

Time Trampled

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Words don't always express the emotions of the heart. When I feel sad I tend to look inside and then I wait for God to help me find a way out.

Looking for a way out of sadness is not easy. I tend to look at words as a friend yet those words don't always comfort me. In many cases words are like branches of a tree. Some branches might be nice in spring or summer but by fall their leaves fall off leaving me with wonder of time.

If you were to study the stars you would see they go on for ever. And if you study the time it takes to reach the nearest star it too would seem like forever. There are things we have done that cannot be explained in one or two simple phrases. For we live in a world that is normal and that normality is a gift of God. For I know of which I speak. That this universe of which we live is stranger than anything you can imagine. It is a place where sin dwells and wars mingle with blood and spirits fight with spiritual forces.

There is a fight to the death for a right to chose, as some might call it. The right to chose life with death. Death is the symptoms of a man who choses to forsake God. He suffers the pangs of the law and the sorrows of sin. His life is torn up by the roots and everything he works for is in constant fluctuation.

There is a scripture we take symbolically. Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven where neither rust nor moth corrupts. This is the best banking system in the universe and perhaps one of the most intriguing. For we know that the work we do for God is placed upon our account so at his appearing we will be shown what we have done for the kingdom of God.

Now most Christian men have put up kingdoms on earth. They have fought spiritual forces and battles so that people might hear the truth. Some of them have slid into history but occasionally one will survive times testing. And when all is done, though not said, they find the work is still moving forward. I see this in my fathers work who spent years toiling as a pastor. I know that not all the churches he started or tried to work with are still going. Some have vanished in the mist of ages. But he

also does other work for the Lord including prayer and is a man who has not ceased praying since the 1950's. If my fathers work on earth is considered of value how much more should those prayers be worth in heaven? Are they not a mans treasure laid up so they bring sweet smelling incense even to the Lord.

I like to think that we might have life and that we might overcome all the obstacles laid out before us. Though it seems at times that I am a talent buried in the earth yet I pray God will take my small prayers learned at His feet that He might use them for His honor and glory. I do weep often and even now weep for so many things I see wrong. The sorrows of a nation. The coming of war upon the land. Gods mercy holding war back for a time. And trials of economics for all nations. We must prepare ourselves for those on our borders who would take advantage of the situation to spread their terrors. Perhaps Texas must rise up and fight for her freedom.

Whatever the case we must not fear. For our lives are ultimately in Gods hands and we must trust that he will not let us down but protect those who keep their eyes upon Him.