

Gods Honor Roll?

Through the years I have spoken to many believers in Christ about their God Stories; how they came to know the Lord. More often than not they had accepted the Risen Lord early in life.

They cannot remember a time when they did not know Him. For them the words of Christ... "let the little children come unto me" became reality as they ran to His open arms and were embraced by the Living God as children. They were born again through a simple child like faith into the family of God.

Others came to know Him as teenagers or during their early college years. These were times when the influence of Godly men and women made a difference in their lives. When being part of a group was important and growing in grace and wisdom was enhanced by nurturing mentors.

They were blessed because people took the time to invest their lives into them and disciple them. The soil of a young heart and the thought process of a young person are much more open to the Gospel.

As we grow older we become jaded Adults. Sin has had many years to grow deep roots within our hearts. We have become accustomed to sin. Our hearts are calloused, our conscience has been seared, our reasoning is flawed and we no longer know how to blush.

As adults we do not come to know Him through a simple child like faith. We are not interested in taking the time to seek Him, to learn of Him or to be disciplined by those who offer to invest their time into us.

God has a special program to reach adults. It is called the storms of life. They come and swirl around us for a very long time...until they break us. No longer can we look inside for answers. Our eyes look up and we cry out to the heavens for mercy and beg for hope. We innately know someone or something greater than us is out there and so we reach up to the heavens.

God calls out to mankind daily and says...Why have you not returned to me? Believe in ME and I will give you refuge from the storms and hope for your future!

And so the relentless waves of famine, hunger, drought, natural disasters, pestilence, crop disease, physical disease turn into never ending insurmountable waves of sorrow. For those that don't know Him life at best is bitter / sweet.

Have you ever noticed the design of Gods Cross, how its beams represent two linear lines that intersect each other. The vertical beam is planted deep into the earth that He created. His Cross is rooted into the dirt, the same dirt that He made mankind out of.

Through the roots of His Cross the earth drank deeply of His Blood as it poured forth into the parched ground. In the days of Moses, God had come down to lead His people as a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. This pillar was so large that it could be seen by the entire nation of Israel for miles in each direction of its encampment.

But this time, it was more personal. God came down in the form of a man and so the vertical Cross beam rooted in the earth reached upwards to heaven; connecting heaven to earth. For 33 years God lived and walked among us. He came seeking those with a child like faith. He came seeking those who needed mentoring and discipleship.

God came seeking the lost and the broken hearted that live without hope; to personally walk with each of them in the cool of the day and offer each a cup of cool living water.

The top of the beam reaches out to the same heavens that He created by the words coming forth from His mouth. God said to creation "Let there be", and out of nothing came everything. But when He made us, He said "Let US make man in our image".

The top of the beam of the Cross reaches up to the US; to His Father and the Holy Spirit. This Comforter gave each person new life by taking up residence within the hearts of those who believe in the Son of God.

And so the vertical beam connected Heaven to Earth, but the horizontal beam was more personal.

The Cross beam reaches around the entire globe. It was not the nails that held HIS arms to the Cross Beam; it was HIS great Love for you! Because HE Came Personally just for YOU! His arms enfold each of us, and comfort each of us that accept the hand of God that reaches down from His Cross to draw us up to Himself.

These two linear lines form a coordinate locked into time. They form an ancient prophetic symbol upon which heaven would meet earth and God would meet man. The story of the God / Man is contained in Gods Autobiography.

I am sure you have taken the time to read the stories of men. Their stories can touch our hearts and emotions. But their stories are fiction, not real...not truth.

Their stories remind us of a truth deep within us. Echo's of a time before time, when truth was planted deep within our hearts by God. And so we rally behind the stories in the novels when love wins the day and justice is served. Because inside each of us is this need for love fulfilled and the desire for justice.

This truth buried deep within us is like a dream that is so real. Yet when we wake up the images recede back into the mists of our minds. It is like trying to grasp water or watching a wisp of smoke as it disappears into thin air.

Why is the Truth that difficult to grasp and understand?

Have you taken the time this year to begin reading the True Story of a visible King who brought an invisible Kingdom with Him? THE KING who came to save you not from yourself but from Himself. This King whose sacrificial love is greater than anything we can imagine is also Holy and demands that His justice be satisfied as well.

This King has a Book of Life. It is like the honor roll list that you tried to earn a place on during your elementary, high school and college years. This honor roll was based on your achievements. You were honored by your peers and the titles you received built up your pride and your passion in your accomplishments. This honor roll prepared you for this life here on earth.

But the Book of Life is Gods honor roll and you and I do not qualify to get on it. There is nothing we can achieve to make it. For we are not honorable, only God is to be honored.

In truth our accomplishments will all fall short, our dreams will never be realized, our possessions will become the possessions of others.

Why... it's simple to understand...we will die. We will die either young or old, either today or tomorrow ...but we will die.

Every honor given us by men will die with us and the life we lived, our legacy will recede back into the dream we lived on earth. Like an echo from the distant past, barely visible, difficult to hear...then gone forever....remembered by no one-----except God.

This life is but a dream. Your real life will begin when you die. Don't spend this short time you have seeking the praises of men. They can do nothing for you.

Instead seek to know the Living God who waits for you to let Him into your heart. Then and only then will your name be written into Gods Honor Roll...His Book of Life.

A wise man once made the statement ...How sad it is to be alone in the world. There is much truth in that statement because most of us will do everything we can to fill our lives with people, whether family or friends or strangers. We fear being alone.

We need crowds of people because we truly are not comfortable with ourselves. I can admit that many times in my life I have felt most alone while surrounded by many people...but at least there were people around me.

What is sadder yet is the fact that without God we will be alone forever...without anyone around us. Gods Autobiography is the only book worth spending your time with. Your true story is there, your past is there, your present is there and your future is there.

If you know Jesus as Lord, then realize He is coming back as your King to hear from your lips how you served Him. He wants to know your account of the precious time He gave you and whether you made a difference for Him.

This life is not about you but about your King.

May every breath of life you take into your lungs go forth from your mouth as words of life to those around you. Tell people about your King and His Kingdom. Tell them why they need to be saved and from what.

Tell them about HIS Cross.

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