



ZWTF

Zapping You Whenever Thoughts Flow

Volume 8, Issue 16

The History of the Universe, Chapter 11

The spirit of God vibrates upon the Earth, Part 3.



Talk about the spirit of God vibrating. I am about to compare the spirit of God to Viagra, so hold onto your hormones. If there are any small children in the room, you might want to send them away to their violent video games. We must protect our children from sexual topics, and so violent video games—where the children kill a hundred people or space creatures every fifteen seconds—are fine distractions. Just make sure that you guard them from ecstatic human interplay and love exercised between the two graceful genders placed by God into Eden. Whatever you do, do not let the children see a woman's nipple. Anything but that! Are we good then? Fine. Children safely ensconced in front of their mind-numbing fantasy worlds and away from all manner of feminine exposure? Fine. We are ready to proceed.

IT'S A LOIN THING

Abraham was the father of the Jews. He fathered Isaac, who fathered Jacob, who was renamed “Israel” and became the father of the twelve tribes which sprung from him, named after twelve men who used to be kids (who did not play video games), namely: Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Dan, Naphtali, Gad, Asher, Issachar, Zebulun, Joseph, and Benjamin.

Think of all the people who have come from Abraham's loins. “Loins” is a Biblical term for the strength and power of a man, especially the fire down under. Not only did the nation of Israel come from Abraham, but also the Arab nations. Abraham had more than one son, and these dropped in by means of more than one woman. I am interested in two of these sons in particular: Ishmael and Isaac. Isaac became the progenitor of the Israelites, and Ishmael of the Arabs.

Isaac and Ishmael didn't like each other too well. As kids, they constantly bickered. They tussled in the sandbox and probably more than once came to fisticuffs. Watch the news today if you dare; the offspring of these two brothers are still fighting in the sandbox. Only the size of the sandbox has changed.

PROMISE WITH A PROBLEM

God made a sweeping and startling promise to Abraham (whose name used to be Abram), recorded in Genesis 12:1-3—

Now the Lord said to Abram, “Go forth from your country, and from your relatives and from your father's house, to the land which I will show you; and I will make you a great nation, and I will bless you, and make your name great; and so you shall be a blessing; and I will bless those who bless you, and the one who curses you I will curse. And in you all the families of the earth will be blessed.”

That's a stupendous promise there, but a not-so-little problem cleared its throat and begged attention. At the time of this prophecy, Abraham was childless. The problem was that his wife Sarai (later named Sarah) was barren. That's right. The lady couldn't have kids. Something had gone screwy with her uterus.

As previously mentioned, Abraham's original name was Abram. "Abram" means "exalted father." That's a dandy moniker. I'd take it any day. But "Abraham" is even better, for it means, "father of a multitude." God added the letters "ha" to Abram's name, which in the Hebrew language is associated with breath (exhalations in particular; listen to it: *ha*). God's breath sent extra



spirit into Abram, but not until the patriarch was 99 years old and just as sexually dead as his wife. God's additional spirit resulted in a Viagra-like effect on Abraham's reproductive appendage. God did the same thing with the wasteland known as "the womb of Sarai." (Take out the "i" and throw in a breath of spirit, reflected in the letter "h," to make "Sarah.") All of this literally happened. And I am not kidding about the letter "h" having to do with breath. I am bringing up Abram and Sarai because these people are a microcosm of what happened at the disruption of the earth and shortly thereafter.

1) Abram and Sarai were disrupted, 2) the spirit of God vibrated upon Abram and Sarai.

GOOD VIBRATIONS

Some readers may find something so far away and abstract as the disruption of the first earth much easier to grasp by first grasping a parallel occurrence in the lives of two human beings, one of whom had a really long beard and fire in the loins, who also became the father of two major religions.

Recall that, when the first earth was disrupted, God's spirit "vibrated upon the water" and brought forth 1)

land, 2) sea life, 3) flora, 4) fauna, and then 5) humanity. (I'll be writing about humanity in the next chapter.) God repeated this pattern with Abraham, and has repeated it hundreds of times since then. Whether you're a believer or not, He is repeating it in your life, today, as I write. You are in some stage of the production, probably well along into Act 2. Whether you believe in God or not is irrelevant. The rut operates irrespective of one's belief in it.

RESPECT YOUR ELDERS

God zapped Abram with the aforementioned promise when the man was 75 years old. Mind you, at that age Abram was still childless. His favorite reproductive organ still worked, but through no fault of her own, Sarai wasn't doing her part. God made her barren, and we will soon see why.

Being childless back in Bible days was a bummer. The thing to do back then was to have children and lots of them. Children meant the continuation of your name and tribe. The more children you had, the more eventual workers for the family business, and the richer you became. Everyone wanted children.

Life was better back then. Don't be tricked into thinking that we live in such a progressive era and that those "poor people" back in Bible days were Neanderthals chiseling out arrowheads and dragging their wives back to the cave. Evolution is a lie. Families were important in the days of Abram. No one sent their kids to day care or their grandparents to nursing homes. Clans stuck together. No one struggled alone, as people do today. No old person ever smelled like stale pee. No kid ever sat for hours in front of a television or computer screen being radiated for the sake of a parent's leisure.

Due do the lack of children in such a day, Abram and Sarai both felt cursed.

Abram was a realist. At age 75, the man had finally adjusted himself to his condition. He signed heavily, stroked his beard, and went off to milk goats. *Things could be worse*, thought the great patriarch. *At least I have my goats.*

ABRAHAM BELIEVED GOD

Yet this is precisely the time when God dropped the promise on his head: "I shall make you a father of many nations." Age: 75. Nothing could have sounded more outrageous to Abram than, "I shall make you a father of many nations." It would be like God telling me, "Zender, you are going to win a giant, international singing competition."

My protest would be, “But God, I can’t sing.” This would only make God laugh, because He’s the One who made me vocally talentless in the first place. “Ha ha, Zender. I’m God, and pardon me for laughing, but I am in a big, fat, hairy, glorious, predictable rut, and I’m going to exercise this rut on *you*. You know how it goes, kid; I create, I disrupt, I breathe and things happen. When you win the international singing competition, you will know beyond a shadow of a doubt that it was me doing it through you, and not you flying solo. Any further questions?” “No, Sir.” “Okay, kid. See you on *The Voice*.”



WHO’S CRAZY?

In spite of what he saw, felt and “knew,” Abram believed God. This was radical faith. It was outrageous faith. It was childlike faith. God gave Abram the very faith it took to believe Him, true, but God then He admired His own handiwork. Why not? It was much like the faith of the disciple Peter who, centuries later, would walk upon water at Jesus’ invitation.

Fast-forward now eleven years. Yes, eleven years. Do you see that man over there in the goat pasture, tracing his finger along the ground and looking dejected? That’s Abram. Abram might have thought, *Hell’s bells*. He was now 86 years old and as time ticked away it became more and more difficult to believe the promise; to keep believing it. As years roll by, one’s head tends to play tricks. *Did God actually say that I was to be the father of many nations? Maybe I was dreaming that.* You start to think that maybe God is gaslighting you, making you think that *you’re* the crazy one instead of Him. But no. Banish the thought. God is “crazier” than any of us will ever be.

SARAI’S BRILLIANT IDEA

Even at 86, Abraham was still manufacturing sperm cells and his baby-making apparatus still rose to every

occasion, but Sarai was out for the count. None of Abram’s sperm were clinging to her uterine walls. Sarai knew that it was all her stupid uterus’ fault. Demoralized herself, she finally gave up and offered to Abram her maid Hagar. Here is the Biblical account of it. After this, I will offer you the Zender account—

Now Sarai, Abram’s wife had borne him no children, and she had an Egyptian maid whose name was Hagar. So Sarai said to Abram, “Now behold, the Lord has prevented me from bearing children. Please go in to my maid; perhaps I will obtain children through her.” And Abram listened to the voice of Sarai (Genesis 16:1-2).

Here is the Zender version—

“Maybe you can go into my maid Hagar and produce the promised child through her,” said Sarai. “What do you think? The kid will still be mine according to law. Let’s just hope that it looks more like you and not her; I don’t like her very much, this Hagar; her nose is too big and her lips are too thin. Her ears are a sideshow at the circus, don’t you think? But we’ve got to do something here, and maybe this is what God wants. Maybe we’re supposed to get creative with this thing. We’re not nullifying the promise, are we? God didn’t say specifically *how* this would be done, did He? I think that this counts, don’t you? I am more beautiful than Hagar, don’t you think?” Abraham became thoughtful and said, “Pardon, but I notice that you are giving me the most physically disarranged of your maids. That is no accident is it? I mean, what about Hildah?” Sarai said, “Oh, have I done that? Have I given to my husband the disarranged one? Oh God, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to do that. Did I do that? Ugh, I’m so thoughtless that way.” Abram said, “I only bring it up as a matter of practicality. She seems very nice, and...” “Hildah? Nice? Oh God no. *That* beast? What are you thinking? And don’t say you’re thinking about her heaving bosom, or her killer waist/hip ratio, or her thick, luscious lips, because I know these things mean nothing to you, and that they simply do not occur to you; Hildah hasn’t a brain in her head, I think you know that, and I know how attracted you are to a woman’s intellect, so please see how I consider your feeling throughout this entire affair. But honestly. Do you think that your baby-making apparatus will even respond to the likes of Hagar? I mean, I know you’re willing to take one for the team, which we all appreciate, but *honestly*. Can you maybe close your eyes and pretend that it’s Hild—I mean—that it’s me?”

It all sounded fine (and fun) to Abram. Maybe this was what God had in mind all along. So he did it. Sarai decided that she must go into the knitting tent and “knit some nice booties for the child” during the transaction. And of course this is precisely what happened. Abram came in later and said, “It is finished.” Sarai inquired as to the smile on her husband’s face, and Abram told her that Hagar had related to him “a funny little ditty” at the moment of crisis, and that he had found it amusing, and that *this* was the cause of his agreeable facade. And he swore it to God, did Abraham, that it was the truth—with his fingers crossed tightly behind him.



SON OF THE FLESH

Nine months later, out came Ishmael—the eventual progenitor of the Arab peoples. Abram and Sarai celebrated. Hagar? Not so much. Sarai didn’t care for her

maid after this and treated her like camel dung. Abram had his hands full with two women nursing a mutual disdain. *It was easier milking goats*, the patriarch must have thought to himself as he went out to buy diapers.

But then came this fantastic word from God, when Abram was 99 years old and Ishmael was 13 (God takes His time, you see)—

So Hagar bore Abram a son; and Abram called the name of his son, whom Hagar bore, Ishmael...Now when Abram was ninety-nine years old, the Lord appeared to Abram and said to him, “I am God Almighty; walk before Me, and be blameless. I will establish My covenant between Me and you, and I will multiply you exceedingly.” Abram fell on his face, and God talked with him, saying, “As for Me, behold, My covenant is with you, and you will be the father of a multitude of nations. No longer shall your name be called Abram, but your name shall be Abraham; for I have made you the father of a multitude of nations. I will make you exceedingly fruitful, and I will make nations of you, and kings will come forth from you. I will establish My covenant between Me and you and your descendants after you throughout their generations for an eonian covenant, to be God to you and to your descendants after you. I will give to you and to your descendants after you, the land of your sojournings, all the land of Canaan, for an eonian possession; and I will be their God” (Genesis 16:15; 17:1-8).

Abraham said, “Great. Yes. We’ve been over this already, but I appreciate the rehash.” But then God said—

“As for Sarai your wife, you shall not call her name Sarai, but Sarah shall be her name. I will bless her, and indeed I will give you a son by her. Then I will bless her, and she shall be a mother of nations; kings of peoples will come from her” (Genesis 17:15-16).

GOD DOUBLES DOWN

We don’t have to wonder about Abram’s reaction, because the text tells us precisely what it was—

Then Abraham fell on his face and laughed, and said in his heart, *Will a child be born to a man one hundred years old? And will Sarah, who is ninety years old, bear a child?* And Abraham said to God, “Oh that Ishmael might live before You!” (Genesis 17:17-18).

The first part of this Abram said in his heart. In other words, he merely thought it. But of course God read his thoughts. When Abram—now Abraham—laughed at the pronouncement, *that* was out loud. It's not too great of an idea to laugh at God, I'm thinking. But it wasn't merely an idea to Abraham. He couldn't help it. He laughed out loud. What Abraham *did* say out loud to God was, "Oh, that Ishmael might live before you." Abram had invested much in this boy. He wanted this child to be "the one." He liked the kid. And unlike Sarai—now Sarah—he held a fondness in his heart for Hagar—in spite of her thin lips and large ears. But no, God wouldn't be turned back—

But God said, "No, but Sarah your wife will bear you a son, and you shall call his name Isaac; and I will establish My covenant with him for an eonian covenant for his descendants after him. As for Ishmael, I have heard you; behold, I will bless him, and will make him fruitful and will multiply him exceedingly. He shall become the father of twelve princes, and I will make him a great nation. But My covenant I will establish with Isaac, whom Sarah will bear to you at this season next year." When He finished talking with him, God went up from Abraham (Genesis 17:19-22).

"This time next year." Yep, that's what God had said. Abraham thought to himself, *Boy, wait until I tell Sarah all of this, including our change of names. We're going to have to redo all of our pre-printed return address labels.*

Abraham walked back home to brood this over. He always liked to brood near his tent door, just outside of it, in the shade of the oaks that had been planted there years before. They always cheered his heart, these oaks. He would brood like this for awhile, in the heat of the day, and then wait until evening—when things had cooled off—to talk to Sarah—*Sarah, not Sarai, ha! That will take some getting used to*—about God's latest revelation.

But lo and behold (and yes, I mean lo *and* behold) God preempted him. There's no stopping God when He gets a thing in His head. God decided to send an Emissary to Abraham in His stead—an Emissary in human form and carrying all of His authority, i.e. "the Lord" (it was probably the pre-incarnate Christ), to hammer this thing home

to Abraham. Perhaps He didn't trust Abraham to get the story right. In any case, God knew that Sarah would be eavesdropping from inside the tent where Abraham sat, and so He didn't care too much about His Emissary being overheard. The Lord came with two other spiritual beings disguised as humans. This is what happened next, there outside the tent flaps—

Now the Lord appeared to [Abraham] by the oaks of Mamre, while he was sitting at the tent door in the heat of the day. When he lifted up his eyes and looked, behold, three men were standing opposite him; and when he saw them, he ran from the tent door to meet



them and bowed himself to the earth, and said, "My Lord, if now I have found favor in Your sight, please do not pass Your servant by (Genesis 18:1-3).

SARAH LAUGHS

The three celestial messengers in human form—one being the Lord—stayed on. Abraham washed their feet (a common middle-east custom) and fed them. What the Lord said next was a re-hash but nonetheless jarring. It was actually stated for the sake of the eavesdropping Sarah—

Then they said to him, "Where is Sarah your wife?" And he said, "There, in the tent." He said, "I will surely

return to you at this time next year; and behold, Sarah your wife will have a son.” And Sarah was listening at the tent door, which was behind him. Now Abraham and Sarah were old, advanced in age; Sarah was past childbearing. Sarah laughed to herself, saying, “After I have become old, shall I have pleasure, my lord being old also?” And the Lord said to Abraham, “Why did Sarah laugh, saying, ‘Shall I indeed bear a child, when I am so old?’ Is anything too difficult for the Lord? At the appointed time I will return to you, at this time next year, and Sarah will have a son.” Sarah denied it however, saying, “I did not laugh”; for she was afraid. And He said, “No, but you did laugh” (Genesis 18:9-15).

Oh, crap. Sarah had laughed to herself—or so she thought—but so much for that because the celestial emissaries had a bead on her wavelength. When she was found out, she lied and said, “I didn’t laugh.” This went over like the tower of Babel. “Then what was that laughter that we heard?” asked the Lord. “Sparrows in the oaks?”

The Lord can be so sarcastic when He wants to be.

SPIRITUAL VIAGRA

Abraham is famous to believers in Christ as well as to Muslims. For believers in Christ, Abraham is the poster-child for faith, because look at what he believed about himself, from God, in spite of every improbable thing sitting in front of his face and dangling from between his legs. (I don’t know what the hell he is to Muslims.) But here is Paul in Romans 4:18-22—

Abraham, when hope was dead within him, went on hoping in faith, believing that he would become “the father of many nations.” He relied on the word of God which definitely referred to ‘your descendants.’ With undaunted faith he looked at the facts—his own impotence (he was practically a hundred years old at the time) and his wife Sarah’s apparent barrenness. Yet he refused to allow any distrust of a definite pronouncement of God to make him waver. He drew strength from his faith, and while giving the glory to God, remained absolutely convinced that God was able to implement his own promise. This was the “faith” which ‘was accounted to him for righteousness’...

The whole point of sharing this account with you is to demonstrate—with human bodies and real events—what happened with the first earth and why it happened.

(I saw the name of Abraham’s birthplace, “Ur,” etched onto an ancient Mesopotamian stele at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City; it gave me a chill.) Just as the spirit of God vibrated upon Abram to bring life to a sexually dead man of 99 years (God purposely waited until the man was this old; and how about the linguistic proximity of “vibrated” and “Viagra”), and vibrated over the womb of an ancient, reproductively hopeless woman to bring forth life from that which appeared to have no life, thus did the spirit of God vibrate upon the disrupted earth to bring life from that which appeared to be, to all celestial eyes, the deepest, darkest, most hideous non-living blob imaginable.



Abraham laughed. Sarah laughed. Some people laugh at me when I teach or write about these things. God did not condemn the couple for laughing at His pronouncement. God understands the incredulity inspired by His more far-reaching proclamations. I must take part of this back. It was not incredulity on the part of Abraham, for Abraham believed God. It may have been a flutter of giddiness at the outlandishness of it all. (The name “Isaac,” in Hebrew, actually means “laughter.”) Did celestial mouths laugh as the spirit of God vibrated over the disrupted earth? Did they wonder how anything could possibly come from such a chaos? I know for a fact that the priests of Jesus’ day laughed at Him, pinned to the Roman cross. Have you ever looked at your own life, considered your own body; reckoned it to be nothing but dead meat, then thrown your hands up and said, “WTF”—or laughed in derision at yourself and perhaps even at God?

It’s all a set-up. Act 3 is on the horizon.

“We’ve been through this *so* many times, Harold.”

“What? Giving up? Laughing at ourselves? You’re telling *me*? How many times have we given up on our marriage?”

“I don’t know. What time is it now? And then there’s Ken. Dear Ken. Married Rebecca and then fifteen months later—zowie, out the door, that girl.”

“I thought Ken was going to die. We always taught our kids about the sanctity of marriage, and of the advantage of endurance. I mean, look at us.”

“That situation is still disrupted. Act 3 doesn’t always appear right away.”

“Good one, Maude. You’re right about that one. So what now? Are we supposed to eat popcorn while we watch this sum’bitch?”

“Why not?”

“Are we allowed to complain?”

“You’re kidding, right? Don’t you remember what the kid just told us about what he did when things got to be too much, and he went outside—”

“Oh, hell! Yeah. Shooting the moon at God. I couldn’t believe that. It’s too crazy to make up. I *do* believe that the kid actually did it though. It’s a wonder God didn’t zap him in the ass.”

“You missed the point, Harold. You missed the point of the kid mooning God. God didn’t zap him in the ass because God understands our plight down here.”

“I’ve always been attracted to the word ‘plight.’ Just something about it. Makes our problems sound elegant. I’d much rather have a plight than a problem any day.”

“We’re all enduring Act 2 and waiting for the final act. In the final act, everything ends up all right. If it’s not all right, then it’s not the final act.”

“I thought that maybe the kid got spared because he had a nice ass. Does the kid have a nice ass, do you think?”

“Mercy! How should I know, Harold? *I’ve* never seen it.”

REMEMBER THE RUT

I lay upon you the pattern again—the rut—for you must remember it throughout this book, and hopefully throughout your life, lest you begin to imagine that things have, by some freak accident, gone awry and that God is now scrambling through his files and programs hoping to realign things to the way they should be. If God is indeed God, then it simply cannot be this way. God creates the raw material, then purposely wrecks it. (Keep this in mind throughout. It’s the “purposely wrecks it” part that challenges most folks; it’s only because they

leave the theater in Act 2; they don’t stay for the end; they’re not interested even in reading about the end.) He did this with the first earth, and He did it with Abram. But why *intentionally* wreck things? Let’s review: 1) to demonstrate His power, and 2) to help assure the human that, when phase three occurs (and it will always occur), the redemption is ultimately of God and not of the human.

DIVINE DELAY

Have you ever wondered why, when Jesus was told that His friend Lazarus was ill (John, chapter 11), He waited two extra days before returning to Bethany? Why wouldn’t this maximum-amazing, miracle-working Messiah rush back to Bethany and heal His friend, pronto? After all, He was healing everyone else.

He wanted to make sure that Lazarus died—died but didn’t *stay* dead. John 11:1-6—

Now a certain man was sick, Lazarus of Bethany, the village of Mary and her sister Martha. It was the Mary who anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped His feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick. So the sisters sent word to Him, saying, “Lord, behold, he whom You love is sick.” But when Jesus heard this, He said, “This sickness is not to end in death, but for the glory of God, so that the Son of God may be glorified by it.” Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus. So when He heard that he was sick, He then stayed two days longer in the place where He was.

Huh? When I first started reading Scripture for myself in 1979, I believed this passage should have said—

Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus. So when He heard that Lazarus was sick, Jesus raced back to the house as fast as His feet could carry Him to keep His friend from dying so that his sisters wouldn’t have to grieve and be forced to make very sad but necessary funeral arrangements.

But no. Instead, Jesus tarried two more days. Why? To ensure that Lazarus would die. Again: *why?* This was Martha’s first question to Jesus when the Master eventually sauntered back into town. The sister of Lazarus, and one of Jesus’ dearest friends, said, “Lord, if You were here, my brother would not have died” (John 11:21). Can’t blame her for thinking that. Jesus gave his reason to His disciples when He first heard that Lazarus was sick,

saying, “This sickness is not to end in death, but for the glory of God, so that the Son of God may be glorified by it.” Little did Martha realize that the Lord needed Lazarus to assume room temperature so that He could work the miracle of resurrection.

Was the death of Lazarus Lazarus’ fault? No. Was it Jesus’ fault? It was not. Martha’s? Of course not. It was no one’s fault. Just as with the man born blind, it was no one’s fault. God did it to make a point. It is known as a purpose. God purposely saddled the blind man with his affliction so that the raw material (the man) could be wrecked (the blindness) so that God could undo the wreckage with a startling, faith-inducing miracle. It’s the same situation here with Lazarus. Hell, it’s the same situation everywhere. No situation in life is *not* this situation.



Jesus wept at the tomb. Even knowing what was coming, He wept. Some say that Jesus wept at the unbelief of Mary and Martha, and of Israel as a whole. I don’t think so. Not here; not now. The truth is that not even Jesus Christ, Who knows the truth, is a fatalist. He lives in the moment and feels the moments right along with His creation. He weeps with those who weep, and is joyful with celebrants. His tears are proof that, even though one knows an outcome, one may still weep at the difficulty and sorrow of the process.

Some of the Jews, looking on, said—

“Lo! how fond He was of him!” Yet some of them said, “Could not this One Who opens the eyes of the blind man, also make it that this man should not be dying?”

Ever doubting. Ever thrown off by Act 2. Ever leaving the theater before the final curtain. Worse yet, becoming so engrossed in the production so as to forget that the Author and Director are both standing just offstage. Forgetting that every actor reads from the script of a pre-written drama. And so—

Jesus said, “Remove the stone.” Martha, the sister of the deceased, said to Him, “Lord, by this time there will be a stench, for he has been dead four days.” Jesus said to her, “Did I not say to you that if you believe, you will see the glory of God?” So they removed the stone. Then Jesus raised His eyes, and said, “Father, I thank You that You have heard Me. I knew that You always hear Me; but because of the people standing around I said it, so that they may believe that You sent Me.” When He had said these things, He cried out with a loud voice, “Lazarus, come forth.” The man who had died came forth, bound hand and foot with wrappings, and his face was wrapped around with a cloth. Jesus said to them, “Unbind him, and let him go” (John 11:39-44).

Now *there’s* an intelligent response to the weepers and doubters. I say this without a hint of facetiousness.

RUT YOUR HEART OUT, GOD

Rut Yourself away, God. I could write a whole book about this track You’re in: Joseph receiving dreams of glory, then coming to be a slave in Egypt for 27 years, eventually stepping up to the princehood of Egypt—but not before the disruption; no, never *before* a disruption. Gideon’s army,

reduced from 20,000 to 300 men on the eve of a war with the Midianites—and Gideon *winning* with 300 men, but not before his physical strength is decimated; God leading Israel out of Egypt, driving them to faithlessness, then scattering their bones in the wilderness after forty years of wandering, at last bringing them into the Promised Land, now acutely aware of





Who had accomplished this for them. Israel, waiting hundreds of years for her Messiah, crucifying Him as soon as He arrives—only to be ushered into a millennial kingdom at the second coming of the same Christ, chastised now through the preceding failure and ready to run the earth.

Whenever you notice the rut, you know that everything is in order. It is Act 1, or Act 2, with a promise of Act 3. And sometimes even a sneak preview of Act 3. Many Act 3's have already been detailed in Scripture, so the template is set. Whenever this happens, when your plans are wrecked and you wonder why—wonder no more. It's all according to the template. Redemption—Act 3—follows every time.

I am not concerned at this point—or at any point—whether or not you have a familial relationship with God. God is the God of everyone. Not everyone likes the president of the United States. Nevertheless, he is the president of everyone, and his policies and the outcome of his policies affect the lot. He is the president both of those who love him and of those who hate him. Thus also, God. He is the only God. He is the God of atheists as well as of

believers. As I often say, if there were another capital “G” God running for the office who could bring us to the same glorious end without the harrowing disruptions, then I would vote for Him. We all would. I would vote this God out of office so fast that the wispy ends of His chest-length beard would break the speed of sound. But no. No glorious end can come *without* the harrowing disruptions, no, not for creatures dependent upon contrast for revelation.

Thus, there is only one God. And if you ask me—thank God that He is a God of love.

It's ultimately comforting knowing what God's policies are. I don't want to be in suspense. I want to know His endgame. It's comforting knowing that He is in a big, fat, hairy, glorious, predictable rut, and that His motive throughout the production—until the production finds its happy consummation in Act 3—is love.

Having said that, let us join the disrupted earth, with vibrations in progress. —MZ