# THRESHOLD: 'til Death

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

I encountered another threshold this week that I wasn't expecting. Already, so soon in a New Year, the impact the Lord is engraving in my spirit about the meaning of a threshold, and its functionality, is astounding. Let me ask you, is it possible to mix tragedy vs peace and come away with resilience? The professor is God and the classroom is life and the lesson is painful, but profound.

They didn't expect for her to not mother them or wife him this year or sister him or friend her. There were no warnings scripted on sticky notes, no assignment printed neatly on the blackboard of life, no pop quiz, no reminder on a notepad or instructions carefully detailed and stuck to a journal or notated on the calendar. No word, no warning, but in less than 48- hours in this New Year, she is gone.

Tragic and unsuspecting and life-altering. You leave together and come home alone. The grief is synonymous with the gas tank being emptied of its very last drop of fuel or a balloon deflating even the final gasp of breath from within; nothing but nothingness remains.

There were the usual cries of hopelessness; helplessness dripping from eyelashes like tears. There's a vast difference between cries of sadness vs cries of regret. Always, the wounded despair of remorse and longing for just one more day. We know. We have all been there. I remember that moment like it was yesterday when my dear Daddy slipped away from us. The desperate plea, *'Please! just one more moment'.* And we will all be there again; we will utter the same sorrowful sentiments that we should have taken more time, made more effort, visited more frequently, made amends sooner; not wasted so much time. And 'Time'. That wicked little ecstatic oxymoronic word. It slips through our fingers like dust, and we don't even realize it 'til it is gone. We try to call it back to no avail, no matter what we bargain and barter. It is a beautiful and poignant, exasperatingly agonizing sentiment when all its little flecks have spilled through the hourglass of life.

There is a hope that pales one cheek and blushes the other. It is whispered in the very prayer and desire of our soul, but so often, that plea is for you and for me; not for the one slipping away. If our beloved knows Jesus!—we should be opening the passage wide into the tunnel that leads from life to death and nudging them over that threshold in His direction! Not hanging on, not begging, not pleading and grieving. Rather, we should exclaim, 'Run! Don't walk! Hurry! Leap right into the everlasting arms of your expectant Father!' How can it be misconstrued or mistaken that to the believer this is the purpose of every breath we take, to no longer have to toil in this life, but to collapse into His arms and be swallowed whole by the crashing silence of everlasting life and eternity with Jesus!

What a gift to bear witness to a loved one tiptoeing across the threshold. When the plaque hanging over the door of this life switches from 'Vacancy' to 'No Vacancy'. There is no way to know the expense or the cost; we all must travel alone to our eternal destination. But the peace that replaces the angst, the unknown, the torment of time, which is only a criteria to mankind in this lifetime, is simple and certain. What we each do with our legacy in this lifetime will outlast the best and the worst long after you or I are departed. And that is a promise. After all, aren't we all just walking each other home?

**Ecclesiastes 3:11, 'Yet God has made everything beautiful for its own time. He has planted eternity in the human heart, but even so, people cannot see the whole scope of God's work from beginning to end.' (NLT)**

(Picture not my own)