

He is:

*The Bread of Life
The Light of the World
The Blood that Redeems
Shabbat is a rest
beyond the Sabbath Day.
It is God's eternal rest
that we enter in
through Yeshua.*

שַׁבָּת



The Rest

The Jewish customs and traditions are rich in symbolism and meaning that the Christian world has failed to recognize. Whether a person chooses to acknowledge it or not, these were customs that our Lord grew up in. His life and death filled the requirements of the law for us. Being a Rabbi, He did it while maintaining the customs of His people. He was in the midst of a traditional wedding ceremony when His ministry began. Even now He is preparing for that celebration in the Spirit.

The Shabbat is not just a stringent time of prayer and weeping before God. (That may be required if one is distant from the Lord.) We cease from all our works to stop and remember from where we came and where we are going. It is meant to be a time of celebration and feasting. Feasting on the Lord and His goodness.

This is where we taste and see that the Lord is good. Not just in the natural but in the spiritual also. A place where we withdraw to hear the whispers of God to our spirits. It differs from the weekly sabbath in that it is not just observed once a week. It has become a place of our daily habitation. This is what Jesus purchased for us.

I used to have dreams of color. Magnificent colors that were so bright and brilliant they were almost felt rather than seen; colors with their own unique fragrance. There were also times when it seemed like my vision was being magnified. I was seeing something in such detail as though I was peeking into hidden things through a magnifying glass. I don't know if these dreams were from the Lord or not but they certainly seemed a foretaste of what might be awaiting us ahead.

Just think, we will walk again with God in the cool of the evening. That has always been His desire; to share Himself with His creation; to allow us to behold the beauty of His glory. All our senses will be enhanced to fully experience the limits of His love. I had heard His presence described as "liquid love". Oh what a joy set before us.

Will there be seasons or just a continual stage of satisfaction? We know there will be no more heat or cold. No more sorrow or fear. Death and it's hold will be no more. Eating will perhaps be more of a pleasure than a need. And He will be the light that illuminates all things.

Will heaven be different for each of us? Perhaps. Will some desire intellectual pursuits while others seek beauty. All I know is that it will fully satisfy each spirit. Even after thousands of years, there will be infinite more to experience it. Someone once told me that they thought heaven would be boring. How wrong they were. It will be a place of joy forever more.

These are a few lines from a song the Lord gave me years ago.

"There remains a sabbath rest
that I will lead you to.
It's where all your works have ended
and My Spirit dwells in you

Friends, and He calls us friends, do not trade the seemingly satisfying things of this world for the unmeasurable joys He has awaiting those who trust and love Him. He calls us to an intimacy where He will reveal all of Himself. It is more than any human can survive. God had to cover Moses with His hand as His glory passed by but we shall see it all. Exodus 33:22 That is part of what awaits us.

Additional Note

Well, it seems like I am getting a chance to walk out my faith. The evil one is mad and wants revenge for the last article on the website (When Hope Becomes Faith). It seems he was saying "do what you preach". By God's grace I will do just that. Here's the story as it happened.

On Wednesday, the 22nd, I woke up about 6:00 am and discovered I couldn't talk. I called my neighbor about 9:00 we both thought it best to go to the emergency room. If I had known the misery of the next week, I certainly would not have. It was like a miracle though. When we got to the emergency room, my speech started to clear up. They also gave me a swallow test and I had no problems. I even ate half a sandwich and a few chips they gave me for lunch. They said they wanted to keep me overnight for observation.

After a wait for a room to become available (always full), I was admitted and they decided to do all these tests. MRI was 30 minutes long and I really didn't like being in that tube. They said the MRI showed no signs of a stroke but I obviously had all the symptoms. What's really strange is that my speech became blurred again and I suddenly couldn't swallow without choking. Couldn't really test my strength because they would not let me even sit up on the side of the bed. I didn't really think it affected my vision at the time but now it's like a film is over my eyes.

To my shame I spent too much time in the hospital wallowing in self-pity and not enough time talking to God. Finally one night I had a serious talk with my God. I swear I heard the phrase "lying symptoms". The enemy will try to put on us anything we are willing to accept. Even Jesus said he is the ruler of this world. The Lord says we are to resist the enemy and use His word to battle. Jesus won the victory when He rose from the dead. He paid for it all at the cross. I know that we all have to die and many times it is a sweet release. It is said He has appointed our times and places. I believe we all have a race to run and a chance to add as we would to His glory. A chance to hear that command to move up closer at the feast.

I don't know what my appointed time is. Admittedly I was looking forward to being with Him, but is there even one more thing I can do to encourage, influence or win someone to Christ? A lost soul that is headed for a place of eternal regret. A place where no one may come back from.

My typing is now much slower. The two fingers I type with are drawing further up. Mistakes are so frequent I always have to proofread what I write. But this is now my only means of communicating. Since I can not eat or drink, this trial will not be long. They wanted to put a feeding tube in me but I said no. Even though my weight might sustain me quite a while, one must have water. Ice chips alone will not sustain me long. All in all, God has His work cut out.

So what am I to do? I choose to believe my Jesus. Was He lying when He said "whatever things you ask in prayer, believing, you will receive"? Or when He said "as you have believed, so let it be done for you" to the centurion. I do not believe my Lord would deceive me. But I know that whether I live or die I am His. We know that God causes all things to work together for good. For the good of each soul. Jesus said satan is the ruler of this world. Paul says the christian walk will be with many trials and persecutions. Although satan rules this world, he has nothing in me. I belong to Jesus and He belongs to me.

So, this time next month you will know the results. I will be here still writing to you or I shall be with my Jesus. Either is fine with me though He is my preference. His will be done. I pray something I have written may have watered your hope to become faith. I would covet your prayers. To God be all the glory! Whether you eat or drink or whatsoever you do, do all to the glory of God!