



February 19, 2010

Dear Friends:

ALERT AND AWAKE

For the last three weeks, smiles have abounded and it has been a fun time around here but I am always amazed at the gang that, even in times of blessing, seem to thrive on the mission of raining on our parades. I have found, even in rejoicing times, we need to remain sober and vigilant.

A few days ago I was at a place where, because of others standing around and because it was not the time or place to drop the reality bomb, I politely acquiesced to an awkward moment. My cavalier "friend", who ignorantly mistakes the longevity of acquaintance as legitimate friendship, was making a bee-line my way.

Although we were still a few feet away, I could already hear the engines of the Pious Passive/Aggressive machine whirring in full gear as we approached. And although this person has little in formal education, I was soon face to face with a World Class PhD double major in tongue wagging and nosiness. Instead of a normal, mannerly, polite, "Hey, good to see you. Trust you are well" or, "How about those Saints" greeting- it was ShowTime!

In the typical form to these types, always needing to dominate the moment, my captor clutched both hands on my shoulders and chimed, "Don't you walk past me. You know I love you!" My weak smile and low voiced, "Thank you" apparently wasn't enough of a response so I was subjected again to the same spiel, only louder. Right about now, I'm thinking, "Tinkling Cymbal".

I felt a smidgeon of something because I knew this dismal display was but a small peek into a deeper self deception problem. I also realized, the real truth would not be recognized or honored even if it bit my friend in the hinder parts.

After I unhitched myself and while looking for some hand cleaner, I took a quiet joy in knowing that our paths were crossing less and going in polar opposite directions. It wasn't an arrogant point of view but rather, it was a teaching moment that God was using to teach me and show me what I did not want to become and, as I walked away, my spirit began to lift.

I also realized that my acquaintance would collapse and fold like a \$10 lawn chair if ever subjected to just a fraction of the yammering and examination spotlight we have withstood courtesy of such ilk.

Know this, longevity of acquaintance doesn't automatically grant respect, access or permission to speak into your life.

This does not just include boorish, busybody behavior.

At times, one thing hard to grasp is how some seemingly get away with such things and how, in some cases, in spite of the messes left all over, are celebrated and given credibility.

This credibility thing is an unusual animal. I'm frequently amazed at the level of self anointed/self appointed bravado that gets crowned as credible. Their key, just prayerfully keep your nose in everything and it will be well with

you. It should have been written in Proverbs; in this case, the squeaky wheel does get the grease.

The other night, Linda and I were talking about a situation where a person in repetitive, great need was spouting the words and the cause of a vessel that we both felt was less than reliable and credible. Our only logical answer was that the "looked to source" was always gladly available to spiritually pontificate and exercise control.

David had some curious feelings about this in his Psalm 10 conversation with God... "God, why does it seem you are so far off . . . It looks like some of these folks are getting away with this . . . The wicked walk in their own pride . . . They bless the covetous . . . Lord, you've seen it . . ."

It looked like God had gone to Disneyworld while the heathen wrecked havoc but David really knew the truth. Even when the heavens were quiet and the odds seemed overwhelming, Loving God was not asleep. He was not even dozing.

The Message Bible has a neat, impassioned interpretation of the last few verses of Chapter Ten. It will turn out just fine . . .

God's grace and order wins; godlessness loses.
The victim's faint pulse picks up;
the hearts of the hopeless pump red blood as you put your ear to their lips.
Orphans get parents, the homeless get homes.
The reign of terror is over; the rule of the gang lords is ended."

On more than a few occasions, David had this conversation with God and He proved faithful every time. He knew, when his heart was "Overwhelmed" he had to run to the "Rock" of peace, safety and refuge. His hope was well founded in this. We would all do well if we could really lock in to that truth.

This is a new day, a special season of anointing, blessing and opportunity and we must not be detoured by silliness, discouragement or by what a former Vice President once called, Nattering Nabobs of Negativism. Beware of anything out there that would try to stop God's best in our lives.

Jesus said to stay alert to the Adversary who just loves to rob us and rain on our parades. The takeaway thought, stay alert and awake, you'll experience His very best.

Yeah, it's a New Day, ya'll.

Michael

The
LifeGate
