Through a Mirror Dimly

It has been a restless night...too much on my mind. I have been staring up at the ceiling watching the beginnings of daylight illuminate the shadows in the room; a time when darkness knowing its place bows down to the light.

There are so many things around me happening both at work and at home. Things I think I can control and things I cannot control. They are causing me to multi-task at a level that is difficult for me to keep up with.

Everything is so real to me and urgent.

When I was young the term used in situations that I could not control was to just say “uncle”. This little word meant simply to give up because the opposition was too strong. In today’s world saying uncle is not an option.

If you give up, your world will turn into darkness and it will envelope you and not let the light back in. So in a real sense the tension between peace and frustration never ends here while we live on planet earth.

When you spend time with God letting His Words become part of you; soon you begin seeing catch phrases. These phrases repeat themselves over and over. These phrases are found within the flesh and blood circumstances and life stories of people throughout the Old and New Testaments.

Their life stories become a window into their souls showing us their relationship with the God who revealed Himself to each of them in unique and wonderful ways. They have learned to rest on the promises of God in times of difficulty.

These phrases become like waves that keep coming to the shore constantly reminding us that God is in control of our circumstances...not us.

One of these phrases “This too shall pass”, has become an anchor in the storms of life for me. It is a simple phrase that for me has come to mean ... just hang on during the storms. Don't change directions or give in, or turn away but simply perceiver by trusting my anchor will hold fast.

I am not sure about you but my anchor is set firmly into the Cross of Christ. During the storms all I can see are the relentless waves coming at me one after the other. The onslaught continues to pound me, without any relief in sight.

What I don't see or feel are the arms of the Lord holding me steady, with my face set against the wind like flint...meeting any problem or issue squarely while supported by HIS STRENGTH. I am holding on to the course ahead so I can remain true to His plan for me as I journey though this life lead by HIM.
So I see “this too shall pass” moments everywhere on the pages of my story of life. They fill my days and my life and give me comfort because I am anchored in Christ. Whatever I go through is but a single moment in time…nothing more and by the Grace of God “this too shall pass”.

It is still dark and so I get up. There is just enough light so I can move around the shadows of objects in my path as I walk towards the shower. There are two lights in my bathroom. One in the stall shower itself and the other off to the opposite side of the bathroom.

As I have done a thousand times before, I turn the shower on as hot as possible then wait before the shower door, until I see the steam rise. So I wait patiently for the steam to begin filling the stall. Somehow this morning I notice something that must have always been there but eluded my gaze till now.

The steam fills the shower stall. The light inside is soft and gently illuminates the clear stall door that is now filled with steam. There before me is me. It is really not me but a soft image of me, a faded color image, yet with enough detail to recognize me…as if I was looking through a mirror dimly.

As I turned, my eye caught a glimpse of something shiny that came and went with the movement of my body. Sort of like a mirror off in the distance used to reflect light by someone sending a message to someone else far away.

I steadied myself at an angle that allowed this image to come alive. There it was standing out off of my body, clear and bright and solid against a faded image of me. It looked surreal because the image seemed solid while my body seemed almost spirit like. The image reflecting the light was the gold Cross that I wear around my neck.

When I first became a believer in Christ in May of 1985, Elyse bought me this Cross. I remember the emotions I felt as I humbly began to wear the symbol that brought together in One Person, All the Pain people will ever experience throughout time and ALL the Love that God gave to us by allowing His One and ONLY Son to die for each of us on the Cross.

Could you stand by and turn your back to the heart cry of your beloved Son as you hear HIM call out to you in desperation the words “My God, MY GOD, WHY have you Forsaken Me? I know I could not…yet God did, just for you….because HE loves you…He allowed the Cross to happen.

It was interesting to see this portrait of me within the shower door. It brought to mind several thoughts like the statement that in this world we see through a mirror dimly. This world is not real. Sure it feels real, our bodies have been
designed to experience this physical world by God. But the real us is the person inside our body. The essence of Ernie is spirit not the flesh of my body.

In a very real sense the faded image of me on the shower door is the true me. And the reflection of the Gold Cross that stands out of my image symbolizes one spirit claimed by the Lord on the Cross 2,000 years ago as HIS. For I carry His sign on my body. The sign that confirms I was bought and paid for by HIS Blood.

The only true identity I really have is in Christ; for without belonging to HIM I have no identity in the future. For every day I live here, with every year that passes; my image will continue to fade as the Cross continues to gain in strength as a beacon to all who know me.

- To be a Christian, is to be a follower of Christ.
- To be a Christian, is to be a light bearer of His Truth.
- To be a Christian, is to be a reflection of the image of God to all you meet.

My faded image before me also reminds me of how God has painted word portraits of the Messiah in the Old Testament. Portraits that are shadows as seen in a mirror dimly of the coming promised Redeemer of Mankind. Even though the pictures are painted with rich and vibrant words, they still are like soft faded watercolors as compared to dynamic and vivid and bold acrylic paints.

And so just as it is hard to see my faded image in the shower door, it is also difficult to see Christ in the Old Testament…UNLESS you look for the signs of the shadow of HIS Cross and trace them through the Messianic Prophecies.

It begins with Genesis 3:15, then to Psalm 22, and to Isaiah 53, and into Daniel 9: 24-27, and finally into Zechariah 12:10. All are shadow portraits of the One to come, the One who exists as Spirit in the Old Testament; but not yet revealed in the flesh.

Then in Proverbs 30: 4… The Messiah is further identified as a son.

“Who has ascended into heaven or descended?
Who has gathered the wind in His fists?
Who has bound the waters in a garment?
Who has established all the ends of the earth?

What is His name, and what is His SON’s name, If you know?

The Messiah was identified as Gods Son in the Old Testament. Then this watercolor, faded image of the Son of God in the Old Testament took on Flesh and Blood and Bone and became real in the New Testament as Jesus. Back then you could use all your senses to experience Him for 33 years. You could have a real relationship based on sight rather than faith with the Son of God.
In 1 Corinthians 13:12 (Amplified Bible) it says:

For now we are looking in a mirror that gives only a dim (blurred) reflection [of reality as in a riddle or enigma], but then [when perfection comes] we shall see in reality and face to face! Now I know in part (imperfectly), but then I shall know and understand fully and clearly, even in the same manner as I have been fully and clearly known and understood [by God].

When we get to heaven we will look back at all of life here and it will be like the song lyrics “misty water colored memories of the way we were”. All of us are like the faded image of me within the shower stall door.

We exist on this plane of life, so real to us, yet it is nothing more than a world of shadow figures living in shadows.

The only way to become solid and real in the future is to have that bold, bright shining solid gold Cross within your body. He calls you home out of this dream into a world of real love and relationships that will never fail you. A world where there is no pain, no hunger a world beyond time…a world were you will no longer walk by faith but you will be able to walk with the Son of God by sight.

The next time you take a hot shower …take a long introspective look at the faded image of yourself. When you look at you… in your shower door… will you see His Cross over your heart, within your spirit?

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