

The Repairer of The Breach Ch 4

The Pride Of Life

4.14.26

“I did not only overcome the lust of the flesh and of the eyes, but, also the pride of life. I overcame the world.” His answer drew me into a fuller understanding of the last temptation that He had endured in the wilderness.

I was content there with all of these things He had shown me. In my own self I was finished with this dream told bit by bit. In my own mind there was nothing else to explain or walk through. If my will would have been done in that place, I would have left it as complete and went off to find something worthy to do for Him. Or just lived my life in praise and worship to Him awaiting That Day. But, His ways are not my own. He did not only overcome the world in that place, but He somehow bent my will into His own...somehow braided His strong band into and around the way I was wanting my life to go—and His higher call... that last thought was interrupted by my quiet laugh. My amusement was in the words “higher call.” I looked again in His eyes and saw the picture of Him outside Abraham and Sarah’s tent. His eyes met me there as He voiced what was written in this passage rising from The Scroll still sat on the table in The Potter’s House “Gen 18:13-15 the LORD asked Abraham, “Why did Sarah laugh and say, ‘Can I really bear a child when I am old?’ Is anything too difficult for the LORD? At the appointed time I will return to you—in about a year—and Sarah will have a son.”^c But Sarah was afraid, so she denied it and said, “I did not laugh.” “No,” replied the LORD, “but you did laugh.”

My eyes refocused on His. His laughter filled the space. In this symbolic moment, I could only wonder what it was that He was strengthening my heart to believe.

His eyes then caught mine as a seriousness overcame His countenance. In His eyes we were now standing on top of what I perceived to be the Tower of Babel. I looked at His face there and stated “The third breach and Your third temptation. But there is so much that could be said. So many perspectives. Plus, Lord, so many others have explained this well...” At that moment I saw...tears. Tears were welling up in His eyes. I knew they sprung out of a grief of His heart for the nations. In His eyes I saw Him on His hands and knees in the Garden of Gethsemane. A pinhole of light then appeared from above and illuminated His body. I heard The Voice of Many Waters speak out of the dense air surrounding The Son of Man in that place. To my surprise He said “Explain My grief in this place and time.”

“Ok, Lord.” Came my soft reply.

To explain His grief requires a journey back in time. In His eyes I saw a story unfold like a scroll—like a film being played through time.

This passage rose up from The Scroll with the smoke from the ornate lamp that sat on the table in The Potter's house.

Gen 9:7b “But as for you, be fruitful and multiply; spread out across the earth and multiply upon it.”

This is the mandate God had given Noah and his sons after He had landed them safely on the mountains of Ararat. It is the same mandate He had given Adam and Eve. The mandate of spreading The Garden of Eden. It was a great re-set. A do over in the perspective of humankind. A second chance to stay in communion with The One True and Living God—The Most High God. Hadn't they learned what following after the lesser fallen gods produces? Violence, evil, wickedness...death. In His great mercy and grace He had saved mankind from their own folly. His command “Spread out on the earth” was for them to spread His glory throughout the face of the earth.

But, the nations that arose out of the sons of Noah in Gen 10 found a desire in their hearts, just like the people before the flood, to fall into wickedness. Instead of spreading God's glory through the earth...they found themselves in the plain of Shinar.

Gen 11: 1-4 “Now the whole world had one language and a common form of speech. And as people journeyed eastward,^a they found a plain in the land of Shinar ^b and settled there. And they said to one another, “Come, let us make bricks and bake them thoroughly.” So they used brick instead of stone, and tar instead of mortar. “Come,” they said, “let us build for ourselves a city with a tower that reaches to the heavens, that we may make a name for ourselves and not be scattered over the face of all the earth.”

My attention focused back on His bent form in the Garden of Gethsemane. My eyes met His there. “I can not know Your grief, my Lord and King, in that place of being rejected by those who You had spared by Your lovingkindness and mercy and grace. In their pride of life, their vain glory, they again sold their birthright to those who were not You.”

Can anyone truly know His grief? The grief of the Creator whose creation had turned their backs on Him...had taken their inheritance and squandered it on their own glory. It came at an unimaginable cost of being yet again enslaved to the lesser gods who The God Most High had appointed the nations unto as a consequence of not staying faithful to and in communion with Him and Him alone.

Gen 11:8-9 So the LORD scattered them from there over the face of all the earth, and they stopped building the city. That is why it is called Babel,^c for there the LORD confused the

language of the whole world, and from that place the LORD scattered them over the face of all the earth.

Deut 32:5-9 His people have acted corruptly toward Him; the blemish on them is not that of His children, but of a perverse and crooked generation.*a* Is this how you repay the LORD, O foolish and senseless people? Is He not your Father and Creator? Has He not made you and established you? Remember the days of old; consider the years long past. Ask your father, and he will tell you, your elders, and they will inform you. When the Most High gave the nations their inheritance, when He divided the sons of man, He set the boundaries of the peoples according to the number of the sons of God.*b*

But these sons of God who God had placed over the nations...fell. I stopped there in my speech. A question, a wonder, rose up from the study of all these things. I looked into The King's face as the thought was rising.."Was there a desire in the heart of Nachash to create an unholy council of these sons of God who You had appointed over the nations that You had disinherited at that time? Could he have once again deceived the nations? Could he have seen another opportunity to fulfill his own vain-glory in that place as he did before the flood?

The sons of God became corrupt and accepted worship from the sons of Adam. Another breach. Another point where wickedness gained a stronghold in the realm of the sons of Adam and the beyond natural realm. Where God sits Mighty and Most High in His Divine Council.

He caught my eyes in His at that moment. I saw Him in The Garden of Gethsemane on His hands and knees...sweating blood.

This passage from The Scroll rose up there on the thick smoke from the ornate lamp below and through the dense air in the Garden.

Ps 82:1-8 God presides in the divine assembly; He renders judgment among the gods: "How long will you judge unjustly and show partiality to the wicked?

Selah

Defend the cause of the weak and fatherless; uphold the rights of the afflicted and oppressed. Rescue the weak and needy; save them from the hand of the wicked. They do not know or understand; they wander in the darkness; all the foundations of the earth are shaken. I have said, 'You are gods; you are all sons of the Most High.'*b* But like mortals you will die, and like rulers you will fall."

My focus came back to my King there where we were standing on the top of what would have been the finished Tower of Babel...if He had not intervened. It was a very high place.

I saw this passage from The Scroll out of the corner of my eye at the same time Nachash appeared in front of The Son of God.

Mat 24:8 Again, the devil took Him to a very high mountain and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world and their glory.

Nachash spoke:

Then I heard him speak other passages referring to The Scroll.

“Did not Your Father say ask Him and He would give You the nations as Your inheritance? Did He not say You would rule with an iron scepter? Here is how You can accomplish what Your Father promised. You do not have to go through the pain and suffering—All this I will give You,” he said, “if You will fall down and worship me.”

It was as if I saw three scenes all at once and all together. The King in The Garden...and The Son Of God and The Son Of Man nailed to the cross, with Nachash at His heals, in both places, speaking the same temptation in His weakened state there as he was here on top of this highest place. I could almost feel the resistance emanating from His very being...from this high place, and the “more opportune time” that Nechash had found in the Garden of Gethsemane and ultimately at the Cross. I then heard my King’s voice like thunder, like lightening, come out of His mouth in all three places. “Away from Me, Satan!” Jesus told him. “For it is written: ‘Worship the Lord your God and serve Him only.’”

Superimposing this command...was also a cry of The Son to His Father. Only the beginning line of it was He able to cry. But He had carried the heaviness of the whole clear to His last breath.

This Psalm, in the midst of 4 other passages, all at the same time from The Scroll, and from the heart of, You, The Savior— rose above the Cross and The Grave, above the Garden of Gethsemane, above the highest place of Babel in Genesis 11—it rose above the breach of Genesis 6, and it rose above the first sin of the first man and woman of Genesis 3. It rose clear to The Eternal Council of God The Father, God The Son, and God The Holy Spirit...

The Psalm of the Cross Ps 22

(Matthew 27:32–56; Mark 15:21–41; Luke 23:26–43; John 19:16–30)

For the one directing. According to “The Doe of the Dawn.” A Psalm of David.

Ps 22:1-31 “My God, my God, why have You forsaken me, *†* far away from my salvation, *from* the words of my roaring? O my God, I cry out by day, and You do not answer, and by night, and *there is* no quiet for me. And You *are* holy, sitting *amid* the praises of Israel. In You our fathers trusted; they trusted, and You delivered them. To You they cried,

and they were given escape; in You they trusted, and they were not put to shame. And I *am* a worm, and not a man, the scorn of men, and despised by the people. All seeing me mock at me; they gape with the lip; they shake the head: “Roll to YHWH; † let Him deliver him *and* snatch him away, if indeed He delights in him. †” Yet You brought me forth from the womb; You made me trust upon the breasts of my mother. Upon You I was cast forth from the womb; from the belly of my mother, You *are* my God. You should not be far from me, for distress *is* near, *and* because *there is* no one to help. Many *strong* bulls have surrounded me, mighty ones of Bashan have encircled Me. They open against me their mouths, a lion tearing and roaring. I am poured out like water, and all of my bones are separated; my heart has become like wax, *and* has melted in the midst of my bowels. My strength † is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue clings *to* my jaws; and in the dust of death You lay me. For dogs have surrounded me; the swarm of the wicked has encircled me, piercing my hands and my feet. † I can count all my bones; they glare; they look at me. They divide out my garments for themselves, and over my clothing they cast lots. † But You, O YHWH, do not be far away! O my strength, may You hurry to help me. Snatch my soul from the sword, my only one from the hand of the dog! Save me from the mouth of the lion, and from the horns of the wild oxen answer me.” And in Your final breath Your voice rang loud and clear “It is finished!”

“It is finished” echoed clear down to Sheol.

It was as if I was sitting inside the tomb where He was laid. Suddenly, I saw Him rise above the stone where His body lay. He caught my eye in that place as something like a passage with steps going down appeared. His right hand gestured for me to follow. My eyes widened at His request, but I spoke not a word as I fell in step behind Him. The winding staircase was made of hardened iron and clay. There was no need of a lantern to light the way because His glory was so bright I had to shield my eyes...the darkness made His light blinding. We came to the bottom of the staircase and He turned and said a simple phrase as He placed me in a cleft of a rock that I saw in the wall of a hallway leading to a type of large cavern. “I came to set the captives free.”

I have no recollection of Him rising bodily from the grave, nor was I present while He walked the earth for 40 days. It seemed to me that the next instant after He said “I came to set the captives free” that we were back above the Garden of Eden standing in the entrance of The Throne Room of The Most High God. He took my hand in that place and I saw the nail holes in His hand as we began walking down the hallway toward The Throne. He began quoting these verses from the same Psalm He had quoted while hanging on the Cross

Ps 22:22-31 “I will declare Your name to my brothers; in the midst of the assembly I will praise You. † Those fearing YHWH, praise Him! All the seed of Jacob, honor Him! And fear

Him, all the seed of Israel! For He has not despised and has not detested the affliction of the afflicted, and He has not hidden His face from him, and in his crying out to Him, He has heard. From You *is* my praise in the great assembly; my vows I will complete in front of those who fear Him. The afflicted ones shall eat and be satisfied; those seeking Him shall praise YHWH. May your⁺ hearts live forever! They will remember and will turn to YHWH, all the ends of the earth; and before Your face they will bow down, all the clans of the nations. For unto YHWH *is* the kingship, and He rules over the nations. All the fat ones of the earth shall eat and bow low; before His face will bow all those going down to the dust, even the one unable to keep alive his soul. A seed shall serve Him; it will be recounted of the Lord to the generation. They shall come and declare His righteousness to a people to be born, that which He has done!”

As we approached The Throne, The Redeemer spoke these words from Psalm 2:7-9 “I will proclaim the decree of the Lord: He said to me, “You are my Son; today I have become your Father. Ask of me, and I will make the nations your inheritance, the ends of the earth your possession. You will rule them with an iron scepter; you will dash them to pieces like pottery”.

The Voice of Many Waters came at the same time...immediately but right after...from the thick cloud and Unapproachable Light surrounding The Throne. “Arise, O God, judge the earth, for all the nations are Your inheritance.”

I had stepped behind my High Priest as we came nearer The Throne to shield the great light for a fear had risen up in my heart. This Living God is holy and can not look upon sin. I knew the only way to the heart of The Father is through This: His Only Eternal Begotten not made Son. my Redeemer, my High Priest.

At that moment heaven exploded with a unified voice...the voice of the Redeemed and all those who had kept their first estate and all those who serve The God Most High God at the same time that The Voice of Many waters pronounced...quoting this passage of The Scroll that curiously was floating up on the smoke from the ornate lamp that still sat on the table in The Potter’s House:

Heb 1:3-13 “The Son is the radiance of God’s glory and the exact representation of His nature, upholding all things by His powerful word. After He had provided purification for sins, He sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high. So He became as far superior to the angels as the name He has inherited is excellent beyond theirs. For to which of the angels did God ever say: “You are My Son; today I have become Your Father”^c? Or again: “I will be His Father, and He will be My Son”^d? And again, when God brings His firstborn into the world, He says: “Let all God’s angels worship Him.”^e Now about the angels He

says: “He makes His angels winds, His servants flames of fire.”^fBut about the Son He says: “Your throne, O God, endures forever and ever, and justice is the scepter of Your kingdom.You have loved righteousness and hated wickedness; therefore God, Your God, has anointed You above Your companions with the oil of joy.”^g And: “In the beginning, O Lord, You laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of Your hands.They will perish, but You remain; they will all wear out like a garment.You will roll them up like a robe; like a garment ^h they will be changed; but You remain the same, and Your years will never end.”ⁱ Yet to which of the angels did God ever say: “Sit at My right hand until I make Your enemies a footstool for Your feet”^j?

By this time I was on my face behind my King in worship to Him and His Father—This Three Persons One unexplainable God.

The next moment I was wide awake sitting at the table on my wooden stool with The Most Unique Potter gazing into my eyes. “You repaired the breach.” I whispered with the all familiar tears running down my face and splashing on His nail scared hands.

His had gestured for me to look above the table. The Voice Of Many Waters came in the dense smoke that carried This passage up from The Scroll:

Isaiah 42:1

“Here is My Servant, whom I uphold, My Chosen One, in whom My soul delights. I will put My Spirit on Him, and He will bring justice to the nations”

I looked back at my Potter, King, Redeemer, High Priest with beyond hope and gratitude rising from my innermost being. The only thing that I had...the only thing that I had fit for a King was a Hallelujah that rose from my heart as my voice whispered, “Thank you, Jesus.”

