

# IMAGINE

Imagine spending your entire life going from place to place, decade after decade, only to discover you do not belong. You don't belong there; you don't belong anywhere. Like a wand, made of repelling magnets, you wave it around, resisting the worldly moulds of life that had been formed by the enemy. Moulds that even those you wouldn't think fit into, yes, even they have their own mould. You don't fit in that one either. You don't fit anywhere in this world. This world is not yours. You are a foreigner here. You think you are something different, a rebel perhaps. Rebelling from the norms of society. You run to a place where you think you are accepted; the same; part of the gang. Wrong again. You stand out! Like a bright red and very swollen sore thumb, you stand out. You think there's wisdom inside, knowledge of the unknowns, but wait no one else knows this stuff. How can I. They hate me for it, and they don't even know it.

Imagine, being given a gift, but part of that gift is that no one around you or near you will ever understand that gift. Can it really be a gift then? You feel like you know something. Is it narcissism if you recognize your own ability to be insightful? To realize, to be aware that you have a gift. They say, go ahead, explore your gift here. There's no better place. Just don't share the outcome with anyone. That would be bad, for it wouldn't fit the precious mould. I think it's called truth! No one seems to be privy to it. They think the truth they know IS the truth. It's not. There are lies, mixed in with their truth and thus is no longer truth, but rather, just watered down lies. They won't hear the truth, they won't listen, they won't accept it. It doesn't fit their precious moulds. They go about like life is normal. It's not. Not even close. They don't notice, they don't see it. How can they not see it? You want to fit in, you want to be accepted, you will even ignore your truth for a little while just to feel wanted, needed. To no avail, it matters not. You can't unknow what you've come to know. Especially when it's been given to you by God. They make you feel like an outcast for it. You can't even find a way to bring them into your truth. Not yet! But that day is coming! God has a plan!

Imagine being abandoned. By the world around you, by family and friends. At least you thought they were friends. Till you shared your truth, God's truth. They say, but that's just your truth. No, it's a gift from above. A revelatory gift. I didn't pull it out of a hat, I say to them. They don't care. They want to continue in their world, uninterrupted by my so-called truth. I know what will happen to them if they don't accept this truth.

Imagine the loneliness of it all. Imagine how lonely one must feel. Cut off from civilisation, depressed and emotionally traumatized daily. Even God himself is not enough to bring you out of it. The greatest pity party of all time plays repeatedly, like a broken record. An endless sadness for not feeling understood, accepted, or loved. You wander around doing good things, thinking it will make you feel better, only to feel like they were all for nothing. Nobody understands you. Nobody understands your calling. It is different than that which was moulded out of the world's view. It is not what everybody thinks it should be, therefore, is it real? I struggle daily with this, causing my faith to be doubted as it goes up and down and in and out, like some fun ride at a carnival. Yet, it's my faith. They cause me to doubt my calling.

Imagine, looking back at your life, and being able to see all the places and times, where the devil tried to take you out of existence. Why? What am I doing that bothers him so much? What will I do, that has him so nervous? This is how I know. How I know that my calling is real and important because the enemy is trying to stop me from living it. He tried to kill me twice! He's tried bringing me to such a low that I wouldn't get up anymore.

Imagine you are on a long narrow road, and about a half mile up the road, you see a pair of shoes, just sitting there in the middle of the pavement. You look intently at them trying to make them out and you realize they are waiting for you to step into them. They are your perfect fit. You run as quick as you can thinking of the excitement of putting on these shoes; you have been walking around barefooted for ever and these shoes are pretty, comfortable and they fit you to a tee. You know these shoes are going to help others around you. They are going to influence and bring people to see something they have never seen before. You put them on and walk around in them for a little while, they feel surprisingly good. But you start to show people your new shoes, they don't like them. They dislike them so much, that when they see them coming, they look the other way. You feel shoe shunned.

Imagine being on your knees and hearing from God Almighty. He tells you that he's got you. He's got your back. He will even fight this battle with me. He tells me that I hear him and that the truth, that truth that no one wants to see, will come like a shaking. A shaking like no other. He douses me with an indwelling power from His precious Holy Spirit. Lifting me and my faith to a plain of existence where others just like me are. There are others out there just like me. They know who they are, and they know they were born for such a time as this. That sentence is far more special and meaningful and meant only for a select elect. They are those who have emptied themselves of all the cares of this world and they are Gods soldiers. They receive power from the Holy Spirit and training from the Father. They are going to bring in the greatest harvest ever to be recorded in human history. They are going to do greater miracles than even Jesus did when he walked the earth. They are the 144,000. They are the First Fruits, His Remnant. I shout from the roof-tops, God has made me one of these. I cannot deny it.

Imagine, my heart; my longing to be with Him; I can not deny it. I can only patiently wait for those around me to wake and catch up, to get on board, to come into this: His real actual truth. One day, they will know it; one day they will no longer hate me; Rather will thank me for continually warring, fighting the enemy, and praying for their own redemption, their own salvation and eternal destiny.