

WAY TO SHILOH

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The Day I Saw Mankind & the Faith of a Child

As I lay on the grass of the playing field thoughts drifted through my mind like the clouds overhead. It was a lovely day, the sun hung in the sky, immovable, warm and bright. The green blades, plants and trees seemed to stretch upwards with fervent desire to the light too bright to look upon. A light, there, in its place where it had always been from my childhood. Every time I woke up its rays gave us the day to replace ten thousand stars and the night light moon. I didn't give it much thought now, my eyes seemed ever to look more horizontally as I grew older.

The bell had rung and a multitude of voices all blended into one as if I could hear the collective voice of humanity itself. Shouts, screams, laughter, tears and drowned out silence. The running feet of young legs rushed past my ear, and looking down I saw them all. Groups, individuals, girls, boys, running this way and that, going their own way around the playground which was their world for half an hour.

I had grown up through that playground and could see myself in all their eyes. A pleasant scene on a sweeping glance, but a closer look uncovered their hearts. The grown-ups looked on from the edges, aware of what a child was capable of. Why did behaviour have to be monitored in this way? The answer was plain to see. The running legs had carried their owner away from his crime, a pencil case in his possession, taken from the bag of another who had what he wanted. The laughter came from a group pushing and taunting one who was different from themselves. The shouting from many proud voices, one expressing her rudeness, another his disobedience, yet others accompanying their bullying violence. Screams from a pretty girl, smartly dressed, troubled by a boy grabbing and pulling up skirts for cheap fun. Tears from the old best friend no longer needed or the unwanted sibling. The silence in a lonely corner, a small boy looking down as others rush by.

The playground, a place where one is free to tell a joke you couldn't elsewhere, the one you learnt from the older kid and would tell to the younger. The secrets and the lies all come out to play. What is that large group? Why all the noise? Oh yes, every playground has seen this on many a day. The fight. Punching fists, kicking feet, cursing lips, pulled hair, scratching nails and biting teeth, and all around through approving and admiring cries, like the pleasure of chopping a worm in half or pulling the legs off flies.

My mind was cast back to the night before at home as I watched the window on a much larger world. I saw many older eyes but the same hearts. The TV was on, news, entertainment, fiction, adverts, documentaries, and, like a hundred other days, the story was the same. The sun shone on an ugly world full of men who turned nature upside down and imagine it to have formed itself. Mankind reducing himself to a beast but also making himself a god, and therefore acting accordingly. Attempting to gag a complaining conscience, for example, when babies would not be their choice and are blotted out from life's history because selfish pleasure was sought before commitment and stability, and true love leaves by the back door. I saw unrestrained fornication, homosexuality, child murder (as mentioned), gender tampering, and wholesale perversion of young minds. Many aching hearts and unhappy faces belonging to the members of the broken homes of those who wanted freedom over responsibility, the freedom to betray and choose base desire over faithfulness. People

seeking only to satisfy their own lusts and gratify their selfish, immoral passions. I saw that to be brazen is admired and to be modest is abhorred.

I also saw one person, one family, one country has much more, another has much less. Men and women grabbing as much as they can and building a fence around it. A man with many possessions and power always wanting more, for when he had less he believed these things would satisfy him and give deep happiness. So he'll wear himself out chasing a goal that he never seems to reach, for with his wealth grows his desire and with his power grows his corruption. Another man chooses a short cut and takes what another man has, his wallet, their car, her body, his life. The people continually chasing their desires, more clothes, curtains, more carpets, more rooms, another garage, a bigger garden. Their eyes wide wanting and worshiping the modern idols. People worshiping other people, approving their folly. This they delight in, and celebrate lewdness and base crudity. I saw mankind set people on stages and pedestals and cheer each other on in his or her sins and then pull them down or push them aside and then jeer and sneer like goading children crowded around a playground brawl, except the kicking, biting, punching and spitting is really against God and his ways. But the only one they seem to love is 'King Self' and so they continue to run after their own desires, lusts and temptations. Men and women pursuing people and things only in order to make themselves look good, pleasing themselves by association because of a covetous heart. Modern society being libertine by nature running after hedonistic secular pursuits. Their own glory being their shame, their minds being always on earthly things.

I saw mankind looking at the sun, the sky, the sea and the plants, even himself, but deciding the truth about these things is for each to find and all is right, for truth is for the individual to decide not for the collective. Evil and good, right and wrong, well, it's up for grabs, so the agreed majority decides the boundaries to set. For men decided a while ago that our upbringing and our genes remove almost all our responsibility anyhow, and the rest you can give to the stars or burden your loved ones with.

However, I saw, the search to fill the hole in their souls goes on today as it did yesterday. So they do a little charity work or support a 'good cause' in order to feel like good people, and they give what they won't miss and pat themselves on their own backs for all the trouble they've gone to. Men frown and shake their heads at the violent news story but are entertained by the same thing as fiction. Mockery is raised up to despise morality or the idea of God, and it's users delight in it's foolishness. The messages and the images pulling the strings of our own covetous hearts- "You too can have great clothing and beauty, paint your face, pierce your flesh, polish and preen, mark it stretch it or go under the knife and change it. Fight the thief of time and age and have it all for as long as you can, live for now for tomorrow we die, do as you feel, get what you can, get a ticket win a million. You're only young once, experience all you can, you'll not ruin your eternal soul, what soul? Come and have more possessions, if you're in trouble attend our self help classes or maybe you need a life coach, or go see a man with a psychology degree, oh and don't forget to pay at the door on your way out. You don't need preaching at. Here, you can have money, fame, power- this is success, you know you want it."

I saw darkness in men and women's hearts and in my own. Somethings terribly wrong with us all in our very natures. I saw nation rising against nation in terrible wars, misused power admired and approved, corporate greed, violence, a kicking against authority, racism, prejudice, lying literature and propaganda pushing a worldly agenda onto a guinea pig generation trivializing morality, encouraging selfishness and pleasure seeking for pleasures sake, to cover up a decaying and a rotten society fed upon by that great god of the dung heap, the king of flies, the enemy of a man's soul, but the prince of this world...

At that moment a child's voice brought me from my thoughts. "Why do you look so sadly at the people?" she said. I replied, "Because it's like looking in the mirror, and if I can see the awful truth about how bad we are then I fear what God sees." The child was quiet for a little while then replied, "But I love God because he loves me, even though I've never deserved it. I know he does because he came and showed us, the Bible tells me that. Because of this I've asked him to cover over the bad things, and he has done." I had no reply as the child skipped off and the sun shone overhead.