

THE PATHFINDER

#295.18

WHO SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH?

During the early dawn, or perhaps later into the evening hours of the first man and woman, something had been introduced to them that devastated their lives. A word awakened a particle of dust that lay dormant in the woman's earthy heart. Until then, she had only heard the voice of God walking in the *cool*, or *the Spirit*, of day. Now she could hear another voice, and it was gentle and unimposing.

Eve had not been completely conscious of this particle, a small speck of her humanity which longed deep in her heart for something more; but it finally made itself known when the quiet voice came. It was not like thunder but more as an innocent whisper, enticing to her human soul, and she gave way to it. She ate and then her husband. They both soon knew they had died due to that *small*, disobedient act.

One might think such was not much to do about anything, but it was. It cast a dark shadow over all living things. It was the harbinger of death that came when she believed the lie of the subtle serpent and acted on her temptation of being like God, or rather, being a god of her own making.

But there is another day, and it is breaking over the horizon as its assuring rays are spread over us. This day is the long-awaited remedy of creation's cry as it replaces the darkness and gives hope to every vanquished soul. It is the day of light and liberty in Jesus Christ. It is a day full of unabridged life, one that is wrapped about by *the power of an unsuspected essence found in the sons of God*.

That essence was what Jesus spoke of concerning those who would *inherit the earth*. Such would unlikely win many merits by those of the world, but is

highly valued by our Father. Most avoid this and pity those who have it, especially when seen in men. It is the spirit of *meekness*.

Despite what the world thinks of it, meekness has a way of dealing with sins, leaving them groundless; for it establishes that which has worth. It is a living power found in the truth. Its rays are piercing and lay waste that ancient darkness, and we again shout for joy as we once did when we saw the foundation of the earth being laid.

What grand display of which Job was reminded. One that inspired the angels, even the sons of God, to sing together as the curtain was pulled back for them all to see! They were given a purpose that would be filled after Adam and Eve unknowingly laid out the scheme of God's plan—the fall and greater restoration of man and everything affected by him.

Howbeit, the unwise and blind of the underworld hope to extinguish its eternal flame by futilely lying against it. Nothing has changed in the enemy's agenda. It has been this way since the first communion between the serpent and the woman, and then the woman and the man. It was the same as when Jesus walked in the meekness of truth, and we too as James posed the question:

"Who is a wise man and **endued with knowledge** among you?...**with meekness**...let him...**lie not against the truth.**" **James 3:13-14.**

What do we suppose it is to *lie against the truth*? The context of what the apostle wrote indicates that a lie of this sort is something that is an inferior product of man's wisdom. Hypocrisy, which is putting on an act, is a lie. Acting may look real but it is not. Lying against the truth produces bitter envy, strife, and confusion. At any level or measure, lying against the truth is devilish.

The sweet fruit of truth, on the other hand, genders the exact opposite. The apostle said the same:

"Who *is* a wise man and intelligent, **experienced** (Thayer's Grk. Eng. Lexicon of the NT.) **endued with knowledge** among you? Let him show out of a good conversation his works with **meekness of**

wisdom. But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and **lie not against the truth.** This wisdom descends not from above, but *is* earthly, sensual, devilish. For where envying and strife *is*, there *is* confusion and every evil work. But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace." **James 3:13-18.**

Suppose we asked people what it means to them for someone to be *meek*, and I am sure we would get close to the same answers:

"A meek person is a wimp!" "A meek person has no backbone!" "A meek person is timid!" "Meek means flimsy and easily swayed." "Meek is weak!"

For the most part, *meekness* is a word that is not commonly understood, at least, not as it is used in the scriptures. To be meek is not what most people want to be, especially men; for it is not uncommon for people to see a meek person as the skinny guy on the beach who is getting sand kicked in his face by the muscle-man who has all the beautiful girls flocking around him. I must say, that is a weak image of meek.

Strong's Concordance says that *meekness* means, mildness, humility, humble; but this definition falls short; for other recognized scholars expand the thought a great deal more:

Kittle and Friedrich's Theological Dictionary Of The New Testament sheds additional light upon the Greek work, *praus*: "...**The gentle must become warriors...praus is a quality of the royal hero...as pleasing to God... and an antidote to arrogance...A quiet and expectant bearing of destiny that is grounded in God is a mark of piety...It enables the believer to correct others without arrogance. In Colossians 3:12 it is one of the gifts of election, and in Ephesians 4:2 it is worthy of Christian calling.**"

William Barclay, noted linguistic scholar, in his word study on meekness said: "In the Greek, *praus* (meekness) is connected with anger... **it is**

the quality of the man who is angry for the right reasons, against the right people, in the right way, and for the right length of time. The basic idea of the word is not so much gentleness as **strength under control.**

"According to the meaning of meekness, and according to the Greek language usage, **Matthew 5:5** should be translated as follows: 'O the bliss of the man who is always angry at the right time and never angry at the wrong time, who has every instinct, and impulse, and passion under control because he himself is God-controlled, who has the humility to realize his own ignorance and his own weakness, for such a man is a king among men!'

"Plato...uses *meek* of the sheep-dog who is gentle to the flock but savage to the enemies of the flock. The word indicates a gentleness at the back of which there is courage and strength. This is further illustrated by the fact that the Bible regards this quality of *praus* as the distinctive quality both of Moses (**Numbers 12:3**) and Jesus (**2 Corinthians 10:1**)."

Barclay adds to his thought in his commentary on Matthew, saying that "Meekness is the word the Greeks used to describe a domesticated, trained animal, which has learned to obey the voice of its master. Meekness is not weakness, spinelessness or even subservience, but the quality of self-control which can also accept the control of another."

The late Bible scholar, John Meggison, gave us a similar definition: "The Greek word for meek was commonly used in our Lord's day to describe wild animals, like horses, who have been made to work with men. Nothing spiritless or empty is meant, but rather the description of an energy which, instead of exploding [jumping up on their hind legs and coming down on thunderous hoofs in a cloud of dust], is now willing to be guided and directed. **Their strength is now harnessed and trained to work with men.** The meek or tamed are not people who have been born empty and have no inner source to master, no vitality to be taught control. The meek or trained are those whose powerful impulses have been put into understanding. The love of God by His Holy Spirit has

made these to realize the blessedness of being guided by the Lord's Spirit of helpful service."

We can see that *meekness* carries not only absolute submission to the master; but also, the sense of humility in which one knows that he or she is of no value to the Kingdom of God apart from the King. That is the wisdom from above, and not from beneath, to which James was speaking. It is a gentleness which is full of courage and strength, and it fits very well the description of Moses in Numbers. It says that he was "**...very meek above all the men which were upon the face of the earth.**" **Numbers 12:3.**

It is obvious that meekness does not come as a free gift, but from walking through the wilderness of fire. Moses had his fire for forty years in the wilderness. But first, he was nursed for three months by *the sincere milk of the word* from his mother. Afterwards, he was educated in all the wisdom of the Egyptians and became powerful in his words and works. When he was of full age, **before he was meek**, he killed the Egyptian who was beating one of his brethren. Judgment was in his hand, but not with understanding, compassion, and equity. Moses was not yet meek and was, therefore, rejected by his own people. When Pharaoh heard about it, he sought to kill Moses, and the journey of forty years into the refining fire began, making him very meek above all the men upon the face of the earth. (ref. **Acts 7:19-30**).

Jesus was also educated by the Egyptians when He had to flee from Herod who had sought to kill Him. Upon returning, and after He was of full age, He was led by the Spirit into the wilderness for forty days and nights as noted in **Matthew 4:1**. **Mark 1:12** states that he was driven into the wilderness by the Spirit. Both are probably right. His spirit was led by the Spirit, while His flesh had to be driven.

Regardless, the point is—He learned **obedience** by the things He suffered (**Hebrews 5:8**); that is, like a trained stallion, He became **meek** by those things. It is unknown why in his concordance that Professor James Strong translated *meek* the way he did and gave *obedience* the same definition as what *meek* means; namely, Jesus became **attentive, hearkening** to; that is, *compliant or submissive, listening attentively, heeding or conforming to a command or authority* as Strong's Exhaustive Concordance defines

obedience. There is little wonder why Paul used *meeek* to describe Jesus in 2 Corinthians 10:1 "I beseech you by the *meeekness* and gentleness of Christ," not to mention Jesus using it in reference to Himself, "***I am meek and lowly***" (Matthew 11:29); for He was truly meek, having all the power of the universe under complete control and in complete submission to His Father.

As many view the word, neither Moses nor Jesus were in the remotest way "*meeek*." The world paints the picture of Jesus as a wimpy, long-haired, sad-eyed, lazy cult leader. Ah, but wonders to behold! He was a true *meeek* man! He was ***meeek, very meek, meek enough*** that when need be, He was angry at the right time and in the right place, and at the right people; such as when He cleared the temple, when He cast out demons, and called ***the Pharisees what they were—a generation of vipers, serpents, and sons of the devil***. He was never angry at the wrong time or at the wrong people.

The Pharisees were angry at the woman caught in adultery, angry enough to stone her to death; but not Jesus, He didn't even scold her. At this time, He didn't even yell at her condemners. This time, He simply said, "***He who is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone***." If it had been you or me, we would have said, "You hypocritical fools! Who are you to condemn this woman? You self-righteous hoard of religious chauvinists, where is the man who was with her when she was caught in the act? If you stone her, then stone him as well. If you release him, then release her as well." That is how we might have responded, and if Jesus had done the same, He would have been like Moses before He became meek, when he killed the Egyptian. But at this time, Jesus had become meek. His every impulse and passion was under control. They were under control at all times. And that, my friends, is the meek character we should have. Rather than desiring to be the greatest of the wise, or most powerful moguls in the world or the church, we should be extremely meek, otherwise, we will never have the mind that was in Jesus. We will never have what it takes to inherit His Kingdom. Having gone through fire himself, Paul was also meek and had wisdom from above. Although not using the word, meek, the late Oswald Chambers wrote expressly of it concerning the apostle, and what we should be as well. He said:

"None of these things move me; nor do I count my life dear to myself...' (**Acts 20:24**).

"It is easier to serve or work for God without a vision and without a call, because then you are not bothered by what He requires. Common sense, covered with a layer of Christian emotion, becomes your guide. You may be more prosperous and successful from the world's perspective, and will have more leisure time, if you never acknowledge the call of God. But once you receive a commission from Jesus Christ, the memory of what God asks of you will always be there to prod you on to do His will. You will no longer be able to work for Him on the basis of common sense.

"What do I count in my life as 'dear to myself?' If I have not been seized by Jesus Christ and have not surrendered myself to Him, I will consider the time I decide to give God and my own ideas of service as dear. I will also consider my own life as 'dear to myself.' But Paul said he considered his life dear so that he might fulfill the ministry he had received, and he refused to use his energy on anything else. This verse shows an almost noble annoyance by Paul at being asked to consider himself. He was absolutely indifferent to any consideration other than that of fulfilling the ministry he had received. Our ordinary and reasonable service to God may actually compete against our total surrender to Him. Our reasonable work is based on the following argument which we say to ourselves, 'Remember how useful you are here, and think how much value you would be in that particular type of work.' That attitude chooses our own judgment, instead of Jesus Christ, to be our guide as to where we should go and where we could be used the most. Never consider whether or not you are of use—but always consider that 'you are not your own' (**1 Corinthians 6:19**). You are His." —End quote.

Brethren, it is imperative to be *meek* men and women who are humble, yet are always angry at the right time, place, and people. And once we have emerged from our forty years or forty days in the wilderness of preparation, every human instinct, every impulse, and passion will be under control. Pride

will remain dead and buried to never rise again. The temptation of controlling others will no longer be a part of us. Repulsive egotism as well as self-righteousness will never again rise as tormentors to anyone. Everything will be under control due to being in total union with our **Meek** Lord. Such attributes are indispensable. Such meekness is honorable. Meek people, as William Barclay said, are kings among men, and they are the ones entrusted with that great inheritance: "**Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.**" ***Matthew 5:5.*** These are the ones who will not lie against the truth; for like their Lord, they too are the truth. Truth cannot lie against itself. It is as impossible for them to lie as it is for God to lie; for they are in His exact image and likeness.

I am sure that some will say, "It certainly is possible for me to lie. For that matter, it is hard for me not to lie." And, no doubt, they can and do lie against what is true; and if they lie against the truth, they are certainly not *meek*, and their wisdom is earthly, sensual, devilish. They are not from above, and as already stated, they are of their father the devil, the one that is a liar from the beginning.

A lie is a statement that deviates from or perverts the truth rather knowingly or not. A lie is a fabrication due to selfish intent, which is evil. It can also be something said due to the lack of knowledge. For, teaching people that God will torment their unbelieving friends and family in an eternal, flaming hellfire is a lie, regardless that it may be taught out of ignorance of the truth.

Regardless of the origin of a lie, and even though it seems very real and believable, a lie has no substance. There is no foundation to the assertion. But *lying against the truth* is not just something said because knowledge is lacking. It is born from the subtle wisdom of man. It is devilish. Hypocrisy is a ripe fruit of such a lie. Lying against the truth produces bitter envy, strife, and confusion. Regardless of the motive, it is groundless, and therefore has nothing substantial to stand on for any length of time. Only as long as the lie is believed will it be something firm enough to rely on. When it is exposed for what it is, or is not, the façade vaporizes, and everything which was built upon the lie crumbles. Babylon's finalé is little wonder: "...Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen..." ***Revelation 18:2.***

The sweet fruit of truth, on the other hand, genders just the opposite. We may have believed a lie that came tumbling down when truth shined upon it; but that which exposed the lie is the same thing that lifted us from the ash-heap of despair. "Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men." ***Psalm 90:3***. And, ". . . God, who **commanded the light to shine out of darkness**, hath **shined in our hearts**, to *give* the light of the knowledge of the glory of God **in the face of Jesus Christ.**" **2 Corinthians 4:6** .

It is therein, in the face of Jesus Christ that the glory of God is seen, and our knowledge is increased beyond measure. Reality is beheld. And He who is Truth is known. The Foundation of gold is laid firmly beneath our feet, as the *dragon, the devil, satan, the father of lies*, is cast into the bottomless pit, leaving him with nothing to place his feet upon. The Meek Truth is an indestructible foundation. A lie can never be so pure, so right and so firm. For instance, let me relate a story I have shared before, which brings this into focus:

A certain pastor of good report in a mid-western town who was loved dearly was faced with a dilemma. After his Sunday evening service, he gathered up his Bible and headed for home to his wife who had remained behind while nursing a cold. His usual route took him past a bar which was known for its rowdiness that was frequented by the derelicts of the community—drunks, prostitutes, losers of all kinds, and such ilk. As he drove by, his eye caught something that shook him to the core. There was Brother George, one of his most devout elders, staggering out of the bar with a painted, drunken floozy under his arm. Neither of the two could hardly stand, as they leaned upon and stumbled all over each other. His heart sank. He could not believe his eyes. But it was clear what was going on—an upright elder of his church and community, a husband of a dozen years with three beautiful children had fallen from grace and slid into the depths of sin. His heart went out to his family who would be devastated when they learned of his unfaithfulness and moral degeneracy. What was he to do?

The next morning, he called together an emergency meeting with the other elders of the church, and since the pastor was such a respected man, what he

told them was never doubted, even though it seemed impossible for one of their own to fall in such a way. Notwithstanding, after much prayer, and a long, painful debate on what should be done, it was finally settled. They would confront the brother after the Sunday morning church services, and proceed from there, hoping he would repent and the threatening blaze could be doused before it spread into a four-alarm fire.

Needless to say, such a word could not be kept secret. The elders, including the pastor, had told their wives, and each wife, of course, had a faithful friend in whom she could trust with a secret, and each one of those friends had a friend or two in whom they could trust, and you guessed it. Before the week was over, the whole congregation knew about George's escapade. He was the talk of the church.

Sunday morning came with quite a cloud of uncertain anticipation over the people. Inside was hushed whispering and mumbling ascending like warm steam from a barnyard on an early, cold winter's morning. The pastor knew what had happened and wished he could be anywhere except where he was. That fateful day might spell the end of his career and would certainly be the end of his friend's reputation and possibly his marriage.

George and his family arrived late, a few minutes before the services started. As they walked down the long aisle to their usual places up front, their presence was like an unseen wave sweeping over the congregation. Silence enveloped each row of pews as they moved with their children to their usual places. They sensed that something was amiss but had no idea what it might be. For one, the church was unusually full, which was strange, to say the least, and the usual chatter before services was very different.

They settled into their pews, and the "worship," if it could be called such, began; for it was not worship. The words seemed to be uncomfortably forced from pursed lips to an uncertain tempo and the choir director's wild-swinging baton. The spirit over it all was like a chilled cold December morning. Every word had to be pried from their lips by rote and habit and by the laborious prodding of the song leader. There was no joy, no spirit of worship at all.

After a couple of songs, and to everybody's surprise, George jumped to his

feet and bolted upon the platform and to the podium. A halting gasp broke the singing as a long pause embraced him. He finally caught his breath he began to speak. The people were sure that his sin had eaten on him so furiously through the week that he was going to come clean and confess before the whole church. Anticipation was ripping at the seams of the church.

A lone tear rolled down his cheek as George's mouth opened and his quivering lips began to form words. He said, "My friends, you may be shocked at what I am about to say; but there's something I have to tell you, or else I will explode, and if I don't share this with you, I know my wonderful wife will." The congregation's hearts ached by his words, for now they knew his darling wife also knew of her love's unfaithful deed. But he continued before they could delve very long on their thoughts.

"You see, last Sunday I was caught up by the spirit of something, and I don't quite know what to do about it. This had never happened to me before; but I don't think I want it to end." Like a rushing wind, everyone gasped, and the pastor moaned. Nevertheless, he carried on with what he had to say:

"After church last Sunday night, as Peggy and I were on our way home, we drove past that little bar down on the corner of 2nd and Rounder Road. Just as the glare of the flashing neon sign pierced my eye, the word of the Spirit pierced my heart, telling me to pull over and go inside. Since our kids were spending the weekend with their cousins, we could have done so; but I knew that God would not tell me to go into a place where Christians wouldn't go. Even if I wasn't going in to drink the devil's brew, I knew I had to abstain from the very appearance of evil. What would people think if they saw us walking into a bar, especially the infamous '**Rounder.**' Regardless of all my rock-solid religious arguments, and no matter how hard I tried to shake the feeling, I could not. When I mentioned it to Peggy, she said, 'I really thought I had lost it, or maybe the devil was tempting me; but after hearing you, now I know that it was the Lord, and He told me the same thing.' Praise God! What a confirmation! Can you imagine that? Would God tell us to go into a bar? It was unheard of. Nevertheless, whether you believe me

or not, that is what He told us, and we obeyed.

"I wheeled the car around, skidded to a stop at the front door, and with the courage of a pair of lions, we walked in. The dark barroom was filled with choking smoke so thick you could cut it with a dull knife, and the air reeked with odor of stale beer and liquor; but that only lasted for a moment. Our presence lifted that wafting haze. It was like a vibrant breeze of fresh air blowing from on high.

"One old, leathery, sun baked, weather-worn drunk looked up with his hardened bloodshot eyes that had seen more hell than ten people in a lifetime. His glare of defiance melted before us, as he began to sob, uncontrollably, and said, 'Where have you been? I didn't know it until now; but I've been waiting for you all my life.'

"A woman sitting with two men just to the left of us, clearly a woman of the night, gazed intently into our eyes, looking first into my wife's and then deeply into mine, and she said, 'Oh, my God! Tell me what I must do to be free. I know you can; for I see it in your eyes. Who you are and what you have is the Peace I have been searching for all my life but could not find it. But now I see it—Him. I have found Him—in you! Please, you must tell me more! I implore you, tell me more!'

"Both Peg and I opened our mouths in unison. Our voices resounded, sounding as angels of heaven, trumpeting the clear notes of God's love and grace for every soul. Peg's piercing words flew a straight path to the ones in the booths, and mine to the woman of the night and those sitting at the bar. We all felt the mighty hand of God sweep over and through us all, staggering each of us as if we were all drunk.

"Those who had been drunk on liquor sobered instantly and were made drunk in the most wonderful way of the new wine of the Spirit. There was not a dry eye in the place. Some were weeping from deep conviction, others laughing with overwhelming joy, while some were held in a fixed trance, as if they were seeing something no one else could see, and saying, '**My Lord and my God! My Lord and My God!**'

"The prostitute, who had first asked me to tell her about the Peace she saw in me fell off the barstool, and I barely caught her before she hit the floor. I wrapped my arms around her and headed for the door; for she was saying, 'I can't breathe, I can't breathe.' I don't know if she was hyperventilating due to all the excitement, or if it was the Spirit. Nevertheless, I practically dragged her outside.

"As we stumbled through the door, a wave of the Spirit hit us both square in the face, as if pushing us back into the bar. Hanging to each other we staggered backward a few steps and hung for a few seconds onto the doorpost of the bar. Even then it was hard to keep her from falling as we clung to each other. This only lasted a minute or so, and like a shot, she broke from my arms, exclaiming, '**I see Jesus! I see Jesus! I see my Lord Jesus. Praise God I see Jesus; but He is not out there! He is in here, in me! Oh, my God, I see Jesus!** Thank you, thank you, thank you so very much for bringing Him to me!'

"We hugged and cried and praised the name of our Lord, and with the compelling urge of the Spirit, we went back into the barroom where Peg was singing and shining with light that I had never seen. The derelicts, now the redeemed of the Lord, were singing together as one voice of heaven's choir. They were all being transformed before our very eyes, and so were we! My God, what an evening it was! And it came about because of obedience. With absolute assurance and **holy meekness**, we went into a place where Christians don't go."

With that testimony, *the foundation* of a story which seemed to be so real *vanished* into thin air. *The lie became a bottomless pit.* Although the pastor did not know he had related something that was not quite true, nevertheless, it was not. It was a lie! It seemingly had a firm foundation until the light of truth shined upon it. Although the eye-witness report was factual, it happened exactly as it was told, it was not true. The people believed it to be so, and in believing it, they gave it substance, *but only in their minds.*

However, even when the lie was being believed, first by the pastor, then by the elders, and afterwards by the rest of the church, *the true foundation was standing firm.* The truth, the substance, the foundation of those people's lives

being transformed by the word and presence of our Lord could not be negated by a lie. Only in the people's minds was it *real*. The truth could be covered for a season; but the apparent truth/lie could not destroy it. The lie that seemed so strong and so real was completely destroyed by the simple word of truth.

NOW, FOR A DISCLAIMER—I must confess—to my knowledge THE ABOVE STORY NEVER HAPPENED! It was for the most part made up to make my point. There is, no doubt, a George somewhere in a mid-western town who may be married to a woman named Peggy; but if so, I am not aware of it. Therefore, if such a couple exists, it is merely coincidental. Moreover, the inception of this story began several years ago in Duncan, AZ when my dear friend, Preston Eby, used *me* as an example of a man like George to express how lies have no foundation. I have taken the liberty to embellish and tell the hypothetical story as I imagined it could have happened.

Now, the question, did I lie against the truth by telling it as though it were the truth? I don't think so; for what I wrote does not gender envy, bitterness, strife, or any of the fruits of the flesh. It does, however, shine with light. It encourages, enlightens, instructs, and brings peace to those who read it; for I used it as an analogy. However, I am sure that if I attempted to pass this story off as true, and never had any intention of revealing it for what it is, that would be a lie. I would be using deceit to teach with the hope of benefitting myself in some nefarious way. Even though no one may ever find out about it; I would have no foundation, and it would eventually give way to the truth and leave me with nothing to stand on.

There is no substance to any lie, and the truth will eventually reveal it for what it is. *Lying against the truth*, however, is much more grave, literally, and James said that such brings about bitter envying and strife in your hearts. It comes from a wisdom that descends not from above. It is earthly, sensual, and devilish. It brings about confusion and every evil work, especially hypocrisy. Those are the groundless things which are temporarily raised up from lying against the truth.

But praise God! It is not in us to lie against the truth; for like our Lord, we are truth. The truth is who we are. In some respects, of course, it is still being perfected, tried in the crucible of affliction, and through the process the end is

also the spirit of meekness. They go together. You can't have one without the other.

Truth, along with meekness, is sound. Together they firm up things, making everything rock solid by the pure wisdom from above. Truth and meekness are fierce, yet peaceable, gentle, and easily entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality. They are life and light to the sheep of the Lord, but swift and utter destruction to the wolves of the wilderness.

By the salting of the fire in the furnace of affliction they become much mightier. They become *as meek as the lions and the wolves* in God's holy mountain. It is then that the ravaging wolf in us, and the conquering lion of self-rule will eat and lay down together with the gentle lamb, which is easily entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. The meek lion and wolf, of course, are always angry at the right time and never angry at the wrong time. They have every instinct, and impulse, and passion of self-gratification under control. It is then that the subtle nature of the serpent will be as a child. It will no longer have the lying guile of deceit. But being made meek they will insure that there will be no hurt in all of God's Holy Mountain. His Kingdom will be full of **meek wolves and lions**. It will be free from all things carnal. (ref. *Isaiah 65:25*, *Isaiah 11:6-10*, *Micah 5:8-9*).

However, it was not so when the man and woman were first placed in the Garden. They had not been tested, they had not been refined, they had not been trained—**they were not meek**. They had the power and authority of the lion; but they were not submissive to God. The woman was not God-willed but self-willed. Therefore, when *the serpent lied against the Truth*, she listened and gave heed to her ravaging lust for glory and power, and the man would not forsake her and followed. The wolf and lion rose up, as well as the leopard, and slew the sheepfold of the world. Creation suffered death. But praise God, His Lamb and the Lion of the tribe of Judah came together in Jesus, and through the things He suffered, *He became powerfully meek and lowly*.

We have now been joined to Him and are being made in the same image of being meek and lowly. It is being worked in us to always be *angry at the right people and right time, and never angry at the wrong people or at the wrong time*. In this intensive training we are coming to have every instinct and

impulse and passion of the wolf and lion that are under control. Truly, **in Christ the meek** will restore inwardly and outwardly everything to which the first Adam brought death. **Oh, beloved of the Lord, what a wonder-working power to be found in the company of they that *lie not against the truth*; that is, *THE MEEK WHO WILL INHERIT THE EARTH!***

How about it friends? Are we feeling a bit meek? Hopefully so! We should be...

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