

‘Maqqi’ is Celtic Ogam for ‘Son of’, from which comes ‘Mac’. A *true* ‘son’ (male/female descendant) reflects his father who begat him. A true son holds in highest regard and respect for his father in all matters, and his father behaves accordingly towards his son, all things being as they should be. As he matures as a son into a young man, he perpetuates his father’s ideals, talents and character, all things being equal.

But somehow things are not what they should be, for mutation, evil and damage to the emotions creep into people. Somehow we rather blithely forget Who ultimately begat us, namely the Most High God, our earthly fathers being representative of Him (for better or worse). Often we would rather forget our earthly fathers if they have been mean to us as kids. Somehow our hurts are better served if we camouflage them by any means available. Dealing with that which is destroying us, imperceptibly, requires a great deal of effort.

The real danger in all this is the degree to which we pursue anything other than our true mission in life, *which is to perpetuate Godly Seed*. Moreover, the greater that degree of illicit pursuit, the later in life it becomes irreversibly destructive. Often this is the case until there is no remedy. In other words, we are already in a stage in life knowing what we should have done. E.g., when we are young men, we act like children; when we are fathers, we act like young men; retired, we have an empty nest, wishing we had spent more time with our kids. Said another way, is usually too late to do what we should have done during the time it was applicable. The old adage, “Act your age” fairly well illustrates the meaning.

In the pursuit of the theme about Children, Young Men and Fathers, I find the higher the level of activities, the lower the level of contemplation. In fact, the word ‘amusement’ means ‘without musing’, or without contemplation. As I passed a new house being built, I noticed a Direct TV truck outside, obviously installing their wares. The young father has three kids, from toddler to adolescent, who will need their father’s undivided attention. Somewhere between the hamburger and dessert they might get a whiff of attention. Then Direct TV will take over....To paraphrase OneNewsNow, “Digital Addiction, Spiritual Affliction”.

It occurred to me just how very much we have gone overboard in physical, intellectual, or electronic activities, dependant on our proclivities. More often than not this is to the point of mental saturation during our off-work hours. If not electronic, then activities of some sort occupy the bulk of what spare time is left in the day.

It is not a matter of what is intrinsically evil in and of itself; it is a matter of what we pursue to idolatrous extremes which displace more meaningful mental activities. Though it *appears* unrelated, there is an indurate trend whereby nominal Christians in the USA consider the Almighty, or Jesus, being afar off. (Their fathers were also ‘afar off’). Ergo, activities ready at hand seem to be the only reasonable route to take; the younger and more physical, the more abundant the activities.

The rear view mirror of myself reveals the same pattern. My young married life was a battle between the urges and desires of my youth and the requirements of a father and husband. (*More often than not, there is a lag time between what we are and what we should have already become*). Seeing as how I finally had a bit more money, this made the battle even more intense. Unfortunately, by this time I have a wife and family with their own demands. This is what I call the physical phase, a spiritual child.

Finally though, the LORD saw me through that phase, and squeezed me like a watermelon seed into the next one. By this time life's responsibilities had multiplied to the point even *my* virility reached a limit. My mid-life crisis arrived right on time at 38. When the dust settled, He had taught me all of us *will* have a personal Waterloo. With considerable violence I reached the end of myself and approached the outer perimeter of my Creator's design. Becoming a spiritual young man who overcomes himself was the beginning of the second Phase.

From my early 40s until my 60s the Word began to have its effect. The most intense battle was the day I was told, "Don't get carried away with what the Bible says." I went ballistic, as they say; that began a series of events that were destined to bring me to a line in the sand. That line was whether or not I was going to hang with all I had experienced, physical, mental as well as spiritual, or go with what was said in His Word. A major, major battle; as it turned out, it had to be done on my own recognizance, not as a result of any special event from Him.

When the dust settled, my entire *repertoire* of knowledge about anything was dismantled. After the fact, He showed me, undeniably, that most of what Man thinks is a lie, and God's Word is true. End of story. The Young Man phase continued with bumps and chug holes until my 60s, when all my crutches either died or were removed from my path. My nest then was empty. I had become a father.

All of the above is what normally happens, with various versions. As I ponder these things, it is readily apparent that the Rosetta Stone of interpretation is uniquely the implantation of the Bible, or the Word of God as we dub it. ***I see in the rear view mirror no exception, regardless of its apparent strength, of anything else that would displace what the World does on a daily basis, to obliterate the thoughts of God.***

As I went for a walk this morning, I was aware how very hard it is to persuade young men and women (late 30s-early 40s) to change before ruin approaches. Are they even aware of my begging for their awakening?

Alas, usually by the time we have any capacity at all of being a father, our children are gone. The racquetball games are over, our knees give out, we fish for a while, travel, read books,

and then we die...

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