

October 8, 2006 Sunday

Times First Kiss

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Time not only loved but he had a name. He was one of the first to know the taste of love. And love was one of those things we mere men wish we understood. For if God took a trillion years to teach the very basic course in love then there was time enough to learn love. For I, who was a friend of time, understood that if I wanted love I had to learn to kiss. Now the Art of Kissing is a book and lets be honest, it was one of my first purchases. I searched its pages and learned its secrets and waited to practice by kissing the hand that read it. True that was a strange encounter but I was a young man who had not seen love nor tasted love.

Yet in the world of men I found that kisses were like 1 ounce diamonds. They were probably real but I never saw them. There were stories of them in museums and stories of those multicolored gems stocked away in vaults. Yet who am I, a mere man again, to find such a gemstone walking down the street? Better yet I search for plain and simple stones. For such as the mere mortals that taste our streets and salt during these long winter months.

But God gave me a promise that love would find me. And if I stumbled upon love whether in the dark of night or the light of summer sun then how could I find it if it took a million billion years to learn it? It was a conundrum of time and if Time had not allowed me loves first kiss then I waited like a beggar upon the street for a miserly coin. For I didn't have love in fullness I had it in speeches. I could quote the honor of love like a bruised toe and if the Japanese or the Aiel of Jordan's sweet river of time understood so much the better.

For men were like trees stalwart in the forest of the knight. Strong on their steeds and deeds they rode through with lance prepared for the enemies onslaughts. And dragons rose up like Sinful curses and they slew them down for even in scripture I read of such things. And I find myself hearing the tales passed down by my father and mother and I think "What if I were there." What if I could knock on the tently door of Abraham and speak with him of love. For he was a patient man who searched for the heart of God in things. And he sought it among the

desert scapes and it was when his heart was caught in the thicket when his son was on the altar that we understood true love. He tasted it for a moment. Not the bitterness of loss but the freedom that came of letting go of ones only son. And if in that willingness of love there is understanding for me then I must search it out. For if I kiss and find in it the sweetness of hope or joy then in that kiss there must be love. For if love is like the sweetest of fruits and it must be, then I know that upon the cast of the lot there are numbers written. And those numbers are like views into a future. Now some cannot see the numbers written for they are shortsighted. And they follow after chance. But God had men of Israel cast them so that there might be searched out just one who was weak. And if the cast found the weakness then wasn't there a chance that when all is done and said and all the weaknesses of hate and anger and bitterness and other thieves of joy are gone that we will find the lot falls our way in hope and in truth?

For Truth spoke from the edge of the Silver Cord and she was our conscience. And if I could approach her I thought then maybe I would understand love. For she was hard to see and harder to find and hard to approach. But it wasn't until she allowed me to pass beyond her that I began to see the approaches she had borne. The pain and sorrow of the heart are like stories written of great men and women of the past. They carry their tales and their written moments in journals of the heart. And they pass on to Truth and beg her passage to freedom. But how many of us understood what freedom was? Did we not know that freedom was part of the story of Times kiss? Did we not know that we could not kiss love until freedom had flown? For I see that the Eagle is like freedom and it is like the chicken and the egg also. For we ask which came first. For if we were the chicken then who gave us the egg? Was it not God? Was it not he who stored the egg in Time and said "If you wish Freedom then chose Truth?" For Truth was the guardian of Freedom and the bridge that lead across the abyss so that we might have spiritual hope. And hope is like the woman who fell from the skies and a child picked up the stone and wished it were a diamond or a gemstone of beauty. And that child was me. For I picked up every rock that I could find and I searched out its name and I searched out its color and it was beautiful.

And when our family picked up its tent and moved to a far country I left behind those treasures of the heart. And I missed them for they were cast down by the side of the house and I left

them there for others to find. And yet I wonder if they are still there covered now with dirt and lost in darkness for all time. For who would care about the wishes of a child now forgotten?

The only answer I can give is there is one who saw my heart. And knew that I did not wish a heart of stone which could not speak but a heart of love that I might love. For if times first kiss were to rise from the ashes like the phoenix then perhaps the phoenix was the freedom I longed for. Could there not be a star that had fallen to the earth and could that star not have been like the phoenix filled with the rarest of gems from all the known universe? Wisdom and Joy and Laughter and Prosperity and Hope and Love and Freedom? For there were others beyond number that I could mention and should if I knew all their names? For they were the stones that I searched for and they were the things I loved. And they were the hand I sought which was not my own to kiss for such was a foolish child. But the hand of love and freedom.

And I guess I speak eloquently but I only wish to speak truth. I only wish to get across that love will take me a trillion, trillion years to learn. And I am a soul beginner. A child. A wishing child who has been promised by God that I would see love. And I know that every day I search the skies and the ground looking for those stones again. Yet it seems impossible for I live in the city and the streets are scoured by sweepers who like the dragon sweep the stars away into the gutter. And I weep for things lost but I pray that they might be found again. Proverbs tells me that if you cast your bread upon the water it shall return to you after many days. And though the bread of life is Christ yet I know there is a gemstone that shineth night and day for all men to see. It is his shine and his life that reflect the glory of God. And I stand in awe of his accomplishments and I think to myself "Help me to shine dear Lord so that bruised toe might bring you honor and not shame.." Now you might chuckle for I indeed have a bruised toe but perhaps its that bruised ego or bruised heart or bruised thought which holds us in darkness. Yet I have learned a few secrets over the years and I have learned that if I hope enough that God will grant me faith. And if I believe enough God will grant me love. And if I am faithful in the smallest of things such as searching the heart for the love of God then God will grant to me the desires of my heart.

And so I awake from my sleep and I find the world sleeps. And I pray for Sin awoke also and said "They are sleeping" but I

refused to back down. And I rose up and said "Let there be hope in me" and there was. And I prayed "Let my faith make a difference" and it did. And I prayed "Jesus come home soon" and I think he will! And so now I pray that all men might know him as Lord and savior and I think they shall. And perhaps when they understand that the bruised toe, like bruised honor, is that which prevents us from bending knee and heart to him. And maybe, just maybe those things and this story will change things enough so we bend down that our soul might shine and reflect his glory that he might honor the father.

And I guess we will go on wishing. For in every deep well there are coins tossed by the loved, the cared for and sometimes the broken hearted. And it is to those last to whom I speak. Jesus did die of a broken heart but it is said that even in hell God is there to mend the broken heart. And I would say to you "Never stop believing" for there is a God waiting in your hell to mend that broken heart. He has never stopped loving and if there is a God that I honor with bended knee it is He.

For suns will rise in the west and set in the east but God will never forsake his promises. And if you lie in the gutter swept away by the dragons lie don't despair. For God speaks to every star to those who sing for joy and those who are brushed aside. And if we mere men know such mighty things then remember that he has your name written down with an account of your actions and deeds. He knows your heart better than anyone. He has a way of settling those accounts and deeds and bring you the true riches of heaven. And if you are willing to give him one thing. A bruised toe. A prideful heart. A wounded knee. He will change the course of history and restore you, your people, your nation and the path of time. For perhaps that first kiss of time wasn't sweet enough. And perhaps it brought sorrow instead of joy. Let him mend the broken seam and let him show you the treasure that you didn't see was lying there waiting to be picked up by the child with heart full of wishes. Maybe that child is you.