



Dynamic

David Troidl

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Contents

Introduction	1
Chapter 3: The Seed	4

Introduction

The Lord had been encouraging me for some time to get going on my writing. I started putting down the words I got from him, and the revelations he was giving me from scripture. Then I moved out to knee-deep, and started writing little articles, expanding on those parts, and piecing together the revelations. This went on for a period of years. I was intrigued by the new insights into scripture I was receiving. Then the idea for this book began to gel. The title came to me, and I did the cover illustration. Of course, there had to be something mathematical about it. Looking back over the whole span of my life, math would have to be the major talent the Lord has given me. Though in working with that one talent, he's enabled me to gain so many others. Mathematical intuition opens up an affinity to the concepts of computer programming, scriptural study in Greek and Hebrew, and an almost poetic appreciation for the relevance of etymology.

This is the background that has led me to wade out, waist-deep into the writing of *Dynamic*, expressing the truths ingrained in me by the Lord, over the course of my study of scripture and the advance of my relationship with him. The concept of dynamic is that there must be something more than staid doctrine and fixed points of theology in the depths of the living God. There's more to be read in the pages of the bible than we've ever heard explained in sermons or commentaries or books on the subject. There are questions that arise, in the wording of scripture, that can leave us feeling unsettled about the true intent of a passage. In my experience, this is not a call to gloss over the issue, or even emend the word itself, to satisfy our limited grasp of the meaning. Over and over I have found it confirmed: Seek, and you will find.

Questions I've had from my earliest days of experiencing the Lord

have been resolved by the scriptures themselves. They do answer their own questions, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. The network of concept and comprehension grows, not only deeper, but richer in intricate detail. The resonance of scripture in each listener becomes a theme in the orchestration of his life. Here we have an oboe, here a flute, a snare drum, an electric guitar. Each instrument has its own capacity, its own capability. Each one is designed for its own particular purpose. My place in the whole ensemble has been laid out in the score, prompted by the conductor. I'm meant to play my own part, whether in harmony or counterpoint. The weaving together of melody and dynamic is in the hand of the man who holds the baton.

It's been eleven months since I began the actual writing of *Dynamic*. There have been times when everything flowed beautifully in succession. There have been times of impasse. At times, I've simply set it aside for a period. At other times, I've wrestled with concepts, wrestled with wording, even wrestled with the Lord over a point or two. The resulting passages in the book have been the better for it. These are all things I've dealt with before, on a smaller scale, at least until we get to the last few chapters of the book. The endeavor of producing a full length work, though, has brought many of the issues and ideas into clearer focus. The entire process has drawn me deeper than I've ever been before.

There have been struggles. This is a time of transition, not only for me, but for the whole world around us. The advantage of my life, though, is that I've never had any good old days. My life has been a dynamic quest that has only gotten better with age. I would not go back to any previous period. That's not to say there haven't been highlights, glimmers of potential, promising signs of a future hope. It's just that, through all the challenges, in the face of all the obstacles, it's never been a question of, let's give up on the Lord and go back to Egypt. He truly leads us into a higher way.

My hope is that as you read this development of a scriptural

dynamic, you'll be drawn in deeper, as I was, beyond ankle-deep or knee-deep, or even waist-deep, but into the river that can't be forded. Totally reliant on the buoyancy of the Spirit of God, plunge in with me.

David Troidl
Buffalo, New York
August 7, 2015

Chapter 3: The Seed

Jesus talks about faith as a seed. He presents the gospel as a word sown in the heart, for us to believe and be saved. Jesus himself entered the world as the seed of the woman, promised by the Lord in the book of Genesis. He said of himself, unless a seed, having fallen into the earth, dies, it remains alone; though if it dies, it bears much fruit. The prevalence of the seed in the imagery of the bible leads us to consider the nature of seeds, and the process in scripture they represent.

The kingdom of God is like a seed that someone sows in his garden. He goes to bed and gets up, night and day. The seed sprouts and grows, even though he has no idea how it works. The earth produces fruit automatically. This is all given in the parable of the kingdom. The seed is God's word. This gives us the first basic step in the life of the seed. Though unless the seed falls into the ground and *dies*, it remains alone. The gardener doesn't have to understand this, to get his garden to produce vegetables. However, we're looking at the nature of the seed.

The seed is God's word. This *word* in the original text comes from a verb that primarily means to lay out. In this particular application, it means laying out a narrative, telling a story. The word of God is the narrative given, at the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, to the apostles and prophets, to be written in the pages of our bibles. The Word actually became flesh, and camped among us. The Lord himself took the bits and pieces of Old Testament revelation, and fleshed it out into a full-fledged account of his provision for all creation, he himself taking the lead role. This is a living narrative.

Yet the Word himself, having fallen into the earth, stays alone, the husk intact, the inner workings of the seed locked inside. Here's where we need to know how the seed breaks open and releases its

life force to produce a new generation of seed. The seed, having fallen into the earth, will just sit there, unless it's acted upon. What is it then that acts upon the seed, that spurs it on to break out of its husk, to begin sending down roots and pushing up a stem? This is where we come back again to a kingdom perspective. As early as Isaiah the prophet, eight centuries before the time of Jesus, the Lord reveals some of the details of his narrative.

My ways are higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. As the rain and the snow fall from the sky, and don't return there, but water the earth and make it bring forth and bud, so is my word that goes forth from my mouth. The rain and snow are watering the earth. This is part of the process the gardener is aware of, even though he may not know how it works. Then the moisture is making the earth bring forth. This is the same phrase as a man *fathering* a child. Physically, a living ovum attaches itself inside the womb of the woman. By itself, though, it has no capability of producing life. It requires the seed of the man to break into it, and complete the life-giving process. Otherwise, it will simply flow out in the woman's monthly discharge. The rain and the snow, watering the earth, are what make the seed break open and begin to be fruitful. Spiritually, it's the *word* of God that goes forth from his mouth that makes the seed grow. This word, however, is different from the seed of the word that we sow. In the Greek translation of the Old Testament, the Lord says, so is my *expression* that emerges from my mouth. The seed of the word that we sow, in Greek, is *logos*. The watering expression is *rhema*. The *logos* by itself will remain inert, without the watering of the *rhema*.

This is the stage we too often miss, in the word of faith. The word is a seed that gets planted in our heart, and contains the substance of what we need it to grow into. Though it's the expression, emerging from the mouth of God, that won't return to him void, without accomplishing what he sent it for. This is what waters the ground. This is what breaks open the seed. This is what releases the potential trapped inside the shiny husk. The expression of God

is a word that emerges from his mouth, not something already written on the pages of your bible, that you can ingest any time you want. This is a flowing word, that penetrates the surface of the soil and acts directly on the word already sown there. Then, and only then, will the word break out of its confines and begin the process of returning to the Lord. This is the process we're studying here.

It was an afternoon in late February 1991. Dusk was just setting in. A friend had lent me a book, called *Prayers That Avail Much*, and I was paging through, looking at the various topics in the book. This is a book of prayers constructed out of scriptures, so the word of God is contained in them. I came to a prayer for the infilling of the Holy Spirit. At that time, I didn't know much about that, but it sounded interesting, so I read through the prayer. The entrance of his word brings light, and I saw this was something I really wanted. So I went through the prayer a second time, this time praying it from my heart, returning the Lord's word to him, and *whoosh*. My whole outlook on life was changed from that moment.

I had a bible on my shelf, that I had sincerely tried to read, more than once, but had never gotten very far. Now I couldn't put it down. It stayed on my kitchen table, and became my constant companion. I had decided, little over a year before, to be done with church, because it just didn't seem to give me anything satisfying. Ever since, I can't stay away. No matter how lifeless a service, it's still me and the Lord, if nothing else. I could go on and on. It's a whole new world for me. This is the result of not just taking the word in, but of letting the Lord bring it alive inside me, and returning it to him. This is the topic of our chapter.

So what happens next? The seed is planted in the ground, all alone. The moisture of the rain, that waters the soil, breaks open the seed. Then it begins to send out roots. It becomes rooted and grounded in the soil. It takes in nutrients from the soil, and begins to push up a stem toward the surface of the soil. This is

our initial connection with the Lord, beneath the surface, deep inside. On the surface, nobody can tell anything is happening in us yet. There's a new life, though, that's undeniable. The seed is growing. It's becoming, something the little compact husk of the seed never would have indicated, to the untrained eye. It's putting into operation a predetermined process of growth, that far exceeds the original contents of the seed. The seed itself doesn't have roots inside it, just waiting to break out. It has to produce them, from a predefined genetic pattern, that we don't fully comprehend.

The roots are growing, but not only that. Roots aren't just tentacles latching onto the soil. They integrate with the soil. They draw nutrients from it. There's a living connection. Though the plant isn't just satisfied with that. I have a living connection! I'm fulfilled! No. This is just the beginning of a whole new mode of existence. There's more. How can the seed possibly have any knowledge of life above the surface of the soil? Yet there's a growth mandate. There's an urge to send out a stem, upward (whatever that means), and push for the surface. Think of the little seed, in its own little world. How can it possibly know? All around it is dark. All its experience is dirt, compared to what awaits it, only inches above. This is the life of the seed, when it first breaks out. There's something inside it. There's an imperative it will never deviate from, if it can help it.

Roots and a stem, nutrients from the soil, what more could we ask for? Yet there's a whole new world awaiting us, and we have no clue. There's only this stirring inside, that we don't even know what to do with. It just has to be released. Push, stem, push. Maybe it's the warmth, coming from above. It's up there. It's calling for a response. Push.

Before you know it, there's the stem, with its first little leaf, popping up through the soil. The gardener cheers. A crop is coming up. This is where it really starts to get interesting. Just look at this landscape, a whole new breadth and length, beyond the little patch

of soil where we incubated. Look at this sunshine. Even with one little leaf unfurled, it's so moving. The sunlight falling on us brings a reaction. There's a new energy. It's not just nutrients from the root, rising to feed us. There's a new energy we can return, flowing down the stem to the roots. It's actually making a contribution to the growth of the whole plant. We can do this.

Roots reach for the depth. We need a strong base. Stem, leaves, reach for the height. There's so much more fulfillment. We're part of a system, that communicates the glory of the sun to our leaves. We produce energy. We participate with the root. We stretch for the strength and the nourishment in the depth of the earth. We grow. Is there anything more wonderful than this? Just when you think you've arrived, you've got it all, and suddenly, just beneath the leaves, tiny blossoms start forming. Blossoms develop into flowers, and a whole new fertilization begins. All of this work, this growing and becoming: it's not just about making a strong tree. There's another aspect, when the tree starts to blossom. A new kind of evidence, and it has the gardener cheering even more. Beauty is the sign of fruitfulness.

Blossoms, of course, when fertilized, produce the fruit of the tree. We can stay connected to the vine, partake of the root, grow, have leaves and by photosynthesis contribute energy back to the vine itself. All this is part of the life of the vine. Though Jesus says, in this is my Father glorified: that you bear much fruit and become my students. Fruit is the defining characteristic that yields glory to God, who is the gardener. Becoming the students of Jesus is another topic altogether. Those two, however, become the aim of our hope.