

Pastor Brian's  
Mid Week Message  
April 28, 2021

**"AIN'T DEAD YET!"**

*"You have decided the length of our lives. You know how many months we will live, and we are not given a minute longer." (Job 14:5 NLT)*

Kay and I went to see the doctor yesterday. We have the same General Practitioner. A "routine" appointment, nothing to get too concerned over. It was actually a follow-up from our yearly physical that we had last October. We were urged to come back in just a half of a year to see if our slightly elevated levels of cholesterol and blood pressures could be improved upon. The bottom line is that they're still slightly elevated, but the chances of us dropping dead today of natural causes is still quite low. If a meteorite hits the church this afternoon it would probably send the both of us to heaven as we're both here. But, neither of us are any more likely to develop heart disease than the average Joe or Josephine. In fact, the chance that Kay will develop such issues is only about half as likely as the "normal person", whoever that is? As Christians we take a little different view of health and healthcare. We don't go to the doctor to try to stay alive forever, because we know that won't happen. And we don't want that to happen. When our time comes, we want to go home to the Lord! We know from Scripture that God knows the number of our days. He sets its limits. It is within His plan for us when we were to be born and when He will call us home. All the doctoring in the world is not going to change that, as Job states before God, *"we're not given a minute longer"*. With that in our minds we go to the doctor to maintain, as best as we can, good health in order to carry out what it is that God has called us to do, and to be able to enjoy the blessings that God has poured out upon us, again, as best we can. Looking at this from the opposite direction we also wish to minimize self-induced suffering. Health is a subject that has been at the front of our collective minds for over a year now, in this time of global pandemic. Spending this time outside the family of God, without faith and trust in our Lord Jesus for life and salvation must be terrifying, at least I would imagine so. I can't say for sure because that's not where I live. Through the eyes of faith, I see this life, in this world, as a long journey home. The goal is to get there, home, and as the old hymn goes; *"I'm but a stranger here, heaven is my home."* The ultimate arrival at my destination will be through the doorway of death, unless Jesus returns in power, glory, and judgment before I reach that door. On my journey I want to be vigilant about maintaining this "temple" that the Holy Spirit dwells within as best as I can. To keep it running at optimum performance levels. I WANT to do that, but unfortunately my sinful nature drags me in a different direction; toward pizza, ice cream, T-bone steaks, mac & cheese...I think you get my drift. There's nothing inherently wrong with those things (at least I don't see it that way) but I am given to overindulgence. Sinful inertia keeps me sitting in a chair in front of the TV or computer, or taking too many naps, rather than getting the exercise that I should. But all that said, I still know that God has my mortal life mapped out for me, and only He knows when He will bring it to a conclusion. I look forward to that day as the doorway that we label death in this world has a different label on the other side. It's been called many things, things that describe what's on the other side, but the real name of it is "heaven". The instant of our death is also the instant of our birth into heaven...being at home with the Lord forever. I know that there will be doctors there, but I have to wonder what they'll be doing...maybe playing golf? No, probably not, as I know firsthand how frustrating golf can be. What I do know is that in a resurrected body I'm never going to have or have to think about slightly elevated levels of cholesterol or blood pressure ever again.