

## Tuesday's Touch #58

...from Pastor Ed ...March 2, 2010

### *The Lens and the Light*

*The people who walked in darkness have seen a great light; those who dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them a light has shined. Isaiah 9:2*

*I am the light of the world. He who follows Me shall not walk in darkness, but have the light of life. John 8:12*

*For it is the God who commanded light to shine out of darkness, who has shone in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. 2 Corinth 4:6*

*Your word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path. Ps 119:105*

*The entrance of your words gives light... Ps 119:130;*

*We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto you do well that you take heed, as unto a light that shines in a dark place... 2 Peter 1:19*

*For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light. Ps 36:9*

*...they shall walk, O LORD, in the light of thy countenance. Ps 89:15*

*I will keep You and give You as a covenant to the people, as a light to the Gentiles, to open blind eyes, to bring out prisoners from the prison, those who sit in darkness from the prison house. Isaiah 42:6-7*

**I** am extremely nearsighted. Without my glasses I am legally blind. As I awoke one morning recently, I was looking up at the ceiling fan. The day had just started to dawn, and the very dim light filtering through the windows was just enough to cast shadows from objects which were themselves yet shadowy. The fan took on a very strange and distorted shape as I could not separate the object from its shadow. I found myself playing a sort of game trying to piece the fan back together. Try as I might, I really couldn't reconcile what I was seeing with what I knew the fan to be. As I tried to resist cheating and putting on my glasses, I became more convinced that something must have happened to the fan. Since it was easily reachable from the bed, perhaps my grandson was playing with it and twisted the blades out of place. Yet underneath, I felt that the fan was probably just fine.

Finally, I reached for my glasses to end the suspense once and for all. As I slipped them on I looked up... and the fan looked *exactly* as it did without my glasses. Now I became convinced that there was something amiss. I turned on the light to see how badly it was disfigured. Guess what. The fan *was* just fine. There simply wasn't enough *light* in the room to clarify the reality. Immediately, I turned my thoughts to the Bible (strange how preachers' minds work).

The Bible is an indispensable lens through which we are enabled to behold spiritual realities, even Christ Himself. Without it we truly are legally blind. Everything is distorted and misinterpreted by our spiritual nearsightedness. But there is another more basic element of sight, and that is *light*. Without sufficient light a lens does no good.

My \$400 glasses are absolutely useless in the dark. How we need to seek and utilize the light of Christ brought by His Holy Spirit if we are to behold wondrous things as we look through the lens of His word.

But we must also remember that a lens itself is not the *object* of our sight. If I want to see clearly it does me no good to look *at* my glasses. I must look *through* them. The purpose of our reading the Bible is not so we can know many facts and figures *about* the Bible, and recount many of its stories and narratives. We would see Jesus – Jesus ever more glorious, ever more beautiful, ever more the desire of our hearts. We are to behold the future wherein lies our consummate fellowship with Him and the joys of the kingdom He has prepared for us. We would hear His voice and follow Him into that promised inheritance.

Friend, are you looking *at* your Bible trying to see Jesus. Come first to Jesus Himself and plead for light. In His light you shall see light. And with that light you shall look through the lens of scripture, beyond the black and white (and sometimes red) of its pages, and peer into that Summerland of Love where you'll see the Beloved, ever brighter, ever clearer. Then you shall bear the fruit of His love.

*The sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of heaven breaks;  
The summer morn I've sighed for,  
The fair, sweet morn awakes:  
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,  
But day-spring is at hand,  
And glory, glory, dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.*

*Anne Ross Cousin*

*Father of Lights,  
Grant us light to see your Son!  
Amen*

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