

Christ in you, the Hope of Glory

“to whom God would make known what are the riches of the glory of this mystery among the nations, which is Christ in you the hope of glory!”

Collossians 1:27

As I run to him I am running toward a hope that is far greater than the fanciful, temporal acclamations of this world's squalor. When I approach Him I cross the line of divine foolishness. For indeed I am a fool for Him. I place my battered soul and broken crown, (everything that I have embraced for hope), I place it all at the feet of Christ

I am done with solutions

I am done with dispassionate living

I am done with self-sufficiency

I am done with filthy closets and shiny steeples

I am done with running through the muck of my human righteousness

The quicksand on the outskirts of Eden

I have a hope when all hope seems lost. I have freedom when I recognize the chains. When I reach the Potter's house, glory spins and in the dizziness there is relief.

There is a quiet understanding, a stillness of the inner soul, finding its way into the the deep recesses of my heart.

Life as I know is dead to everything alive. Yes, Christ in me. The hope of Glory