

As the Father has sent me...

I need a miracle, some healing for my heart
I need a revelation, a brand new start
I want simplicity, where I can rest
But I need a miracle, to put my past to death...
I point to you
(We Are Messengers, I point to you)

[The mire and muck of the world brings the wheels of faith to a stop where our relationship with God lies stagnant]

Matthew 7:8

8 For every one who asks receives, and he who seeks finds, and to him who knocks it will be opened.

[In order to stand at the door of God, we must first open the door of our heart and walk out into the wilderness of faith]

Revelation 3:20

20 Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if anyone hears my voice and opens the door, I will come in to him and eat with him, and he with me.

I ski. My father taught me when I was 5. I am not an adventurous skier, cautious describes me best. Skiing was the activity that I shared with my Dad. Just the two of us, most of the time. My dad, on the other hand, is an accomplished, effortless skier. He has no fear as he heads down different trails and mountains. He sees each one as a new adventure. When skiing with me though, he met me where I was ability wise and guided me to the runs that he knew I could handle, but that would challenge me a little. I would stand at the top of the slope ambivalently looking down and ask, "Are you sure I can handle this?" And he would say, "I'm sure, I will guide you down." And he would take me down the first time, turn by turn, yelling praise and encouragement. By the third or fourth run we would be sailing down together enjoying the vista and experience of the new area of the mountain. This past year I returned out west to Colorado for the first time in 19 years; without my father. This weighed heavy on my heart as his health declines. My son, James, resembles my father in many ways, including the natural effortless way he skis. With James you get to the top of the mountain, turn around, and he is heading full speed down a run I am unfamiliar with. I acutely miss the gentle guiding hand of my father, of the familiar. I head down the run, praying fervently for the intercession of St. Bernard, the patron saint of skiers. At some point though I see it, at 46, I am skiing at a level I have never skied before. I am tackling snow I have circumvented my whole life... big powder and moguls, uncharted trails. And... I am having the time of my life. This has brought me to a whole new understanding of my faith, and God. My father, so much like my Heavenly Father, has given me the core foundation, making it possible to tackle the mountain of life. James, my Holy Spirit,

tearing up that mountain, and asking me to step out in true faith, following blindly so that I'm not just tackling the mountain, I'm conquering it and loving it. We need both in our lives; the steadfastness of the Father, and the wild freedom of the Holy Spirit. My Heavenly Father gave me one more gift, a tremendous one.. He let me see that even without my earthly father present with me, he resides there still, with all he has imparted intact, and that there is joy and laughter that continues, and that life can still be awesome because the spirit lives on.

Whatever door in your life you are keeping closed, thinking it is safer this way, take the courage to answer the call, open the door, and walk out into the wilderness. Life is meant to be lived to the fullest and only the Spirit can guide the way.