

On the question of being poor

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Exodus 23:11 But the seventh [year] thou shalt let it rest and lie still; that the poor of thy people may eat: and what they leave the beasts of the field shall eat. In like manner thou shalt deal with thy vineyard, [and] with thy oliveyard.

How poor is poor? In my estimation poor is when you have need of a basic requirement for your society and you cannot afford it without have to do without in another area of your life. Now one may say that is a poor estimation of poverty but lets think about it for a moment. Poverty is not just in the lost checkbook nor in the low bank balance. After all most rich people have a tendency to spend according to the money in their accounts. If I increase my earnings I tend to increase my spending. I've seen this happen so many times its not even funny. The rich go back to poverty, rise up, then fall, then having learned the lessons. Or at least spending an eternity in learning them.

But there is another issue of poverty I see. That is our society is changing in ways that are difficult to estimate. In the old days, as it were, there were many more farmers who worked the land each year. The poor, according to scripture, were meant to come and acces the land to eat what nature itself helped produce. This spoke of access not only to land belonging to others but spoke of the farmers taking time off to go somewhere and take a rest themselves.

There is an issue of the farmer I guess when we have to decide 'Why is it that he seems to be going poor and though not extinct at least a rarity? In our world of cities rules are passed which forbid the raising of animals except those which are considered pets. I can raise a dog or a cat or a fish or perhaps even a snake but if I wanted to raise a chicken then I run afoul of the law.

If I want to buy property near to the city I also run into problems called the high cost of property. A tiny portion of land will cose me, a person on AISH, my entire income for 15 years without a single cent coming to me. And at the end of 15 years I will have a little land but no house. For me to buy a house with that property in today's city where I live would cost me 30-45 years of my income from AISH without a single penny reaching me. It gets worse. If I live with others I am still expected to pay

my share and I have no income because my only income allowed is what I can earn physically. As my physical strength is very poor, perhaps in the bottom 25% bracket, then that means I can access only the oddest of jobs. So my poverty increases accordingly.

Society itself has become a machine that marches forward forgetting the rules, the kindnesses, the helps of old and so on. Now there are things I've thought of over the years to try and help but to be honest changing society takes time. And sometimes you have to hit people over the head to make them listen to you.

There really are no rules to follow and no path you can follow as a disabled person. You are on your own and expected to perform on your own. Your help from society is based on their expectations of you and not so much your expectations of yourself. The end result is discouragement because being disabled means you are destined to fail someone sooner or later. Being sick, being weak, diseases and troubles means you are like a field that is left fallow every year and the farm land remains unworked but the world still wants what they can get from you.

So how then does God deal with us? If I am like a farmland that remains unworked physically because of my disability how can I ever make up for the one in seven theology or one in ten? Do I even show up on spiritual radar? Now so with God but with men? For I see a connection here between a broken body and a broken land. And a broken land is one that we call civilization today. All around is land pushed without a break physically. Men don't think of being disabled. They think only of what they can wrest from the ground and the earth.

So what must God do to disable the land so the land can have a rest? I think what I see is we have turned the land into a place of beauty with our advanced fertilizers and our chemicals and our machinery that has to produce a crop for us to pay for the latest in technology. But the end result is a land crying out for rest and a body that asks the same.

As for me I am one that understands the bodies cry for rest. My mind is active much but my body isn't as much. Yet I would like a land that I could call my own and would love a small farm of my own. But my body, even if healed, could not presently bare beginning to grow a crop nor spending day after day waiting for

water or cutting back weeds. Weeds are like those bad days and bad thoughts you have. Sometimes you wish they would go away but they don't always. And you are left wondering the path you are on and left wishing for better things.

I know I can't move forward until I am healed. Even if I obtain the necessary riches this body still lies fallow. And the land must be healed just as the body must be healed. There is a connection I don't always see or hear. But I do know God will see me through even if the life I bear seems to heavy to carry at times.