

Poetrylosophy

Poetry and Philosophy for your heart and soul



“The Sting of Death”

It came by choice; it will be defeated by the same.

By Chris Peters

Our Image

To begin to even understand this painful phenomenon that has bedeviled humanity it is necessary to investigate what it was like before it crept into our experience. In so doing the sting of death that has and still is painful whenever it strikes will be exposed for what it is and why it will be the last enemy that will be destroyed. “Nothing is as intimidating as when we are told that our lives will be taken for not complying or recanting, it is the ultimate move aim at silencing critics and opposition. No one wants their life to be taken even cut short, and it can be traced in the annals of time and into eternity, where we were known before given to form, made for eternity, even to live forever. We are reminded to fear not men who can only destroy the body but rather fear The One who can destroy both body and soul (Matt 10:28). To be in eternity where it is constant, time cannot be known and has no meaning for it is ever changing, (time is just a break in eternity’s

WHAT’S NEW

TAKING A CLOSER LOOK AT YOU

Our newsletter will focus on you the individual and the important link that you are in the chain of human history as a whole

ENGAGING TOPIC

You will on closer notice and reading see yourself reflected in what is written

BE BOLD, CHOOSE

It is hope that by reading the information presented, it will stimulate your interest to want more.

continuum), therefore death is never a factor, on the other hand time and death would cooperate much to our demise.

Our coming into a material existence, taking on form has always been about God's passion shown in creating and loving it, is seen in the variety of creation as what excites The One, it gives joy to create. If however, we would rightly choose, having given the power of choice, that which start in the present will be fully realized to a glorious expectation. At its core our existence is really connected to a greater reality that goes beyond our material bodies. What we see, hold, admire even worship is transitory, irreversible, gradually in senescence declining and degenerating anxiously for a greater state of existence.

This body, this form when first given holds a treasure more precious and of inestimable value than all treasures that can be known even unknown. We are more valuable than we realize for what was known before we were formed in the belly of conception. The One said, "before I formed you, I knew you...(Jeremiah1:5). Before we were clothed in flesh The In-Contingent One in Whom eternity dwells knew us, our substance was not hidden nor held in obscurity from The One, when we were made in secret, and then curiously wrought in lowest parts of the earth (Psalm139:15). Our spirit was as it were a candle of The One searching all the inward parts... (Proverbs 20:27).

When looked upon the treasure to behold, what was seen in us was the "Image of The One". The One saw in us, all that was "The Image", all that was our essence would then be given to form or clothed in flesh, a container in which housed a reality of realities. We are ever precious for having a treasure in these earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of "The One" and not of us (2 Corinthians 4:7) All that is of the flesh is simply a holding place, given to time to display the essence of who we truly are. Before we will be known by others we were highly thought of, held, inspected, loved and known for a greater and higher purpose. Treasured before anyone else we would be such, and highly irreplaceable before told by men of like nature of our inalienable rights. Our value was seen by The One and In The One we live, move and have our being...(Acts17:28).

We are more one than we care to think, "The Image" seen before time in eternity meant for us to be "one" as was prayed for by One who came amongst us. Understanding the Oneness of our "Image" amidst an external veneer shows the visible cannot be held in high esteem. "The Image" that is truly us is singular, while the external veneers are plural. "The Image" reveals a lot about us in our adaptability, social, acceptance, love and the list goes on. This highlights the 'commonality of our being', for it is "This Image" in us when looked upon, a reflection of all that is of The One. Unlike man, who sees the externals, the outward appearance, The One sees "The Image" of The One in us. (1Samuel16:7) If we would but listen, we might hear it said, "I was an eternal treasure willing to be revealed, I saw my image in you and decided this will be seen, then I presented you in many hues to

a world for hopefully to adore, that by doing so you can choose to explore.
Then after you lived out all I meant you to be, you'll finally return to me."



Our Fall

Nothing so precious, exalted, highly esteemed, and essential as made in and after "The Image" should fall, but sadly, we did. With eternity within reach, the acme of creation's production, the power of choice given even when the outcome could've gone either way, we chose to fall rather than stand tall. For all we had, no other creature deserves worship and adoration but The One. The deception that brought our fall into dying and death resulted when worship and obedience to another creature was placed above that of The Creator, The One. We chose disobedience to death rather than obedience to life. At our most sublime, purest, at the height of our earthly innocence, when we communed face to face with The One while "The Image" we were made after, still fresh, clothed in flesh, being awakened to time, we will be displaced as well as all of creation by our choice. (Genesis 1:26,27)

We chose the lie of becoming gods rather than accepting "The Image" we were already made after (Gen 3:4,5). We fell for a desire to become something that we already were, now death will prevail rather than life, all will feel its sting.

This brings us to the place where time and again The One will state that jealousy is present over worship of any other, for death and idolatry go hand in hand, and the idolator should be destroyed, for worshipping other "images" goes against "The Image" that's in us. So more profound than any, the fall was a full-frontal attack on "The Image" in us. Worship is due only to The One. Immediate changes in our bodies and the environment indicated that death was now present and will be a slow, degenerating process as it works with time to bring about painful separations. The "Image" will now seek reconnection to "Its Source", "The One".



Our Confinement

Our one struggle is now that of death, and before it finally comes, we are prepared for it by dying momentarily. We see it in the mirror, and it looks back at us slowly, ever waiting, cooperating with us to take us out. We didn't have a choice in our coming into an existence where we are born and shaped in it; we endure all its afflictions, and yet at the same time, we do have a choice in the life we live and, for the most part, how we die. This inescapable reality robs us of our youth, the quality of our life, loved ones, and finally, our very lives. Despite one's social standing, financial, worldly achievements, fame, religious and philosophical leanings, death is a sure thing for all.

Banished from what we formerly called home, where in our splendor we would roam, into a space called time in bodies trapped to it, we would come to desire what once was truly sublime. We would miss when nothing restricted us, for our domain was under our control, even gravity, as others released us in obedience. Time meant nothing where our bodies were adorned in an outfit fit for eternity, and there was no shame to cover up. The sting of death now touched all from that moment of conception, when in our innocence we were afflicted by the reality of dying, faster than any second. We will have to journey with this constant, violent companion, ever ready to remind us of our vulnerability to its

presence. It has violated our bodies, raped us of our innocence, and dullen our sensibilities to all that was originally intended for us to live out our best lives, to realize the “Image” in which we are made and placed here for an ultimate purpose. Despite our strengths and efforts, and all good intentions, we are held hostage to sin, time, and death. As a result, after “our image,” we made our offspring, and that is our legacy to all that would come in flesh (Gen 5:3).

Every moment lived shows suffering, dying, and death as the path all must take. Time has cooperated with all and now stands ready to remind us that in all our human attempts, we are helpless to their onslaughts. Not only we, but everything visible or invisible, inanimate or animate, none shall escape. Before our eyes were opened and consciousness came, our bodies silently, unwillingly, unknowingly surrendered to the process of death. We cried out, “O wretched man as I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death?” (Romans 7:24). Sin, time, and death are ever present, and work seamlessly, stealthily, and diabolically to bring about a predictable end. All in time will know and experience its transitional nature. There must be a past, as we know by looking at our bodies changing, and degenerating right before our eyes, it’s not what it was. We certainly don’t look at the present as we did in the past, while folks we love are now no longer with us. There must be a present where we are limited by what is before us, along with the uncertainty of what’s coming our way. There must be a future where while not given for all to know can be determined by the choices we make in the present. Nothing impacts us more than death, and when it strikes, we mourn the loss and long for those we love to still be with us. Coming as thoughts originally perceived in eternity, the original intent for man was to never know death, but for something grander and more purposeful to be demonstrated. Man, for love, would still be made for a generating principle of Love.



Our Deliverance

Truth be told, the best thing we truly know is to die, and yet we don’t have to die the death that will bring total and final separation. Our bodies are dying whether we like it or not, it’s just part of being born. However, freedom will come when, in the quiet moments of our earthly sojourn, away from the noise of the maddening throngs, we listen to the still, small voice of conscience that speaks to our certain rendezvous with this life-altering phenomenon. Stillness will demand that we notice and observe that the things that affect us most are almost always seemingly imperceptible. They come upon us like a thief in the night, when all is calm, and our guards are down. Whenever we surrender to sleep, we involuntarily lay bare ourselves to death at every moment of such a timely excursion. We lay our bodies down to hopefully take it up again. This does not happen successfully for many, and there they lie as if waiting to be called out of sleep.

We seek ways through varied inventions, all geared to find answers to life’s one question: “What do I do with death when it confronts me momentarily?” That has been the question for the ages from the moment we realized a separation took place from what we once were versus what we are. Hence, our pain is nothing more than our “Image” crying with longing desires for what was when we were at One, not knowing the pain of separation or death. Our one true enemy is death, and freedom will come when we understand our value and the treasure that is housed, that which cannot be seen as without. Escape will come for us when we see everyone in the “Image” from “One Source,” we all find our origin. Greater are we than what we see in the externals, for these frames are subject to time, and death, they will fade into oblivion. For this purpose, “The Image” should be marred in us. Deliverance will come when we see time and its companion death as the enemy that will prepare us for a greater existence, we will eclipse the effects of all that is of time. We are reminded that everything and everyone in time is changing, unlike that of eternity, which is constant. An eternal love is constant, unlike that of time, changeable and unreliable, one unconditional, another conditional. Job asked the question, “If a man die, shall he live again? all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come” (Job 14:14). Change is inevitable for all The One said, “Whosoever lives and believes in me shall never die. Believe this?” (John 11:26)



Our Response

We didn't ask to be born, nor given the choice to come. We have sought after the fountain of youth and are left with wishful thinking and false hopes, and yet our desire has always been to stop death, if not to at least slow the dying process. Allow ourselves to remove the blinders to see that the ultimate purpose of our existence in time is as preparation for eternal reunion. Dying delivers a train of activities filled with ailments that will finally bring about death. The invitation is extended for all to come to the awareness of our operations in time and see it for what it is, just in time, and seek that which extends beyond time. When adversities and traumas come at us, it is for us to see them as inside of time and death. Operating in love is the antidote for operating in time, it is the one thing that will finally conquer death.



Our New Beginnings

The sting of death will be dulled, taken away, the grave will expose its true self and reveal its utter emptiness. When the lights go out and, on our beds, we toss and turn as another day gradually gives way to restful sleep, we reflect on all that took place in a life lived and hope we did well, to help leave the world better than when we met it. When the light of our awakening first hit our eyes on another day in time. With our days numbered, would we be wise to number them, to teach ourselves wisdom for living? After all, life at its essence is ever an awakening to once again sleep to put on that which is incorruptible, immortal (1 Corinthians 15:52-55). It's been such for all who have ever lived in time, regardless of ethnicity, social status, beliefs, or life orientation. Reality always was, even when we weren't aware of it, even asleep to it, in One. Awareness came one day when, in innocence, our eyes were opened to who we belonged, who we were, and where we were. Unknown to us but also an ever-present reality was that of a body slowly dying, aging while living. Our bodies long for rest in sleep after days of our lives, turn to twilight, when the keepers of the gate fall out, limbs as trees refuse to carry us, windows to our souls refuse to shut, grow dim, and a mind grapples with what's left. It is then that we know these many nights of sleep pointed to a better, more glorious rest that is nearby.



Our Reasoning

We are more alike, similar despite our external differences, there's more that connects us than what is seen, and it is our oneness in life and death. "The Image," while singular for all, unlike the plurality of our forms, supersedes that which is subject to decay and death, common to all. Greater is that not seen by creatures than that seen by The One. The joy of creating always comes from the variety that is created because God, The One, can create.

Blog: www.poetrylosophy.com