

ROMANS Part 71

Chapter 8:19-21

The premonition of the creation.



For the premonition of the creation is awaiting the unveiling of the sons of God. 20 For to vanity was the creation subjected, not voluntarily, but because of Him Who subjects it, in expectation 21 that the creation itself, also, shall be freed from the slavery of corruption into the glorious freedom of the children of God.

“Creation” in this passage cannot be rocks, plants, or cereal boxes, for these cannot await anything and were not subjected to vanity, that is, to uselessness. The creation here must be intelligent. It must have a brain, even a small one. I insist, therefore, that Joyce Meyer belongs in this company; don’t try to talk me out of it. Think of all the

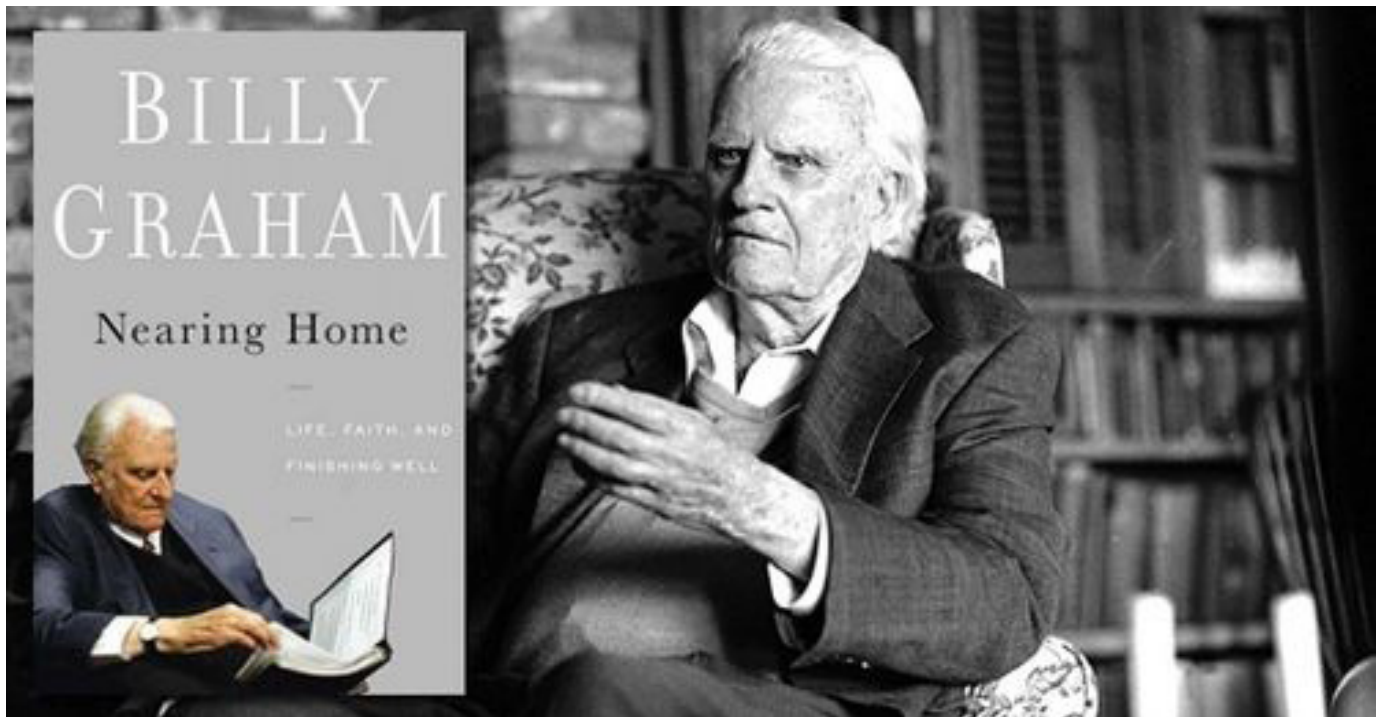
million-dollar, jet-owning, name-it-claim-it Christian personalities in the world today. Or consider any famous Christian, such as Billy Graham. If I can convince you that even these notable religionists entertain premonitions concerning God’s sons, then certainly the same things occur to gerbils.

You and I know that these Christian celebrities live and operate far outside the loop of truth. They are members of the Christian popularity club. A famous Christian-type person of the past was Saul of Tarsus. This man was the Joyce Meyer of his day, only with better-looking hair. Something that Jesus Christ said to Saul on the road to Damascus has always fascinated me:

“Saul! Saul! Why are you persecuting Me? Hard is it for you to be kicking against the goads!” (Acts 26:14).

Even when Saul was a believer-killing Pharisee, he kicked against something. Something banged at this man’s conscience and refused to shut up. Jesus Christ compared it to a goad. A goad is a sharpened stick used to drive animals. Saul was never at rest. From somewhere deep inside the man came a nagging insistence throughout his murderous career that “Jesus is the Christ,” or at least, “Jesus is probably the Christ.” The same subconscious insistence must also somehow stir the spooky ventricles of Ms. Meyer’s heart. Somewhere deep inside those damp Grinchy chambers, where not even Benny Hinn can reach, lies a little piece of Shekinah glory that yet glows in spite of Joyce’s Canadair CL-600. Here lies a brief candle nudging the goad that Jesus Christ never traveled in a private jet off the peoples’ money, as she does (the Canadair), or lived in a mansion off the peoples’ money, as she does, or made enough money in a year off the peoples’ money—as does she—to keep a small third-world country in rice for a decade. Is she not aware of her own slavery to corruption, or that something bigger than her own bestselling books sits primed to rattle the universe?

Consider Billy Graham. The man seems unsure of things. He wavers and broods now. The world’s-most-famous-evangelist-who-doesn’t-know-what-the-evangel-is has



been grasping for years now at excuses for how or why maybe, just maybe, God is bigger and better than he—Billy Graham himself, the famous evangelist—says He is. In other words, Billy Graham struggles against the god of eternal torment. Billy Graham opens his eyes for a moment, then closes them. Chase away the thought, William. Nevertheless, deep within Dr. Graham’s liver must exist that faint divine spark of premonition that goads him without ceasing. By the time this sensation makes its way into the celebrated noodle of North Carolina’s most beloved citizen, he may very well dismiss it as indigestion. But perhaps not. Perhaps Billy Graham senses that the premonition that sons of God shall soon arise to begin the

“Perhaps Billy Graham’s premonition cannot, in the end, be attributed to slow-cooked pork roast.”

work of doing something so amazing that Billy Graham has neither heard nor spoken of it, cannot in the end be attributed to slow-cooked pork roast.

Paul insists upon the existence of Billy Graham’s premonition, as well as that of the gerbil. But then Billy swats away the premonition as though it were a pesky fly, and heads off into his bedclothes to secretly detest his own

career. (No gerbil ever did this.) Perhaps it is in the darkness of Billy’s nighttime chamber where the man asks himself why the earthbound Christ never made the cover of *TIME* magazine or advised presidents. Perhaps he even wonders why the King James version translated three different Greek words into the single English, “hell”—and what that could possibly portend.

“PREMONITION”

The word “premonition” is taken from *apokaradokia*, a three-part Greek word whose English elements are: FROM-SKULL-SEEM. A premonition, then, is not a definite knowing. It’s a suspicion that something is true; that another thing *seems* to be askew; that something else *seems* to be afoot; that something huge *seems* ready to blow. Many of us can easily deny the existence of such universal, gut-sourced suppositions, but not Paul. Paul tells us that it is happening. Oh, it’s *definitely* happening, says the apostle. The whole creation is premonating. Does Paul possess a “premonometer”? No. There is no such thing as a meter able to detect premonitions. This is a revelation of God. Otherwise, the premonition of the creation would be and is undetectable. We must simply trust that it is happening. We base this trust on the words of an inspired writer, namely Paul. It’s not *called* a secret here, but a secret is what it is. No other writer discloses it. Who could have detected the fact that, back in the day, Saul of Tarsus himself doubted his own cause? Not even Saul detected it. Jesus Christ had to tell him about it, at which time Paul may have said, “*It has been hard.* These have

been the toughest goads I've ever kicked against."

Billy Graham will utter similar words at the Great White Throne judgment. This should prevent you from ever looking at either gerbils or Billy Graham in the same way again.

Try not to look at Joyce Meyer at all.

"FOR"

But *why* is the premonition of the creation awaiting the unveiling of the sons of God? Paul's use of the word "for" leads us to the answer. The word "for" ushers the apostle into his explanation of what went before. The premonition of the creation is awaiting the unveiling of the sons of God, "*for* to vanity was the creation subjected, not voluntarily, but because of Him Who subjects it."

This is a domino effect where one thing directly causes another. God does not subject the creation to vanity in order to leave it simmering in its own soup, but to produce the premonition. Why would He want to produce the premonition? Because the premonition is helpful. The premonition of the deliverance of the creation from the slavery of corruption helps creatures to continue living. The premonition that one day a group of select humans



will arise to take the throne of God with Jesus Christ and deliver the creation from death and uselessness, massages the creature-soul. It's that little light that dispels the darkness of vain existence, making another day *of* the vain existence possible. How do you think Saul of Tarsus survived his own misery? It was the premonition. How do you think Joyce Meyer and Billy Graham survive another day of forwarding the apostasy? It's the premonition. The

premonition keeps them alive. Otherwise, they would kill themselves.

Why does a mommy possum drag her pregnant belly through the night? You might say, "to find food," and you would be right, but there is more to it. It is deeper. It is the instinctive knowledge that the cycle of hunger and food, of birth and death, of fear and pain, of darkness and fatigue and dirt, will someday end. It is the instinctive knowledge that such misery ends at the rising of the aforementioned select humans to meet their God. The mommy possum knows what humans are. She knows Who God is. She knows that the melding of the humans and the God will affect her. She senses, in the uniting of the humans and the God, the beginning of the ending of her slavery to corruption, and that of her offspring.

"VANITY"

The word translated "vanity" here comes from the Greek word *mataiotes*, meaning, "producing no result; useless." We have already come to this revelation. Few have. The uselessness here rehearsed is the uselessness described in Romans, chapters three through five. It is the uselessness of human attempts to attain the righteousness of God. We are all useful in other ways; we do work, we raise families, we help other people. These things produce results: a wage, good children, meat for the poor. No, the vanity spoken of here is the vanity of all human attempts to be like God. In Romans 3:11-12, Paul writes:

Not one is understanding. Not one is seeking out God. All avoid Him: at the same time they were useless.

The vast majority of the population has yet to grasp this truth. I do not except the religious population, for they are the worst offenders, teaching millions that the truth is a lie, and that the lie is truth. The subliminal, resulting misery sparks the premonition concerning the unveiling of the sons of God, which in turn increases the suspicion that something is *terribly* wrong, which then triggers the impression that something large and profound will correct the wrongness, which in turn makes one feel better. It is a cycle: 1) vanity is so miserable that it sparks a premonition, 2) the premonition heightens a subconscious awareness that something is seriously not right, 3) the premonition does not leave one in the "not right" mode, but insists upon a cure,

namely the unveiling of the sons of God, and 4) this subconscious knowledge of a cure—a universal cure—inspires a survivalist mentality (though it may be—in the case of religionists—a survival of necessary ignorance) until the coming rescue and deliverance.

“NOT WILLINGLY”

Not one creature in the universe, save Christ, volunteered to suffer this cycle. The cycle is too hard. The vanity is too heavy and the premonition too light. The vanity stains the belly, produces dead babies, and splatters the guts of the premonator upon the road. The premonition is just that—the *seeming* of a truth. The weight distribution, therefore, is unbalanced. There is too much of the vanity and not enough of the premonition. This speaks to the contrastive forces of glory and trial discussed in a previous edition, that the glory—which is now chiefly invisible—is known only in comparison to the depth of trial. Such disparity is necessary to future enjoyment. It cannot be otherwise (the other way around), lest the intelligent creation be tempted to inhabit forever its temporary home. Something has to illuminate the intelligent creation enough to keep it going, but not enough to make it want to stay here. It's a delicate balance.

How can a being want to stay and leave at the same time? Such is the snowflake-thin tension between trial and glory. Only God can regulate it. We can't. We try it with candy and television and cigarettes and alcohol (attempting to loosen the trials), but these things never really work; every so-called vice has its catch. The possums don't even try, which is why they are better off than we. They accept the disparity, then die. We fight the disparity, fail, *then* die. We add another step to the disparity-death process, making ourselves more miser-

able than even possums. The famous saying is, “Life is a bitch, then you die.” The new saying, founded on practical, stupid experience ought to be, “Life is a bitch, then you fight the disparity of trial and glory, then you die.” There is one too many steps here, as I said. My recommendation is to stop fighting the disparity. When you accept the disparity between trial and glory as necessary to future happiness, things go easier. Just let life be a bitch, then die.

No one chooses to come here; not you, not the gerbils, not the possums, not that roach in the hotel in Fresno that I told you about a couple weeks ago. The celestial beings did not choose to be where they are. They are just as much subjected to vanity—and just as much involuntarily—as are we and the possums. In this sense, all of creation sits helplessly in the same boat, adrift without oars. But the boat is not really adrift; it only looks to be so. The boat floats noiselessly through the night, down the river toward brighter shores. God steers the boat both while we're asleep and while we're awake. Like Huck and Jim floating down the Mississippi out of Jackson's Island, we will retire one evening to our little shack aboard the familiar raft and wake up in a distant place, on another shore.

“THE SLAVERY OF CORRUPTION”

My brother-in-law Matt once looked at a dog on a short chain in a dilapidated doghouse and said, “That poor dog.” I agreed with him, but then said, “What about poor *you*?” I explained that he was on just as short a chain as the dog—meaning his mortality—and that he lived in just as dilapidated a doghouse, meaning the Earth. It is the slavery to corruption. It is the stench of insistent death and the knowledge that, apart from the snatching away or the resurrection, we will one day cease to exist and never come back—“Except the dog knows none of this,” I said to Matt. At the end of my happy little lesson, Matt envied the dog.

“GLORIOUS FREEDOM”

What advantage have we then—we, the sons of God—over those now in the slavery of corruption? Are not we, too, in the slavery of corruption? No. We are in the corruption, but not in the *slavery* of it. This hearkens back to the beginning of this chapter, verses five and six. We are not disposed to death. Watch:

For those who are in accord with flesh are disposed to that which is of the flesh, yet those who are in accord with spirit to that which is of the spirit. For the disposi-



tion of the flesh is death, yet the disposition of the spirit is life and peace (Romans 8:5-6).

Our composition is still flesh, but we are not disposed to the flesh. Our flesh is just as corrupted and corruptible as anyone's, we simply discount it as a passing fashion. It's not where we plant our heads; it's not how we think. We are constantly entertaining the surety of resurrection. It is the surety of resurrection that delivers us from the slavery of corruption. Most creation, on the other hand, squirms in its own blood or in the prospect of it. The lack of blood cannot and will not stay our immortality; Jesus Christ rose quite well without the stuff (Luke 24:39). It is true that celestial creatures do not physically corrupt, but Earth-based corruption affects them. It puts them out-of-whack, which is its own corruption. It could be that the celestial world senses how humanity's corruption prevents its eventual reconciliation to God. Thus, the celestial world suffers indirect corruption. Humanity and all earthbound, sentient creation suffers it directly. Whether directly or indirectly, all creation writhes beneath this curse which Paul, under inspiration of holy spirit, refers to as "slavery"—all creation except us, that is.

What we enjoy now, in spirit, will become literally true for us at the putting on of immortality (1 Corinthians 15:53). It is glorious freedom *now* in the sense that we no longer fear death. What freedom to not fear death! This glorious freedom of spirit eventually yields a glorious body. The creation itself anticipates this same freedom. I'm happy for the creation. Part of the secret revealed here by Paul is that the creation is sustained by a happy premonition. This comforts me concerning the creation and every creature in it. It tells me that the creation does not suffer quite as much as I thought it did.

Jesus Christ became the human pioneer of freedom from such slavery, and of the premonition concerning it. We are the next to physically experience the freedom. Creation follows, for we are *their* pioneers. At a time described by Paul as "the consummation" (1 Corinthians 15:24), God will have become all in all (1 Corinthians 15:28). The same creation now struggling beneath the slavery of corruption will be delivered from it. The involuntary subjection produces an equally involuntarily deliverance. What shall be left then, but to give thanks to God for so rare a display of glory and grace. —MZ

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THE UNVEILING OF JESUS CHRIST

Martin, thank you for all you do. It really encourages and comforts me to listen to your radio shows and videos and to know I am not alone in the faith or in sufferings. Many difficult nights when I feel alone I will go to sleep listening to your radio shows or watching your videos and, like I said, it's an encouragement and comfort. So thank you! Your work and your sharing means a lot to me and I know to many others also.

THE UNVEILING OF THE SONS OF GOD

<http://martinzender.com/ZWTF/ZWTF4.49.pdf>

This was a marvelous, inspiring issue. Your words make our impending deliverance and glorification more real, more exciting, and more wonderful than ever. I can hardly wait for that day of our unveiling. Thanks again for all you do.

VISITING TWO OF MY FAVORITE WRITERS



At the home of
A.E. Knoch.

Los Angeles, CA

At the home of
Mark Twain.

Hannibal, MO