

The purpose of our choosing a way to life  
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Genesis 6:3 And the LORD said, My spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also [is] flesh: yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years.

There is no one in all the world. We have all gone the way of flesh. Yet out of the loins of our father we!

The we is a hard word to end a sentence with. It requires thought. How could we be the end of a sentence? The answer is in the word of life. He who was Christ was the WORD and came as flesh and dwelt among us. He came as anything we can imagine. We. We are the product of time and the product of freedom. If this had been a word on freedom it would have been of Christ. Yet the emphasis would be on FREEDOM but in that is a word of life and a word of hope.

Now we can say this to anything yet the purpose of life is to free us from sin and tyranny. We are part of the soul of the heart and the pick up of the feet. We are part of the story to the way of life in the freedom of it. We!

Yet when we rise up to sing and find the day is sole and solace and soylent of type named green we wonder if our world is gone. For if we fell into a sleep of time and awoke from it we would think God had forsaken us. In that word is a message of time also. For Saken. It is a word that like its predecessor was the life of men who were akin or in like pain. As one who bears such a name I can say for and sake is the price of a wound for a brother. Especially if he has the initial s. He is the sake of sakin and if I forsake him it is the price of time and why and women. People get married and they have kids and kids put on the heir of the father. They become like he is only they become what they think he is. And thus if he is like hard they don't see that he is a child. They don't see him as one who loves his own with his own life.

This is the price of life in the sea of time. For if I felt God wanted me to write and I asked provide and I had the money to keep it but wanted it for other things then I become a man who has stated those other things are important. I become a man who asks for help and help comes but not in the way it should.

Thus if I pride myself on the way I become a brass man who is without measurement.

Now the point of every story is to go into something with hope. I go into one after another saying "If it earns me" not burns me. And burn is the key to why we close chapters in our walk. We find we don't have time. Time becomes the enemy of our joy and people become the drag of the sole. They carry weight and weight is the break out of joy. They call it time but it becomes their weight of ownership. They find focus and yet it is the price of a job. Jobs are meant to provide but never to the point they drag us down to the sea.

It is the why of it which gives us freedom. That is the price of a WORD named Jesus. Emmanuel. God with us. In that is the fright of a new way to think called time.