

A time for war

In a recent time of prayer, the Lord impressed this message on my heart:

“Now is not the time to turn your eyes to war, but to turn them to the harvest. Look to me for your direction. I am about to pour out My Spirit upon all flesh. Do not be dismayed by the circumstances that you find yourselves in. Glorify Me, and praise Me. I will show Myself as the lord, The Lord God.

Submit to My hand on your life now. Let me change you. You have cried out to Me to be changed and I am about to do that so that I can use you. Be encouraged, for I am with you.”

After analyzing the idea of being involved in a physical war, and its impact on our lives,(actually on *my* life, because I really haven't begun to think of others and their lives before my own) I began to realize that any kind of war, or battle, should not change my focus what – so – ever, if I am where I should be, having arrived at that place through communion with My heavenly Father. True, circumstances and physical conditions may be greatly altered, but should those things be of any consequence if I have chosen to follow Jesus where He leads, when He leads, no matter what the consequences are to me?

If my life's purpose in its simplest form is to fulfill the Great Commission(Mark 16:15), then nothing should ever faze me, no matter what the outward conditions may be. In fact, If “grace does much more abound,” or become more plentiful and available to me when sin abounds, or becomes more apparent, I should be getting more excited if I find myself in threatening times, shouldn't I?

If God really is my help in times of trouble, I should be faithfully anticipating his presence more fully in my life as times get tougher. He will be “for” me, in these times, who then could ever be against me?

It has taken quite some time to allow these thoughts to register In my mind. I fluctuate between real faith and understanding of what my Lord was attempting to get through the granite block between my ears, and then just as easily fall into hopeless fear of even small obstacles that enter into my life.

I always seem to go back to seeing circumstances as reality, rather than looking to Gods' promises as truth. Worry usually starts to set in, and pretty soon I find that I've forgotten the power of His Word. Promises like “Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things...” get lost in the scuffle of the day until the Lord brings me to repentance. Only then am I back on track, free to believe, until the next time I forget.

During these times of sinful worry, I lose sight of the fact that all of the warfare around me, whatever it may look like, is going on as predicted, and will arrive at the promised eventual end as for-told long ago. It is being fought not only by physical armies, but by much larger and more powerful spiritual armies in the heavenlies. What we see with our eyes is only a small part of the much broader picture foretold by God.

However, I have noticed some amazing things during these times of weakness. In my need, God seems to be even more available to me when I call on Him (if that's possible,) and as long as I remember that my time here is really His time here for me, it helps a lot.

And oh! If this is my time here and He planned it all along, then He knows what is going to happen to me. If He knows that and He loves me, how can harm come to me, etc., etc.???

Needing more of Him to even think clearly,

Jim Corbett