

The Bay of Life  
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Joel Akin

Lamentations 2:7 The Lord hath cast off his altar, he hath abhorred his sanctuary, he hath given up into the hand of the enemy the walls of her palaces; they have made a noise in the house of the LORD, as in the day of a solemn feast.

If we take the church to the point of a granted position God will take us out of the church. If we move out of the church then God will move up the sanctuary only it will be a new route. One which is in the town or in the place of a place and not where we were or were planning to be. This means God is not pleased and is not willing to let those who own to be blessed. They are the people of Calgary and they have not found how to be a blessing. They have not found me nor cared that I have written for help to both premiers of Alberta and to others over the years for help. I have made a cry to God for help.

Yet if there is a day of God it is to bill me as a man for the price of life and the price of freedom for I cry without end. I ask "What" and it has become a price of life in the house of the LORD.

The Lord is not mocked. He knows me. He knows my house. He knows my cry. He knows I have a house and yet do not. He knows I am discouraged. I have tried and failed far more then I have won. I have succeeded in life by being in time but not by being in life. Thus life is the buy of a house and that has happened nor is it likely in Calgary for the price here refuses to drop. I have also failed in everything I've tried until I have failed to be and that isn't for lack but for time itself which is the problem of age.

Thus I go on and it gets tiring until I am crying to God for help. I have a desire to write and writing is a cure for the ail but not for the ment. I have a problem with writing because I put down opinions by the dozen and not facts and people hate it. They want to see the way to life in fact and that is the problem of an age of reason and a time when the church doesn't fit itself into the mold of life or the mold of this world.

The final pat on the back is the pie in the sky and the idea of life in the sea and in the lee. It is the lee part which is caught up in a box by way of life in the sea. For if men are to rise up to pray they must find a way to see how it is in life. Thus life carries help through the bite of a house and that is the bite of freedom. Thus freedom is the will and the way and the heath of house or haus to be in life.

