

"If it is disagreeable in your sight to
serve the Lord, choose for yourselves
today whom you will serve: whether
the gods which your fathers served
which were beyond the River, or the
gods of the Amorites in whose land
you are living; but as for me and my
house, we will serve the Lord."

Joshua 24:15



THE JOURNEY OF OUR LIVES is like a walk down a long, seemingly endless pathway, with each side of the road lined with a succession of doors. Some doors are mysterious, their surface devoid of any clue as to what lies on the other side. Some doors are marked by a sequential number—suggesting their use, but giving nothing away. Still others bear explanatory labels—some of which explain, while others only confound.

All the doors are closed.

Every person spends a lifetime traveling down his or her road. Every so often we pause before a new doorway, contemplating entrance. We stand there staring at the barrier, wondering what dwells on the other side—what experiences might we suffer or enjoy, what memories might we cultivate.

Sometimes the door is locked, but we jiggle the doorknob anyway, thinking what lies on the other side is made all the more valuable by its appearance of security. Sometimes we stand on tip-toe to peer through the transom, straining to see what is locked away, longing for that which is just beyond our reach.

But sometimes the door swings open at our touch. We pause at the threshold, wondering, balancing pros against cons, itemizing our strengths and balancing them against our fears. Then we pass through the doorway, every sense open to experience the new, the different.

On the other side may be a small room, at best a closet. Or it may be a grand and luxurious palace, elegantly appointed, bespeaking wealth and influence. Or it may be that the doorway is actually a portal onto a profound revelation, the true expanse of which we are still discovering.

Every person spends his or her lifetime opening doors: searching, testing, sampling. We open doors in pursuit of ultimate answers, in search of something better than what we already know, something that will ultimately quiet our trembling doubts and, at last give our mind peace. Now and then we may find what satisfies for the moment, but only when we at last open the door labeled “Jesus, the Christ” do we find what we have been looking for all along.

DECIDING

Mankind is divided into three categories: those who have opened the Final Door and stepped inside; those who may open the door out of curiosity, but never step inside; and those who never open the door at all.

The door is available to all. In fact, for some God’s Holy Spirit repeatedly sets the door before them, presenting the opportunity at every turn. But still they refuse. Oh, they may peer through the keyhole to see what they may see, or stand on tip-toe to sneak a look through the transom. But ultimately they pass on by without even turning the unlocked doorknob.

For some their curiosity is stronger, and they turn the knob and peer into the room. Something within themselves urges them forward, while something mysterious yet attractive from inside beckons them to enter. They may even return to the door later and look inside once again, but they never step across the threshold to enter the room. Something else inside themselves always argues that there is no real reason to enter, that there are many other doors opening onto grand and glorious possibilities that throw into shadow what lies beyond this one. And so, each time, they eventually close the door and move on.

Then there are those who have opened the door, stepped inside, and have secured the door behind them, not wishing ever to return to the futile pursuits that now lie only in their past. What have they found there? What lies behind the final door?

“Do not let your heart be troubled; believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father’s house are many dwelling places; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to Myself, that where I am, there you may be also. And you know the way where I am going.” Thomas said to Him, “Lord, we do not know where You are going, how do we know the way?” Jesus said to him, “I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no one comes to the Father but through Me. If you had known Me, you would have known My Father also; from now on you know Him, and have seen Him.”

John 14:1-7

You see, the door does not lead to Christ—the door is Christ.

So Jesus said to them again, “Truly, truly, I say to you, I am the door of the sheep. All who came before Me are thieves and robbers, but the sheep did not hear them. I am the door; if anyone enters through Me, he will be saved, and will go in and out and find pasture. The thief comes only to steal and kill and destroy; I came that they may have life, and have it abundantly. I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd lays down His life for the sheep.”

John 10:7-11

THROUGH THE DOOR

When the wise men knelt down and worshipped the Christ child on that night so long ago, they were not viewing what was on the other side, but were just then passing over the threshold. That adoration—that allegiance and trust—was their entrance to the other side. And just what is on the other side of Christ?

The Father.

The door that is Jesus Christ is the one entrance into the throne room of God the Father. No matter how many pretenders one encounters at other doors, Jesus Christ is the only way to the only true God. All other doors—and all other gods—are counterfeit.

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“I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no one comes to the Father but through Me.”

Jesus, I am resting, resting
In the joy of what Thou art,
I am finding out the greatness
Of Thy loving heart.
Here I gaze and gaze upon Thee,
As Thy beauty fills my soul,
For by Thy transforming power,
Thou hast made me whole.

O how great Thy loving-kindness,
Vaster, broader than the sea;
O how marvelous Thy goodness
Lavished all on me—
Yes, I rest in Thee, Beloved,
Know what wealth of grace is Thine,
Know Thy certainty of promise
And have made it mine.

Simply trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
I behold Thee as Thou art,
And Thy love, so pure, so changeless,
Satisfies my heart,
Satisfies its deepest longing,
Meets, supplies my every need,
Compasseth me round with blessings:
Thine is love indeed.

Ever lift Thy face upon me
As I work and wait for Thee;
Resting 'neath Thy smile, Lord Jesus,
Earth's dark shadows flee.
Brightness of my Father's glory,
Sunshine of my Father's face,
Let Thy glory e'er shine on me,
Fill me with Thy grace.

Jean Sophia Pigott