

jul 3

a prison of lies

"the thief does not come except to steal, and to kill, and to destroy. I have come that they may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly." john 10:10

the other day i was writing a letter to a friend who is in prison. i had just about finished and was about to seal the envelope when i suddenly felt i needed to add something else. a first i thought a scripture, but then my mind turned to poetry. poetry speaks to my spirit what prose alone often cannot.

i only had to randomly open up to a couple of pages (out of several hundred pages) when one jumped out at me. i want to relate it to you all now.

neither shadow of turning

i could not name a single blessing
that came to me in disguise;
the gifts i asked arrived unmasked
under broad day's honest skies.

God does not play a senile game
that wraps His mercies round
with leprous sheet, a scabbed deceit:
His good, from the start, is sound.

there is no heaven disguised as hell,
no jail by which we're freed;
a twist that mocks is no paradox -

it's the devil's twist indeed.

“deliver us from evil” – why,
if the evil has good inside?
God's war is grim – we are bruised with him:
HIS gifts never mystified.

jack clemo

1916-74

i felt this spoke so succinctly to how the enemy will
try to deceive us into a lie. he'll sprinkled it with
just enough truth to make one think it is plausible.
before we know it we will have bought into deception.
he is a master of it. after all, he invented it.

no lie is of the truth. no wrong can make a right.
his only purpose is to build a prison around us to
shield us from the light of God. we have lies all
surrounding us. our government lies. our news lie.
people lie, some with good intentions to shield us, but
lies none-the-less. yes, we even lie to ourselves in
an attempt to escape a reality we don't desire. satan
is the father of lies, all in an attempt to distract
from God's truth. how be it, each lie is a brick,
building up an impenetrable wall of darkness. before
one knows it, truth is obscured and one's conscience is
seared.

i was watching the old movie, "willie wonka and the
chocolate factory." friends, we've hit the jackpot.
we have the golden ticket to all the treats and wonders
of God. the thing is, there's not just five of them.
they are unlimited to those who will but ask. the

movie ends with the statement: "don't forget what happened to the one who got everything they ever wanted. they lived happily ever after." my heart aches for the multitudes that will live in regret forever.

don't let satan trap you in a prison of lies; a prison of fear, doubt and unbelief; a prison of self deception and gratification. as the poem says, "there is no heaven disguised as hell." the angel of light you see is just an illusion of truth. "His good, from the start, is sound."