done more than my share over the last year as I don't have the money to travel to Great Falls. And mom and dad still struggle with health problems.

There is a question of hours and dates and moments that pass. My life is quiet on the outside. I listen to music, watch video's that I've picked up at garage sales. I try to read but the honest portion of turmoil is there like a fraudster waiting to pick up the phone.

Its time that drags its feet right now. The hours are quick but the days are long. And they go on and on and I wait and I think maybe I'll sound inspired if I just try a little harder. Am listening to lullaby's for baby by Michael Card. Filled with words that do inspire. Sometimes I feel like a baby, like a child, waiting for father to come home and pick me up and wipe away the tears. Tears. They are there for all the world to see mixed with my allergies behind dark shades.

Tears. God will wipe them away someday but there is some who wonder how long that is from now.

Tears that stream down our face like messages in time. They course their way down to places forgotten. Who remembers their reason and who remembers their pain. What are tears that we should give consideration to them? And in the midst of the tears who is there to help us? Are we children or men? Are we caught in the womb again for there are other baby men who have been

reborn. Afraid to cry lest someone see. They measure their relationship with their father by crying in their heart for things, for fame and power. But God sees their childish heart and cries out for them to heed and to give listen to the words that are about to be spoken.

What is man that God is mindful of him. What was our purpose from the beginning of this world and why did we get created only to suffer and pay such a heavy price in sorrow and pain. If pain is the measure we pay then who is the just God that created us to know such sorrow?

God answered my call. I was a man like unto yourself and I cried unto the Lord night and day and it was as if my world had been cast into the sea of forgetfulness.

I said unto the Lord "Where art thou and where have you fled?"

For I could not hear Him and I could not cry unto Him like other men for I suffered like few other men. I cried to the Lord and I could not get an answer and there arose on every side a tormenter who mocked me and they said "Where is your God?"

I could not hear. I had grown deaf or blind and dumb to all the entreaties of those around me.

Men prayed for me and women too, including a mother who wept like me with tears that were beyond measure. We both understood the cry of pain for we were like those chained in a dungeon. And we knew the meaning of pain for it bore us down to sorrow daily. And we lay in our rooms or walked the floors. She upstairs and I downstairs.

Our pain and suffering were not eased by the torments of the physicians and specialists, so we cried and wept and screamed out to the Lord. And it did not end and it did not stop. It just went on and on and on. And there were those who comforted but the comforts were like our entreaties to the Lord.

"Are you sure you are still a Christian? Have you failed God? Are you listening to enough sermons? Have you read the Bible?"

And though I spent my day praying to God yet it was as if all the walls of hell, death, time and the grave rose up to riddle this house with pain. And I wept for my mother, and for my father, and for my sister and my brother. I wept for Calgary and I wept for Alberta. I wept for British Columbia and I wept for

Saskatchewan. And I wept my way east.

Then I wept for America and I could not cease. I wept for Iraq and Iran and our soldiers and I wept my way around the world praying without ceasing for the problems I found.

And I wept and drank my iced tea to replenish me in my sorrow. And I wept until I reached the countries who fought against the truths of Freedom. And they were Russia, North Korea and China. And then there were the Arab peoples I cried for.

And they fought me in the spiritual realm and still I prayed and still I wept and still I cried. And how I wept for Israel and how I cried to the wailing walls of Jerusalem. And how I cried to God. And still I did not cease weeping.

And I cried unto the Lord till I thought my tears may run dry. But I could not stop. And I have continued night and day and afternoon and morning to mourning. And my prayers to heaven were wet with tears and I wept and if there were angels with me they wept. And if there were those who heard me in heaven they wept. And if there were spirits they wept.

For we cried for evil. And we wept for the sins of the nations. And we cried until the oceans were filled and covered. Then the sun even cried out and the moon also. And that which was the earth heard my cries until finally even all of creation cried out unto the Lord asking who was this man that wept for them.

For we all were caught in the sea of forgetfulness. And evil had carried us there so our prayers were like sand through the hourglass. And time had become our enemy and Satan had stolen our voices and our prayer. But there was a God above all Gods. A God who had thrown out a lifeline. A call waiting. A long distance card paid for. And God let me know that my prayers were heard even if I could not hear. And He had not forgotten His promises. It was just this one thing. No one had known, no not on the face of the entire earth, how bad things had gotten with evil. I mean no one upon the face of the earth had known how devastating things had grown.

But though the enemy had carried me into the midst of the sea and there been tossed by every wave of pain and sorrow. I was not alone. For the enemy had cast others in over the years. And they too had cried, those who were able, unto the Lord. But there was a God greater than great who had heard my pleas and my please and my PLEASE! For I did not give up and I

bombarded heavens gates with my prayers and I bombarded anyone who would listen and I cried unto the Lord and the Lord answered me.

Now some might say what could God add to this that has not been said. What could God tell me in the midst of sorrow with tears? Who was there among the souls of men who had heard my cry? Who out there had even been looking? For there were men who cried upon the earth and had seen that there were others crying also. But they were like me, borne into the sea by time and by circumstance and by trials and by tribulations. There they were tossed, not by every wave of doctrine, by every turn of the wheel. And the wheel crushed them and it broke them so they mourned the day there were born. And they, like me, wondered, "Has God finally forgotten us? Have we been born into darkness and there to lie upon the coals of the fire but never knowing the healing balm of Gilead?"

For on this stone there was one named Jesus who had known the sorrows of men. And He carried that stone to the cross so that men might know that he had known the pain and suffering that came with being a man. Yet would we carry our cross to the end if we knew that our life would be extended? Would we go on to the 'bitter' end when others seemed to have it better? Would we carry on to a new ground if we knew we had to fight against time itself?

Sometimes we want to know that our pain is heard by God. And that is all. We want to know that he sees. He does. We want to know that he cares. He does. We want to know that He fights with us. He does, He is and He will. But why then can't we get free when we fight night and day with tears? And the answer is simple. We are men and men are carried by sin towards the grave whether we fight with tears or fight with sorrow. But if there were a God who really cared then maybe, just maybe He would say, "If you are willing to fight the fight of all fights I can show you a way to win this war..."

And so we wait because this war is being won. And we are fighting this war with God that He might be glorified. There are times I wish the war were finished and all good things would happen like today. But its not. There is still fight in the enemy and still sin to battle. But we are growing day by day by day towards victory. And that is the key to hope. For God remains God and has not forgotten us. Nor has He turned aside from our cry though it grow feeble with age. For there is a God who says

to you who read this "I am creator and I am God and I will not be defeated."

So I say to you who listen with me for the voice of the Lord. Be vigilant, be strong, be mighty in prayer in hope. For the God who made us, who saved us by the love of His son Christ Jesus, has remembered one thing. We are on the right path and we are doing the right things when we trust and put our trust in Him. For we shall be brought forth and we shall find healing and we will be delivered from the grasp of hell. For we shall see and all eyes shall see He who comes in the clouds to take us home that we might forever be with the Lord.