THRESHOLD #1 - the Crossing

Genesis 35:11 'I am God, and I am more than enough.' (TPT)

My thoughts today are like a boomerang. I throw it out just in front of me and it springs back. The one about how fast this year just passing flew by returns especially quick. I consider that I stand on the precipice of a fleeting quarter of a century just before me. What happened to the first two-and-a-half decades of this millennium? What will become of the next, my thought buoys. I hurl it with all my might then, and still it whirls back, only taking a bit longer. Like an echo, the thought returns to me, a ricochet of hope and wonder, doubt and fear.

The Lord is doing something within me. For a while now. Somedays, I can't speak because His voice is all around, and it's impolite to talk when someone else is. I am trying not to interrupt Him. I am trying to learn to be still, to cease striving, to know He is God. (Ps. 46:10) I am trying to listen. Here now, just now, just as I am, kneeling here now on this precipice, stretching from what was, toward what is to be, holding the year just passing in one fragile hand while I reach for what is approaching in the other; this time a trembling hand. Like stepping inside a snow globe, I feel shaken and the future timeless, as everything around me stands still except for all the possibility floating in the air. There's an invisible threshold standing between yesterday and tomorrow. Will I? Will I cross over? Will I have the guts to step across into what God has for me, for us, in a New Year? Will I stay steadfast in this journey with Him? Will I take measures to insure I don't backtrack? That I don't run ahead of Him? That I stay in step with Him? Will I allow Him to make me brave? To increase my capacity…to learn, to listen, to trust, to be obedient, to surrender, to wait, to grow, to…simply ***be***?

He has been emphatic in my spirit; His Spirit within my spirit, speaking, nudging, softly, gently guiding. He says, "Come! Walk with Me." I ask, 'Where are we going?' He remains silent; I hear His whisper internally anyway: "Does it matter? If you say you want to go with Me, go where I go, stay…leave, wherever I lead…does it really matter where we are going?" I hear You ask me. "Does it change anything if you don't know where I am taking you," I hear Your Spirit ask my spirit. "Will you still be coming with Me?" I hear You murmur. "Will you still follow?" You chide.

I don't really answer, but I do, all the same. I take a step. And then another; I feel my feet move, (rather, shuffle). But I am moving. Slowly. Yet surely. And then I reach a chasm, the one that is dark, obscured, empty, yet overflowing with uncertainty; hollow, but full of the unknown. I don't have to see it. I can look within. That's where I find You. That's where I hear You whisper, "Does it matter?" I pick my foot up high, and with so much bravery and belief, I step over. I cross over, the threshold, the intimacy of the mysterious, the fulfillment in the obedience, the precious unfolding of Your Grace, as I tread, step by step into Your promise. I don't know where we are going, Lord, You and me, but does it matter? I want to go where You, and You alone, lead.

Romans 15:13, 'Now, may God, the fountain of hope, fill you up to overflowing with uncontainable joy and perfect peace as you trust in Him. And may the power of the Holy Spirit continually surround your life with His super-abundance until you radiate with hope!' (TPT)