

Some years ago my family met at one of the smaller rivers of Arkansas for camping, fishing and a general get-together. In the course of staying there, I started trout fishing near the dam just upstream of our camp. When I started fishing, the waters were relatively slow. However, after an hour or so, the river authorities opened the gates and the flow increased rapidly. When this happened, I was considerably upstream away from the parking area. Needless to say, the flow of the water got to a point my footing became very tenuous, so much so that I was forced to wade the edges. Even there the fast water was waist-deep, and the footing was critical. One slip and I would have gone down-river, at the mercy of the current, broken fly rod, cold water in my waders and all.

In the book of Ezekiel, he writes about the water flowing out of the Millennium sanctuary (otherwise known as the River of Life). In this narrative, the waters are described as first ankle deep, then to the knees, thence to the loins. Beyond this the depth is described as deep enough to swim. Given the current was as strong as the one described in Arkansas, control is gone in the waters deeper than the loins (waist). The LORD further explains to Ezekiel that the waters are to bring life wherever they flow, a point not lost to me.

I have looked at this passage for many a year now, and always come to the same conclusion; *my relation to Him is as the depths of the waters*. During the early years as a young adult, busy in physical activities, I splashed in the Heavenly waters occasionally. In my late 30s and 40s, I was involved less in physical activities and more mental; then I often found myself barely ankle deep. In my late 40s and 50s, knee deep to waist deep. Couched another way, the extent or depth of my 'connection' to Him was progressive, eventually up to the depth of the loins (a metaphor for life/reproduction and seed). In all of these I, as my old self, remained in control. In other words, my feet were still holding me upright.

Losing control in the deep waters frankly scares me; being scared speaks of fear, unholy fear. It also speaks of self-assertiveness, a trait associated with the most heinous of the ungodly **within His people**. There it is, that's the way I am. But that does not change my understanding of the meaning of deep water; losing control if you will. Yielding up the reins, waiting on Him for directions and being patient are not everyday descriptions for the macho male.

Then I realized that young women do this all the time when they marry their love. In doing so, they give up their name, where they might go, what children they might have and so forth. But for men it seems to be quite a different story. For someone such as I, having come up as a volunteer crop, by my own bootstraps as they say, this deep water thing is a bitter pill to swallow. Yet, there it is, haunting me with an everlasting pull. It is what it is, and won't go away.

You say, “Well pops, things like that just happen when you get older.” My question is, “What is ‘old’?” Is it 65? -70? -80? Somehow chronological age does not ring true. Caleb, at 84, demonstrated he was in as good shape as when he was 40. Solo he whupped a bunch of giant Amalekites who were on his land. At 98 my mother was still driving and sharp as a tack. Tex Moncrief, an oil and gas wildcatter, was still wheeling and dealing at 92.

As the wheel turns, I seem to be mentally closer than I used to be to the deep water. At least it isn't as anathema to me as it once was. Since I, like you readers, have been chosen and called (irrevocably), the truth of the matter is that He has already decided on things anyway. It's just a matter of time and mental adjustment, as they say, for the deep water to become a reality. From a point of experience, it sure is hard on equipment the longer one waits.

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October 2, 2011