

The Story of The Lamp

This is a little story that I like to share
as it reflects on how present The Lord
is and has been in my life.

On weekend about two years ago I felt it was time
to get a new lamp to go on the table in
the corner of my living room.

So I set off for Milwaukee as a close friend
had told me of a huge store with
hundreds of lamps of all
possible kinds.

Together we took the drive in search of
the *perfect* lamp.

Well, I looked and looked and then as I always
Do I went all the way back through to
review the options before me,
weighing heavily this
so important a choice.

It came down to this stained glass lamp
that had a bronze base that was
actually a tree trunk rising
into the multi colored
lamp shade.

I was drawn to the lamp as the base *did fit in*
with the ministry The Lord placed
In my heart...
The Tree Of Life.

Appropriate symbolism around me has
been the driver so many times before.

To be honest, I was not convinced that this find
was indeed my lamp of ultimate choice...
I just had this feeling inside that
it would not fit in to the décor.

So, I went ahead and bought it moved to do so
while reminding myself that I could
always just bring it back.

When I got home I carefully unwrapped
the lamp that had been so carefully
packaged up at the store.

I then secured the lampshade
on to the top of the base,
placing it in the corner
on the little table.

Then my critical spirit rose up and said...
The light is surely not bright enough
And
It really does not fit in right ?

Hmmm...I guess I'll just have to take it back rolled
through my head and the decision was made.

Then The Lord seemingly out of no where
said in the Voice so familiar to me...

“ I like that lamp. “

That was *the last thing* that I who
enjoy having my way expected to hear.

Suddenly I found myself in this quandary
where my spirit that knows the voice
of My Lord began to get this
strong resistance from
my flesh so used to
getting its way.

So then the arguments began...
The Lord likes this lamp and His Desire
I should honor by keeping the lamp.
The Lord is the provider of
All the money I have and
Receive so if He wants
This lamp He will
Have it.

After all, He has given me the freedom to
have so many things of my will and
of His Will for me.

There was no question in my spirit...
the lamp will not be returned.
My spirit lives for Him
and will only serve
Him.

That is that !

Oh now wait just one minute, my flesh has other ideas
speaking in my head against my heart...

Go ahead and return the lamp,
trying to convince itself

The Lord really
wont' mind.

But, man oh man, it sure did not feel good
and surely I was not going to have to keep it.
I spent the rest of Sunday afternoon in discomfort.

Unbelievable that The Lord speaking
His Will that I knew not to question
with such a wonderful request
merely to keep that which
He likes so very much.

And actually He did not say I had to keep it,
He merely expressed that *He* liked the lamp.

Is The Lord not entitled to this lamp ?
Of course He is entitled to choose this lamp!
Right ? By my spirit it was so but my
flesh would not settle down and
I was very distressed inside.

The Lord knew what I was going through
because He orchestrated the event.
He knew that I would keep it no matter
how it was like sandpaper
rubbing and rubbing and rubbing inside.

Then I sat there just quietly sitting and looking around my
apartment when The Lord spoke again...

*It is not how perfect your surroundings
are that brings happiness.
I heal you from the inside out.
You cannot heal yourself
from the outside in.*

Immediately I knew what He was saying and
wow it applied so much in my life, my past
and even now after walking such a
great distance with My Lord.

I soon remembered all of the deep,
deep healings that The Lord
had brought me through and the
happiness I could feel in my
new found freedom.

I found great comfort in what The Lord was showing me.

That this was my way of
creating the perfect surroundings
so I could feel safe and
secure in...my home.

It was surely an obvious pattern of behavior
that I had been engaged in for years.

But I just didn't realize what it
was that I was doing was subconscious
flying on auto pilot having it's way
for such a very long time.

I was very thankful to The Lord for
what He had revealed about
me to me in such a living
and meaningful way.

By the re-telling the story it helps me
to remember the lessons I have learned.

The Lord, My Rabbi teaches me.
He is kind and compassionate
in His Loving way with me.