

The Servant



Newsletter for Under-shepherds and other Servants of God /5523 Newberry Drive/Raleigh, NC 27609

Vol. 13 No. 6

December 2003

The purpose of this newsletter is to pass along information and ideas to help the Lord's servants as they minister to others. Feel free to use any of it in your ministry

Doorkeepers

The Sons of Korah. It is a great privilege to be so close to God as to hold the door for others who would enter in. It is a greater grace to be the last face one would see as they sought instead to see the face of God. "Let me get that door for you." There are two sides to every coin. There are two wings that allow a bird to fly. There is a bright and a dark side of the moon. There is a light and dark side to the story of Korah. *"these are written as an ensample to us"* (1Cor. 10:11). No stone marks the grave of the two-hundred and fifty souls swallowed up by the yawning earth when Korah rebelled against Moses. A multitude disappeared in a moment along with their presumptuous sins. In Numbers 16 their arrogance brought Moses to his knees and caused him to fall upon his face.

Somehow caring for the things of God was not enough for Korah. There was another tree in the "midst of the garden" that he lusted for. He would be a priest, and none would be his better. How dare Moses and Aaron take upon themselves the best and holy office and block the way. "All the congregation is holy," he cried. These sons of sedition seemed to plead for a "priesthood of all believers." This seems so New Testament. What could be wrong with this holy democracy? It is a wonder that the earth has not opened up again to swallow many careless counterfeits and contenders for holy orders. Many today who lay claim to an equality and to a holy priesthood of all believers track the courts of God with filthy sandals and feet defiled, unaware their professions are so profane. These Protestants should read Peter again and ponder the word that proceeds the word they prize. The real church is a "holy" priesthood.

Korah means "baldness." For a tree to be bald in winter is to be stripped of all its leaves and glory. To be bald is to be bare and with nothing, as a mountain, rock, or hill. To be bald is to be "plain," "un-adorned," or "lacking any natural

covering." What better picture could we have at the door of the temple? What better picture could there be of "fallen man" stripped of all the glories of Eden at the gates of redemption? There could be no better reminder of what man is than for a surviving Son of Korah to hold the door for us as we enter to worship God. On the one hand, it is a reminder of the judgment that opened up beneath rebellion's feet, and on the other of the goodness and grace that keeps the door of hope. The Son's of Korah have become Psalmists and sing *"I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the LORD than to dwell in tents of wickeness"* (Ps. 84:10). James wrote "Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord and He will lift you up." Spiritual men do not block so much as hold the door for those who seek to worship. May my spirit be so humble as to sincerely say "Welcome, let me get that door for you." ☪

Worship on this Mountain (Gen.22)

He said he was going to worship. When Abraham started up that hill so many years ago, (leaving the beasts behind) he announced what he was going to do. Few have come close to what Abraham called worship since that great day when the Patriarch worshiped in spirit and in truth. I can learn something about worship from this man God called His friend. If what Abraham did that day was truly worship, (as he called it) then three things are required to even come close to such a height or have any hope of approaching such a summit as Moriah. Something sharp, something hot, and something precious.

1. Something sharp. Abraham brought a knife. Abraham was not fooling around, as we say today. Abraham was not going to some church service. He was not off to Sunday School or out to say-his-prayers. This was serious. He had a knife. There was going to be bloodshed. Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission. This worship would involve a real sacrifice. On Mt. Calvary, Roman soldiers had something sharp. They pierced the hands and feet of our Lord and hung Him on a cross (Ps. 22). There was bloodshed. There was something sharp. When Abraham went up to worship he brought a knife.

Get the Door

“Behold I stand at the door and I knock. If any man hear my voice and open the door I will come in to him and sup with him and he with Me.” Rev. 3:20

There are those who wring their hands and lament something about being in the Laodicean church age. If we are in the age of Laodicea then I expect a knock at the door. And if there is a knock at the door I have but to rise and reach the door to let the Risen Lord of Glory in. Church cannot start without Him. To wish we had been born in some other age is to complain about God’s bad timing. We each, like Esther, have been born for such a time as this. To every thing there is a season.

If Israel’s heart is cold it can not stop the fire burning in Jeremiah’s bones. If Israel’s prophets are in hiding it can not stop the fire falling in response to Elijah’s prayer. If Joseph’s children are in chains, it cannot stop God from sending Moses to make Pharaoh “let My people go.” Enough lamentation, if this is the last of ages let us love Him more. It others are neither cold or hot, let God’s fire fall on me.

It does not take an army or a legion of angels to open the door. The Lord Christ said “if any man” open the door it is enough. The man does not have to hold a title, only hear his voice. Eli was deaf when it came to God, little Samuel heard God call. “If any man hear my voice.” There are too many voices these days that speak of earthly things. There are too many voices these days, that are empowered by opinion. There are too many voices that speak of vices and speak in vain. “If any man hear My voice and open the door...” Until we get up and do something we are on our own, but the moment we do what God has asked us to do then we are within his presence.

“I will come in to him.” He did not say I will come into them. It was and is, and will always be personal. There is no right “group” or “sect.” To be sure, when we draw close to Him we will be close to every saint that “leans upon His bosom,” but God does not issue membership cards, pins or buttons. What John is doing these days or will do tomorrow

is not the answer to the coldness of the Laodicean age. As our Lord once said to Peter, He would say again to us “What is that to thee, follow thou me.” Excuse me, I think someone is at the door. ■

(Continued from front- Worship)

If worship is dull today, it is not God’s fault. We have forgotten the knife. The word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing, even to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit

2. Something hot. “fire.” Much of what passes for worship these days is ice cold. Much of it is the temperature of a mortuary. Cold prayers and cold hearts have no place in spiritual worship. There must be fire. Until there is fire, there will be no baked bread. Until there is fire, Moses wanders forever among Jethro’s sheep. Without fire there is no Pentecost. “I baptize you with water,” said John, “there is one coming after me who will baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.” There can be no real church without it. Abraham brought fire when he said, “I and the lad go yonder to worship.”

How cold were the broken hearts of the two on their way back to Emmaus. Their faith was even colder. Christ re-kindled the flame. By the time He was finished, their hearts were hot. They said “did not our hearts burn within us?” Suddenly they returned to Jerusalem, but this time they were on fire.

3. Something precious. There were many things in the tents of Abraham that we would gladly accept as his “worship,” and “sacrifice” for God. Many a church and ministry has been built with the sacrifices of sick, blind, and lame lambs. Abraham would have none of that. Abraham, who knew how to bargain (as he proved as he bartered for the souls of Sodom) did not try to offer anything less than his best to God. Abraham brought the most precious thing he had. He brought what he loved the most. He brought Isaac. God knew he love him. Abraham would have readily given his own life, but there was something more precious to him than that. The worship of Abraham would be spoken about till the end of time. The world had not seen anything like it; that is until what happened on Mt. Calvary two thousand years ago.

I see three things on Mt. Calvary: something sharp, something hot, and something precious. What happened that day with Abraham and Isaac was a prototype and dress rehearsal for what would take place on Golgotha almost two thousand years later, when Jesus Christ would make the ultimate and eternal sacrifice to save our souls.

On Mount Calvary I see something sharp. Sin is serious. God is not “fooling around.” Jesus Christ would be crucified for my sin. Oh the shame! On Mt. Calvary, I also see something hot. He cried out “I thirst.” This was also the agony of the rich man in “torments.” The fire of God’s wrath fell on Christ although it was a dark as midnight. Calvary became a furnace.

But there is also a heat in love. Never was there a greater love than the love of God that day. “For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.” No one can measure in Celsius or Fahrenheit, the temperature of the Love of God. God’s love is holy. God’s holiness is seen on Calvary. Depart from evil and do good. God is a consuming fire. The third thing I see on Calvary is something precious. No one, nothing is more precious than the Son of God. God gave His best. “Unto you therefore which believe, He is precious.” Unbelief fails to see or appreciate what took place on Calvary. Once we come to faith, we are astonished at the price God was willing to pay to save our soul. God gave the most Precious. In worship, I dare not give Him less. When we worship remember: something sharp, something hot, and something precious. ■

He is the door
I perhaps a screw
that holds a hinge
He is always more
I feel the dew
He the fire's singe

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