

“Abba....daddy”

Sometimes I feel so alone. No longer do I have the excitement and wonder of youth. The seasons of life have all but gone by so quickly. All my life I have had a front row seat before my television watching the horror story of mans inhumanity to man unfold on the world’s stage.

I have heard too much and have seen too much of the world around me. Ancient prophecies written by the Creator God, who stands outside of time, continue to come to life. You can read them in a book that is the only True communication to mankind from outside his world.

Why are we so focused on ourselves that we have grown calloused to the pain all around us?

We see, yet we are blind. We hear, yet we are deaf...our hearts have grown cold towards everyone, except ourselves.

Gods revealed Truth remains The Truth whether we believe it or not, whether we acknowledge it or not. He is your God and He said every knee shall bow and every mouth will confess Him as Lord.

He is the Lord of the living and the dead. The Lord of the Lost and the Lord of the Found.

The smoke and mirrors of this world’s value system no longer comforts me. The mask that I viewed the world through for years has been ripped off my face many years ago.

No longer can I hide my emotions. The reality of the pain and despair that surrounds me has wrapped my heart in grief for all those I see and meet who do not know HIM.

When you humble yourself and allow people to see you...the real you, they tend to open their heart of hearts to you. They begin to open the pages of the book of their lives to share with you.

Everyone has a story and a deep longing within their heart to share with someone who will listen and care.

It becomes a bond I cherish between myself and another person who admits deep down they too feel so very alone.

As with me, the world has worn out their hearts, their minds and their bodies. Slowly they have come to the knowledge that the possessions of this existence have no meaning.

We have anxiety about accumulating the treasures of this world and then once gaining them we have anxiety about keeping them. In a very real sense we continue to act like children focused only on ourselves.

I share with others about my realization that the child I was is still very much alive within me. This child still cries within my heart for my daddy to come and get me and take me home.

I remember the time as a child being dropped off at the Royal Theater on a Saturday afternoon to meet my cousin to see a movie. My Dad said to wait outside the theater and he would pick me up at 3 PM and take me home.

It was always a wonderful time. We enjoyed a double feature for the price of one and all the popcorn you could eat.

At the end of the movie I followed the crowd out. The crowd moved out like a thunderous wave spilling out in front of the theater.

My Aunt was waiting outside in her car to pick up my cousin. He got in the car and I waved goodbye. I waited for my Dad, but he was nowhere to be seen.

At first I was part of the crowd and drew comfort from them; but then I stood there alone. I waited from 3 pm to 5 pm for my Daddy. He said he would come get me. He always did what he said he would do. He never lied to me and if he made a promise he always kept it.

As the time went by I drew comfort not only from the words he had spoken to me; but also because his past actions always consistently backed up his words.

He had car trouble that delayed him for 2 hours. I was 12 years old. When He finally came he apologized, hugged and kissed me and congratulated me for being so very brave. He praised me for obeying his instructions to stay in one place and wait for him to come back and get me.

I told him I knew he would be back to get me to take me home and that I would always listen to him and remember his words of instructions.

You see I wanted to grow up and **be just like him.**

There's another Story of a Father and His Son that touched my Soul and mind and changed my heart forever.

When I first heard this story it seemed like a magical bedtime story, a legend or a mythical account lost deep behind the veil of time.

The story is about a King who became a child to become a King again.

It goes like this:

"Long ago, before dinosaurs roamed the earth, and before there was a star in the sky, a great king issued a decree that shook the realms of darkness.

The king spoke and the universe exploded into existence. He said, "Let there be light," and the darkness ran from him. By the power of his words he created high mountains and deep valleys. With endless imagination and attention to detail, the king filled the land, waters, and sky with living creatures of every shape, color, and size.

Then, as evil eyes watched from a distance, the king reached down, picked up a handful of loose soil, and breathed into it his own likeness. From the dust the king made a man to share his happiness. Motioning to the surrounding paradise the great One said,

"All of this I am entrusting to you. Care for it, and you will see how much I have cared for you."

For a while the new caretaker was too absorbed in his work to recognize the emptiness within. The king, however, knew that it was not good for the man to be alone. So he put his likeness to sleep, and from a rib that protected the man's heart, gave the man a helper and friend he called woman.

One of the gifts the king entrusted to the couple was the freedom of choice. In the center of their garden home the king had planted two trees. One he called the "tree of life" and the other, "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil." Pointing to the second tree, the king said,

"Eat freely from everything except this one. Don't eat from this tree or you will die."

The caretakers took the King's Counsel and shared his happiness. Life was good for them. Planet earth was at peace.

Hiding in the shadows, a rebel watched the caretakers and envied their happiness. In another time and place, he too had known the king's favor.

Disguised as a friend, the rebel engaged the woman in conversation. He asked her about the rules of the garden. Suggesting that he knew a side of the king the couple hadn't seen, he raised questions they had never thought about. What was the king withholding? What didn't he want them to know?

Curiosity got the best of them. Tasting the forbidden fruit was like taking a mind-altering drug. With a rush of lost innocence, the caretakers suddenly felt afraid and vulnerable. Grabbing leaves to cover themselves, they ran to hide from the king.

When the king found the couple, they admitted what they had done, but tried to make excuses for themselves.

Even though the king showed his willingness to forgive, life would never be the same. Unfriendly thoughts and inclinations began to show up everywhere, even in their children. In a fit of jealousy their first son killed his younger brother. Seeds of rebellion continued to grow until the whole earth was filled with conflict and violence.

Saddened by a world spinning out of control, the king sent a killer storm that wiped out everyone except for the small family of one man who was true to the king.

A new beginning seemed full of promise. But a disrespectful son and drunken father showed once again that human nature had not changed. The enemy was within. Seeds of self-rule continued to fill the earth with trouble and pain.

The king intervened again. This time he appeared to an old childless couple and told them he was going to give them a

son in their old age. He promised that through their family he would offer peace and happiness to the whole world.

The seasons changed. Generations passed. Yet even though the king gave the old couple their miracle family most things remained the same. Caretakers continued to seek self-rule and happiness at one another's expense. They took for granted all that had been entrusted to them. Yet the king kept promising his chosen people that through them the world would be blessed with a son who would be called, "Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace."

The promise, however, usually fell on deaf ears. Even though the king gave his "chosen people" a homeland at the crossroads of the world, and even though he introduced them to their neighbors as a miracle family, they tested his patience until he stopped talking to them.

After 400 long years the silence was broken by the cry of a baby. A young unmarried woman conceived a child whose name meant "Savior." Local shepherds and wise men from the East took turns worshipping the child whose birth was announced by angels in the night and a star in the sky.

Thirty years later this son of promise turned water to wine at a wedding party and then traveled from town to town doing good and giving hope to the poorest and most troubled of people. Crowds of excited people followed him until religious leaders became envious of his influence. Instead of using his power to overthrow his enemies, the teacher said he had not come to condemn, but to be the servant of all.

In a stunning turn of events, family leaders spread false rumors about the teacher. They accused him of trying to overthrow the government and called for his death. On a holiday that celebrated their national freedom, an angry

mob unknowingly subjected the son they had been waiting for to a public execution.

For 3 days the teacher's friends were afraid and confused. Then a group of women found his grave empty, and for the next 40 days the Lord of life let hundreds of his followers see that he had overcome the power of death in their behalf.

Now, the whole story can be told. To share his happiness the great king became the Servant of servants. After giving us life to share his joy, he was born into our world to bear our pain.

He left with a promise to return. His story must be told. Time is running out for all who side with the forces of darkness. Everlasting happiness is waiting for all who will welcome into their hearts the Servant of servants, the Lord of lords, and the King of kings."

Been Thinking About, Monthly Column by Mart DeHahn © 2006 RBC MINISTRIES

When it seemed like God, His FATHER, would never come for HIM, Jesus cried out from the Cross "My God, My God why have you forsaken me?"

Had Jesus forgotten the promises of His Father? No.

Had His Father forgotten Jesus? No.

God His Father had a plan for Jesus to finish before He came back to take Jesus home again.

If you have a personal relationship with Jesus that allows you to look at His Cross and see yourself enfolded in His arms, hanging there with HIM, then you have become one of Gods Children.

Now you have the right to call God ABBA...daddy. Just as God had a plan for His Son Jesus, He also has a plan for each of His children who call HIM daddy.

Here is a message just for you from HIM;

Your face I formed so that mine you would seek,
I gave you ears to listen for the Word I would speak,
I gave you eyes to see, a mind to understand,
all that you required I made with my Hand,
the Law and the Prophets for centuries foretold
the birth of a baby begotten of old,
in words unencoded, with language so plain,
that even the simplest could call on my name,
fathom mysteries of old, confounding the wise,
come, see the Messiah through a child's eyes.

Love,

ABBA

He wants you to listen to Him, remember His words of instruction and to stay in the place He has put you so you can make a difference there for Him among all those you know who so desperately need Him.

He asks you to wait patiently, knowing you are never alone.

- He left you with **HOPE** for the end of days
- With **STRENGTH** for when you are weak with fear
- With **JOY** when you are surrounded by dread
- With **PURPOSE** in the midst of an aimless culture
- With **PEACE** when storms of anxiety roll across
Your horizons (From **Discover the Bible**, Pastor John Barnett)

You see MY God said He would come get me. MY God always does what He said He would do. MY God never lies to me and if MY God makes a promise He always keeps it. He is My Abba...MY Daddy.

MY Abba said that His Son Jesus will be back soon to take me home to Heaven. If you know Jesus as Savior and LORD then Jesus will take you home to be with HIM too.

Real wealth is what remains after losing our health, wealth, prosperity, possessions and power. "What good does it do to gain the worlds possessions ...but loose your eternal soul?"

Jesus IS the LIVING HOPE
for the End of Days
Remember Jesus ...Call on
The Name ABOVE ALL Names.