

THE PATHFINDER

#324.20

HOW LONG O LORD?

This very eventful year of **2020** is swiftly drawing to a close and as all the previous years and ages faded into the annals of time, so will this one. It will most likely be remembered, and marked, as one of the most remarkable years to have ever been known to mankind. For not a few, it has been the gravest time of their lives. To say the least, for this foe, the worldwide pandemic of the dreaded Covid-19 coronavirus has been very fruitful. There have been unprecedented pain, sorrow and suffering, countless deaths, loss of jobs and businesses, bankruptcies, divorces, suicides, increased drug and alcohol abuse, child abuse (psychologically, physically, sexually, mentally, and intellectually). Of course, the so called *news* media seldom reports such. And it is no wonder; for it is really neither a concern of theirs nor part of their shaded agenda.

Very few families have escaped one or more of these maladies. The long night has been full of turmoil, like hail storms for some, while fire and torrent whirlwinds for others. A few did well with no particular blasting sands of ill to have swept over them, and this is good. We, of course, had our share of things that we would not have chosen, as well as some of our friends and family; but we were not trodden under foot, nor were we left despondent or defeated by those manmade travesties. And yes, the virus was manmade. It was made in a Wuhan, China lab that had been heavily financed by the US government that gave them hundreds of thousands of dollars, actually millions, to research this coronavirus, which we believe was for nefarious reasons. Space nor time would be wasted to list the names of all the *Herods* who were directly responsible or party to this bane.

Regardless of who or what was the perpetrator(s) of this evil, we want to notice a verse in Romans that most of us are familiar with. "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." ***Romans 8:14.***

However, being familiar with and believing this fact does very little to ease the pain or sorrow when all hell breaks loose and renders lives to shambles, leaving them wounded, with bleeding hearts, being dragged through the mire as they try to cope with the merciless bombardments. Some of those tragedies could have been due to ill-sown seeds of their own; but most were beyond anyone's control; such as the lockdowns of states and nations for weeks and months at a time and with no end in sight.

Or personal rejections from loved ones can be a portion of the onslaughts, especially from a wife or husband, or from life-long friends. They may have come from one's own

church or those of their workplace. There have been untimely deaths of your very dearest love who perhaps suffered horrendously with Covid-19 or cancer. Unfortunately, cancer is still around and claiming more lives due to not being able to be diagnosed or treated in a timely manner. How smart is that dear governors across the nation and the world?

Discounting the present mandates of local and world officials, we look to the end of our journey. It is there that we will find victory, peace, tranquility, beauty, and the lack of want when all things are made new and perfect. Although our gracious Lord has filled our lives with wonder, heaped unfathomable revelations upon us, at times blessings that were unsurpassed, and there were seasons that His Holy Spirit swept over us like refreshing Spring showers. But today, it seems for most that there is silence in heaven, and we wait and hope with the groaning creation. That hope we have been waiting for is, of course, **the manifestation of God's glory** throughout the world; that is, **the manifestation of the Sons of God**, as Paul wrote about in **Romans 8:17-23**.

Those of creation have hoped and waited for so long that they have grown weary; weary enough to be able to relate to **Proverbs 13:12**: "**Hope deferred makes the heart sick....**" They have cried out: ***HOW LONG O LORD? How much longer must we wait? When will we see our hope that You promised? When will we arise to never again be shaken, downtrodden, and sorely broken? When will Your word become a reality?***

Not only creation, but the elect have also cried out – ***HOW LONG O LORD, and earnestly asked? "When will we look and be radiant with our hearts throbbing and swelling with joy, and the wealth of the seas being brought to us, along with the riches of the nations, as declared in Isaiah 60:5"*** (NIV paraphrased).

We anxiously await the day when we can fulfill our calling and breathe into the groaning creation the living word from the throne so they too will be delivered from the bondage of corruption. However, we can see that it is imperative for us to ***wait upon the LORD***: "**They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.**" **Isaiah 40:31**.

The Hebrew word for **wait** in this verse is ***kavah***, which means to ***bind together*** in the sense of ***being twisted***, or ***collected***. (Strong's). Another word for wait is ***chakah***, which means, ***to adhere to through the idea of piercing***. It is used in **Isaiah 30:18**: "And therefore will the LORD **wait**, that he may be gracious unto you...blessed are all they that **wait** for him."

You see, although there has been a long time of waiting, these two words indicate that it is not so much as to ***how long we wait***, but has to do with ***how we wait***. It has to do with what is taking place while we ***wait*** upon Him. That is, we are going through that which is extremely averse to our souls, but also the wonderful things are raining upon us from on high. We are not only being twisted together by the awesome pressures of life, but also by the water of His Spirit and Word that softens and makes us pliable enough to be formed into a single, threefold cord that is not easily broken.

So, is the hope that is deferred still making our hearts sick? With the promises that have been set before us are our hearts made glad with reassurance that all is well while we *wait* for everything to arrive right on schedule as the finishing twists of the strands make us steadfast and secure in Him?

When we all set sail upon this journey, we knew that we would be pilgrims in a strange land; but we had no idea that it would be filled with such unanticipated events. Had we known in advance we might have backed off and been hard pressed to embark. It should be clear that our Father set the covering cherubim before us so that we could not see what lay ahead; therefore, we had no fear or trepidation. With our vision impaired, none of us could have imagined that we would face the most eventful, heroic, grueling, yet rewarding events of all time, and at our journey's end, we will have truly been to hell and back. What a journey, brethren, what a journey! And we have gone too far to turn back. Furthermore, there is nothing we want to turn back to. Our hearts are sealed day by day, as the seal becomes more pronounced and we *twistingly* and *piercingly wait* upon Him, and He upon us!

In spite of God having woven the covering cherubim into the veil of man's mind that guards the way to Paradise, this has not stopped him from the burning quests of his soul in pursuit of the unsearchable riches of our Father. Included in man's yearning is for him *to know his origin* as well *his destiny*. When a man knows from where he came, it does something to him. It gives him a sense of worth by just knowing he is the branch that stems from a certain root of the distant past. The farther he can trace his roots, the greater he feels about himself. Roots are important to most people; but for the Sons of God it is for reasons other than wanting to feel better about themselves. There is a song that sheds some light on why it is so significant for us to know our origin. One short refrain in the song goes like this: "*To know my origin is to know my destiny.*" It was, no doubt, inspired by what Paul wrote to his Roman brethren: "For of [*out from*] him, and through him, and to [*into*] him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen." **Romans 11:36.**

The above verse contains less than two dozen words, but it is tremendous in scope. Although it first appears so simple, it is profound! And according to Paul, it is a deep mystery: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! **how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord?**" **Romans 11:33-35.**

Regardless of people's intellect and wisdom, without the mind of the Christ, it is impossible for them to know His works and ways. But we have His mind;* therefore, we know some of the things that pertain to the Author of our origin. We cannot go farther back than Him. He is the beginning of our far journey. He is the process of our journey. And He is the end of it. He not only has given us sight to see; but He has given us the wherewithal to make the distance and finish the race!

*"But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart ofBut God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit....that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God....But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned....**but we have the mind of Christ.**" **1 Corinthians 2:9-16.**

Understanding this is really not common in the world or the church. For the most part, people assume their origin was at their natural conception in their mother's womb. Those who think deeper look to their ancestors, while others would trace their tree back to Abraham and farther on to the first Adam. Beyond that, there is not much to consider for most, being that they have the mind of their *father, Adam*, rather than the mind of Christ.

Since we have His mind, we know many things that pertain to the mysteries of God. For one, we know who our Father is who enables us to know from where we came; but we are still left with partial vision at times. It is as if we continue pressing toward an unclear mark. We know the prize is the High calling of God in Jesus Christ, along with being joint heirs with Him in all things, but what we see of Him and our inheritance is not always clear. The cherubim still inhabit much of the veil of our minds.

If we could look with unclouded vision and once again see *the laying of the earth's foundation*, and we, the sons of God, could be heard *shouting for joy* — we would probably jump up and try to finish our mission in one day. Fortunately, if I were there, there is no recollection of that momentous occasion, so there is no problem with me getting ahead of myself. The more we have of the mind of Christ, the more we see beyond the veiled covering of that event, but for now, much remains obscure.

We are sure that the nine months under our mother's veil of flesh in the womb, was the beginning of making sure our past would be forgotten. Perhaps this is why the human gestation period is so long, so we can start our journey with a clean slate, with nothing to aid us but raw experience, until eventually comes the guiding light of Jesus Christ. What a venture!

It is hard to say if we were permitted to scan our horizons before embarking in earthen vessels across decades of wind-tossed seas. Nevertheless, I can imagine having absolute assurance of knowing His hand would be upon the helm, and knowing we would make it all the way to our safe harbor.

Perhaps as our mission passed before our eyes, and we saw the effect our presence in the world would make, I am sure we would have been overcome with joy. And if this is remotely part of the scenario, before more than a word or two of praise could escape our lips, oblivion wrapped her arms about us. Light faded, as we were drawn into the vortex of a dark place. The sound of laughter we once knew ebbed in the distance. Although there were great expectations of what awaited us in the new world, the memories of our heavenly habitation could not be retained. We perhaps held tightly in our minds the image of our home and our calling; but the engulfing void pulled it from our grip, and the past and future faded from view. With every passing moment they were swallowed more and more by a vast sea of emptiness. And *The Journey* began!

The celestial sounds were replaced with a constant and steady, pulsating rhythm of our mother's heartbeat. It was surely not loud to us, nor disruptive, but ever-present and rather peaceful, soothing. It seemed to beat out a message deep into our being. We imagine the tone was familiar but on a different scale; nevertheless, the theme was surely the same as we had

heard before. Literal words were not formed, but each beat of her heart was clearly saying, *"I love you! I love you!"*

It was surely not unlike the heartbeat of our heavenly Father. With every pulse it said the same, *"I love you! I love you!"* Although darkness shrouded us about, love was the bed wherein these specks of dusty seeds were laid, and ever so peacefully we rested. Echoing in our spirits was the assuring voice of our God, so all was not completely forgotten, not in the very beginning of our journey.

We soon found comfort in this strange and foreign land; but the more we became attached to our new home, the more we forgot the former. By the time we were privileged to take our first breath of air, we had almost forgotten our roots, especially at the rude expulsion from our warm, watery world. Union with our celestial past was not easily maintained with gravity pulling heavily upon our frail bodies. The shock of chilling air that swept about our tender bodies didn't help. As we hung helplessly by the heels, our back sides were pounded unmercifully. Oh, what a startling reception into the world of flesh.

As we began our journey through the dark tunnel of the birth canal, the contractions were painful. We had never known anything like it; moreover, it was impossible for us to have ever imagined such a thing. If we could have formed a thought at this early stage of our voyage, I am sure we would have doubted that this new life had anything good in it at all. And I'll tell you, fellow travelers, our thoughts would have been confirmed when that hulk of a monster, the doctor or midwife, began slapping us. Our first experience in the world with air was painful. What a terrible thing! But we were firmly on our way.

Even after birth, our memories may have remained for a season. The night hours were exceptionally tranquil. When the clamor of the day had quieted itself, we might have communed with God; that is, when our little bellies weren't in excruciating pain from hunger or colic. Oh, but the joy of it all when the pain was gone. We basked in both worlds for a season.

If our Father was not comforting us, then the angels who beheld His face were ministering to our spiritual needs: "See that you do not despise one of these little ones. For I tell you that their angels in heaven always see the face of my Father in heaven." ***Matthew 18:10***. What we had, however, was eclipsed considerably by the veil of our growing bodies and developing minds. The pull of the earth continued to draw us farther and farther away from our heavenly home. By the time we were two or three years old, everything of the past had vanished. It was gone, to be remembered no more, at least, not for a long time.

There is no way, of course, to prove one way or the other if the above narrative is accurate or not; for if such did happen, our memories fail us. I am, however, impressed by something Ray Prinzing wrote that speaks of this, and we quoted quite sometime ago. I am sure many of you recall reading it either from that article or one his studies that he wrote years ago. I cannot remember the exact article that contains the story, so it is not quoted verbatim, but the essence remains. It went something like this:

"There was the birth of a new son in this young family. The only other child was a three-

year-old daughter. After her little brother was brought home, her attitude was somewhat peculiar toward her brother, and she was continually asking to be left alone with him. Since the parents were aware of sibling rivalry, and the sister may consider her brother to be an invader of her world, they were reluctant to leave her alone with him. Fearing she may harm him in some way, they wouldn't permit it for a few days. This did not daunt her, and her begging to be left alone with her newborn brother finally prevailed. The parents agreed to leave her alone with him — but under a cautious eye. The bedroom door was left slightly ajar so they could watch without being observed, and if it looked as if their daughter would harm her brother, they would rush in.

"Upon entering the room, she stood by his crib for a long time, all the while, looking intently upon his tiny face. The silence was finally broken when she leaned over his crib, and peering deeply into his eyes, she said, **'Tell me about God. I am forgetting.'**"

Oh, the mystery of it! Embarking upon a perilous journey, full of wild beasts, vipers, and pitfalls innumerable, and the One we knew who could lead us through it all, fades into the shadows of our dreams. The world about us, this new one of earth, will not allow a heavenly guide for very long. As our minds and bodies are bombarded, and flooded with things of the earth, our focus gradually changes. And this is the way it is supposed to be, for we must be touched by every particle of dust that now makes up our earthly vesture. Being clothed upon by this burdensome garment is part of the mission.

If we had any recollection of our past, our minds were wiped clean of any of it, and now, we are strained to remember the time when we shouted for joy at the laying of earth's foundation. And even though one of our great missions is to usher in the Day of The Lord, we cannot remember being called *the morning stars* or *the sons of God*. If we happen to have a fleeting moment of that wonderful past, it is only as a word of inspiration brushes it across our minds. Oh, to be home again, is the cry of our new hearts in Christ Jesus. Deep is calling unto Deep, and with every advancing step, we grasp more of its reality. We are hearing His Word resounding in victory—"*Be prepared to shine forth My Son's, My Morning Stars. For you will declare My New Day!*"

It is difficult at times to sound the victor's call, for boundless seas toss us about, berating us, insulting us. Churning waters of humanity heap swells of assaulting brine, attempting to dash us asunder. Exhausted at times, yet undaunted, we continue on, pressing ever toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God. Although our ears were once clogged with dust and clay and earth's debris, there is something of our origin that hears God calling. We hear His voice trumpeting, **"This is the Way, walk ye in it" *Isaiah 30:21***. With hearts longing for home, we heed the familiar sound of our Father and set the pace again toward that which we were once so accustomed..

At times we have each wondered if it is true. Surely, we at one time or another doubted, and questioned, is there really a place in God from where we came, and if there is, can we ever return? How can we get there? We don't know the way! Yet, we do know the Way! For we know Him, and He is the Way, He is the Truth, and He is the Life!

Our brother and fellow sojourner, the apostle Paul, encouraged us in this. He wrote: **"But**

we are bound to give thanks always to God for you, brethren beloved of the Lord, because **God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation** through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth: Whereunto **He called you** by our gospel, **to the obtaining of the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ.**" **2 Thessalonians 2:13-14.** "For **he will finish the work**, and cut it short in righteousness: because a short work will the Lord make upon the earth." **Romans 9:28.**

Praise God! We can return, and we will return; for He has appointed a worthy Captain to lead us home. Nothing can prevent us from obtaining the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ! He will finish the work!

Although memories may have failed us, our Father sent messengers throughout the ages to remind us from where we came and where we are going. The word they carried inspired many who traveled through the wilderness of the world. It was an encouraging, life-giving word for those of that day. It helped them greatly as they were hunted like wild beasts. The words of the apostles and prophets undergirded those who toiled through three centuries of Rome's slaughter. By the 4th century, Christ's light had been diminished considerably. These atrocities were, of course, at the hands of men who had given themselves over to the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. Almost every fragment of truth was smothered during the Dark Ages; but with the Reformation those smoldering embers were rekindled, flared up several times afterwards, and now once again in us. Our Father's riveting word rings clear in our ear, calling us back to our origin, and not to forsake the world, but to save it in His name! "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" **Romans 11:33.** Who can know them? None unless they are revealed by the Spirit of our new birth.

When we entered this natural world, it was the world of death. Our conception in flesh was the beginning of our *appointment with death*, as the writer of Hebrews mentioned. "And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." **Hebrews 9:27.** The grave, however, is neither our appointment, nor the beginning of our death. The grave is just its final stroke, the finish-line, if you will. Conception in flesh is the beginning of death. If this is not so, I do not think our Lord would have said, "Let **the dead bury their dead.**" **Matthew 8:22.** Those tending to the dead body were dead as well. On a lower plane they were alive; but that impulse of life was so far removed from the life of the stars, it was dead.

The beginning of our true life in this world, was when we were born of the Spirit. That was the turning point of our journey. Until then, we were on a course away from our origin; but when we were quickened by the Spirit, our course changed. Of course that old life we cherished so much was very much a part of the whole process of our making, it was to be our destiny.

We heard His voice behind us, and our lives were changed forever. We were set on the strait and narrow way toward home. Until the Light of Christ shined in our hearts, we could not find our way. We did not know the way. We were blind, with little hope, and we were lost. Our appointment has been a true odyssey. We have faced and overcome things that only

God knows the great value they have played in our lives. Whether in the earth or in the heavens, our warfare has raged. We have been deluged with disease, misfortune, heartache, rejection, embarrassment, futility, to name a few, and we push onward. Every battle has been our victory. To turn back is out of the question. Our pursuit is to find and set up the Kingdom of God in the earth and the heavens. Our never-ending drive is to go home, and to go home with victory, honor, and glory.

Job, who we believe to be a type of the Sons of God, spoke with understanding when He said: "If a man die, shall he live again? All the days of **my appointed time** will I wait, **till my change comes.**" *Job 14:14*. The words *appointed time* comes from a Hebrew word, *tsaba'*, which not only means *appointed*, but speaks of a *hardship*, a *war campaign*. So, let me ask: From the time of our conception, **have we not been at war?** Have we not had some *hardships* to befall us? There are good times, of course, and most of us truly love the life we now live. Nevertheless, we are continually at war with death and all the misery surrounding it. The grave is ever beckoning us to lay our bodies in its cold embrace. The shadow of death enveloped us in our mother's womb, and it has never left us, not for a moment. Its heavy shroud, however, began to be rolled back when our Lord shined His light into our hearts, and we still fight the good fight in our pursuit of rendering death null and void. Moreover, all the days of our *appointed time*, we shall continue in this campaign to the very end, for "...*there is no discharge during the time of war...*" *Ecclesiastes 8:8*. As good soldiers we shall pursue liberty until life swallows up the last enemy. There will be no more the sting of death, and the grave's victory will be history. *1 Corinthians 15:54-55*.

Truly, we have been on the *Journey* of all journeys. And I believe it is safe to say that there has never been anything like it in the whole universe. We have been set upon a grand stage — the proving grounds of life against death. We were sent to conquer the most formidable enemy to have ever come upon creation — **DEATH!** Until after the foundation of the earth was laid, and Adam and Eve ate from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, there was no concept of death; but even before it came, there was the Lamb prepared and slain who was the beginning of the end of death. Both life and death were parts of God's great plan for His creation, and we are involved in it as well. Although a long process, as far as the natural mind relates to time, our *Journey's End* will be the monumental beginning of the ultimate end of *Death's Journey* — forever!

As we all know, death was initiated by the man and woman eating the fruit from a tree they were told to avoid. By that act alone they were lowered from the realm of life they had known, and they died along with all mankind and creature thereafter. From that day forth, mankind was born from beneath rather than above. He was subjected not only to death but to its horrible process of dying; while all born from above, or from and by the Spirit of God, was and is in the wonderful process of living. When we were first conceived of the flesh and born into the world, we were spiritually dead, and that death was stamped upon our DNA. We were conscious of ourselves and earthly surroundings. We became very alive to the world but progressively very dead to God. From the moment of conception, that to which we were alive began to fade and die, until it reaches the end when the heart ceases to beat. As newborn infants, we might have been able to recall some of the realm of Paradise from which we had been lowered; however, as death continued to work in us, our past life in God was

eventually swallowed up of death.

On the other hand, when we were born from above, the process of life began to swallow death. When we were first conceived of the Spirit and born into the Kingdom of God, we did not immediately live to the fullest degree; but the process was initiated. We still had death from below and could recall most of it; however, as life continues to work in us, death is eventually swallowed up totally of life. "He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord GOD will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth: for the LORD hath spoken it." **Isaiah 25:8**. And, "...when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." **1 Corinthians 15:54**.

In the same way our dying was a process, so is our living. In our appointment with death, we were not at first completely dead; but death had certainly laid hold of our souls. As we were immersed deeper into that world of darkness, the life we once knew began to be consumed until there was nothing left of it, not even in our most distant memories. And so it is with life.

In our appointment with life in Jesus Christ, we were not at first altogether alive; but life had taken hold of us, and it was a sure thing. As we journeyed farther into that world of light the more we realized who we were, and the death we once knew continued to fade away. And it shall progress until there is nothing left of death, not even in our most distant memories.

When we came to this world of death and decay, the seed of Adam (death) was planted into our being, and it slowly, but surely, doused every spark of life. But things have taken on a change! The Spirit of Life was planted into our ground, and it seized this earth. We have heard of the *death grip*, well this is the *life grip*, and it is just as firm as death, but more-so. With its grip firmly upon every facet of our being, we feel the changing of this earth. It is being transformed by the renewing of our minds, **Romans 12:2**. We are being raised together with Christ and carried back to the place from whence we came. Brethren, we are going back home, but we are not returning empty-handed! We are going with a priceless possession—a glorified body like unto the glorious body our Lord Jesus Christ. But this is not all—we are returning with the rejoicing creation as ***He satisfies the desire of all living!*** **Psalms 145:16**. What a treasure! What a journey!

Many assume that just about any form of religion will buy their way to heaven. Let us not be deceived, sojourners. Although just about every religion has great things to contribute to mankind, while religion may help to ease the pain of suffering, the strait and narrow way to Life is not the same as the old saying, "*All roads lead to Rome.*" There is only *One Way* to the *Living God*, and that way is the *Living Jesus Christ*. He made that very clear in **John 14:6**, "Jesus said to him, 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no one comes to the Father but through Me.'" He was either telling the truth or He was lying, and we know it is the former. Like His Father, He always tells the truth, He cannot lie.

He blazed the living trail through the valley of death. He marked the way for us, and as long as we follow the light of His flaming presence, we shall reach our destination and claim the prize of the high calling. If we reject that light and follow after the light of our own

thinking, which is actually darkness, we will wander endlessly in the vast wilderness that spreads as far as our own diverse imaginations. No manifestation of the sons of God or the kingdom of heaven will ever be seen as long as we are led by man's way of thinking, even if it is our own.

The Kingdom of Heaven and sonship is not acquired by an occasional touch of Jesus when He passes by, nor from the weekly refreshing that comes to weary souls as they gather together in church meetings. Thank God for the fellowship. We receive strength, blessings, and encouragement from them; but the life of sonship can only be known as we become sensitive to the reality of the abiding Spirit of Christ within. It comes from being conscious of His presence, His speaking, His guiding, His governing, and His power that continually transforms our spirit, mind, and body into the image of Him who is creating us.

Meetings can be wonderful; but have you ever noticed that the growth we experience comes from within and not from without? A living word from without often penetrates the shell of our earthen minds, and life surges throughout our inner being. There is great merit in certain gatherings, especially when a word of truth is being shed abroad and cuts through the veil of the natural mind. They can be times of energizing of the Spirit, and they should not be rejected. But still, the transforming life works from within, and continues to work long after the meetings are over. It is important to hear God's unfolding truths; but Jesus also admonished us in ***Luke 8:18*** to *take heed how we hear*. If we hear by the natural mind alone, we are destined to walk a crooked path, and what we have received will likely be lost; but if it is by the Spirit that we hear, we shall walk the strait and narrow way and keep it to the end of our journey and beyond.

Who but God could have planned such a journey for those He loves so dearly? No man could have, nor would have done so. If it had been left in the hands of mortal man to bring himself to perfection, he would have done it much differently. Throughout his tenure as a student of life and death, he would have allowed only a little evil to befall himself, if any. The turmoil of seventy or eighty years of death and darkness that shrouds him would be shortened considerably. The hardships of a year or two would suffice, or maybe only a week or so. There would never be a loss of loved ones. Crippling injuries, or diseases like cancer and other horrendous enemies of health would never come upon him. And certainly not the Covid19 coronavirus!

Man in his *human compassion* would find easier ways to claim *the prize of the high calling*. Frankly, he would do exactly what he is doing right now, i.e., being religious, practicing repetitive rites, doing good works when asked, or compelled, and a bushel of other self-righteous things too numerable to mention here. Don't get me wrong, please! I am not saying that all these things are bad; the good fruit from the tree of good and evil. The good helps a lot of hurting people in the world; but

Nevertheless, let us not be so concerned about works and man's shortcomings; but rather, let us continue to the *Journey's End*. As we do so, we shall garner a great multitude of souls who have never known the true *Way* and are wondering aimlessly in darkness, but certainly not forever. You see, "The earth is the LORD'S, the fulness thereof; the world, and they who dwell therein." ***Psalm 24:1***, and it is beyond Him to support such a foolish idea

of anyone remaining in darkness forever. It should be known that He has called them to return back to Him; such as, "You turn man to destruction; and say, **Return, ye children of men.**" **Psalm 90:3**. Therefore, brethren, *the journey's end* is not only for the sons of God, the firstfruits of His creation, but for everyone. The end of the journey will be in every man but in his own order: "**Christ the firstfruits** (*the first order*); afterward **they that are Christ's at his coming** (*The second order*). Then cometh **the end** (*the third rank, or last order*)." **1 Corinthians 15:23-24**. Of course, it is not the "end of time" but *the end* or *last rank* of mankind, which is, *the residue of men, the remainder, the rest of humanity*. But please remember — *everyone in his or her own order of calling!*

That which has been set before us seems to be unimaginable, utterly impossible to most. How can so many who are so evil be drawn back to their origin in Christ Jesus in Whom all were created? However, it is no longer unimaginable when His light is shed abroad in their hearts, and they heard the word, "**Come**," it is the only thing that makes sense, and this sensible thing will be done! Don't we recall that Jesus said, "**All that the Father gives me will come to me.**" And God gave **ALL** to Him; for He paid the price for **All!** "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him..." **John 6:44**. In addition, "I and my Father are one." **John 10:30**. And, "...If I be lifted up from the earth, will draw [*more accurately drag*] **ALL** men [*women and children*] unto me." **John 12:32**. But each one in their own order!

Dear ones of the High calling of God in Jesus Christ, is not the above verse crystal clear, and don't you believe what He said? If so, you can rest assured that **every word**, starting with **Jesus**, then with **you and me**, **shall not return void. We in Him will accomplish that which pleases our Father, and we shall prosper in the things whereto He sends us**, as **Isaiah 55:11** declares. What a wonderful and awesome Father to have given us the ministry of reconciliation along with power and authority to answer the creation's cry and deliver them from the riggers of pain, sorrow, suffering and death.

Again, *He turns man to destruction,* but He does not leave him in that condition. After His glorious purpose of the ages is worked in ALL, He then says, return, ye children of men.* As it was with us, every soul will someday hear the call to return, this is sure. Nevertheless, in these last days of our journey, we believe the work of our own destruction of the flesh, as well as the condemnation and crucifixion of our Sonship, as it was with Him on the cross, has come nigh to an end. You see, both natural man of the flesh and the holy from the heavens were crucified together. We have been thoroughly ground to powder. We have had our season of being deformed so we can be reformed. The Sons of God have been reduced to powder, even their righteousness in Christ Jesus has been defamed; but it is the season to exchange *powder* to *power*. Although weeping has endured through the night, rejoicing will be heard when it is light!

**destruction: dakka'; crushed, literally, to powder or figuratively, contrite (Strong's).*

We see this in a fashion with **Romans 11:36**, as quoted earlier: "**For out of Him, and through Him, and into Him—ALL: to whom be glory for ever.**" Or paraphrased, it could be read:

For **ALL** of creation, which is everyone, came **out of Him**. We all left the celestial homes of our origin. In our absence, we shall all go **through Him, through the cross of destruction, even to being reduced of powder, but also through His life of resurrection power. And after this, we shall all return back into Him, back home from where we came and with the world in tow.**

His name shall be praised in all the universe! For by Him, by Jesus Christ our Lord, shall all this be possible and come to be. By Him shall all creation come to the same liberty of the children* of God. And that creation now stands on tiptoe, waiting for the manifestation of the Sons of God who will make it so, **Romans 8:19-21**. ***Children** of God are **born of God**, so likewise shall *creation be born of God*. Not just *formed*, but **born**.

The Journey, oh, what a journey that is surely drawing to an end! And who but the **Sons of God** can usher in the new day? Are they not as their Lord who is the **Bright and Morning Star** of **Revelation 22:16**? Their appearing is what will give creation their hope of deliverance from the bondage of corruption. The *Morning Stars* are they who stamp the dark skies with the promise of Christ's Life and Light that is soon to rise. The appearance of Jesus Christ in His body of the Sons of God who have the ministry of reconciliation to set the groaning creation free from the bondage of corruption.

At our **Journey's end**, my friends, this is what is in store for us, and also the world. All of this was erased from our memories long ago; but now the Spirit of our birth till now is stirring within, and we are once again *singing and shouting for joy!* The high and holy praises well up from the depths of our being, and we cry out: *"Yes, Father! Let it be! Raise us from the fine-ground powder and let Your love and power be known to us and the groaning world."*

Surely we can hear in the heavens of our spirit our Father's declaration: *"Well done My good and faithful Sons. Come home and bring the others with you!"*

So let us look up fellow sojourners, *let not our hearts be troubled, although our hope was deferred, it is nearer than we imagined! It is time to look and be radiant, and for our hearts to swell with joy, because regardless of how fierce the storm is raging over the earth, the abundance of the seas will be diverted to us, and the riches of the nations will be delivered into our hand!*

Don't you think?

Elwin R. Roach