

“The House”

I was just thinking...

When a man and woman fall in love and commit themselves to one another through the sanctity of Biblical marriage one of the first things they look to, and dream of, is to buy a house and make it into a home. There is excitement at the choosing and a nervousness at the purchasing of the house.

Then there is painting, plastering, and fixing. There are curtains and drapes. There are decorations and wallpaper. There is new flooring and new carpet.

Within the walls of the house life lives. Within the walls of the house life loves. Within the walls of the house life grows...and so...their journey begins.

Within the walls of the house life changes. What once was just her and him now becomes them. The love between the man and the woman now grows with the excitement of a child. Within the walls of the house, she glows. Within the walls of the house, he is proud.

At the first announcement of the new child to come there is joy and laughter and the excitement of expectancy.

Within the walls of the house there is preparation for the new addition. Within the walls of the house life expands and a family grows. Within the walls of the house the walls are painted, and a room prepared. Cribs are assembled. Diapers are stacked. Clothes are bought. A rocker is purchased. Formula is stored. Food is inventoried.

Within the walls of the house the day comes. New life has arrived. The bundle of joy is wrapped in a blanket and escorted home. There is the nervousness of “what do we do now”? But within the walls of the house, it all comes natural. The family has grown. She is happy. He is overjoyed and the journey of life begins again.

Within the walls of the house, the baby grows and laughter thrives. Bottles are prepared. Sleep is a distant memory. Those moments of watching and checking to be sure he is breathing. Standing in amazement and awe of the little one. The little nose. The tiny fingers and toes. The little hands and feet. Checking to make sure everything is there; all ten and ten. The journey is joyous.

Within the walls of the house comes the news of another to be added. Again, the process begins. Preparation and changes. What used to be one room is now the new baby’s room. Walls are prepared. The smell of fresh paint fills the house. Diapers are stacked. Clothes are bought. Formula is stored. Food is inventoried. The journey continues on.

Within the walls of the house is a place where life is shared. A happy place. A place of contentment and love. Assurance and peace. Security and safety are within the walls of the house.

Within the walls of the house children grow. Within the walls of the house parents’ age. Life changes in its stages. The first cry. The first laugh. The first steps. The first words. The first Christmas. The first birthday. Within the walls of the house life is a world of firsts. There is the first day of school. The first grade. First friends. Then there is

the first day of Middle School. Then there is the first day of High School. Graduation. The first day of College. Graduation. Within the walls of the house there are the memories made and ingrained into the depths of our minds that will forever be retained.

Within the walls of the old house the children move on and live their own lives. The old house becomes quiet and more reserved. The activity of youth has become the inactivity of life within the walls of the old house. There is even an appreciation to the house for providing the shelter and memories for all of the years gone by. Within the walls of the old house there is a quietness and a hint of sadness and loneliness but over time the old house becomes a haven of memories and hope.

Within the walls of the old house is an excitement and expectation of the coming of the child. The grandchild is on its way. Now the house is again busy with activity. The house is coming alive knowing that once again little feet will be running up and down the stairs and crawling along the floor. "Don't touch this and don't touch that." I remember those days. The day comes. The bundle has arrived. The joy is apparent for the new grandparents. The rejoicing is real. The sound of life is awakened.

Within the walls of this old house is the laughter that was once silenced and distant because of the many stages of life but now is alive and thriving once again.

There are more, and many, little feet and dirty hands. "Do you want to come to Pop and Gram's house tonight"? Then those little arms shoot up and the little children are picked up and off they go to the old house.

Within the walls of the old house is an appreciation of third and hopefully fourth generations of life that make that husband and wife, man and woman, who are now older and grayer, thankful for the journey of joy.

You see, the house is a place of gathering. The house is a place of sharing. We say things such as “I will see you back at the house” or “I will meet you at the house” or “Come on over to the house”. It was a central point of meeting, fellowshiping, and growing. The house was an important part of the family structure.

What happened within the walls of the house dictated what would happen in life. What is going on in your house?

Within the walls of the old house grandchildren grow. Through the process of time the pitter patter of feet are no longer heard. The little arms no longer reach up to be cuddled and carried. Once again the old house grows quiet. The silence now is deafening. Life goes on and life comes to an end within the walls of the old house. Such is life with its joys and laughter. With its love and friendships. With its challenges and adversity but with memories to share to never be forgotten that were formed within the walls of the old house.

The original and founding family of husband and wife that were within the walls of the old house pass on. The house is old. The house is sold. And a new excitement begins for another young husband and wife, man and woman. The planning starts. The cycle renewed. Such is the circle of life.

We see old houses as we travel the roads. Abandoned and run down because they became lifeless. You see them. I see them. Along a country road. An old farm house sits back off the highway. The roof sags. The steps with rotted wood and a porch that has seen better years. Growth all around. When I look at places like these I always wonder to myself what was life like within the walls of that old house? What family lived there? Where are they now? There it stands with nothing but memories of what once was.

This house (the body) grows older and weary and tired and sickly. The youth that once was is no more. The energy that once was is no longer there. Eventually life abandons this house (the body) as in all houses. The journey ends. The grave is dug. Words are said. The flowers left. No life within the walls of this old house (the body).

But it doesn't stop there. John 14:1-2 KJV, "[1](#) Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. [2](#) In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

The Word says that in my Father's house there are many mansions. I have always preached that we are going to have mansions of our own in heaven. I kind of thought that we would have this great big mansion with a golden driveway and fencing that was made of pearls and such like thought. But when I read this verse last week it dawned on me that it may not be the way that I have always thought because of the wording here. It says that the mansions are in the Father's house. In our earthy

thinking we visualize mansions as being bigger than an average house. My wife and I live in a townhouse but I would never call it a mansion. Then I thought that if we look at mansions as being large and elaborate dwellings, and if they are in the Father's house, then how big is the Father's house? Think about it. If Jesus said that in His Father's house there are many mansions then just how massive is that house.

Then I thought that if we are the children of God then we are going to be dwelling in Daddy's house. My children did not live in a separate home they lived in their father's house. I am a child of God. When this life is over, and it will be, I am going back to the house. I will meet you at the house!!! It is going to be the central meeting place of all God's Holy Ghost filled redeemed people!!! I will see you at the house!!!

I am looking forward to Jesus saying to me, "Go to your room". Do you understand? We are all going to be living as brothers and sisters in the Father's house. One big happy family in different mansions. All cultures of people. All nations of people. All races of people. That is going to be a shock for some people but they most likely won't be there anyway.

This old house that I live in (my body) will grow old and fade away but the house that my Father is living in is going to be my eternal home. He said that He has gone to prepare a place for you. Do you understand what He is saying? He is as excited as you were about the birth of your children and He is preparing your room for you to live in. He is an expectant Father that is waiting for His

children who have been born again to come home. The angels rejoice when one person repents of their sin. What do you think is happening when people cross over to the other side!!!

But the best is yet to come. John 14:1-6 KJV, “**1** Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. **2** In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. **3** And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. **4** And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.”

Within the walls of His house we will be with Him forever. We will dwell together in the same house of God. Life does not stop here on this earth. It does, and will, get better. Revelation 21:4 KJV, “And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.”

We have held our children and dried their tears. We have held our grandchildren and dried their tears. Our Father in heaven is going to wipe away all of our tears. Those that have been stressed, manipulated, taken advantage of, hurt, and living with physical and emotional pain. Jesus is going to hold you and wipe away your tears. If I should leave before you do I will see you at the house. I will meet you back at our Father's house.

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