

NO STOPPING AT THE BILLBOARD

Have you come to that place in your life when all seems to be lost? Have you?

Have you worked and worked and worked thinking that the more you work as hard as you can, the better life will progress and later you realize it is not true?

Have you loved and loved and you never have it in return?

Have you prayed and prayed and you have no answer?

This is exactly true with Habakkuk the prophet and many other prophets. Habakkuk had come to the edge of his fortitude; He cannot take it any more.....Just look around you, our schools, our colleges, our homes, our relationships even our government, economic instability..... Our cry is for God to come down and should come down quickly. Habakkuk's cry of frustration was exactly as the cry of this loving and lonely woman story. I can hear the silence whispering of her cry. WHERE ARE YOU GOD?

A mother is devastated, she is howling with pain, yelling all she can in that dark and dingy corner. There was no one to hear her yell and not a soul to pacify her, because outside her dreadful area is a long winding lonely road. There was no existence of mankind for miles and miles ahead. The wind was at rest, the leaves did not rustle and no tone of a barking dog, silence filled the air. Loneliness was already killing her, but no one knows what made her cry?

Losing something you love with all your heart is not really the grief you can ever overcome. **Rosa** lost her baby; her only means of life. She saw her child getting crushed under a car in front of her own very eyes. Blood was all over and the accident was terrible. Just one lonely night, she was walking down the street to get a breath of fresh air with her child cuddled tight in her arms. She walked a long time, till she saw the face of mankind (in the vilest form).

The whole time she walked with her child in her arms the only thing that worried her was **Shegun** (her son's) future.

What kind of a person will he be?

Will he make her proud?

How much light is life going to bring in his existence?

She was imagining and feeling positive, every day of the Child's growth, and what she had in store for him. But who knows what is in store for us today or tomorrow; life can change in the split of a second. Talk about destiny, all those dreams, hopes and expectations were snatched away from her in an instant. Her smiles were frowns and her faith just crumbled, like a dead soul in a living, rather than a breathing body.

This is how it happened.... On that abandoned road, where a few streetlights barely sufficient? There was this one light that was visible from a distance, but as it came closer it got brighter and brighter. That light changed Rosa's life into darkness forever. A speeding car came down that road, as if the driver had jammed the accelerator, cutting across the wind. He came at a speed of 110 mph throwing beer bottles out of his half open window. He was definitely drunk. The speeding car took everything in its path. Just then, there was a loud cry, and silence set in again. The loud cry of a baby and then no more life left.

Ironically the mother was not hurt, not a scratch on her body, not a bruise on her arm. She opened her eyes and did not see Shegun, her vision was deemed. After a few minutes when her sight cleared up she looked all over frantically for her baby, but alas! There was nothing. Just then she noticed something about ten feet away; it was blood draining into the gutters, and pieces of crushed flesh, laying there saying so much without saying anything at all. That was the blood of her baby, the child who had not lived life to its fullest. He paid the price for another man's folly. That was the same little child whose future was just being planned.

This is exactly how Prophet Habakkuk was feeling just like **Rosa**; the end of the rope. He cannot hold on no more, he had come to the end of his rope.

Violence surrounded him; destruction was everywhere as he looked. And he was left frustrated and upset with a God who had failed to do anything for the victims. Habakkuk had been betrayed. He was God's prophet. He spoke God's words to the people. He was one of those who did the right thing. Dare we say he was righteous? But God did not hold up the other end of the bargain.

And this is not the first time. It is not the first time that God had been a disappointment.

Not the first time that God has made a fool out of his prophets. In words often preached in Advent, God says to Isaiah, "Comfort, O comforts my people." And Isaiah sneers in return, "A voice says, 'cry out!' And I said, 'What shall I cry? All people are grass; their constancy is like the flower of the field. The grass withers, the flower fades, and surely the people are grass.'" And Isaiah is but one of a long list of other prophets like Habakkuk who cried out in anguish, who cried out at injustice, who cried out at unrighteousness and who finally begged for God's righteous anger to rain fire down on the evil ones.

God responds to their cry and to ours in a very modern way. Write it on a bill board, let the writing be bold and decorated with light that those who run, those who drive by can read it without stopping. It like a road sign that direct drivers to their destination. What about the GPS of modern days, we got stuck to it because we have faith in it, we know it will take us to our destination even though the route may be different from our previous route. The gospel is reminding us that how little our faith may be God will be there at the appropriate time to deliver us. He will make us mighty, that health and wellness will prevail over sickness. Good over bad, love will prevail over hatred, light over darkness. This is the Gospel of Christ.

Amen.