

The idols of the nations are silver  
and gold,  
The work of men's hands.  
They have mouths,  
but they do not speak;  
Eyes they have,  
but they do not see;  
They have ears,



but they do not hear;  
Nor is there any breath  
in their mouths.  
Those who make them are  
like them;  
So is everyone  
who trusts in them.

*Psalms 135:15-18 NKJV*

## You Are What You Worship

From as far back as a Frenchman in 1826 comes the phrase, “Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are,” or, from a German in 1863, “Man is what he eats”—from which we have the standard phrase, “You are what you eat.” The point being, a diet of junk food results in poor bodily health, while balanced nutrition results in good bodily health.

One could easily apply the same rule to one's reading material: Read sophomore novels laced with profanity and one will adopt the same execrable thoughts and vocabulary. Limit one's reading to poorly spelled snippets of 140 characters or less, and one will have the vocabulary of a five-year-old. Read great literature and one will enjoy profound thoughts, expressed well; read biography and history and one will learn that the world is considerably larger than oneself.

As with food and reading material, so with our choice of deity. Many today, for example, bow down to this globe on which we dwell, even giving it a name: “Gaia.” To this god they ascribe highest honor: every aspect of their lives has become subsumed in its supposed health and well-being; they energetically evangelize their faith, shaming the ignorant into worshiping their “mother goddess.”

Gods, however, are supposed to be omnipotent, omniscient—immortal. But here is what will happen to “Gaia” and her heavens at some date in the future.

I looked when He broke the sixth seal,  
and there was a great earthquake; and

the sun became black as sackcloth made of hair, and the whole moon became like blood; and the stars of the sky fell to the earth, as a fig tree casts its unripe figs when shaken by a great wind. The sky was split apart like a scroll when it is rolled up, and every mountain and island were moved out of their places.

*Revelation 6:12-14*

This mother goddess will be replaced, or at least remade. And because one's fate is inexorably linked to what one worships, because the god of our choosing determines our destiny, those whose god is this earth will share its fate: destruction.

Then the kings of the earth and the great men and the commanders and the rich and the strong and every slave and free man hid themselves in the caves and among the rocks of the mountains; and they said to the mountains and to the rocks, “Fall on us and hide us from the presence of Him who sits on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great day of their wrath has come, and who is able to stand?”

*Revelation 6:15-17*

There are, of course, other gods than this earth. Because small house-shrines are rarely erected in their honor, because few individuals literally bow down before them, we kid ourselves that we have no

other gods. But these gods are legion—and jealous. Many in this society worship fame, and the famous; they worship celebrity, and celebrities. Above all, the god of gods on this earth and second only to the earth itself, is wealth. Souls the world over are sacrificed upon its golden altar; lives are destroyed in its name; its myopic adoration corrupts hearts, families, friendships. Entire governments, and thus nations, are threatened for its sake.

And so we are remade into the image of our gods: cold, unfeeling, uncaring, ignorant, stupid.

But they are altogether stupid and foolish in their discipline of delusion—their idol is wood!

*Jeremiah 10:8*

There is only one God who rewards His followers with goodness, knowledge and life. There is only one God who is gracious and merciful to those who call upon His name. There is only one God who sacrificed *Himself* for the sake of man, requiring no reciprocal sacrifice in return.

And those who come to Him are remade—not into the image of fallen earth, not into the image of futile depravity, not into the image of an ignorant, impotent idol, but into the image of His exalted Son.

We are what we worship. Give homage to the darkness of a fallen world and you will become one with it. Give honor and glory to very God and you will become His child.

