

This morning's walk to the Upper Pond was succinct and simple. There are many voices amongst us this June of 2007; some carry the tremendous weight and influence of notoriety in TV, Hollywood and politics. The fad of the Day, the emotion of the moment, the trend of the media, have in cumulative an immeasurable power of flow.

I am nothing, whether in comparison to my County, my State, my Country, my Planet, my Universe, or the Most High. My prayer this A.M. was that if He chose to let me express Him in any way, that He would unmistakably, irrefutably, undeniably make known to me His Words as well as His thoughts. I cling to Proverbs 1:23. Further, unless He imbues me with His Holy Spirit, and gives me unction, I would be no less than the false voices of the first paragraph. Even more despicably, I would, even by my finite influence, leave more dead bodies over which others that follow would have to cross.

All that I believe I have heard gives me great hope and peace. The unity with my wife brings me incredible satisfaction and completion. I am thrilled at the insight given me in the Word, as well as science, particularly geology. Craftmanship in working with fine woods is my other outlet and joy. Watching my seed develop and reproduce Godly seed ushers in a sense of closure. Beyond these four, however, is a great divide, carrying with it a tremendous responsibility. What I say, what I write, what I express in any way to the outside has a commensurate degree of blood on my hands. It is written that I shall be held accountable for every careless (unemployed) word I utter. That is a serious warning about what I say. Nonetheless, I do not wish in any way to shrink; I wish to be true to the Great Creator, the Divine Designer, to the immeasurable, limitless capacity of Him who is all, and made all. I do not wish to misrepresent Him in any way; I would rather be nameless and forgotten...

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In a world of micro-second photo-ops and nanno-images, much has slipped unawares into our minds, leaving a deleterious effect. Namely, our capacity/inclination to contemplate, analyze and deduce has virtually been erased. For this, assembly instructions, highway signs and manuals are written for the understanding of a five-year old. Attention spans, and in particular the ability to see any distance out into the future, has been shortened to a point that is deadly in the long run.

There are so many books of every ilk in the American society, there is overload. Words upon words have lost their meaning. To this end, even so-called "Christian" writing has saturated the market, leaving in its wake numbness of mind. For this reason, I have no desire to become just another writer, adding to the tomes of flotsam and literary *debris* that exist. Loquacity obfuscates sagacity, garrulity gainsays gumption, to make a point of the absurdity of many long words.

What we do and how we act originates as a thought or series of thoughts. Thoughts arise from various sources, the greatest of which are external stimuli such as TV, other people, even sounds, etc. A goodly number of thoughts are little more than replays of events in the past, the rear view mirror of our memory banks, as it were. Regardless of the origins, our thoughts are usually chained to some event, past or present. Now all this to make a point; what we think is related to the current or upcoming events of the day, our job, the baby crying, the car is low on oil, etc. In other words, more often than not, our thought life is driven, whether we realize it or not.

When I think of the promise given in Proverbs 1:23, it boggles my mind. For when I am aware of the wonders of the earth from geology, the little I know about astronomy, the universe within the cellular world, even the idea of Him pouring His thoughts (Spirit) onto me and making His words known, leaves me speechless. The utter imagination, the consummate creativity, the fathomless complexity even of the human body all leave me without expression. The more I learn, the more aware I am of how endless His thoughts are. To wade out into that Stream of Life with no beginning nor end is breathtaking to the soul.

In verse 24-ff, He mentions His attempts to reach us, through “crying out to us”, “stretching out His hands”, “giving us His counsel” and “reproving us”.

“crying out” means to be close enough to see, roaring, crying out, getting our attention, proclaimed.

“stretching out His hands” is a picture of the crucifixion of Jesus.

“giving us His counsel” means His advice, plans, purposes, guidance, design.

“reproving us” means reproof, correction, chastisement, pleading, refuting.

So, He says, when we would have none of the above, much less the last of His attempts to reach us, there is no remedy. What else could He do? When we refuse these four, and by the choice of our wills forget them and Him, there is no recourse except to let us take all the rope we need and hang ourselves. When God laughs at our calamity, and mocks our misfortune, that is a sad state indeed. Woe is the word.

I don't want that; I much prefer to receive His reproofs and choose to think about Him, His plans and purposes. For me to remain still and listen is better than the prating of fools. To understand the marvels of cellular life, uncover the mysteries of the earth, and just begin to imagine the infinite distances and wonders of space is exciting to my soul. If I can mate these with a sense of praise towards Him, then there is balance. The Creator supersedes the Creation, always.

All of this being exhilarating hopefully will not deflect me from the primary goal and that is to get in on *His* stream of thought, *His* flow of life, *His* Stream of Zoe. To step into the stream of His thoughts, His Life, and His ways fills the soul to overflowing.

Many attribute the wondrous ideas from the likes of Newton, Leibnitz, and Einstein to say they “invented” calculus, $E=mc^2$, etc. With the intention to clarify and not vilify these very intelligent men and women, these were not inventions; they were *discoveries* of concepts, ideas, etc, that already existed. Calculus has always been; the earth was solar-centric was before Copernicus; $E=mc^2$ has always been. What is most often overlooked is that these concepts belong to a stream, if you will, of knowledge emanating from the mind of God Himself. Throughout man’s history certain ones have had the right equipment (IQ), been in the right place at the right time, and by meditation and considering, stepped into this Stream of Knowledge. All of the variables of time, space and reception are, and will be, by Divine appointment.

This Stream of Knowledge was, is, and will be; it never ends, nor are its limits ever reached. It is said by the most illuminated theoretical astrophysicists that the Universe is one gigantic Thought. That it is; the thoughts of Jehovah all belong to this Stream of Zoe. Knowledge is contained within the Stream of Zoe, which of itself contains much more than just knowledge. It contains all the attributes of the Godhead, knowledge being only one, just as life consists of more than knowledge.

It is said that we as humans exist between two universes; one is overhead, and the other within the microscopic realm. Indeed, it is said that even within the cell is a complete other universe. The Smithsonian had as one of its features a video of the powers of ten as things became larger, and the minus powers of ten as they got smaller. The upshot of the whole thing was the mind-boggling complexity of both worlds, the macro- and the microscopic.

I am left with a question; why *do* we choose a mental path cross-grained to Him? Why *do* we allow our peace to flow out with the emotional moment *du jour*? –especially when it was *imposed* upon us? This breakdown of making even a half-hearted effort to think, or ponder, or consider anything, is insane!

How *can* we expect to find our direction from a man on a four-foot actor’s stage? How can we expect to get any direction from a Vizio plasma screen? Are we nuts?

All this is in the face of there being a Stream of Zoe, a stream of *Life* itself that is available to us just for the asking. So why don’t we ask? If perchance we ask, why do we not listen?

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