

WAY TO SHILOH

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The True People of God

The following is written in order to glorify the one true God who moulds men and women like a potter moulding clay, for, those that truly know Him are his workmanship. It is dedicated to all those remarkable & dear people who I know, and have known, who walk in trusting obedience to their God, and in so doing set the example.

The True People of God

Are you looking for those peculiar people? Those special people. Those people who are truly different. The ones who know the deep things of the universe and of our souls. They are the ones with a quiet peace about them. They seem to have trust in an invisible security and their belief is rocklike. Although their faces are all different from each other and they're all sorts of shapes, sizes and ages, that inner 'likeness' is shared by them all, from the small child to the old man or woman.

Are you looking out for them? Do you notice them? Those that know the secret, those that have the key and have unlocked the door. A secret they love to tell, and would shout from the roof tops, a door they would have you go through too. You won't find them amongst the great and praised of this world. You won't find them amongst the popular or highly esteemed. They don't wear expensive clothes or have an over abundance of possessions, and they don't live in luxury. For they hope for a better future and a secure home which is not in this passing place, a home they seem to have one foot in already. Their time is not spent in self seeking and lust for pleasure, leisure and ease. The taverns and nightclubs, the festivals and feasts of this world are full of many faces but you won't find those I talk of amongst any of them. Missing from there they are, although within these boundaries they may once have been found. But now, their hard, cold faces have been changed to kind and loving ones.

Who are these good people? They are those who help. They're absent when the fun and folly of this world plays loud in your ear, but when a quiet word of wisdom is needed they may be those who whisper it, or explain why the emptiness sucks at your inmost soul when the night is long and silent. They are the ones who labour in this life. They are not those with a hundred companions, for they may labour in lonely places. But they are the ones with a family ten thousand strong and they know the same Father. They fight in an army of mighty warriors, who war not against flesh and blood but fight a good fight this world knows nothing of. You'll not find them drawing attention to themselves and lapping up the praise. You'll not find them showing off and giving themselves to vanity. They do not make themselves at home with the apathetic, the undisciplined, the lazy, the proud or the self righteous, or sit in the seat of the mocker or the fool. Their heads hang low when they point the way. When they speak, they speak of a peacemaker, they glory in another, a Great One who is their salvation. Cursing and bitterness is not found on their lips. They are the humble, they are those who have known a broken heart, they are the ones who have known what it is to cry out and beg for mercy, for their very lives.

Have you ever heard of people like this? Are you looking for them? Where are you looking? They walk the road of the upright in heart. If you see them fall, look again, you will see them get up once more and return, for they walk the road of forgiveness. Have you known such as these? They walk the opposite way to many on this earth and they themselves are few, a little flock of sheep. But they follow their shepherd and know his voice, not like the goats of this land. They are not impressed by the 'great' things of this world, and they are wise to see through it's cunning. Many fall into it's traps but these folk know a better way and a still small voice which leads them on. You might find them in the workplace, or on buses, trains or planes. You may stand next to them in a queue or be privileged enough to have one as a friend. Look out for them, watch them, speak to them. They will point the way and speak of a person who did everything right, not like themselves, although they bear His likeness. They're all different it's true, but they're also all the same. They're from hundreds of different places, have lived at different times throughout the ages, speaking many different languages but they're also citizens of the same heavenly country and share the same character and have the same Spirit. Do you see them now? They are travellers in this place, they are passing through, and they travel light. This world is not their portion like so many here whose sad position is, that this is all they have, and who will grasp at it but loose it all like sand through the fist. A fist they shake at a God they do not know. For if they did they would stretch out that hand to him to save them. These special ones have known this God, who has pulled them to himself, and they have known his loving embrace.

This is where you'll find them. You'll find them singing His praises when others are washing their cars, or watching TV, or wearing out their beds with sleep. You'll find them amongst the despised and laughed at, the ridiculed and the mocked. You'll find them amongst the strong of heart whose strength is their God. You'll find them grouped together in the 'House of Prayer', gathered around a great book of truth. Seek them out, seek and know their God, and be one of them.

**"There is a certain people...whose customs are different from those of all other people."
Esther 3.8**