

The worth
May 11, 2008
Joel Akin

Ezekiel 30:2 Son of man, prophesy and say, Thus saith the Lord GOD; Howl ye, Woe worth the day!

The way of the Lord is to howl. If we can see it. The point is that we can if we are willing. The willing part of me is caught. It is the cot of family. The cot of family is the comfort. I remember when it wasn't so cottony. Then it was tough. Yet if the tough side had been in the soft they might have had it back to me. In other words I do have a soft and utterly soft heart. The heart isn't angry at people but at those things which are caught in the heart. If the heart is the trap then it is the trap of Q or the cue of life.

Imagine all things. Then imagine we are into a bitter dispute. One is over the people. The other is over things. I go to God and pray "God. Help me." Then I go to Garage Sales and find a treasure. One worth many years of searching. I think 'What are the odds' and I find they cannot be estimated.

Yet if I find them by grace what then does it prophet to lose the world? The answer is to gain a soul.

When the soul is me. For if I gain the world but lose my soul it is the way I struggle. I struggle with the way things have gone. I have a way of prove and desist. I don't rock the boat. I just live day by day in quiet prayer. Only it isn't quiet. I am suffering.

To suffer for a purpose is okay. In my case I fight foe and fight with angels which are dark and vile. They go after me in many ways. One is to fight with me in the soul.

The soul is part of the way of life. It is part of the way of sea and utter confusion. The sea is part of the way of time and it is this which gives me ideas. One is angels are caught in a trap. They can't get out. They have a way to go. That is before they are able to see.

The result is we are caught only the caught is of webbing. Not of sin of the Internet but of time of people. I can't escape. So if I rock the boat they look at me as a problem. Only I am patient. Too patient. I pray and weep and seek and put God in all things. I do so with the utmost 'art and the 'art is like the hart. It is like the heart. It might even be part. Or even a start.

The point is that we are all caught up into a new way. When we are presented with it we think 'Who is going to believe?' The point becomes the rice in the bowl. The rice carries the seasoning of life in it. We find the seasoning hard to bear. That is when the seasoning is left out. However what is tough for us might be mild to another. That is when I find they can bear it better than us.

As it is I become a sounding tack not of pain on God but of questing. I seek Him for truth. I find he is the one who knows. Thus if I write it and I believe it is God then I must find a way to witness. So if the family accepts then it is a way to see their willingness on a day we call Moms.