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Works with rain

I find myself on a rainy night in Calgary drinking my Corn tea with Southern Louisiana additions. Sounds like an ad for a new song from the Southernaires. A song you want to listen to just once in a while. I sometimes speak of frankness and I think what is life that we are mindful of it. God said in scripture "What is man" so I say "What is life?" If we are part of God and God is the center of all things then how do I as a man part with the knowledge of God? Thinking of God is like thinking of the rain that falls outside on a cool June night. I know that it falls but I can't hear it. I see the power of the rain in the growth of the trees and the grass and yet I am inside this shell we call a house. And being in this shell means that the rain falls outside of it not inside. In here I'm comfortable and dry yet I want to see more of life. So how then do I grasp at the green grass which grows? With a lawn mower of course. That is the extent of our knowledge of life for it is there today and cut down tomorrow to end up in the garbage can where it will be taken to the landfill to be burned. So if life is like the grass which is there today and burned tomorrow then how do I grow while in this shell. For this house grows old and creaks with age and time is unkind to us. We find ourselves broken by memories of what was and what is seems like a frightful video that streams away like the water that feeds the flowers. I know that I could add a picture of a flower here to show you that just for a second time stopped in my mind. I saw myself take a picture of a flower growing outside in the rain. The light of the sun shines despite the rain for it is low on the horizon so I know that there is promise of clear skies somewhere tonight. Maybe here, I don't know. But time is like that sun that shines. It may be hot and unbearable but tomorrow those plants will sprout because of the heat and the struggle they grow through will be one of life.

Yet if I struggle with life and with pain and with sorrow and with sickness and with Satan who then do I turn to for life? For life is like a tree that carries with it a promise of fruit. We wait patiently for the season to arrive when the fruit is ripe and we can pull it from the branch and eat it. True the fruit alone may not be all we need for life but it still holds the promise of the seed that brings forth life from the darkness of death or the

depth of the soil. That soil is part of time also and from it come forth the issues of life. But we do not see the fullness of it because time also carries the pain of sorrows and the timings of turmoil. We are borne into a world filled with darkness and even when things seem good there are those representatives of Satan who carry the dark seed of the dark tree we call the tree of knowledge of good and evil. They, like their father Satan, carry the darkness into the land planting their vile potions into our food supply so we are never certain of what we eat.

So how then can we as humans trust what we eat? If there are trees of life and trees of death surrounding us and we are tempted by hunger then the land also must hold the curse to our throats. We then must strive for knowledge and wisdom but especially for understanding. And if the ant knows the way of the soil then in wisdom can we learn the ways of truth. And truth will lead us along a road signed with hope for hope is like a sign that says "Stop here and make a wish." And if we are wise, and things of hope do begin with wisdom, then we fall for the signs along our path and give heed to the truth we find there.

For there are secrets along the road and most never see the secrets written in the soil, in the rocks and hills and valleys. For they are there for those who take the time to see and listen. And perhaps if we are truly wise we will learn from the wind and the rain which falls outside tonight.

For I know that God is above sending the rain and the ants take the night off and seal up their door and portion themselves inside where it is warm and comfortable. And if we are wise we will give heed to God's voice who says "Listen, I send the rain to bring forth life." And we wise people bless the rain and know that the trees of death cannot exist much longer underneath the load of God's love. For there is a measure of grace and hope coming to the earth which shall shatter all the works of men into the semblance of time. But from the ashes shall arise a new world called God's kingdom. We who mourn for the old only need to see that life begins anew from the old. And that old ways pass away and God brings forth new life from the old. So rejoice for even the ant shall be there. And we shall be there to sing these songs of Joy for all time to come.