

Reaping as We're Going Home

Today, I was watching a tribute to Ravi Zacharias, a giant in the faith who passed away this past week. He spoke of Eric Liddell, the runner whose life story and passion for holiness is told in the movie *Chariots of Fire*. Eric was quoted as saying "When I run, I feel His pleasure". If you have never seen this movie, I would highly recommend it. Each of us has a specific race to run; certain assignments to do for Kingdom purposes. Jesus wants us to run our race with perseverance, looking away from all that would distract; running to win the prize of the upward calling in Christ Jesus.

In order to do this, we need to be continually refreshed with the living water that flows from the throne of God. I would like to share a poem which the Holy Spirit gave me in recent weeks. It comes from the verses of Psalm 46:

There is a river whose streams make glad
The city that's built by the King
There is a river that flows deep within
Causing the faithful to sing
There is a river that's rising each day
Waters to swim in and not be afraid
There is a river that flows from the throne
Bringing fresh life to His own.

Turning our backs on all that is past
Pressing on into the fray
We fix our eyes on His beautiful face
And walk on His holy way.
Looking now not to the left or the right
Our instructions they come from the throne
Forsaking all for His kingdom cause

We're reaping as we're going home.

He's in our midst and we are not afraid
He's here and we'll not be moved
For He will help us, His Word proven true
He's doing wonders, His servants are too!
Be still and know that the Lord He is God
His plans and His purpose unchanged
Oceans may roar and the stars they must fall
But He'll be glorified over all!

As I received this poem, I saw a vision of runners getting dressed in their running gear. The next scene was in the harvest field and these same runners were harvesting ripe heads of wheat. They were looking intently for any that were ready to be harvested. Their focus was fixed and they were not chatting idly to each other, but each was very busy bringing in the harvest. At times, they would join in singing the words of the poem I was hearing, singing it like an anthem for a marching army. This is what the last leg of running the kingdom race looks like; running the race with patience, moving with clarity, focus and attention to detail -unwilling to miss one ripe sheaf of wheat.

Selah