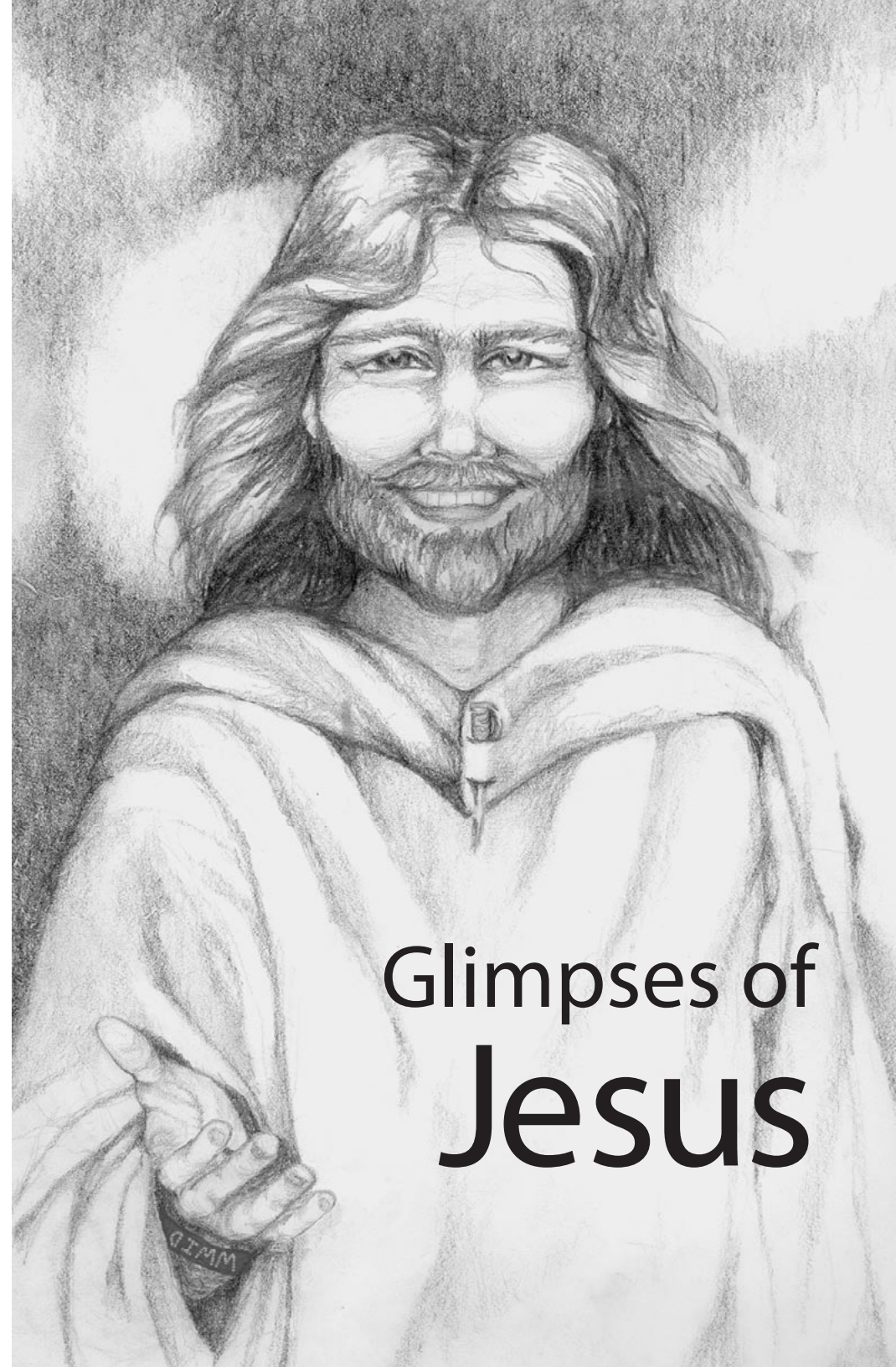




These thoughts are passed on to those who would aspire to the name "Christian" in an attempt to help them see Jesus from every possible angle, and to expand those hearts to worship Him, revere Him, and revel in His nature. Read it and pass it along as you see fit.



# Glimpses of Jesus

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As always, if we can help you in any way, please contact the church here at  
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be "sold" for any price (2 Corinthians 2:17, Matthew 10:8).

*Blessed are your eyes because they see, and your ears because they hear.  
For I tell you the truth, many prophets and righteous men longed to see  
what you hear but did not hear it.* *Matthew 13:16-17*

*The wrath of God is being revealed from heaven against all the godlessness  
and wickedness of men who suppress the truth by their wickedness, since  
what may be known about God is plain to them, because God has  
made it plain to them. For since the creation of the world, God's  
invisible qualities—his eternal power and divine nature—have  
been clearly seen, being understood from what has been made, so  
that men are without excuse.*

*For although they knew God, they neither glorified him as God nor gave  
thanks to him, but their thinking became futile and their foolish hearts  
were darkened.* *Romans 1:18-21*

Our universe was built to be a window into another realm. Most men spend their entire lives seeing only the surface of things. They stare *at* the window, but never *through* it.

Only those who stare through the window—who see the brush strokes of the Artist in the landscape; who hear the original conductor behind all beautiful melodies; who sense the intervening provision in ordinary circumstances—are fit to be called “worshippers”. All other worship is merely pretense and religion. The “music” may sound lovely, the words may be sincere, the emotions may be roused, but the soul is untouched and the heart is unmoved. It’s Cain’s offering of duty and conscience, not Abel’s offering of heaven-piercing faith. The one **sees** Him who is invisible and reaches through the limits of space and time into heaven to see and find and know Him for themselves. The other knows **about God** in his “mind” and seeks to do right “things” for Him.

If you are never filled with unexplainable awe, if your heart never skips a beat, if the hair never raises on the back of your neck, if you’re never inspired to love or to dare or to risk... in bizarre ways and times and places, then you’ve not seen the One Whose image is stamped indelibly on our universe and Whose image, though tainted, continues to emerge forth—even among the fallen sons of Adam.

This then, is a different sort of look at Him who fills everything in every way. This is a look at Jesus and a call to open our eyes and see Him. The attributes of His nature are built into the structural code of our universe. He is a Warrior, a King, a Poet, a Prophet, a Brother, an Artist, a Groom-to-be, and a Best Friend.

Though all of His roles have been twisted and counterfeited by the enemy (this is the enemy’s primary way of keeping the masses from falling madly in love with Him, and inspiring them to storm the castle and expel the usurper), His irresistible nature shines through for those who have eyes to see and hearts full of ignitable tinder...



## Because He Is a *WARRIOR...*

Your heart leaps when courage confronts injustice face to face  
Your pulse races in the hunt  
Your anger burns fiercely against oppression  
The drums of war call you—summoning you to arms  
You are filled with elation when evil is defeated,  
When mercy triumphs, and when hatred is deposed  
You find inspiration in simple contests,  
When athletes compete and give their all  
You unconsciously cheer for the underdog

## Because He Is an *ARTIST...*

The simple beauty of a fiery sunset or a flowery  
meadow charms your soul  
Mountains compel you to climb,  
overwhelming you with their towering grandeur  
The snowy night calls to you  
Inviting you to join in winter’s games;  
to sled, to throw snowballs, to take a sleigh ride  
The crisp air of winter invigorates you  
The leaves of autumn take your breath away,  
a brilliant reminder of the coming change  
The ocean’s pulse awakens you calling you to distant horizons  
Migrating geese fill the bright blue sky,  
Begging you to follow to lands unknown  
A mighty waterfall staggers you, a torrent of power and fury  
The fresh morning scent of the forest renews you  
reminding you of places you’ve never been before

Because He Is a

***CARPENTER...***

A hard day's work brings a strange but deep  
Satisfaction to your soul  
Fine craftsmanship is its own reward, pleasing to behold  
Men are unknowingly drawn to build and to create  
Sweat feels good and proper and right  
An honest days work deserves a fitting wage

Because He Is

***ENGAGED...***

Mighty men put down their swords and stoop to pick flowers  
Maiden's hearts flutter and are melted  
Love poems are written, car doors are opened  
And kind words are spoken  
Hearts are carved in trees and sidewalks  
Fine linen dresses are made  
Dancing was invented  
The ark was loaded two-by-two  
Adam felt alone  
A wedding is the climax of history

Because He Is a

***KING...***

White horses were born, purple robes were fashioned  
And majestic thrones were assembled  
Trumpets blare and sound so regal  
Red carpet, curtseys, and bowing stir our dormant nobility  
Men remove their hats as gestures of respect  
And children's eyes dance at  
Stories of Kings and Queens and castles  
While the words, "Your Majesty" whisper to us of a  
World yet to come

Because He Is a

***BEST FRIEND...***

Everybody wants one  
Weddings have a "best man" and Maids of Honor  
Brotherhood is revered and Sisterhood is cherished  
Loyalty sustains the heart and is fiercely guarded  
Confidants are coveted  
Men feel compelled to become "blood brothers"

Because He Is a

***JUDGE...***

Skeletons love closets and the treacherous crave darkness  
Blame is so prone to shifting  
Guilt exists  
And hardened pagans pray in airplane turbulence

Because He Is a

***FATHER...***

Holding newborns makes time standstill  
Playing catch came into existence  
And laps were made to practice sitting on

Because He Is a

***POET AND MUSICIAN...***

Demonic men are calmed when harps are played  
Melodies ring in our minds for years  
Holding the strongest place in our memories  
Evoking dormant emotions and bringing a tear to our eye  
Our hearts are stirred by noble verse and feet tap  
Unconsciously to the beat

Because He Is a

### *SCIENTIST...*

Wonder exists and nature is filled with fascinating discoveries  
We are intrigued by the tiniest atom and the most  
Distant reaches of the universe  
The activities of ants and bees speak to our souls of  
Order and industry  
Children ask “why” questions  
E=MC<sup>2</sup>

Because He Is a

### *REDEEMER...*

Forgiveness exists in our universe  
Seventy times seven isn't a math problem  
And mountains of guilt can disappear  
Chasing the east to the west  
Men and women are inexplicably moved to forfeit their  
lives for loved ones and strangers  
And, “I'm sorry,” and “I forgive you” hold a sacred place in  
every culture  
And best of all, your sins can be forgiven



Solomon said that our Creator has “set eternity in the hearts of men.” While we appear to be linear beings, living out our lives an hour at a time in this space-time continuum—actually we are eternal beings trapped in temporal shells. Not only are we trapped in frames of dust that wear out and decay, we are also trapped in hours and minutes and seconds. We live out our lives a moment at a time, a decision at a time, a task at a time.

But there is something inside of us, a thumbprint, which isn't a part of this creation. Solomon called it Eternity. It is an odd feeling to have

“forever and ever” inside of you. It calls to us, even to unbelievers, in a more muffled and remote way, to wonder who we really are and why we're here. Our bodies seem temporal but something inside of us doesn't feel temporal. Our Universe is slowly winding down but it itself seems to scream for a redemption of its own. Music, war, poetry, love, birth, death, art, heroes, children, castles, landscapes, distant galaxies, atoms, mountains, oceans, green pastures, still waters, and countless other venues resonate against this thumbprint and remind us that we are aliens here. They speak to us of “home”, and cause us to inwardly groan—if only for a split/eternal second—for our heavenly bodies, our heavenly vocations, our heavenly city, and our Heavenly King.

### *HEAVENLY ECHOES*

Whispers, whispers in the air  
You hear them all around  
They speak of worlds you cannot see  
And scents, and sights, and sounds  
  
They give us clues of worlds unknown  
A hint, a little glimmer  
But disappear in just a breath  
A missing pebble's shimmer  
  
The wind it blows just where it will  
And why we do not know  
And everyone that's born anew  
Will likewise hidden go  
  
And when this half-breed race of men  
Slows down from earthly cares  
To set aside pursuits and fears  
And all of Earth's affairs

And when they turn their ears above  
To listen with their hearts  
They hear the sound of Him who calls  
And shining life imparts

He speaks in many silent ways  
And oft we hear it not  
The paths of life so trodden on  
His seed can't hit the spot

So take some time to stop and hear  
Push all your cares aside  
Make truth and love your first pursuit  
Not pleasure, greed or pride

A thousand pictures you will see  
As heaven's window clears  
Of worlds unknown and Glories grand  
For him with ears to hear



You hear it in the drums of war  
The trumpets' call to arms  
You feel the marching in your soul  
To rescue all from harm

To fight the villain where he lives  
To take the fight to him  
To smash his teeth, to break his arms  
To tear him limb from limb

The gates of hell they shall not stand  
Gainst those with eyes of flame  
It boils your blood, it lifts your head  
To rally in His Name

Your boot placed firmly on his throat  
Your sword raised to the sky  
You'll dance the victors jig and sing  
As ancient dragons die!



But oftentimes it's not a fight  
That stirs His pulse within you  
It ebbs and flows, it stirs and shows  
In many earthen venues

You sense it in the ocean's pulse  
Within the rising tide  
Yet deeper still than ocean's depths  
And much more grand and wide

It calls you to the meadow fair  
It bids you down to lie  
To guess the figures if you can  
As clouds pass in the sky

In mountains tall, and rivers swift  
In autumn's golden blaze  
You can almost see the brush strokes  
And the Sovereign paintbrush raised

So please don't live without a clue  
Of where these glories rest  
These little hints are just the props  
The next world is the best



In maiden's voice and warrior's poem  
In hearts awake with love  
It whispers of an ancient theme  
A wedding planned above

Of Brides and Grooms and banquets grand  
Of fine white linen dress  
Of boys and girls in wedding clothes  
Of hands held in caress

How many spinsters will there be?  
How many maids grow old?  
Because they never felt the call  
Or heard the story told.

There is a groom who longs to love  
Who's offered us His hand  
But stuff of earth and fears and sin  
Distract us from His plan

Oh please my friend before you leave  
This vapor life behind  
Turn to the one who's paid it all  
Who's been so just and kind

He loves you more than life itself  
His death the evidence  
Don't spurn His Love, ignore His plea  
Don't straddle on the fence

He's willing to forgive you if  
Your stubborn knee you'll bend  
He bled and died to pave the way  
To free you in the end

So offer now your life to Him  
Renounce your ways of sin  
Awake inside, Be born again  
To True Life Enter In

The Kingdom's call, it is a joy  
To those whose lives are lost  
Who give up lands, and goods, and homes  
Who pay what e'er the cost

On heaven's shore their feet will stand  
And not when life is o'er  
Eternal Life begins right now  
If He controls your core

So let Him have the petty things  
So dear they cause us pain  
He gives them back a hundred fold  
If He can hold the reins



So every time from this day forth  
You feel some hint of glory  
He's wooing you from realms unseen  
He's telling you His story

Set down your pen, put down your plow  
Put chores of earth on hold  
And answer back your heart to His  
With love set free and bold

You only have one life to live  
Your days they are not many  
So make the most of every one  
Before you haven't any

Your Destiny before you lies  
With choices now in hand  
A billion years of life with Him  
Or castles made of sand

What will you choose, what will you do  
What choices will you make?  
Please seek Him while He may be found  
There's just too much at stake!