

The day of song

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What is man that you are mindful of his ways. What are the passages of his life? The words that he might speak. The thoughts that he might live. The hope that he might rise? For in that day when the days are long and the ways of men are wise and God has rested from his labor there will be a time to speak. For out of darkness there is a thought. Out of darkness there rises hope. Not the behemoth of lies or the torrent of the flood from the mouth of the dragon. No, there in lies hope.

For we mere humans have been lost in time. Lost in sorrows and lost in pain and lost in measures of hurt unwritten. Like stars at night that wink and sigh they cry for Joy. They sing her song and we who are the sons of God, we sing also. For we were made sons through the Greatest Son who came that His light might shine eternally so. And I look at that light he gave and how he raised himself up by choice and spoke from the sea and from the mountain and its slopes. How he who walked on water and we who sailed its heights moved forward towards an eternity in the midst of its storms.

How could we not know there was a God who rode with us. A God who did not forget our name and did not cast us off. Like Peter Jesus bid us come and we stepped out in faith and stuck close by his side. And we heard him say "Do not fear. I have never left you and I will not forsake you..." And I walked with Him who made the sea and I talked with him though the thunder roared.

And even there in the darkness of all eternity He was there. He God who created me. He stopped by my side and he carried me when I was weak. And he stood by me when the dragon roared. And he held me in his arms when the arrows and darts of the enemies flew past. I did not know these things for he was my shield by night and he my wings by day. I flew with him on the highest heights and I dwelt with him in the steps to hell. And he held me close when I shivered with cold and when pain brought me down to my knees he comforted me.

He set me in a quiet place in the valley of the shadow of death. And there I fought the evil ones and there I sought solace from

He is who most high. And I heard his voice like a distant thunder and I searched his ways out from among the lips of men. I heard him speak and I waited for life to rise from his bread. I tossed my bread upon the sea and I sat upon the sands of time and I waited for it to return. Yet I waited in vain and the days passed into years. And I cried unto my Lord "Why have you forsaken me? Why have you passed by me in the night so I cannot see or sense your presence?" And there was silence and I cried out for the shadows that rode upon my thoughts. I cried and I wept for terror at the flashes of sorrow that hid themselves amidst the marrow of my bone. And I fought fear when Time was torn away and I was brought to a place of Safety called Gods time. Surely now I would see Him who had made me and carried me across this tempest tossed. Was there not a God who guided and a God who lead and a God who held me? Was I not like the child that mourned and wept when his father seemed to walk away and leave him at his first day of school? Was I such a child that I could not understand these strangers that surrounded me were not there to kill?

But they did not know my breath and I looked at their towering height and I fretted over their words of disdain. They mocked me and they spit upon me with their thoughts and they carried me over the coals until I felt pain and suffering beyond understanding.

Where was my God? Where had he carried me? If He was there even in Hell was I there with Him in some strange path I could not discern? Was I a man or a spirit pulled loose from the flesh. I did not know. A man swore thrice that I had died and I could not find fault with his words. There was none that sold me a meal that did not taste poisonous to my mouth. I wanted to spit out those things I tasted as if the Serpent himself had prepared them. I watched in horror as the dog devoured the things I cast off.

I was a lost child and I cried out to God unending for weeks and months searching for his voice to comfort. It was as if he had lost his voice like I and I cried out in my silence and watched while people whispered around me. I could not find my way and I could not search out its path. I could not understand the riddles and mysteries I spoke. I could not ascertain the sides of the North or the position of its passages and I wandered in time and in sorrow.

I saw myself amidst the snow and cold and lay in fields far from

the glory I sought. I bent with pain and frost entered my limbs and I searched the earth for a song that I might sing. And there was Joy but the Joy of the Lord had been stolen. And I carried the pain of her in my heart. And she could not speak. She was frozen in time. She felt the pain that sin had caused her and cursed her with so that even the angels did not know the fullness of this story.

For where is the Joy of the Lord? Who are the morning stars who sing for Joy? Was not Lucifer a morning star? Did he not live in perfection until Sin was found in him? Was he not the singer of songs and the player of instruments? Was it not his note and his lips that raised the timbrel and the harp and was it not he who rode with cherubs? Yet if you can find him tell him that he stole away the Joy of the Lord and took her heart away so her lips were sealed in silence of darkness.

I speak to you men who read these words. Rise up and speak the glory of the Lord. For there is none like He? He is God and I speak of Him. I speak his name from the silence of my pen. And I speak of his glory from the tiny ramparts of this page. Heed this for there is none like He. For thought they steal the Joy of the Lord yet He will find a way to restore Joy to men. And if men refuse the Joy of the Lord then the Lord will find a man who will love her. For she is Wisdom and she is understanding and she is knowledge. And like the corn with ears so is Wisdom to those who listen.