

In the 33rd chapter of Exodus, Moses was having a conversation with the LORD. It was a volatile time of interceding for Israel after they had built a golden calf and God was about to wipe them out. Moses' contrite demeanor and tone of voice reflected the training from forty years of solitude in the wilderness. He entreats God as being infinitely above him, rightly so, and implores Him that His Presence go with them or that they not go at all. God responds that indeed He will go with them all the way. After all, they were His people, distinct, chosen to reveal Him to others. His presence would show others they were His people. But it was for the benefit of the youth, 19 and under; the rest were dead men walking.

There is this Presence of God, the Holy Spirit if you will, supposedly being in, on and amongst the things that we N.T. mortals say and do 'for God' from time to time. But being the imperfect beings we are, that Presence may or may not be in what we say or do, irrespective of our earnestness, agendas, motives, or intents. Speaking for myself, there have been many times I was so sure He was in the thing I was saying or doing, only to discover later how I had botched the whole mess. (I am grateful to Him for looking at the heart.)

It is curious how we see things a certain way (usually in our favor) in what we say or do, but other believers have quite a different impression. In fact, others' impressions and senses oft are much more accurate than our own, and we are the ones doing the saying and doing! Put another way, others more often than not can detect the Presence of the Holy Spirit, or the lack thereof, much more adroitly than we are capable.

It seems here lately my proverbial crossroads is approaching. For the last 30-35 years I have been penning the understanding given me of dealing with life's conflicts, effects and causes. Looking back I wonder how much of that contained His Presence, how much communicated a God-like concern, how much transmitted the right motive for the averting of destruction, ruin and loss. People read between the lines, like it or not. People sense things, right or wrong, when they meet us, read us, or talk with us.

These 60-odd papers usually were part and parcel of warning or alerting close associates whom were headed into a morass of ruin or loss. But by and large those words went unheeded, twisted as to intended motive, or dismissed as so much blather. I but threw a wake from my boat, making them bob up and down a little, but they remained in the same place until their boat filled with water and sank.

For the most part those people went back to a slightly altered way of life, usually the most convenient or comfortable, trying to live out their days as best they could. I was like a bumper car at the fairgrounds, ramming them broadside and making them mad for a moment, but they continued as in a stupor into the high voltage.

By and large each of them was convinced he was doing the right thing, even in the face of scripture saying otherwise. I was but a crude religious zealot, disturbing their routine.

Was His Presence in any, some, or all of that?

When one examines a fairly comprehensive list of scriptures¹ pertaining to the Presence of God, one finds a broad spectrum of the expressions of God, as well as a number of conditions and reactions as a result of Him being there.

Glory honor strength power joy humility gladness mercy
protection authority judgment fear only upright in His presence
contriteness absence of terror protected in a state of being un-forsaken

The item most pronounced is that ***there is no question*** as to when His presence is nigh. In this dispensation the Holy Spirit is the Presence. Since ‘wind’ is synonymous with spirit, one has a hard time imagining the wind not being felt if it (He) is moving. It is this effect I should be transmitting, and if I am not, *why not?* If I am clothed with the Spirit, it should be no different than if I were clothed with a wind; there should be some effect when I walk into a room, or any setting. The effect is either uplifting and received, this being positive, or it is angry, hostile and negative. If not, then I am not clothed with Him.

If not, *why not?*

Worse yet, ***why is He not present?***

I must say something here in the positive; there are a few people whom I have met over the years in whom I sense the genuine Presence. One is an elderly lady from the hills of KY named Martha. Her voice is shaky, but clear as to what is being transmitted in her speech, and that is the exaltation of the Most High. The LORD is her passion and focus. Her eyes convey purity of motive. She has what I call the spirit of Abigail, the woman who intercepted David from killing her fool husband. A more feminine, humble spirit you could not find. Martha and others like her give me hope many more are somewhere out there in this apostate country.

The crossroads mentioned above is two-fold; one is whether or not I am clothed with Him when I speak, write or ‘do’, ***only*** when He is in the thing. Secondly, I am becoming progressively aware of others, well-intentioned, who do not emit His Presence. I am becoming more and more sensitive to hearing or not hearing the Spirit in what others are saying, regardless of how eloquent it sounds, or how scriptural. I am sensing less and less the Presence in what others are doing, regardless of how beneficial or altruistic it appears.

Perhaps I was given to understand. Perhaps it was *not* given to some to understand.

Perhaps it is hard and narrow; very hard and very narrow.

Perhaps I am beginning to realize what is meant by “seeing but not perceiving”, and “having ears but not hearing”.

¹ I Chr. 16:27, I Chr. 20:9, Ps. 31:20, 68:2,8, 140:13, Is. 64:2, Jer. 52:3. I Cor. 1:29, Deut. 31:6.

You can know the Word without knowing the *Word*, but you cannot know the *Word* and not know the Word.

I seem to be lacking on the part of knowing the *Word*, even though I know the Word fairly well.

Maybe that is why I am becoming more and more isolated.

Maybe knowing the Word annoys people. Knowing the ***Word*** really annoys them.

Maybe getting to know the Word makes them very uncomfortable.

Maybe getting to know the *Word* is associated with His Presence.

After all, “if thy Presence not go with us, let us not go up.”

Did you ‘hear’ Him in this short epistle?

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