

MIDNIGHT IN TWO WORLDS

Our grasp on what constitutes reality will ultimately determine where we call home.

Imagine with us the possibility of two worlds coexisting together. Parallel universes, if you please. A concept that contains truth, making it stranger than fiction. An idea that goes far beyond passive understanding, for it demands choices. One world is found in the high places and narrow paths, while the other exists below in well trodden thoroughfares. One will isolate us from the crowd and leave us in the midst of a vast worshipping throng. The other is found in the siren call for acceptance by the crowd that will ultimately lead to rejection and solitude. The peculiar thing is that these two worlds are not exclusive of each other. We find that they coexist together inside of us. They are the worlds of the carnal and the spiritual. In both of them, the day is drawing to an end.

Midnight in the home of slaves. The remains of a simple meal are still upon the table. Unleavened bread accompanied mutton, cooked with bitter herbs. Seemingly just one more hardship to endure in a life becoming more difficult daily. The children know better than to complain though. They will just get the same lecture they have heard every night. Tongues are stilled, but unguarded faces register distaste. Once again the voice of the father is heard.

This is a story that has been passed down from time to time and generation to generation. It is intended to inspire hope. It is intended to generate belief in an unseen God and the promises from a time long past. The children believe they know it by heart.

Tonight, the ending is a little different. “Children! You know how often in the past I have wished that I had an inheritance to pass on to you. That I had wealth to give you and riches to pass on. I wanted in some way to give you a better life. With nothing material to give, I tried to at least give you hope that some day, you might be free. I have told you often that there would come a time when we would leave this land of bondage. That there was a God who promised our father Abraham that He would always be our God. That Jehovah would cause a deliverer to arise and lead us to a promised land. Well children, tonight we leave. The one thing I could give you, I have given. I have put the blood upon the door posts. That screaming you hear now in the distance is the cost of our freedom. It is the judgment of this land.”

Midnight in the palace of kings. The Pharaoh is angry. He has been awakened yet again by the governess of his children. The oldest is crying for his father again. The story told to him by his slave companion has badly frightened him. Death angel or not, in the morning, the Hebrew boy would be flogged for his nonsense. But now he must calm the child if he wants any sleep at all this night. He picks up the boy, and in this house also, the voice of the father is heard.

“You must understand, son, that it is a matter of which gods you choose to believe in. Now take the Hebrew gods, or God, or whatever. This deity chooses to let his people suffer in slavery. Far better to serve the gods we worship. Through them, we triumph over our enemies. They give us wealth and power. They even share a little of their deity with us. Have you forgotten that born to be Pharaoh means that you are also born divine?. Only a God more powerful than we are could touch us here. Do not fear this so called death angel. I tell you that tomorrow, it shall visit the Hebrews and it shall be me. But tonight, we have Isus, our goddess of death, to protect us. She alone will decide who lives and dies and we alone serve her. So you see, there is nothing to fear. Not only will my wealth and position will be yours, but also my gods and my godhead. There is no reason at all to put blood upon our door posts. It will not happen. Do you understand? Son? Son???? SONNNNN!!!

Two homes. Two value systems. Two worlds.

Ten seconds after death passed over, nothing mattered but the blood. There was no longer a path open to redemption. Any grieving parent in the land would have given everything they owned for the blood of a spotless lamb. But that door, like the door of Noah's ark in another time of salvation, had been closed by God.

One way or another, the death angel comes for us. For some, it is a miscalculation that puts one vehicle on the wrong side of the road one split second too long. For others, it is a heart that is simply too tired to continue. For those who live on, scripture tells us that history will repeat itself. God will again descend and pass over the land with judgment in His hand. By way of death, or by way of judgment, Life will once again be granted only to those protected by the blood of the Lamb. Then that door will also close forever.

In our home, intentional or otherwise, we are making decisions as to what heritage we will leave you. Do we build our homes on a promise from the recesses of time or on the security of personal power and wealth? Do we teach you to trust in the tangible or to walk by faith? Do we plead with you to cover yourselves with the blood of Christ or uneasily bypass the subject as outmoded and outdated in our society? We pray that the examples of our lives will persuade you to stay under the protection of the blood. For we understand, that with every decision we make and every action we take, we choose and help you, our children, to choose between; two homes, two sets of values, two worlds.

With midnight coming.

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. How real is the concept of the Spirit world, the world of eternity to you? How does it affect the decisions you make every day?
2. What nature is strongest within you, the spiritual or the carnal? How easy is it for the balance to shift?
3. After 400 years of slavery, unending labor, and callous death, in a society where your life is regarded as without value, how much hope would an old folk tale you have heard over and over create within you?
4. How much hope and faith does it create now?
5. How do you feel about the blood that your parents have placed upon the door posts of your house for your protection? Does it make you uncomfortable for your friends to see how different your home is from theirs?
6. Do you believe all the stories about the promised land you will be going to some day? How real does it all seem to you?
7. If you have your own home, now or in the future, will you also put the blood of Christ upon your home? Upon your children? Do you truly believe in the coming judgment of God?
8. If the door closes, like the door to Noah's ark, and you are on the outside of it, what will you do then? There is a saying, "If I err, I err on the side of safety." In the choice between which value system to honor, in what system does safety lie?
9. If the door closes before you decide, what will you then be willing to give in exchange for your soul?
10. How many ways are there to enter eternity? To begin the process of judgment? How much time do you have left? Are you sure?
11. Have you made any choices recently that favored one set of values, or one world, over another?

12. Do you feel that every decision made, consciously or not, favors one system over another?