

*"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."
Revelation 3:20*

Jesus is the Word. "And the Word was made flesh..." He is also the "Door." If He's knocking on the door, it means that we have not opened it. When's the last time you sat down and seriously read your Bible? I'm not talking about your little devotional ritual you do every day or every so often to salve your conscience. I'm talking about really sitting down to read and hear God speaking? He promises that if we open the "Door," He will "sup" with us. "Sup" refers to the end of day meal where the family gathers to feast and fellowship. How often do we leave our Lord standing outside knocking to get in to our lives and hearts? We stagger out of bed and hurriedly dress, because we stayed up watching something on TV, or worked on some project too late.



We rush off to work and plod through the drudgery of the day in a mindless flurry of activity. We come home dead tired and plop down or begin another flurry of meal preparation or scurry off to some function or some store. Where do we set aside time for God? Tithing is more than giving money. God demanded a tenth of all. If you kept something back, you had to redeem it with something else. The Devil has us so "busy" we barely have time to think, let alone meditate. We need to turn off the TV and open our Bibles. Oh, we give lip service to the idea that God's Word is more important than TV, but our actions belie our words. Entertainment has become the "treasure" of our hearts, and God has become just another "accessory" to our lives. No wonder Christ has to stand knocking. We keep the "Door" shut. It is rarely opened. Maybe we open it in Church to the text, but there it lays until the end of the sermon, and then it gets tucked under our arm to head home to its resting place until next church service. Oh, we wouldn't be caught without it, but it's more of a talisman to us than a trusted friend.

God's Word can be an open door,
Within its pages we can soar,
To heights unknown and planes above,
To touch the hem of boundless Love. ~CGP

In the whirlwind of activity with which we surround ourselves, can we hear Him knocking? Are we going to answer the "Door?" Or, is something else clamoring for our attention? What has become our "treasure?"

"My soul melteth for heaviness: strengthen thou me according unto thy word." Psalms 119:28