

Sturdy ways to deal with sin in your life  
March 23, 2008  
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Exodus 34:9 And he said, If now I have found grace in thy sight, O Lord, let my Lord, I pray thee, go among us; for it [is] a stiffnecked people; and pardon our iniquity and our sin, and take us for thine inheritance.

The price of sin is death. The price is paid for if we are willing to pay it attention. If we do not we rise up to see the Lord in the final hour. There he will strip away the reason of sin and take us into the leaf of a moment in time. There we will see that we had authority if we rebuked sin with a simple in Jesus' name.

Now that is the simple way. If by chance you are ignored then pray. Prayer is the things you want and the evidence will come with time.

That is the boast of a man who suffers with prayer and with point of Sin the spirit who is a liar. I know he is part of the story of Time and Time is part of the story of life. Life is part of what will arrive. Some sent their thought to the stone card and said 'Get well' and it was a boast The card said "I am well enough to fight" but the fact is I was so well out of it I didn't know it was hearts who were crying out in prayer. They were crying out in panic. They were crying out in fear. Not because of me but because of a spirit which would not submit. One named Sin.

Yet if God had a price it would a warning to take cover. For the price of pain caused to man was the price of pain He also bore. And if the price of it was in season or sea then it was the price of pay as you go.

The point is that no one in all the world is found innocent and yet wise. They all are filled with toxic nature in this world. All you who have home in the heart have a bit to find called Hope. Hope is the find of a tree and the tree is part of a story called Slant. Of course the point of a slant is to carry up the old way of life but in a light way. The old way was to bury it until it rotted. That is only possible with time.

Now the least of these know me in the sea. They know me because I was carried there in the spirit. They knew of in the flesh and in the eye of the heart. They know me in the season of the sun. They know me in the season of the son and in the final prayer which is to be made. It is the final prayer of a man who is crying out for help. It is the final cry of a man who has a gift coming called help. Yet if the final act is to see then the final blow is to hear. It is the voice of God saying "Take time to write." And in that is the final thought.