

# WELCOME HOME

**HOME SHOULD BE A RETREAT TO WHICH A SON OR DAUGHTER CAN RETURN IN TRIUMPH OR DEFEAT, IN VICTORY OR DISGRACE, AND KNOW THEY WILL BE LOVED.**

May I make a supposition?

Have you ever thought of what kind of appearance Jesus had on His face at the resurrection. I bet He looked happier that moment than at any time in His visit on earth. Why? Was it because he was glad to leave this corrupt earth? Was it because He had been liberated from the intensity of the disciples and His ministry? Was it because He was tired of the religious people and their hardness of heart? Or maybe it was because of the pain of His humanity! No, I do not think so. I feel that this wouldn't have done anything but sadden him to leave the earth as these issues were the reason He was here in the first place. And that was to love and save the lost. It was to understand them and identify with their pain and helplessness as men. He learned through His suffering because of these people and their humanity.

No, I feel He was so happy because He was simply going home. A home is not a house or address but a place where you are loved. Where those around you want you and appreciate you. It's a place made warm by the love and acceptance of who you are.

Imagine God the Father saying, Son "WELCOME HOME" AND COME SIT BY MY RIGHT SIDE. My heart broke as I meditated on this. A brother shared the question and I was moved to thought.

A soldier knows well the sentiment of arriving at home after war, pain and suffering. Home and the people he loved consumed his being for so long and now the moment has arrived. Joy is the only way of describing the feeling. I remember when I came home from my studies. I knew my pregnant wife, Sue whom I had married less than a year before was waiting for me. The hours in the car seemed to never pass and each sign post was a reason for excitement. I would soon be home after a number of months of study and pressure. Then there she was my beloved. Happiness filled my heart. I will never forget those emotions.

Or on the other hand what about the parents of a son who was lost in battle and there seems little to no hope of ever seeing the beloved son again. Every bus and every train is greeted by an elderly mother looking at every young man in a uniform that gets off. To see if that is my son whom my heart longs to see. Hoping day in and day out. Friends say, stop wasting your time he is not returning. But she will not listen as she is driven by love to be there when he arrives. To give him a welcome home that only a lonely and

desperate hearted mother or father can do for a lost son. The rain is pouring and it is a cold day and the father say's let's go home. But the mother say's let us just wait one more hour as he might be on the next train. The father say's it is very very unlikely. But the mother says, I can hope can't I. Please don't take my hope as the joy will be greater when he returns.

The last young man steps from the last bus and there is his mother so full of joy that she cannot control herself and jumps into the arms of the young man. Her screams of joy is heard in the whole station "Welcome home son, welcome". Tears of joy just can't be stopped from all around her as they rejoice that the lost young man IS HOME...

Was God any less joyous or emotional. I do not think so. The angels rejoiced and all the heavens were exuberant. A welcome home party no one can imagine and a joy reverberating through the whole universe. "WELCOME HOME SON, WELCOME.

Jesus knew what was awaiting Him. We can also. In every suffering and disappointment and there were many He persevered. You say but He was the Son of God. Yes, but He was also a man just as human as us. Every temptation of disappointment and heart break that we confront He knew well. That is why He understands what you and I are going through.

I am not home yet. This world can never be my home. But soon I am looking forward to Jesus saying Clark "Welcome Home". I know my departure will be the happiest moment of my earthly life. Not because I want to escape the misery and heart ache that is ever present. Or people and circumstances that make life hard. No, in fact that is what makes this moment precious to me as I learn to be more like Jesus through these afflictions. I want to rejoice as soon I will be welcomed home, my true home.

Home is a place where you are honored. We are not honored here but used by the world for what they can get from us. If you do not profit a company, institution or person then you are of no use to them or it. It saddens me as people sell themselves and emotions to immorality and sensuality thinking they are being appreciated when they are only being used by some ones desire for their body. They think they have found what they are looking for only to learn they were used. They found a home but it was of deceit and sadness. And that will be their eternal home. Jesus never does this and that is why as believers this world is not our home. Jesus honors us for what we are as children of His kingdom not how we give out.

Jesus was not honored here in this world. He was abused, misunderstood and lied against. He was not held in honor but was put down at every opportunity. Even His own family didn't believe in Him as he walked this earth. He was despised for the principles He preached and laid out for man to live by. But He lived with the knowledge that this was not His place. He knew He wouldn't get honor but instead would be despised. He knew He wasn't home yet. But that YET is a big word as it wasn't if He would not get home but just when. Time was on His side and He knew it. And it is on the the side of all those who desire to go home as Abraham, David and Job.

One of the problems today with many believers is they see their home as some place here and try to find a notch or angle to roost in. Then they wonder why they feel so in conflict at every corner of their life. Many are leaving the established church and trying to find a real church home. They wonder from one place to another until because of the lack of fellowship fall into error and grow cold at the thought of meeting together with other believers. I see this in Europe and America more and more. I call them spiritual orphans looking for a home. But they will never find it because it is not here. They are looking in the wrong places.

Where did Jesus find home here on earth? He found it in His father and having intense communion with Him and dwelling in His presence. He knew what was in man and it was bad. He did not depend on them for spiritual fulfillment. But in His Father. He could be in the synagogues, fields or homes of the religious and sinners and feel right at home. He walked with His father in obedience and the righteousness of God. Many want to walk in the world and its desires but feel at home with Jesus. It doesn't work. We got to choose! This was Jesus' message through the whole New Testament. You will never feel at home in some else's habitation. That is what many try to do today and wonder why they are lacking the powerful presence of Jesus in their life. They blame the church or the pastor. They may be upset with the form or the feeling of not being loved in the fellowship. They become recluses spiritually and slowly die. Many as this feel more fellowship with those of the world and after a time become like them. They found a home but it was the wrong one. I spoke with a brother who felt more at home in a bar than in the church. He said there was more love there than with brethren. The truth was that he found a home in the beer and those around him half drunk. I know he didn't feel the presence of Jesus but he was right in that he had found a home.

It is not finding a home as everyone finds one some place. But the eternal home that God has prepared for those who truly love Him with their heart mind and soul. That's what I am waiting for. Oh the joy of these words. WELL DONE GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT. Welcome home! Can't wait. Let's go.....

Brother Clark