

94. Portside



Our home address is Paradise. You are here on earth as an alien, (1 Pet 2:11) and an ambassador, (2 Cor 5:20), on temporary assignment. Heaven is not what the comedians portray in pearly gates jokes; we don't want such farcical images to dominate our thinking on this vital subject as we progress towards our terminus here on earth. In fact, it's less a terminus, and more like an airport. There is a ticket printed for you and a seat assigned all ready to take you into the presence of Jesus, His Spirit and your Abba Father. And with them stand a huge crowd of people who arrived before you as well as all manner of splendid angelic beings, (Heb 12:1). When running a marathon, competitors can hit the dreaded "wall" and hear seductive thoughts to "just sit out and rest for a while, just stop for a bit". If the runner stops and sheds momentum it is highly unlikely that they will re enter the race and finish. The image of the crowd cheering at the finish line and the sense of satisfaction overrides the natural urge to stop. For us too we think of Moses, Esther, Mary, David, Paul and Ruth amongst all the other greats like Mother Teresa waiting for our arrival. Our ancestors in our family tree and friends are there expectant, eyes on us.

There is an account of a steam ship berthing in New York a hundred years ago. A millionaire is one of the first to alight and a brass band is playing for him and VIPs are on the podium amongst streamers ready to give him a formal welcome back home. On the third-class deck is woman who is to soon walk the gangplank to land on into retirement. She has invested all her life in Asian mission frontiers and sacrificed family and the chance of marriage as well as all manner of comforts and opportunities for making a career. As she walks ashore nobody greets her, only the passport control officer speaks with her. But she senses the voice of God saying with great tenderness, "This is not your homecoming. That entrepreneur is having his grand welcome now but I am preparing yours, you can't imagine the grandeur and scale of what I have prepared for you!"

No quitting, no slacking off. Today I run the race of life with my eyes firmly set on the finish line.

Beloved, I implore you as aliens and strangers and exiles [in this world] to abstain from the sensual urges (the evil desires, the passions of the flesh, your lower nature) that wage war against the soul 1 Pet 2:11

So we are Christ's ambassadors, God making His appeal as it were through us. We [as Christ's personal representatives] beg you for His sake to lay hold of the divine favour [now offered you] and be reconciled to God. 2 Cor 5:20

As for us, we have this large crowd of witnesses around us. So then, let us rid ourselves of everything that gets in the way, and of the sin, which holds on to us so tightly, and let us run with determination the race that lies before us. Heb 12:1

Not a boat but a train....

People Get Ready (performed by Ziggy Marley and Melody Makers)

*People get ready, there's a train a comin'
You don't need no baggage, you just get on board
All you need is faith to hear the diesels hummin'
Don't need no ticket, you just thank the Lord*

*People get ready for the train to Jordan
It's picking up passengers from coast to coast
Faith is the key, open the doors and board 'em
There's hope for all among those loved the most.*

*There ain't no room for the hopeless sinner
Who would hurt all mankind just to save his own
Have pity on those whose chances grow thinner
For there's no hiding place against the Kingdom's throne*

*So people get ready, there's a train a comin'
You don't need no baggage, you just get on board
All you need is faith to hear the diesels hummin'
Don't need no ticket, you just thank the Lord*

Curtis Mayfield

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qwgOC0S3xa0>

[Rolling Stone](#) magazine named "People Get Ready" the [24th greatest song of all time](#).