

Eagles

Isaiah 40:31 — For they that wait upon the Lord will renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint.

Well, I presume that every seasoned Christian knows this scripture by heart, has sung songs about it, read it to your Sunday school class and still has not a clue as to the profound depth if we actually experienced this.

In the sixties and seventies the gong rang. The Spirit moved upon anyone who would hold still long enough for it to fall on them. We were all like a bunch of wild horses running hither and yon “carrying the message”. Few there were who had “waited upon the Lord”. Therefore, there were many tragedies. There was no vision, so many perished. The rain fell and seemingly brought forth nothing.

However, God does all things well and there have been a chosen few who have been set aside as was Moses and are in waiting, not settling for anything but the fullness of Himself. The in-part gospel sounds like sounding brass to those who have waited upon the Lord and allowed Him to create in them a new man. Many started the race but few had the vision to enter “the promised land” or inherit the kingdom of God.

Now to get to our scripture. What does “waiting” upon the Lord entail? Well, time for one thing. I mean thirty years, maybe forty if need be. It means allowing God to create you all over again and at the same time create the works He has for you, be it a chambermaid or the founder of a new nation, or a prophet, or a doorman in His kingdom. If you diligently seek Him instead of a ministry, He will create your works and you, for faith without works is dead. He will open the eyes of your understanding, your ears to hear His still small voice. You will not turn aside to do good or to save the poor or start a charity; you will follow Him into the kingdom of God and because you have died, others will also live.

“Waiting” means that life as you know it is ended. The world you were born in is no more; the family you called family are all strangers. Yes indeed, old things pass away and all things become new.

“Waiting” means the carnal mind is slowly but surely changed into the mind of Christ. Our complex mind with no common sense changes and is no more conformed to the world but has become as a sea of glass — simple, truthful, without guile, and filled with joy. The memory filled with comforting thoughts and hurtful experiences is now but a memory. Or should I say it does not exist as the word memory and tomb are the same, and who needs a tomb, considering tombs are for dead people, dead thoughts — the past which is no more?

In waiting, our fantasies give way to reality. Oh, dear, I did not want that to happen. Love and romance as we have known it is all vanity. Life outside of Christ, or even in Christ without the cross putting us to death daily, is fantasy. Those of us who have purposed to come into the fullness of what God has for us have found a new fellowship — a deep fellowship — the fellowship of His suffering. My dear friends, this is reality. God is the only real eternal One and it is our duty to be conformed into His likeness.

In waiting, our desires change. What was once important holds little significance now. Material things have no hold on all whose purpose it is to enter eternity. The realization of now or never is an ominous reality prodding on the weary to persevere when all seems hopeless, to pick oneself up when the journey seems too long; to diligently cling to the vision when the soul is sick from unfulfilled expectations, always remembering that faith will bring the fulfillment of the vision God has given us to pass if we do not give up.

We have not, as yet, seen the church of Revelation which is the seven eyes of God, the seven spirits. We have seen only a misnomer called “the church”.

My dear friends, America, the world, is on a journey. Each day demands change, each day demands choices,

each day demands death to the old and life to the unknown. God loves those who are willing to submit and bend to His rod of correction and His staff of new awakenings and comfort.

Bye — see you where the eagles fly.



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