

LEARNING THAT YHVH WILL ALWAYS MAKE A WAY

Over the years we've sang many songs during services and while singing the song relates to either what I'm going through or the triumphs that YHVH has achieved in my life, to His glory. There is one song in particular which I sang, and although I could relate to it in a superficial way, and I sang the song knowing that, I never realized how I had sung the song so many times and never had the deeper experiences of the song. The song goes like this:

God will make a way
Where there seems to be no way
He works in ways we cannot see
He will make a way for me
He will be my guide
Hold me closely to His side
With love and strength
For each new day
He will make a way
He will make a way

As I said, I've been through some rough times and many are the times where what seems to be miraculous events occur. You know the type of things, like an important bill is due at midnight and money falls into the lap at 11:59 and 30 seconds. One time I knew that I had car problems when it sounded like my engine threw a rod and I refused to believe that it would happen when I had no money and I prayed and the car went back to normal, or I prayed over a dead battery and it was all of a sudden recharged and lasted for three more years. Last year, when I was out of work (still am by the way), some blessed soul paid for the renewal of our radio show, Opposing the Matrix, and was no small amount. I see that song manifest time and time again, yet old habits are hard to kill.

Let me give you a little background. Back in 1972 our parents divorced and since I was the oldest of two, and my other sibling is female, my dad charged me one day by telling me that I was now the man of the house. By the way, never do that because it can set a young person up for failure, which it ultimately did for me. When my dad told me that I immediately thought of ways that I was going to be the man of the house. Of course, I thought about protecting my mom and sister, which made me very protective of both of them and made it hard for me to open up to

the man that my mom would ultimately marry and grow old with. I disliked him so much that I went to live with my dad. But being the man of the house also, in one short statement took away from me my teenage formative years. I liked to hang out with friends, but all the time I was gone away from home I would wonder if everything was okay at home. In essence, I took dad's charge seriously. Before the divorce we were taught to take dad seriously; we did what he told us to do or we suffered the consequences.

To make it so that this isn't one of those long articles, let me get more directly to the point. I was brought up to believe (and I still do) that the man of the family is the provider and the protector of the family. As most men would admit and most women know, if something breaks most men feel the need to fix it right away. We know what happens if you let things go too long without being attended to, those things become harder to fix and they usually worsen exponential way. This is not a bad thing for the most part, but it can become a problem for a man that loves and believes in YHVH Yeshua. Most men feel like we have to carry the burden for the family, and that's natural because we've been created with more muscle, larger bone mass and stronger bodies. However, when we become believers in Yeshua, we're told to place all of our burdens on Yeshua and to take on His yoke. This is a beautiful idea and one that men should jump on right away, but that darn, "this has to be fixed right away," thing comes upon us and many times men (and I'm worse at this than most) tend to put a time limit on waiting upon YHVH and when that self-appointed time expires we stop waiting on YHVH and we try to fix it on our own. YHVH, in his grace and mercy allows to proceed and many times we are successful, but one has to ask, to what end are we really successful.

I was a single man for many years. I first married when I was in my late forties. My first wife went to be with Yeshua 2 years and 2 months after we married, leaving me widowed for a little over a year. As a single man I didn't have a lot of responsibility and because of that life was relatively easy. I was constantly employed, was able to save money and when financial problems did arise, I was able to bail myself out of them. The bad thing about being single is that the single person has too much independence. We can say more things because we don't have to worry about repercussions coming back on family members, it's just us. Single people tend to spend money on things that want more than things that they need; again, too much independence. Even in our own nation, here in America, we are proud of our independence, but independence without personal restrictions will always lead to trouble and rebellion, and if you're a believer that rebellion is often rebellion toward YHVH.

When I married my first wife, both of us were relatively independent. She had been married prior and divorced. She could never have children and I never had children so we were two independent people pooling our resources. We had a great marriage and we seldom argued, but the independence that we both brought into the marriage made us reckless when it came to our relationship, in essence, we were both selfish. Had she not been called home I can only imagine that this would have presented as a problem farther down the road, who knows.

When I married my current wife, a whole new dynamic was added to my life. I married, knowing about this dynamic and thought that I could handle it on my own strength, but that was a stupid thought. My wife has three grown daughters by her first husband and between the three daughters and their husbands, they procreated eleven grandchildren. Those of you who have daughters, especially you dads know that having daughters presents its own challenges. As men we are rough and tumble and if we've matured, we have some semblance of wisdom. Wisdom applies when it comes to dealing with unemotional matters, but it doesn't apply when dealing with people who by nature are very emotional. When I have counseled younger men, I've basically told them that they will never fully understand their wives, and their wives will never fully understand them, and that it is foolish to try to fully understand. I counsel young men that since YHVH made women, he has the blueprint and only He can fully understand them. I counsel them that when conflict arises, they ask their wife for a time out, that they go into a quiet place and they pray for YHVH to talk to their wife, and to them, and to settle the dispute and bring clarity and understanding. Yes, this does work and hopefully I will perfect it before I go to be with Yeshua.

My three stepdaughters are wonderful women. Each one possesses a unique personality which means that there is friction from time to time between them. To their credit, they are godly women and they are quick to forgive (note that I don't say forget, because women never forget). The three ladies have different ways of raising their kids which presents my wife and I with a wonderful mixture of personalities, but also a mixture of challenges. So, as a man who one day had little to no challenges to challenges to make me grow, in one day had I gained a wife, three daughters, three son's in-law, and ten (now eleven) grandchildren that I needed to uphold in prayer, nurture and be a husband, father and grandfather to. Now, you add to that my personality, which is the "man of the house that needs to fix everything right away," and there are only two outcomes; one being that I go insane from the stress and pressure, or the other, that I give it all over to YHVH. But, isn't that what I should have been doing, even when I was single?

With the situation that presented itself to me I knew that I didn't want to go off my nut, so I had to surrender to the Will of YHVH, but it is no easy task. My wife is a wonderful wife and mother. She reminds me of a mother hen that is leading her chicks around and although the chicks have grown to be chickens that have their own chicks, she still worries about her little chicks and worries about her grand-chicks. It's just her motherly instinct, and it is always my prayer that her daughters realize how much she really cares for them. Even though they are adults, they are still her little girls, and someday when their children grow and leave the home, they will understand how my wife feels. Because I live my wife, when I see her worried and stressed because of family and/or outside concerns it stresses me out and I want it fixed right away so that she won't worry and things can be less tense around our home. Add to all of this that I have not worked since 2013 and went to school for nursing for a year, but having graduated cannot find a job because everyone wants experienced people. I'm 56 years old now and I'm sure that my age plays into the factor when people are considering me for hiring purposes. Right now, my wife is the sole provider and sometimes money is tight. With so many in the family there are always birthdays and events to attend. It feels sometimes like stress is pressing it at all times. But YHVH always seems to make a way.

Sometimes it is easy to get off of focus and to see only the hard things in our lives. Last week we were talking and I was telling my wife that I was concerned about money, or the lack thereof. I'm the type that likes to project into the future when it comes to actions and/or funds. I've always annoyed bosses who liked to live for the moment and didn't want to have contingency plans for possible future problems. I can really equate with the wise virgins that had oil in their lamps and were ready for the bridegroom. That parable has always touched me because I know that while we're supposed to trust YHVH for everything, he does require that we take some responsibility to be prepared for eventualities. So, with me it is always a constant struggle, where is the line where I'm ready enough but not over-ready and lacking trust in YHVH. When do I come to the conclusion that He's telling me that He wants me to handle this one; maybe he wants me to learn how to be ready in this one particular circumstance or event? Where's the cutoff line in such circumstances.

Above I mentioned some of our financial events in recent years. Last year my wife and I decided that there was a possibility that if we could get the right financing, we could pay less for the mortgage on a house than we would pay for renting a house, or in our case, a single wide mobile home in the city. We prayed a lot about it and felt the urge to move forward. A year prior to that someone had introduced us to a financial adviser named Tom. At our first meetings that prior year we realized that our credit just didn't meet the standard for getting a home. There were

bills that were never paid and such; I think that most of you know the drill, or know someone who has gone through similar things. So, after that we worked hard to pay those past financial obligations and within a year our credit shot up over one hundred points. Tom advised us that it was time to start looking. Knowing that we would never be able to find a home to buy within a close distance of any city, we started to look in community's half an hour away. We finally found a cute home and decided to place a bid on it. Tom informed us that we had been approved for a loan that required no money down; that is a miracle. We also had some money come to us that enabled us to pay for inspections, assessors and placing earnest money with a escrow company. Our prayers were being answered like clockwork. We did face challenges; let's face it, getting a no money down loan requires that a lot of red tape be cut. We had to do a lot of work calling people, getting paperwork clarified and such. It was an exhausting process where we often felt that our pursuit would end up with us losing all of the money that we put out for all of those fees. We just decided to give it up to YHVH. We told each other, and affirmed with YHVH that if we were not to have this house, it would not happen. We had to just give into His will, no matter what that will might hold for us.

I truly believe that YHVH uses events and situations to refine us. He brings us to the last seconds before he throws us the rope to save us. Things like this build character and trust. When we finally give up and say that His will is more important than anything else and that we want to be where He wants us to be; that is when he steps in and brings victory. Many Christians here in America wonder why there aren't very many credible miracles of YHVH being performed in our land. They hear of miracles happening all over the world, but nothing is happening amongst them. Here is one big clue, the people who are experiencing the miracles are at a place where all they have is YHVH. They can't get food stamps; can't apply for loans to bail them out; can't run to a food closet if they're hungry. People in other lands can't run to the doctor when they are sick, they don't have Medicaid, Medicare or supplemental insurance. They have nothing but oppression from governments and people from other religions. They fall asleep saying, "well YHVH, if you take me home tonight, I will be happy, but if I wake up here tomorrow, I'll live another day for you." They have no fast food or drive-thru religion; they have a humble relationship where YHVH is God, He is Lord and He is King, and whatever He says or does is just fine with them.

I refer back to the lyrics of the song that I placed at the top of this article. A while back I reached the point of saturation. I was presented with too many things that I tried to worry about and I tried to fix, stupidly thinking that I was capable of doing that. I wanted to be the man of the day, the patriarch that could give all the answers, supply all the needs and throw the rope when

people were floundering in the rough sea. YHVH, in his infinite mercy, grace and understanding of who I am overloaded me; he placed too much on my plate, knowing that there was no way that I could eat everything there. He brought me to the point where I would either give it all to Him, or I would go crazy. He broke me to the point where all I could do is tell him that I wanted him to work everything out and take the reins. Have I learned my lesson, well, for the most part I have learned the concept. Have I applied the concept, yes, to some degree. Am I a work in process, you bet I am. I have years, decades of bad training that has to be overcome. Am I willing to allow YHVH to work His will in this and all situations my personal life, our marital life and our family's lives, yes, for sure. I know that it will be a painful path because I'll just want to jump in and start up my old control habit again. However, this time I pray that I'll recognize, or at least listen to our Lord's voice when I start to lean toward taking control.

My prayer is that all who struggle with control issues in our lives will overcome them through Yeshua. I know that scripture promises us that YHVH will continue to work on us as long as we're alive, until the day of Mashiach Yeshua. I want what He wants for my life, the life of my wife and the life of the children and grandchildren. What I have to do is demonstrate my willingness to have his will accomplished in all of our lives by laying down my/our burdens at YHVH's feet and taking up His yoke, but it is easy and light. Besides, giving YHVH control makes Him responsible for what happens and what doesn't happen in the lives of those that I love, and by doing this, faith is demonstrated. Do I love my family any less by giving them to YHVH, no, I love them more because He knows the beginning from the end and the end from the beginning. To Him, everything has happened already, and who am I to try to control something that is already finished.