

THE PARABLE OF THE COAL MINERS

WE, THE PEOPLE ON WHOM THE END OF THE AGE HAS COME ARE NOT UNLIKE THE SCRIBES AND PHARISEES WHO CAME TO JESUS AND ASKED A QUITE NORMAL QUESTION. “MASTER, WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE A SIGN OF WHEN THIS ALL WILL HAPPEN.” AND JESUS ANSWERED THEM, “THERE WILL NO SIGN BE GIVEN, EXCEPT THE SIGN OF JONAH. FOR AS JONAH WAS THREE DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS IN THE WHALE BELLY, SO SHALL THE SON OF MAN BE THREE DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS IN THE HEART OF THE EARTH.”

Jesus loved nothing more than to use the daily events to explain spiritual happenings to the people.

As we all are beginning to realize, we are caught between two ages — “the tale of two ages”. The one passing away is one of appearance and the one we are entering into is an age of reality — the first being a world of fantasy, a world of things, relationships, and history that are all passing away. The age we are entering is one of eternity. The age passing is the night, the new is the day. The age passing is hell, the new is heaven. My dear friends, our journey is as exciting and frightful as the adventure of the coal miners.

America is yet to be born. We know our Constitution has never been in effect. We know the seed our forefathers planted is the same seed planted by the apostles and prophets at the beginning of the age now passing away, and we also know that seed has yet to come into its fruition.

America is hidden behind the veil. God is hidden behind the veil. The real, eternal world is hidden behind the veil. And, my dear friends, we are all about to be confronted with the same dilemma as were the nine coal miners as the veil is being rent even as I write.

The coal miners went into the mine with all their world had to offer, lost it all in the mine — died, as it were and came up with a new perspective of life. God takes all, makes Himself the head and then returns all.

Each of us will have our turn in the belly of the whale, for the nature of the beast of our birth cannot enter the next age.

You will note they went in as a nine-membered body, they died as a body, and they came out as a body. They went in white, came out like the Shulamite maiden — black, comely, humbled and grateful. Imagine coming out into a brand new world — or were they new and because of it, they, like Noah, perceived the world with new vision?

The number nine in the Scripture stands for judgment. Jesus said He would come like a thief in the night to judge and to change and to awaken us from sleep, and no one knows when their time has come.

We see signs of the times written in our every day happenings — the unrest, the nation against nation, the family breaking up to bring forth a new family, a new depth being put into the people, a new substance, a new character and new understanding. The kingdom of God “comes with violence”, tears and heartache. However, once in the new age, it is like getting out of hell. One would never want to go back. The fields are ripe with harvest. The end of the age is the harvest. You, my dear friend are either about to be harvested or are already in the throes of the great reformation.

Behold all things are new — the miracle of the new birth.



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