

Proving

Deuteronomy 8:2 — “The Lord your God has led you these past forty years to humble you and prove you to know what was in your heart to see if you would be disciplined by Christ, save your live to gain his or keep your own life.”

(The word prove means to ascertain the genuineness or validity — to be found true or correct — to try by suffering.)

Perhaps He proves us to see if we use our time here on earth wisely.

Or perhaps He proves us to see if we take the talents or abilities and put them to use for the whole of humanity.

So now we are in the harvest, the twilight of the human race. The human race has been tested to see what stuff we are made up of. Did we love the Lord and make a commitment to Him — that commitment being to stick with Him as He leads us out of hell and back to our source of life? Did we pick up our cross daily? Did we humble ourselves until none of our own righteousness remains? Did we allow God to crucify our flesh and desires and lusts? Did we finally come to the conclusion that man does not live by bread alone but by the life and spirit of God?

In other words — are we ready to make the leap into the next evolution of the human race — the new age called “the kingdom of God”? Or have we frittered away our time greedily loving the pleasures of sin?

Were we brave soldiers of the cross; or did we bail at the first sign of persecution? Did we bail at the first inkling it was God’s will not ours that would decide our fate? Did we rebel when our will power was taken and our life spun “out of control”? Were the sufferings of Christ and the reproach of Christ a disgrace to our arrogant little pea brain?

Or did we hear the voice of our Master beckoning us on to the end of our life and into a new life with a new America and follow Him through rain and hail, thunder and lightning, unbelievable evil and scary times — with despair and hopelessness being our bread and butter did we yet follow with faith that still small voice, the carrot ahead of our nose, suffering the dark night of the soul when even the God we once loved is gone — when the valley of the shadow of death makes the Mojave Desert seem like the garden of Eden??? On we trudge until all is gone, all is still, the nothingness making the pain of the cross seem sweet in comparison — nothing, nothing --

And then, lo and behold, life springs out of the rubble of ashes, out of the silence of death... His promises become a reality and the sweetness of the Christ we felt in the beginning, that supping with our Lord once more becomes our bread of life only this time we are brethren and all memory of the pain, betrayal, hurt feelings, loss of all things is gone and as He promised, **behold, all things are, indeed, fresh and new and as a fringe benefit He throws in an appreciative heart.**

And lo, though I walk through the valley of that shadow called death I will yield to thy rod and thy staff. Thank you for the green pastures and the still waters of the mind.



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