

On the Untidy Plane of Our Existence



The world of sense intrudes upon our attention day and night for the whole of our lifetime. It is clamorous, insistent and self-demonstrating. It does not appeal to our faith; it is here, assaulting our five senses, demanding to be accepted as real and final. But sin has so clouded the lenses of our hearts that we cannot see that other reality, the City of God, shining around us.

A.W. Tozer

WITHIN THE SUBSET OF HUMANITY THAT seeks after God, most individuals look for Him in the wrong place—or, if not the *wrong* place (for there is no place where God cannot or should not be), at least the less-immediate place.

Too many look for God in the cavernous majesty of the cathedral, the sequestered prayer closet, the humble church pew. He is in each of these places, of course, but too often we imagine that we must go somewhere other than where we are to find Him.

When the Lord God Almighty, the eternal *Jahveh*, the transcendent Three-in-One, the Creator of all that is—when Father God condescended to save man in the person of His Son, He lifted the veil on His unapproachable holiness. At the moment of Christ's death of atonement on the cross, God the Father—quite literally—tore open by His own hands the barrier that had stood between His purity and man's uncleanness.

And Jesus cried out again with a loud voice, and yielded up His spirit. And behold, the veil of the temple was torn in two from top to bottom; and the earth shook and the rocks were split.

Matthew 27:50-51

In that epochal moment, God demonstrated His willingness—indeed, His *eagerness*—to meet man on the untidy plane of his own existence. No more would man be required to go somewhere to meet his God; now, in Christ, God would dwell not only in the ethereal reaches of the cathedral, but in the very air breathed into the lungs. Now, in Christ, He would be personal, intimate, near.

The early-morning air is cool and clean. There is fresh sunlight dappling the turning leaves of the oak tree.

He is here.

A squirrel digs for his buried acorn, then races with it up to his lofty nest of dried leaves.

He is here.

A boy swings his bat, and for the first time in his young life gets a base hit. Perched on the bag at first base, he grins at his dad and mom who beam proudly from the stands.

He is here.

An elderly woman weeps outside the hospital room in which her husband has just breathed his last.

He is here.

A man sweats in his labors under the noonday sun. His hands are raw, his back aches, his bones are weary and worn.

He is here.

"The God who made the world and everything in it is the Lord of heaven and earth and does not live in temples built by hands. And he is not served by human hands, as if he needed anything, because he himself gives all men life and breath and everything else. From one man he made every nation of men, that they should inhabit the whole earth; and he determined the times set for them and the exact places where they should live. God did this so that men would seek him and perhaps reach out for him and find him, though he is not far from each one of us. 'For in him we live and move and have our being.' As some of your own poets have said, 'We are his offspring.'"

Acts 17:24-28 NIV

We need only look around us to see Him. We need only listen for His "still, small voice."

No matter where we are, God is there. No matter what we see with our eyes, or hear with our ears, God is in it. No matter what we touch with our hands, God's fingerprints are on it.