

Reaching Through the Fog

If we paint a picture of spiritual truth, that picture is very simple. There is God on his throne, righteous, holy, just and true. And there is me, frail of heart, body, mind and spirit, helplessly in need of God's hands to hold, guide and teach me. What is required from me in this picture, is humility, an earnest pursuit of God, and above all, trust. To trust in the Lord my God and lean not on my own understanding. It is a simple picture.

However, the moment we stop trusting God and begin leaning on our own understanding, a fog descends and we can no longer see the picture clearly. We start seeing righteousness in the wrong places. We started questioning the goodness of God, the truth and trustworthiness of God. We start building on a foundation of our own judgement of right and wrong, good and evil. And then, we are utterly lost - lost in an ever-shifting maze of self-focused, self-centered, self-trusting relativism, perhaps grouping with like-minded people who cry foul whenever someone mentions the way of God. The people I know who have walked down this path feel, to me, unreachable. I want so desperately to reach through the fog and show them once more the clear, simple picture. But it seems as though they have rehung the doors of Hades and closed themselves in, totally sure that they are in the right place, and seeing clearly. It is heartbreaking to feel so helpless to reach someone. I try to show them the loving face of God, and they see, through that fog, the face of unwanted, controlling authority perhaps. There is nothing talking can do. Only prayer. Only prayer. Because only Jesus can tear down the gates of Hades and set the captives free.



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