

The Prodigal Son

Let me tell you a story that is like a mystery, a fairytale, a cowboy rounding up his cattle and a mother goose rhyme, all wrapped up in one. And also notice, it starts out with one soul wanting something better than what he had, the nightmare of obtaining it and the glorious happy ever after ending.

The word prodigal is not in the scripture. However the word is perhaps a good word to tell the story of our walk from Adam to Christ. It means to spend resources recklessly and lavishly, wasteful extravagance. "Prodigal habits die hard."

Luke 15 tells in one chapter a story of our transformation of our relationship to God as a seed (Adam) and the glorious receiving of the Father's light as we end our journey.

Now the story starts out with a family unit. Could the two brothers be the same person? Like God birthing a new creation out of the seed of the old????

The younger of the two gets from his father his portion of the Holy Spirit. Now, it is the Holy Spirit received from the father that takes him on a journey. "If we do not leave our father, our mother, our sisters, our brothers, we are not fit for the kingdom." "Leave your nets and follow me." And he takes the bait, hook, line and sinker.

Our walk always starts out with "Man, I love Jesus." Praise the Lord, He loves me. Our prayers are answered and our greedy little self is in love and our lover brings us flowers, new friends and we just bask in His glory.

As the time goes on, all that made us so happy is gone, our substance or the food we lived on is beginning to dry up and we are destitute of all, even our hope.

With the food that was so rich and plentiful gone we resort to eating what we can find. So it is to the trough of the pigs, wallowing in self pity, cursing the God that made us so happy and wondering what the hell pissed Him off so much that He took my joy, my food, my friends, my family - yikes, my life. So the One I so love has proven to be like the worst kind of partner. "I hate you, God." None of this pious "Why hast thou forsaken me" shit.

And then, lo and behold, like a magic spark of some kind from somewhere, perhaps my senses are returning, a new hope is born, a new day is dawning and my senses all fresh and under a new authority somehow draw me back to the One I so loved in the beginning, my first love. Wow, union with Him with His wisdom, His patience, His contentment, His joy - His, His, His - well, His everything is now mine also as we have somehow become one.

Now, folks, that is a marriage where the foreplay leads to a union that never runs dry. Like the rivers that spring up from nowhere, like the green pastures and still waters, like the drinking of the well that is fresh every minute of every day.

Yes, my dear friends, our tears may last for the night season but joy cometh in the morning and the light of a clear blue morning is beginning to filter through the dark night. So our eating with the pigs days are coming to an end and a new beginning is beginning like all beginnings begin. In the beginning was God.



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