

Altapass Allegories

By

A Church Member

Recently, I opened a closet door in my home and, for about thirty seconds, my mind said “EARTHQUAKE” (of at least four on the Richter Scale). Then I realized it was only the closet trying to rid itself of the contents. My first inclination was to stuff everything back inside, slam the closet door, and hope it stayed on its hinges. Finally, I took a deep breath and decided this was as good a time as any to determine what would cause such an avalanche. I was surprised when I began to pull everything out. I found empty shoe boxes, ten-year-old paid receipts, a belt that didn’t match anything, and more useless, unidentifiable stuff. As I worked, I began to think about my spiritual closet. Maybe I had stored junk there too. So I started taking inventory.

Was there unforgiven sin in there? Perhaps there was something I was holding on to that would interfere with my walk with my Lord? Was there hurt or disappointment in someone that I didn’t want to give up? Did I feel superior in any way to a brother or sister in Christ? Do I pride myself on living a little better life than others? Do I believe that I have a little more talent and, therefore, am more valuable to the Lord than someone else? Do I allow Satan to tell me that I’m inferior to everyone and am unable to contribute anything to the service of the Lord? Maybe God has showed me something He wants me to do and my response was: Let someone else do that. Has a person ever come to mind that I should pray for or say a kind word to and my excuse was, “Later Lord”? Am I guilty of judging others? Maybe I would understand better if I tried to walk a mile in their shoes. I make an effort to spend quality time with my family but do I make the same effort to spend quality time with Jesus? Do I grumble and complain about little things when I could be singing God’s praises for all He has done for me? After all, He gave me a voice and I must use it to glorify Him.

By the time I finished with the closet, I had two bags of rubbish to discard. One was half full of the trash from my home. The other was completely full of junk from my spiritual closet. I finally realized it was easier to discard the junk from my closet than to rid myself of the spiritual rubbish in my life. The items from my closet were dusty, moldy, and useless. So was the junk from my spiritual closet. As I finished with my cleaning, it looked so neat and clean. Then I emptied my spiritual closet before Jesus. He said, “Don’t worry, child, I covered it all with my blood.”