

Stalling until God gets the way back  
01/10/2008  
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Somebody said "Don't get involved" and it was the sea. The sea wrote out a will to be in the will of God. I said "I put one thing out" and that was my foot. It was sore and I figured if I put it out no one would trip out.

Of course that trip was one I did on my own for I was clumsy. I went into prayer without a clue as to what was going on. I went into it with arrogant denial that God could and would fix it. Even if God had difficulty in doing those things I figured I had ultimate faith. After all God had told me so.

Thus I just went my way as best I could and I lay down when I wanted. I wanted a home but I didn't get one. I wanted a new vehicle but I didn't get one. I wanted to take a real holiday but I didn't get one. In fact the list of things I wanted went by the side of the way. I lived life in simple things and yet I had a problem; that was I had too much. Nothing of significant value but I had stuff I had collected. Most were without true value and thus I had things no one wanted. Most would care for it in its state but no one wanted it.

The thing is that I went into battle for life. I went into it with all the war I could muster and I hated mustard on my sandwiches. Usually. Of course that was probably the most dumb thing I could say but what do you expect? I am a man who wanted to help. I am a man who got in the way. I went out and prayed and put on seed and cloth and said "If God is real then he'll keep track of unanswered prayer." And so the list of unanswered prayer grew until it filled all of the world. And then it grew until all of heaven got involved. Then it grew until the Lord of all Heaven got involved. Then it grew because of what came after. No one, and I mean no one, had a clue as to what I did. I just went and I prayed and I sought and I went to life. I went to Christ. I went to God. I even went to the Holy Spirit but I could not find the way out.

So I said to God "Let me dig" and so I began to dig. Some came along and tried to heal the hole in me but I said "I'll keep on digging." I had no where else to go but to the hole in me.

I went down to the pit and I suffered. I went deeper into the lee of the sea and that is the deepest part of the earth. I went there and I learned. I went down until I reached the sea of time and of crystal. It was there where I found answers. Yet I didn't stop. I went down further until I reached the magneto core of life. I thought "This is deep." Only no one knew it and no one cared.

I then went to the top of the world and I said "Is this it?" And then I saw I had touched one heart. They didn't write back. I went down again into all the world. I sought God in all things. And yet in the middle of all this I wept and I cried. I dried out in tears and had fruitless prayer nights. I then grew in desire and fought in prayer. I wept until the world had to care. Only nothing really seemed to happen.

I then went back into prayer. I wept again. I did this until the sea cried out "God!" I wept until the layman cried out "God." I wept until God said "I will bring it to an end". Yet it was this part where the story continued on. God didn't say anything but I could tell things just didn't make sense. I sensed that if I were on the right path then something was off.

So in prayer this afternoon I went to the sea of ca and it was the Cassie or the woman who was the guardian of the Pope and the Papal lay. Of course this is knowledge and it makes you uncomfortable. But that is the basis of all prayer. God leads me and brings me into the battle and helps me to meet the characters. I become part of their story. I become part of the war. I become part of the healing and the line to it. I become the lay of the world. I become part of the sea and the lee and the plea.

Yet it didn't help. But, I did learn something and that is there is hope. Hope is the key to this story for people need hope. For if people believe life is wrought in iron they will wonder "How do you overcome?" For if all is iron and the Fe of it is too high a price then who can help pay? So Christ came and left us behind and we thought "What about sin?" For sin was here and we had no way to fight except in prayer. And it was a war which men of post Jesus day and our day know of in suffering.

But just as we created antibiotics so Christ made anti everything. That anti part of himself was the biotic. It was the part of the story I learned today.

It is the antichrist who is now in the world. Only it was sin doing his evil part. Only it was Christ in the lee of his way so that everything he did carried a cure up. And that cure was the story of life in pure grace. It was the grace of Christ at work.

Yet we suffer. And in the suffering we plea ignorance of the story but God is God. And so I lean on the Holy Spirit to guide and the Holy Spirit to lead us to new oil. The new oil is a renewing of our mind. It is a renewing of the ore and the renewing of the sore so it is healed. It is the lead up to the price is right for God will deliver the we in the see. Now of course the see is part of the eye and French Oeil is the eye. Now we know the world is in turmoil but that again is the oil of this age.

It is oil which is the base for the lee of life and oil which is the base for

freedom. God brought men to a place where oil is the price of fruit. He has brought us to the freedom of life in the freedom of Hope and hope of the creature.

We are part of the story. We are part of it in the freedom of flight. The eagle is not alone. The eagle is America. The eagle is me. I have fought for a renewal of the mind. I have fought for the renewing of the mind and the heart and the sea.

It is these things which I pry loose from the grip of life. I put down the hope of dream and the hope of life in order to give. God saw this and said "It is the heart of a man who is giving what he doesn't have." For I gave hope to those who had none.