

The stow of a bed
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John 5:11 He answered them, He that made me whole, the same said unto me, Take up thy bed, and walk.

I have a desire to share some personal things. One is I massage. That is I massage the world. Now if you think that is wild then remember to massage is to carry a word. One is rubbed in with hands that are pure delight. The other with friend upon the back.

Yet if a man is massaged we might think he is off in his theology. Yet the Lord didn't say it was sin. He indicated men will touch. Jesus touched. He may not have massaged but he shared with hand and word. The word being enough, not to rise out of the bed but to rise up and take the bed and walk.

When I went out this week to garage sales I found a few treasures. On Sunday I stopped at a sale where most was sold. A few things were put away into the shed. There was a greenish color to a massage table owned by the lady. She was retired but her husband had made the bed for her use. It was six feet plus long. That is unusual as most seem to be six feet or less.

The point is I was not really wanting a massage table. At least not yet. I had ideas on one but the price for a new one can be five hundred. Professionally made.

This was heavy and it took her convincing to make me see it was indispensable. She ended up going from \$10 to free but she wasn't happy. So at a very subtle hint she told me something would be appropriate so I gave her \$5.

I don't have much room for a bed. I don't have any room for a table. But I do have room for a massage in my life with people who give me one weekly. I do it for my dystonia. It is a way of healing.

That is one reason why it is essential to see. This man was well and had to find a way of dealing with his bed. As a sick man it was a problem. As a well man it was healing.

God makes a way. He provides us a home. He gives us a fee. It is prayer. He says "Do this while I search". He lets me look only to find a region. It is something I learned. A region of Calgary. One I like. As it turns out I'll be almost an hour from my family. They may not visit often. That is if God opens that way.

The point is the bed. It is read for travel. It is in the back of the truck. It is there as a side point. It is there as a measure to the way of life. God is going to deal with me in the way I read and write. He is going to deal with me until I have a way of picking up the very heavy table and putting it where it wants to be. Hopefully into a home. One where the will of the time to come is busy with life.