

The Time to Be Angry
TRA Eissfeldt

There's a time to be born
And a time to die.
There's a time to shout out
And a time to be quiet.
There's even a time to gather stones.
But what of those?
I really don't know.
Yet down through the pages
Of God's written Word
I see that He has always reserved
A time to be angry.

What makes God angry?
I read of other gods and
See His jealousy
But how does that affect me today?
I certainly don't bow down to
Statues of wood and clay
Or do I?

Maybe the clay god I serve
Is really myself,
Proved by all the time I spend
Pursuing things He's already given me,
Trophies already won and
Paid for by the finished work of the cross.

Things like:
Self-worth, purpose, a position in His Kingdom,
Gifts of service to spend on others,
Words of life to bring
Like glasses of cool water
In the desert of loneliness
Where so many live.

Maybe the jealousy He feels comes from
My attention being riveted
By the fleeting fame and recognition
I crave and seek through
Demanding that my position
Should be exalted above His will.

I'm beginning to believe that there is
A time for me to be angry
Yet without sin.
And the only kind of sinless anger that lives
Is letting those things that
Stir the heart of God
Stir me.

I need to get angry enough to

Find the heart of God
Amongst all the glitter and excess
That surrounds me.

I need to scrape back all the layers of faces
I wear, and that I see on others,
To find the part yet celestial despite
Time spent on planet earth.

And when I find the beating part of God.
That part reserved for me to feel and hear
And wear on my sleeve,
I will be complete in a way that is beyond
The physical realm.

I will see them:
The desperate,
The widow,
The orphan,
The sick,
The dying,
The imprisoned and impoverished.

And I will get angry without sin
But, full of the passion that results
In a revolution of the soul,
A revolution of the systematic thinking
That keeps me imprisoned in flesh
And denying the Spirit's validity to speak,
I will finally to be free to embrace
The time to be angry.