

Chronicles of Diversity

Your leadership weekly



Palmer Lake in the sun

Fractured Rapture Tales

Go your own way

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Tale 16 Go your own way

I will have to admit when listening to my favorite tunes after the 30,000 pounds of bananas episode a week ago, I discovered that most of these songs have some spiritual connotation, at least in the way my brain works. Definitely the song to me that “should” be Jesus’ message for the church and for humanity in general, is Fleetwood Mac’s, “Go your own way” written by Lindsey Buckingham.

The problem that I have, is the Bible doesn’t portray God’s love in this way, and I can’t understand how this could be. The only thing I can even remotely conjure up is that we are just so lost and selfish, that any thought we have that isn’t about ourselves and our situation, is such a miracle that the concept of God’s love, as we understand it, is pretty much an unworkable model.

So instead of the song’s lyrics which follow, God’s response could be “It’s so great, for three hours in various ways and times last month, my son Jerry thought of things greater than himself. That’s up considerably from the one hour and twelve minutes the month before. But he still hasn’t come close to the seven monthly hours he had in 1996. But I doubt he can ever reach that plateau again. But remember back, when was it, he was so consumed with himself, he wouldn’t log that many hours in a year.”

*Loving you
Isn't the right thing to do
How can I ever change things
That I feel*

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*If I could
Maybe I'd give you my world
How can I
When you won't take it from me*

*Chorus: You can go your own way
Go your own way
You an call it
Another lonely day
You can go your own way
Go your own way*

*Tell me why
Everything turned around
Packing up
Shacking up is all you wanna do*

*If I could
Baby I'd give you my world
Open up
Everything's waiting for you*

Chorus:

While tame compared to some lyrics today, the lines “Baby I’d give you my world” and “Shacking up is all you wanna do” seem to fit so well with my attitude on, “If I was God this is how I would feel.” That is the limitations we humans put on love. “I will love you my way, or it’s the highway dude!”

As we learned last week in Galations 5, the fruit of the Spirit is love. It doesn’t say the fruit of the Spirit are and list all the rest of the good things, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness and self-control. All those good attributes are the fruit of love.

The first of those manifestations, or varieties of love’s fruit, is joy and joy is really expressed in art. Art is an attribute of the human personality that shows no evolutionary function. A CD filled with songs like, “Remember the Ooze,” and “Let’s be Soul Crabs Forever,” probably won’t get you a grammy nomination.

Now modern painting is not much removed from random noise, but that still does not negate the desire to express oneself in art, for the glory of God. The lack of skill, and other primitive aspects of modern painting demonstrates entropy, not evolution.

As I journeyed back to Seattle last week I was amazed at the speech of creation as a common manifestation for the attributes of God. In that same way art is a similar manifestation, only in our cultural world, not our physical world. To a certain degree, high art has disappeared because we view it as having no cultural or financial value. In the church complex musicals and hymns give way to go your own way choruses, because the church is made up of people with comparable cultural values with the rest of the world.

Therefore, everything is hopeless entropy, except for the grace of God. That grace of God, manifest through His Spirit is love. To the extent the living stones of the body of Christ are fused together in love is the criteria by which the church becomes the instrument of cultural change.

So what is the church? A building? Its people? What holds a church together? Ultimately we would have to say it is Jesus, but is that just a cop out or an excuse for us to go our own way? Probably, at least in our culture of manifest choice, it is the pastor who is the construction adhesive, or the mortar. Those who should be most terrified by this concept are the senior pastors.

Think of it this way, all your faults and limitations are magnified by the number of people who come and sit in the padded seats every week. Or put another way, your zeal for the Lord’s work will be

dumbed down to the cultural level of everyone of those living stones. In that respect stones, is probably a very good adjective. Now that we all are sufficiently depressed, is there any hope? Hope is not a fruit of the Spirit as shown above.

Hope is the fruit of faith. Faith is the basis of God's working with humanity. The church is founded and maintained on faith in God. But not just in God, but in the substitutionary, propitiation of Jesus Christ for the sins of the individual. By faith the individual is justified and sanctified. That gets us to living stones (1 Peter 2:5).

The summary of the Abrahamic covenant in Hebrews 11:8-13 shows us the promise of children as "innumerable as the sand which is by the seashore." Sand is nothing more than little rocks, but this passage also ties together the concept of "as many as the stars of the sky in multitude." Which again points us to the glory of God proclaimed in creation.

This gives us universal truth. God's promises to His people who follow Him by faith are beyond our comprehension. But in that incomprehensible glory, we are still presented with an understandable contrast and choice. Do you want to be a tiny speck of sand, or do you want to emit light as a star in the sky? What will it be, the universe or sea sand, the contrast and the choice is yours.

Sand doesn't do much, especially on the sea shore, it just gets washed back and forth by the tides of each day. Stars emit a light of their own. They were created that way by God. People also admit a light of their own, even if they only go with the flow of the tides. It is by faith in their justification before God, that moves people from the seashore to the heavenly realm.

That is also the artistic work of the pastor, the Christian leader, and the church as a whole. Grains of sand by faith are to become stars in the universal sky. It is plural and corporate. That is not a promise made to clams, oysters, crabs, or octopi. It is the promise to the children of God who come to Him by faith and are willing to pilgrimage in love.

So each of us has to ask ourselves, where are we on that pilgrimage? But it doesn't end there, it only begins. At this point you have realized you are an illuminated grain of sand. The challenge is that the sea shore will one day be transformed, translated, or raptured in the literal definition, to the eternal universe. By faith each of us is to be an example of that universal transporter. It isn't rocket science, it is beyond the knowledge of science, it is the wisdom that only comes through faith. Now walk in faith and encourage others toward that raptured sky!

Seeds for Prayer

This week is the time for the formation of Wonder Springs Adventures Ltd., as a Washington State for profit corporation. I really hate writing articles like the above because it points out what a chicken I am. I really have no clue on where chickens fit on this evolutionary scale, or even God's scale from sand to a star, but I guess that is really not my problem. The problem is to quit being a chicken and the next step will follow as sure as the daily tide.

I see things coming together as fast as I can comprehend and adjust, I would just like to be raptured from now to the finish and get rid of the pilgrimage. But that is not what faith is all about. I suppose it is also a call for wisdom. I have a feeling like many of you, that the tide is changing for the church and each of us has a role to play in the universal transformation.

The one key that I am sure of is that we have to work together in a way that has never been seen on this earth. Exciting, humbling, and at the same time terrifying for those of us with so little faith. May we all learn to pray for each other and to work together for God's glory not our own. "Beam me up Scotty, I've and we've got a destiny with the LORD!"