

# ROMANS Part 105

Chapter 11:15

## The taking back of Israel.

When doors close, windows open.



**15 For if their casting away is the conciliation of the world, what will the taking back be if not life from among the dead?**

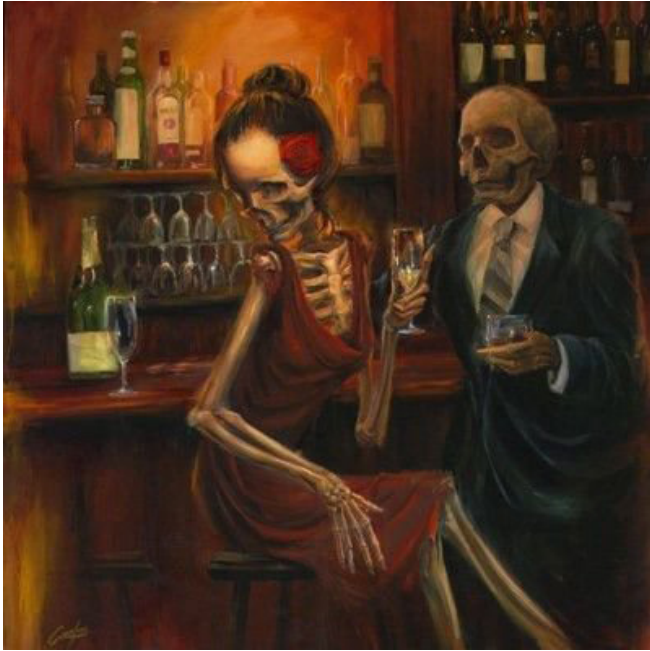
### PEOPLE WHO CANNOT READ

What can we say about those “reading the Bible” who cannot read? I hear from many who call themselves believers in God who say that God is finished with Israel. This, in the face of God claiming, through Paul, that He will take Israel back. These simple, understandable words God uses, “the taking back,” impress me as touching God’s ability to communicate, and yet *depress* me as touching the reading and believing ability of some of my fellow Earthlings. Can “believers in God” still be called that if they don’t believe God? Even Satan believes *in* God. Believing *in* God can occur, on some level, without believing God Himself. If I were found to be on the side of Satan, I believe I would reassess my position. I would go to Starbucks and think things over. “I believe in God!” Congratulations. So does Satan. Try *believing* God. This, Satan cannot do.

### DEATH CELEBRATED

I’m unsure what it is that the “Israel is dead” crowd so dislike about Israel returning to life. Maybe it’s just life that they don’t like. They downplay peace, plenty, pleasure. I am shocked at the number of people who enjoy horror movies. This is a related theme. It’s indicative of a mass hysteria. Are there *any* zombies that are at peace? There is an entire sub-culture now that celebrates vampires. If Dracula is experiencing pleasure, I’m missing it. What is the appeal of mythical beings biting people in the neck for sustenance? God will turn waters to blood and it will repulse humanity; now we’re fans of those who *drink* blood? We’re fans of the pseudo-dead obsessing cities with flesh hanging from their bones? Why the obsession with white, blood drained faces? With half-eaten bodies?

I write in the middle of the Halloween season. I wish it were November 1 already. In one yard here,



## “People may need the half-dead to make themselves feel alive.”

(and in yards throughout the country, I assume), plastic skeletons appear halfway out of the ground as though they are punching and kneeling their way up out of their subterranean traps. There is nothing happy about it. The skeletons, to me, display neither pleasure nor peace. Lazarus returned from the dead, but his bones had the skin on them that he left with, none the worse for wear. He returned to us wearing grave clothes in the *manner* of a modern-day Halloween costume, but without the “made in China” tag. The man was quickly unwrapped by his loving sisters and there was great rejoicing and no sign of gasping or nose-holding. Lazarus looked happy and peaceful.

I will never forget one Halloween display in a town called Greenwich. This was in Ohio. The home-owners had put out three tombstones with their kids’ names on them. I have no more to say on this particular yard display.

Death is celebrated in this country and probably throughout the world. I don’t know why, except that people may need an excuse for why they feel so bad. Or they need the half-dead to make themselves feel alive. They want to see others half-eaten or skeletal. People who are unhappy must feel strangely alive while others are half-existent. Maybe that’s it. I think I am on to

something here. The barely-alive feel more alive if others are mostly dead. Misery makes the already-miserable lighter in their gloomy hearts. This upgrades them to melancholy.

I may very well be this way, but I do not wish ill upon others. I am happy to feel miserable in the face of others’ exuberance. I’ll just go away and hide. I used to be an optimist back in the days before love abandoned me. Since then (2009), life has hammered me on the anvil until I doubt that things will be good again. (I’m optimistic that I’m probably right.) I have dim outlooks concerning Earth and its people. I *am* optimistic about God, as He seems to be above the fray and I like His chances. Other than God, forget it. Forget nearly everything. Even in my general pessimism, my love of God and confidence in God and in His promised resurrections for nations and people thrive like the yards of people who have no skeletons or gravestones, but only grass, bird feeders and flowers.

## THE WINDBER SYNDROME

Ruin is preferred in this country to life and love regained. This is my theory now. It is a national sickness that I occasionally fall victim to. Without God I would fall completely down (knees broken, ankles twisted) and remain a victim of inertia. As a world without God, we are corporate pessimists who *cannot* rise, spiritually. We do rise from our beds, but only as rattling collections of tibias, femurs and ribs. Only caffeine gives us courage. Confidence in anything besides caffeine is at an all-time low. “Shit happens,” goes the saying, and no one has rescinded it. Marriages end; children die; parents can’t remember the names of their offspring. Hospitals and nursing homes smell like alleys where the homeless piss beer. Economies collapse. In Windber, Pennsylvania, there are more people under the ground than on top of it. I have never seen more cemeteries than in this Northeastern Pennsylvania burg. Cemeteries, hospitals and funeral homes pepper the frozen countryside above the exhausted coal mines of Windber.



The hospitals kill people, the funeral homes stuff them, and the cemeteries take them from sight so that the living might shop at the Dollar Store, unimpeded. It's a conspiracy. Sure, there are confident and happy people living in Windber, Pennsylvania; I am thinking of the Pilkingtons. No one can account for it other than the utter and sheer confidence in God held by the Pilkingtons. They are the only ones I know of who feel this way about God. Well, of course there is the Hills.

Russians drink vodka. The Russians *must* drink vodka to survive Russia. The national alcoholic beverage of Peru is the pisco sour. It is not as strong as vodka because Peru is more survivable than Russia; far more survivable than Windber. The most popular drink in Windber is beer; it is delivered in caravans of large trucks. It may come in by train as well. The world at large must celebrate death because the sheer volume of the dead outnumbers the living, and not just in Somerset County, Pennsylvania. This is a reverse psychology on the Grim Reaper, I think. If we befriend the sickle-swinger, then maybe he'll put an extra quarter in our parking meters.



## THE WONDERFUL WINDOW RUT

Israel's casting away is the reconciliation of the world. God never does anything without banging out some bad thing first. This breeds *killing* pessimism in all but those who understand God's operating procedure. God closes doors and opens windows. This is His operating procedure. God orchestrates many productions shaped and sounding like doors and windows. (I speak metaphorically.) God plans all the time to slam the doors and whoosh open the windows. This He does on a predictable basis. It is so common of an activity for Him that whenever one hears the slamming of a God-door, one ought to immediately rub together one's mitts anticipating the "whoosh" of the opening window. This is another of God's big, fat, glorious, hairy predictable ruts. It's not like He slams the door in anger and then decides He needs some fresh air (to relieve His tensions) and then throws open a window. It's not cause and effect. It may look like that to us, but it's not that way to Him. Rather, God slams the door to excite those who know that the window is coming and who can't wait to breathe the new air. These air-breathers know

that whatever happens—whatever whooshes through to the nostrils with the opening of the new window—will make the door (which was once thought of as "tremendous; great; wow, what a door") seem so obsolete as to beg the question, "Why were we so excited about that damn door?"

## DOOR BORE

The word, "door," is as boring and common as the reality it pictures. The word "window," on the other hand, is flush with prospect. This is my impression. It helps, I think, that "window" starts with a vowel that sounds like wind itself. After all, Bill Gates named his product "Windows," and I would not be surprised if there were not phonetic considerations at Microsoft. What does the Gates version of a hole high in a house wall accomplish? It puts a happy face on DOS. DOS, of course, is the black and terrifying operating system that throbs inside your computer, making it work. With Windows, Gates put happy and colorful icons on the black and scary DOS, to hide it. Then, to backdrop the icons, Windows lets you choose a desktop photo background, which may well be fantail Guppies swimming through fake aquarium coral. This is the miracle of Windows.

What do you do in the Spring? You open windows. Do you open windows in the winter? Not in many countries, no. In many states here in America—especially in Ohio where I was born and raised—you seal windows shut with plastic to keep out the cold. You never see your window again until the Memorial Day parade. Do you open doors in the winter? Yes, you must. You must be able to enter and exit your depressing domicile, especially for the Memorial Day parade. Doors are necessities while windows are frivolities.

## OTHER DOORS

God calls Israel through Abraham and it's one failure after another. It's a Memorial Day parade of Hindenburgs. The Egyptian Exodus was a door, not a window. But when the entire generation died and only two entered into the Promised Land, now *that* was a window. The Promised Land contained much springlike air. It was fresh and frivolous. (This is not a redundancy.) After all the disaster, such deliverance refreshed the nostrils indeed.

The crucifixion of Jesus Christ was a door. It was a very woody and thuddy door—as all doors—and,



like all doors, it slammed shut. It would have awakened the dead, that noise—the noise of the death of Jesus Christ—had it been time for it. Instead, there was merely an earthquake. No one described any of the preceding as “handsome” or “quiet.” (Additionally, the veil of the temple got supernaturally torn in two.)

### JESUS AS CARPENTER

As a carpenter in Nazareth, Jesus made both door and windows. He apprenticed under His father, Joseph, who was an expert at doors. Jesus liked windows better, so His father put Him in charge of the window division of the family business. (What carpenter doesn't like windows? They're easier. They're smaller. The hinges—if there are any—are less complicated.)

Windows whisper of promise. In a way, they're impractical in that you don't really need them. All you do is look out of them. No one expects them, really. They are a grace, and thus superfluous. It is true that Jesus said, “I am the door.” He never, to my recollection, said “I am the window.” I have an explanation for this. “I am the door” is incredibly consistent with or Lord's mopey, monotone delivery while on Earth. Other than turning water to wine, Jesus never seemed very exu-

berant. Even with the wine, one pictures Him giving the instructions concerning the stone pots with a straight face.

I read between the lines in all the Scriptural accounts of the acts and words of Jesus, and I can't really find frivolity. I run a Levity Detector over the proceedings, and it flatlines. Jesus would listen to you without condemnation but would never put a lampshade on His head while doing it. Jesus is not on record as uttering anything except profundities. None of His sayings prompted anyone to throw confetti. Fits, yes. Confetti, no. His were words of life, yes, but so woody and heavily hinged that people had to push hard to get the things to swing. No one became happily unhinged, really, listening to Jesus. Did you *want* to be happily unhinged then? At that time? Then you had to wait. You had to wait for a window. Do you want a window? I'll give you a window.

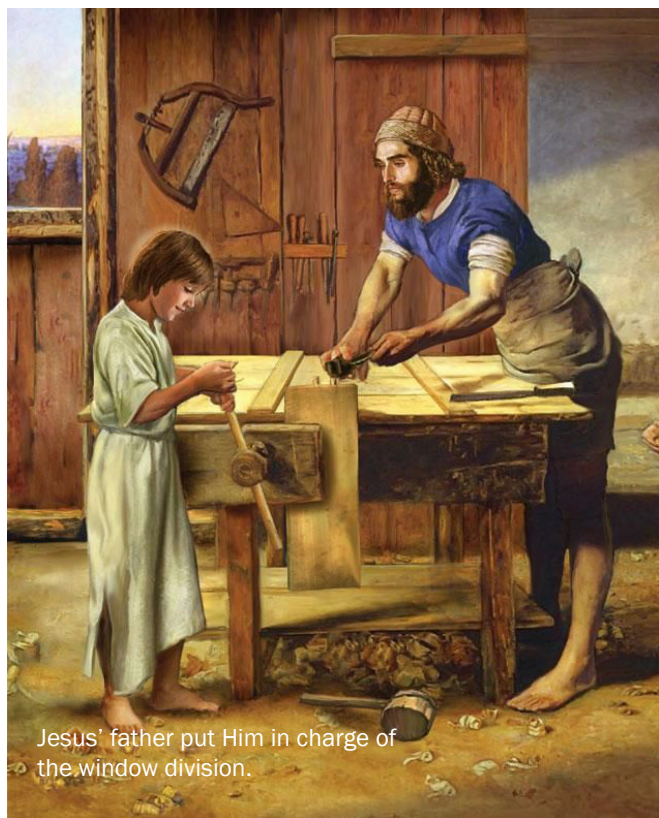
The call of Saul on the road to Damascus, now *that* was a window. It was still Jesus, but He was out of the box now. That was Jesus throwing open a portal of Spring and having a jolly time at last. Here was much of the frivolity forbidden Him while disguised (cramped, limited) inside His Jew suit. After returning to heaven following His crucifixion, it was at last confetti time. (“Saul, Saul, why are you persecuting me?”—now *that's* funny.) Now was when the window whooshed open and a rush of the first real Spring air since 3 A.D. hit Paul and then, through Paul, the rest of us.

Here is the divine order of things: God opened the door for Israel (Abraham); He slammed the door on Israel (the crucifixion); then He opened a window into the divine mind and into heaven itself, via Paul. God preserved Paul's words, and now no one believes them.

You have to have a door before you can open a door; you have to open a door before you can close a door; you have to close a door before you can open a window; you have to open a window before you can throw confetti; you have to have a Bible before you can disbelieve Paul.

### THE ABSENCE OF BEING MISERABLE

The casting away of Israel is the conciliation of the world. God bickered with Israel like Lucy bickered with Desi but with a view toward the opening the window known as “the conciliation of the world” (2 Corinthians 5:18-19). These things take time. For God, millennia. But a thousand years is as a day to God. To us it's longer, but the span of our lives is mercifully short. Kill us, and it's all over for us—lights out—until the resurrection. Killing is merely the taking away of life. It sounds terrible, but it's simply the



Jesus' father put Him in charge of the window division.

absence of being miserable. It is nothing like Halloween, which is misery personified. Contrary to popular belief, skeletons do not struggle for air and the dead do not walk in the state of death.

## ADM AND CHAVVAH

Watch God throughout history for the predictable pattern concerning doors and windows that I've been talking about. The pattern begins in Eden. God creates one person and then pulls another one out, who is even better: the woman. I give you, then, Adam and Eve—in the Hebrew, *Adm* and *Chavvah*. I prefer these Hebrews names because they're unspoiled by use. There were only two apples in the whole grove of Earth then: the man and his wife. They sinned, and this was a large door slamming.



**“Adm and Chavvah got along relatively well and produced many children.”**

God promised a window: the seed of the woman would bruise the head of the serpent. It was many, many years in the future, this window. Until then...

...Adm and Chavvah got along relatively well and produced many children. By this means, God created many other doors that He would fully take advantage of slamming. Cain and Abel arrived, and Cain was a murderer. Not a killer, but a murderer; he broke law and murdered

his brother Abel. For the first time in history we witness enmity between blood relatives. It's bad news. Cain murdered his brother—it is a monumental separation. Bang! Where is the window? The window is that people put plastic skeletons in their yards that look like bodies are raising from the dead, but really aren't. This does not at first resemble a window; I'm surprised at myself for considering it such, seeing as how I have only just recently (at the beginning of this article) condemned people for staging mock resurrections using plastic skeletons. Upon reconsideration, it is a warped (a very warped, anemic and barely-there whisper) of something that the humans never had before, which is the hope of human beings coming alive from the dead.

Hope. It's awkwardly grasped at (it could not be more awkward in the case of the plastic skeleton people) but that's what it is. The humans are terrible at expressing their hope. They express their hope of resurrection like toads with rickets express lust. You can't get more awkward than plastic skeletons struggling halfway out of an otherwise manicured lawn. I think that these skeleton “decorations” must be manufactured in Windber. They are delivered by trucks and trains with all of the beer.

Back to Adm and Chavvah and their poor son Abel. (I am *not* misspelling Adam's and Eve's names; these are their Hebrew names, which I prefer.) For the first time in history there was a longing for something besides that which Adm and Chavvah stared at, namely, an inert son. Imagine the shock. They prod Abel; they talk to him; they prop him up against a tree; they throw water at his face; Chavvah beats him with a switch; Adm and Chavvah take turns forcing open his eyes. He never responds. After three days, Adm and Chavvah begin crying. After five days, they buy a plastic skeleton.

## LITERAL DOORS AND WINDOWS

In the time of Noah, God drowned the entire human population except for eight people. The victims all breathed in salt water and died. Here we have a literal closing of a door; the door of the Ark. This embodies everything I have been telling you. (At last, I have a literal door here to work with.) Noah and his sons pulled the ropes of that door, but nothing happened. It didn't budge. It was that heavy. The wives helped, but it was still useless. So God closed the door (Genesis 7:15-16). The closing of that door by God sealed the fates of billions of people who had awoken that morning to a complete absence of water. But hey, shit happens. (No





one has rescinded this saying.)

What was the window of the ark? It was a literal window. (Finally, I have a literal window.) The ark had windows. A weaker vessel, by herself, could open the windows without ropes. Bill Gates would have loved it. The windows swung open as easily as modern kitchen cupboards. One window became famous; it was the one out of which Noah released the dove to go and find life. Noah whooshed open that particular window (the famous one) and the dove whooshed away. It was the Spring equinox. This is the happiest picture I remember seeing in my old Bible story book that got frequently read to me by my parents. My mom and dad would set me on their laps and read that book to me. They read while I looked at the drawings. I saw Noah letting the dove out the window to go find life after the Grim Reaper had sickled out a Windber-like death.

### THE SLAMMED DOOR OF CALVARY

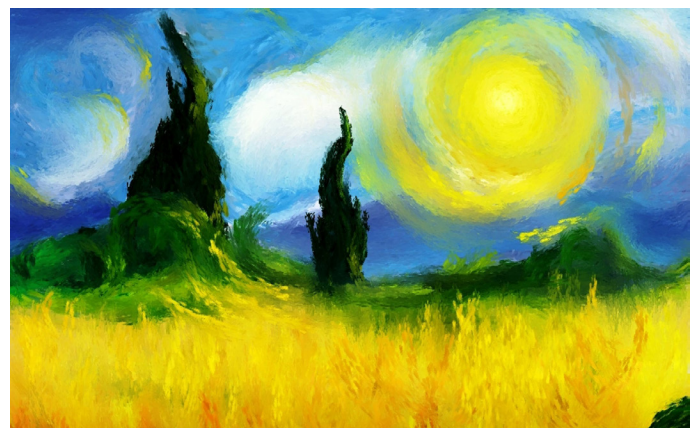
I could go on through many Biblical accounts to show you doors and windows; doors and windows litter these accounts. Goliath, David; King Saul, David; Barabbas,

Jesus (no particular order here); no food on a mountain, then loaves and fishes everywhere; the stoning of Stephen, when the priests rushed that good man out of a door to the stoning pit, and the good man seeing a window open in heaven as he beholds the Son of God, looking so beautiful to him that he barely feels the stones breaking his skeleton—then the Kingdom of God. It is always a *window* that opens into heaven. To my knowledge, it is never a door that opens into heaven. The doors exist only as a prelude to the windows, and they always slam shut.

Then came the crucifixion. A door was closed then on the life of God's Son. God opened the window of salvation to His Son while His Son was on the cross. No one knew it was happening then, except Jesus. (Now a lot of us know about it because some of the disciples and Paul wrote about it.) For the glory set before Him, Jesus endured the cross (Hebrews 12:2). A window on display during the crucifixion was then literally opened after three days, and Jesus *flew through it* when God raised Him from the dead. Victory over death was then announced to the entire celestial world, and not only that world above Earth, but also to the spirits imprisoned in the gloomy caverns of Tartarus beneath the Earth. All windows opened on the heels of the slammed door of Calvary.

### “SUPER WINDOW”

So Israel's casting away is a slamming door. Now that the door is shut on Israel, we expect nothing more, right? I don't know why, after all this, that we would expect nothing more. We should certainly expect much more in light of all this door/window talk. We ought to expect a window. We expect a window that will make the door look like what it truly has been: an old-fashioned, bangy thing, heavily hinged. The casting away of Israel is now the “opportunity” for God to break loose and say something





confetti-worthy to the rest of the population of Earth, such as “Thanks to my Son’s work on the cross, I am completely at peace with you.”

Now we have “craziness” on parade: the casting way of Israel is God’s “opportunity” to declare something that had been on His heart from the beginning, namely His large heart of peace and how He saturates everyone with it, whether they know about it or not. This was big news because God had never said anything like this before. It was always *this* door slamming over here, *that* door slamming there. But again, anyone “in the know” about doors and windows would expect a wild announcement, but nothing like, “I AM AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD.” And yet that is the announcement.

Does it get better than this? It does. Because now comes what I will call a “super window.” No one else calls it this except me. I’m the only one. In this department, as in others, I am a pioneer. A “super window” is a window within a window. It is a whoosh on top of a whoosh; it is a light on top of a light, it is icing smeared with an icing knife on top of other icing; it is a beam of light brighter than the sun. It is Death by Chocolate—that kind of thing. Just when one thinks that one ought

to be satisfied with an announcement that God extends peace toward every man, woman and child on the heels of slamming the door on Israel, God now says, “Now that I’ve saturated the world with a message of grace on the heels of Israelite failure, I’m going to take Israel back. I’m going to do everything that I said I was going to do with this nation. I didn’t just use her to backdrop My peace to all nations. I *did*, but don’t think I’m going to leave her hanging; I’m not. I won’t. Israel will be happy for the eons; I insist upon it. I will pay her back many times for her trouble in service to my ultimate and great announcements.”

This ought to stun us. If it doesn’t, then we must not be Israelites. I don’t think God has done anything like *this* particular thing before. Let me read my Bible and check.

No, He has never done anything like *this* particular thing before.

Happy are those who have not seen, and yet believe. —MZ