

CALLING FROM THE OUTER COURT

When we returned from Israel (or should I see when we got unceremoniously kicked out of Israel), God was so gracious. He gave us a soft landing. Friends of ours 'just happened' to be going out of town for an extended vacation a day before our arrival. They generously offered their beautifully furnished and spacious home as a temporary lodging place until we could get our bearings. As I walked through this luxurious suburban home, squishing my bare toes into the plush, white carpet (which my children promptly stained with their muddy boots - oye!), I couldn't help but contrast this opulence with our Jerusalem apartment. Compact would be an understatement! Apartments in Israel don't even come with closets and since real estate is extremely costly in Jerusalem, most apartments are very small or else extremely expensive for larger quarters. I had almost forgotten what a 'real house' looked like and what it felt like to live in one. One of my favorite rooms in our Canadian temporary 'house of refuge' was their family room. Big bay windows looked out onto a lovely garden with a fountain and colorful flowers. A fireplace made the room seem cozy and a big comfy rocker-recliner faced the 'entertainment station'. I loved to sit in this room and relax by watching a video or just enjoying some quiet time with my Bible. Double, glass French doors opened onto the second 'family room' where the children could play while I watched them through the doors.

One day as I lounged on the comfy chair that I had now claimed as my own, I heard my four year old daughter, Liat, calling me. "MOM!!!!!!!!", she called loudly. I could hear her, even though the doors separating our rooms were shut tight. "YES!!!" I called back to her, equally as loud. But she apparently couldn't hear me. So she called again, "MOMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!", louder this time. And again I called back to her, each time a little more frustrated. Finally, I could see that we were getting nowhere fast, so I reluctantly eased myself off my easy chair and opened the doors to ask what she wanted. It was just to know that I had heard her. It was one of those Mom moments that help us to grow in patience and character (so they say). Why couldn't she just get up and come to me instead of hollering from so far away?, I thought.

As I settled back into my chair, however, the Spirit of God spoke to me in the stillness. "This is what you do," he said to my heart. "What do I do?" I asked. "You call out to me from the other room. I hear you and I answer you back but you can't hear my voice because you are hollering from the other room – the outer court." He said, "If you come to me into the inner court, the Holy of Holies, you will be able to hear me answer you more clearly." As I pondered this in my heart, I realized that it was true. So often, I call out to God and although He hears even my thoughts and answers my prayers, I sometimes cannot hear His reassuring voice because I have not taken advantage of the privilege of entering the inner court of my God - a new and living way made possible by the blood sacrifice of Yeshua His son. **"Therefore, brethren, having boldness to enter the Holiest by the blood of Yeshua, by a new and living way, which He consecrated for us, through the veil, that is, His flesh, ..."** (Hebrews 10:19-29)

May we all come boldly to His throne to find mercy and grace to help us in our times of need (which is always).

“Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.” (Hebrews 4:16)

May we stop hollering at Abba from the other room with the doors closed and instead run to Him to be cradled in His loving embrace. May we enter His gates with thanksgiving in our hearts and enter His courts with praise, for the God of Israel inhabits the praises of His people.

Prayer:

Thank you Abba Father that you have made a way for us to enter into the inner court and to boldly approach your throne without fear. Thank you that when Yeshua died on the cross, that the veil separating us from you was torn and we can now find intimacy with you. Help us overcome our fear or laziness that keeps us hollering to you from the other room. Thank you that you do hear our prayers and you do answer them. Help us to come closer to you through the new and living way of Yeshua Hamashiach (the Messiah) so that we may hear your voice more clearly and know your love as an experiential reality in our lives.

Written by Hannah Neshar

COPYRIGHT POLICY: Articles by Hannah Neshar may be copied for free distribution or personal use, provided they are reproduced in their entirety and with no changes. If printed in a publication or included on a website, please include our name, address and website and please send us a copy of the publication containing the article. There is no cost to use the materials but if you appreciate the information, please do consider sending a donation to support the ministry. www.outofzion.com