

In large measure what surrounds us runs counter to the sphere in which the Almighty God communicates with us. Sounds, sights, food, drink and all the things which appeal to our five senses and our four drives absorb our attention. Farther out, the marketplace, our work, play, news, entertainment, amusement, sports and activities of all sorts collectively clamor for our finite amount of mental energies. Our wants and affections act as magnets for any and all of the above; these permeate both the physical and mental spheres.

To consciously and purposely subjugate the entirety of these things to the significant is extremely hard to do. The subjugation is particularly hard when one is in the workplace or rearing children. Little if any time or energy seems to remain for any solitude, a prerequisite for quietness and alignment of our spirits.

Even the attempts by the Goodness of God are variously ignored or contemned. Or worse yet, they are categorized as something other than what they are, acts of goodness from God. His attempts include calling out to us, ranging from a still small voice to a shout, and much in between. He stretches out His hands to us in a variety of ways, Jesus and the Cross being the ultimate. His Goodness stings us at times, as does chastening, reproving, disciplining and correcting us. Most, if not all, of which is variously dismissed as coincidence.

Why must most of us become old, retired and self-employed in order to respond to Him, the ones who in awesome wonder consider the things He has made? –or in quietness seek His Goodness?

What will we do when this carousel of endless and overwhelming energy, saturating noise and activity ceases? –when His raised arm falls, leaving disaster and ruin in its wake? What will we do when our daughter is pregnant? Or we have a phone call in the middle of the night telling us our son just matched headlights with a semi? Or the news just said we were under attack, a nuclear bomb just took out St. Louis?

What will we do when the towers of our frenzied world fall? –or the grocery stores close? –or the banks? What will we do?

We will certainly not be acquainted with Him, or His character, or His ways. We will certainly not know how to enter His sphere in which He expresses Himself to us.

Will we seek legal counsel from the phone number on the billboard which says “We care”? Will we sue?

Will we call our doctor who is so insulated to the point of being beyond contact? Will we call 911?

Will we drive to the local Wal-Mart for a prescription? What will we do?

“I know what! –we’ll turn on the 8-foot plasma screen and play games; that will solve our problems.....Well, it was a stupid idea.....it always seemed OK before now. Stupid..... Maybe turning on Fox News will help. Shepherd Smith will tell us; whoops, the electricity is off. Now what?

Wait a minute! –wasn’t there a so-called man of God that came through here about 4-5 years ago? Didn’t he leave a book or something? Maybe it can help me. Now where is it? Oh, here it is under the copy of Cosmopolitan. Ah, there’s a paper titled Warrior; I need a Warrior right about now. Here it is:

Ancient Warrior, Judge and Jury, full of anger, rage and fury;  
Crimson garments stained with blood, dropped His people where they stood.

My goodness! –that certainly wasn’t any consolation, nor very encouraging. I never did feel comfortable with that old man. When he looked at you, it was like he was seeing down into your soul. Besides, he was always warning people, sending them e-mails, called ‘em “messages”. What business is it of his anyway, what I do or not do? What right does he have to point out my failings? Get rid of him, I say. Live and let live. I haven’t been hurting anyone; we have been healthy, and with a fair amount of money.

I guess I could do what Adam did, obey my wife. It sure is the easy way. She runs the show, anyway. Or, I could just let this event pass, push the reset button, and act like I didn’t hear, or that it just didn’t happen. It’s a whole lot easier to ignore things, charge it off to not being polite or something like that. Can’t we all just get along?

Or, I probably will tell my mother-in-law what he said to me in one of his ‘messages’; that way, she can get on his case and I won’t have to. Yeah.

Let’s see; wasn’t my Dad always spouting off about the Bible? Yeah, that’s it, I’ll read the Bible, and just open it to wherever. Since I have no idea where anything is, I’ll just let it flop open. Here’s a book called Lamentations. Whoops-no help there.

Alas, maybe the preacher can help me. Nope, he is as confused as I am, and twice as scared. That tears it!

Hold on a second; didn’t that man of God always talk about Jesus?

Uh, Jesus? –you there? **JESUS ! –ARE YOU THERE? HEY!** –anybody there? I have been a nice guy, never speeding or filling my cup up too many times at Wendy’s. Why, I even put some quarters in the Salvation Army bucket, and donated some of my old coats to the local TV children’s drive. **ANYBODY THERE?!?!**

***Get out of my face ! I never knew you....***