

The journey to the sea

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Ever have one of those days when all the things you put your hand to seems to meet in quiet melt down? I've asked myself this question over the last year as to the purpose of life. I think of myself as an average person with an average desire to do more. It may not be huge or larger than life but it tends to drag me down into the deeper thoughts. Why.

Answering why is like finding a fish on the beach that somehow missed the tide. You have a chance to put it back in the water but you also have a chance to take it home. You pick it up and find that it has poisonous stings and instead of returning it to the sea it leaves you struggling and gasping for air.

Now who is to blame for your predicament. Was it your selfish thought of making a lunch out of it? Or was it your desire to return it to the sea. Or was it possible your simplicity in not knowing that the fish had been poisonous to the touch.

The real question of life isn't about the poisoned fish though it may seem that way. Its the accidents that seem to befall us on the path to life. Is it chance, circumstance or divine providence that pulls us along the beach searching for something different for everyone wants that walk. The real question then becomes 'why'.

Answering why there are spines and thorns and difficulties on the journey is like wondering why hail sometimes comes with the rain. Or why dust blows in our eyes with the wind. Or why we are burned when making an egg on the fire.

Life pulls us into its mysteries and we are left hurt by those things we did not foresee. They can and do tend to break us and sometimes berate us that we simply did not know. The voices of those around us telling us "Why didn't you do this" is the all encompassing question.

In my journey down a river I fell out of the raft one day and slid head first over a water fall. Again there were voices saying "Why did you fall out of the raft. If you had only kept paddling." And then another "You always go feet first over the water fall" and on it goes.

And yet each of us learns from our mistakes on the river which leads to the sea. The real question on the journey is do we survive to make it there. After all the river provides us with fresh water which you won't find on the ocean. Also rivers tend to burrow their way through the rocks of time but at the sea you'll only find sand.

So why then do we spend our lives hurrying to the ocean? Why not just sit back and enjoy the ride on the raft that takes us to the sea.

After all in my dreams God showed me my journey was to make it to the sea. It was there that I would find my true path in life yet any seaman knows you can only chart your path by a compass or a star. And that perhaps is key to understanding. For on the journey to the sea the sea represents your hope. But when God gets you there then you need a new compass bearing. One that isn't temporal as it is so much eternal. For the stars overhead lead us to the sea but once there we need them to give us hope for the ocean is bigger than anything we can imagine. The river gives us comfort and safety but the sea gives us storms and depths beyond understanding.

And in the journey to the sea there are not many that make it with us. We find there the mystery of millennia of time as the river carries its burden there. Passing down through the ages of rocks carrying their particles one by one by one to the sea where they become part of eternal history.

And if there is a purpose of the journey it is that we might learn. For not many make it to the sea. Most perish along the rapids or in the badlands or along the course of the river they make their home. For myself I'm an explorer even if I fight against timidity. For I know that God is calling me on a path I cannot see without his help. It is the road to faith but it begins with that first step of hope. For desire is the friend that goes with us on the journey. More than once we lose sight of it but we know God has promised it will be with us until the end of life. And His promises are always true.

So I cannot give up and I cannot foresee what will be or what I will become. The journey to the sea has reached its conclusion and I am there. The path along time's river has reached its conclusion and time will soon be no more. For the days of hope shall rise like the rising of the sun. And His glory shall be

revealed for all the world to see.