

THE GLORY OF OUR PRISON DAYS

Dearly beloved in Christ. I am about to tell you the most glorious story you have ever heard. It will describe God's love and His weird way of showing it to us. I am going to describe the purpose of your prison days. Paul, the apostle, called himself a prisoner of the Lord Jesus Christ. I became a prisoner of the Lord Jesus in 1967. He came into my life with a vengeance. Perhaps that is the wrong word, but it felt like that to me. From the day that I met Him, my life was not my own. My life seemed to be blotted out and was run by some imposter.

Now, the only difference with my being imprisoned by the Lord and your being imprisoned are the visible walls around you. I am going to call our prison days our cocoon days. Some beautiful creations like the redwood trees take a longer time in the cocoon than a dandelion. Your prison days will last as long as it takes you to turn into that new creation. That trip from being earthly to being born from above. God has many different types of beings that will glorify Him. He is busy tending His vineyard like He has done only a few times in the history of mankind.

So my dear sweetsie babies, you are chosen by God to change from bringing glory to yourself to glorifying God; like the stars in the heaven that just shine and show people their way in the dark night.

Do you know what happens in your cocoon days??? We are born with the blood of Cain and cannot know God or walk with God or go to heaven unless we have the blood of Christ. And my dear friends that takes a renovating that is so complete there is nothing left of the old you.

Now, the minute you went into prison or jail, Christ was getting you prepared for the strict disciplining it takes to change. No more can you go where you want to go. That is the very thing that got you there. You cannot eat what you want. You cannot talk or even think the way you used to. There is a tendency for the “woe

is me” to set in. You will find that doesn't work and if you are wise you will thank God for the food you have, the roof over your head and a maid to make your meals and wash your clothes. I cried for 25 years and then one day He wiped away my tears and now the only time I shed tears is when I suffer with you.

This poor little worm that was hog tied and thrown in jail had a complete life change. Picture that little worm happily eating its way right into his cocoon. We all seem to have to eat with the pigs before we come to our senses and decide to take the Jesus train back home to our Father. Like the prodigal son... And read how the Father is rejoicing over the lost sons coming home.

Now in the cocoon our control over our life is gone. In our cocoon, we leave our father, mother, family. That little worm immediately starts a journey of change the minute he goes into the cocoon. Its cute ways of squirming were gone. Its taking for granted the sun, the moon, the stars and all the other things we think we deserve now are suddenly gone. We become just one blob losing our identity, like the grape in the winepress.

That time of transition, when we cannot understand why we are here, we lean not on our own understanding. It is a time when we learn to trust God knowing that all happens for our good. This is where our giddy, childish ways give way to His ways. Imagine that poor little worm trying to figure out why this period of darkness, this terrible pain, not knowing it is the most glorious time of his life — the very reason he was born. Yes we all go into our cocoon a sniveling little brat with the “I wants” and come out singing, “The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.” Give me more stately mansions, oh my soul. I now can be in the world but not of it.

Marie Kolasinski