

WHERE THE WHITE EAGLE FLIES Volume 1



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Turning and turning in the widening gyre,
The falcon cannot hear the falconer.
Things fall apart; the center cannot hold.
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world."

"The Second Coming" by W.B. Yeats

Between the Chaos

November 1993



We are witnessing a rising escape to tribalism throughout the earth that signifies a passing from one age to another. Whether it is the breakdown of Yugoslavia or the uprising of inner city gangs, things are falling apart. Beirut was our warning of things to come. I remember visiting this pearl of the Mediterranean in 1958, held together through the peaceful coexistence of Christian and Muslim, French and Armenian ...all that seems a distant dream, as never ending warring factions have turned the city to ruins.

No longer are we able to hear the voice of our leaders. Across the board, whether political, business, or religious, we are watching Humpty Dumpties break apart

. "The falcon cannot hear the falconer."

As the mistrust grows, in order to escape, we try to find the cave of like-mindedness where we are safe from this anarchy being loosed upon us. Arrows are flying at anyone who dares to man the helm, who tries to guide us to a safe and sane haven.

I am reminded of a conversation I had many years ago. The individual I was talking to said,

"Life's origins are chaos and so is life's end. We go from one chaos to another."

I remember clearly the profound sense of emptiness I had with this reasoning. My reply was,

"Life comes from a place of peace and order and ultimately returns to that place."

In this exchange, some 30 years ago, I now realize that two worldviews were in conflict. Two destinies, quite different, were vying for the consciousness of western man. As the center cannot hold, how empty it has become for so many to live between the chaos.

I was in a meeting recently when someone said, "Something's broken and we don't know how to fix it." Many people are trying desperately to fix a world whose center is coming apart.

For God's people the center will never come apart. In Christ all things hold together (Col. 1:17). Though the world is in times of stress, we have Christ at the center of our lives, loving us from within.

We alone are able to see the Son of God, hanging between heaven and earth, surrounded by demons howling in glee. But he declared to those who crucified him, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

Our struggle is not with flesh and blood. Jesus looked past Pilate and the Jewish Sanhedrin to defeat a hidden enemy, the invisible adversary. He did not retreat into a cave or give in to the storms of chaos. He focused on obeying His Father's will and by doing so redeemed us all. Now is the time to focus on Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. As we focus on Him we begin to see His beloved church through His eyes.

Our common enemy wishes us to focus on the chaos of this world system and ultimately on one another's faults. That is why he is the accuser of the brethren

God has said He is shaking not only the earth, but also heaven, so that we, His children, will receive a kingdom that cannot be shaken. The good news is that the kingdom of God continues unshaken within our hearts. (Heb 12:26&2



True Freedom

January 1993



Focusing on the little log cabin on the round table in our living room, I imagine the freedom that Daniel Boone or Charles Ingalls might have felt as they explored uncharted territory and searched for a place of their own while civilization was crowding at their door. The reason, it seems, that many came to these shores was for freedom; not just freedom to worship, but freedom to challenge frontiers, freedom from the manipulations of European sorcerers, kings, priests and politicians. The exaltation of the individual, guided by his dreams, underneath the benevolent hand of an almighty and personal God, became something worth dying for.

They also came to farm their own parcel of land. Thomas Jefferson warned that if we ceased to be an agrarian society, our republic would perish. The industrial revolution had already begun to urbanize Europe, and America was the chance to yet pursue this precious freedom so dear to those who were immigrating.

George Washington was a model of the agrarian dreamer. He and men like him truly had a vision for which to die. This vision of the founding fathers began to be called the "American Dream." The scope of this dream enlarged with the country to include the belief that, with freedom guaranteed, anyone, rich or poor, with hard work could fulfill his or her destiny. The explorer, innovator, and overcomers of all types would succeed as they took new territory in their field of endeavor.

When I was in college, I became acquainted with Turner's "safety valve theory." It states, that as a society runs out of frontiers to conquer, it turns in upon itself and perishes. Conquest therefore, is a normal and necessary part of freedom. This was illustrated when we set foot on the moon. Space, to many, became the next frontier.

For most men, however, the industrial age began a process that imprisoned the dream of personal freedom, as people began to be seen as extensions of machines. In the 1930's, the Great Depression brought us to the exodus from the farm to an urban society, from personal freedom to impersonal dependency. A result of this is that we hardly know our neighbors any more.

Urban dwellers from Babel and Sodom onwards, have been easily influenced by the sorcerers of their age. As cities became the haunts of unseen powers who affect populations, and personal isolation increased, frontiers began to shrink and dreams to change. The manipulating of images in the mind, replaced the physical conquest of nature as an expression of freedom.

Advertisers, TV producers, moviemakers, drug lords and media moguls of all kinds have become priests for the new religion of our day, self-worship. The idolatrous products they set before us beckon us to buy items we never thought we needed until the manipulation, the sorcery convinced us. As a result, our minds have become increasingly focused upon what man has dreamed and produced more than what God has created and planned. As reality becomes imagination, our young people identify their heroes as entertainers

Jesus warned us that before He returned it would be as it was in Noah's day. The book of Genesis said it well... "their imaginations were evil continually," speaking of the generation that was destroyed in the flood. Once again, we are experiencing a separating of seeds, not Cain's from Seth's, but those who desire freedom to do whatever they want from those who have chosen the freedom Jesus offers. The scriptures tell us to "not use our freedom for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another."

If conquest is a part of freedom, and living in a drug-induced dreamland is eroding freedom, we are, in effect, living in the land of sorcery, continually being distracted from God's purpose and vision. Then what is the frontier we are to conquer?

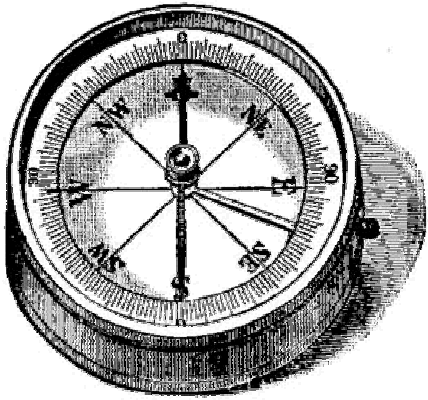
Years ago I became convinced that true liberty exists within the boundaries of God's love. This freedom is the right to love one another from a humble heart and a meek spirit as Jesus prescribed. The best definition of freedom I have found is "abiding in the light." "He who loves his brother abides in the light and there is no cause of stumbling in him." I John 2:10.

As we reject the false freedom of this present age, there seems to be no going back to the farm to find liberty; no returning to the log cabin, as nostalgic a notion as that may be. Daniel Boone and Charles Ingalls, with all the space before them, were still treading on others' territory and their conquest was only fleeting and temporal. The freedom within can be carried through the deepest places of suffering until we burst through that mystical tunnel that connects this life with the next. Therefore, the frontier we are to conquer is the hearts of our fellow men through the Word of God and the power of the Holy Spirit.

"Whom the Son sets free, is free indeed."

It is the kingdom, which we cannot see, it is the treasure that we cannot bank, and it is the invisible frontier that we are carrying within us that feed the stream of life from which we drink. We have been given the eternal passport, the key of David, by which we can enter and explore this wonderful kingdom. This kingdom can be found in the earth, in the midst of the body of Christ, His beloved.

As my vision returns to the table before me, it is not the little log cabin itself that holds the dream of freedom. It is the submitted hearts and clear consciences of those who dwelt within.



There are three ways you can visit a country.

1. You can fly into the international airport, wait a while, and catch the next available plane out.
2. You can fly in, stay in a hotel and take a tour seeing all the principle spots in a hurried manner and fly away after few days.
3. You can move there, tarry there, meet people, and become part of the culture.

All of the above can also typify the way we relate to one another in God's Kingdom. There are levels of communication, layers of relationship we can walk in. We are called to walk in the Spirit and build one another up in the faith.

In Philippians 1:7, Paul writes, "I have you in my heart...(vs. 8) I long for you with the affections of Jesus Christ". In varying degrees I have you in my heart and you have me. The depth of that heart relationship depends on whether I have moved into God's Country. If I have possessed the Kingdom of God and you have done the same, we will meet each other in that realm and become a refreshing drink, a looking glass and listening post, fellow travelers on the highway to Zion.

This also causes us to be intertwined like a rope. "Waiting upon the Lord" has within it the sense of being intertwined with Him. "A three fold cord is not easily broken". The call to unity is the call, heart to heart, to be bound together in love. That is why when one member suffers the whole body suffers. There is a place where deep calls to deep. It is in these deep places before Jesus with one another that the gifts He has placed in our lives are released to there fullest.

Our call is not to earthly recognition, but to heavenly relationship. This is only found in God's Country in the heartland of Christ.

A Matter of Perspective-The Picture

March 1993

I will always remember the picture over our mantle in the ornate gold frame. Two small figures at the far end of a residential street were walking toward the viewer. On either side oak trees and Georgian style houses grew ever larger as they approached my young eyes. I would stop and stare at those figures at least twice a week and ask my mother, "When are those people going to get where they're going?"

Did you ever find yourself asking that about elected officials, the car in front of you, or the neighbors packing for their vacation? It isn't long before we ask ourselves, " what is my destiny, when am I going to get where I'm going?".



After a few years I grew tired of asking my mother where the people were going, because the figures never moved. Some time later our family located in another state. When I saw the picture over a new mantle my question was finally answered. The people within the picture would never get going, but the picture itself could change location at any time. Sometimes, like the people in the picture, we want others to change, to get where they are going, and we wonder, "What is holding them up?"

What prevents them could be the way we look at them or the way we look at ourselves. God can move the picture even though we are in it. He can also give us fresh perspective on the picture by putting it in a different setting. When I was a child I never thought the picture would move from our mantle. I assumed things would never change. I learned much later that we are here to be transformed, changed from glory to glory, until we are like the One who made us.

God's plan is to enlarge our worldview. I can look at others and myself like the figures on the street, never going anywhere, or I can allow the Holy Spirit to change my perspective. We are all "strangers and pilgrims in the earth," yet many of us are unaware we are on a journey that ultimately leads to heaven or hell. We see ourselves like those figures in the picture, never moving, and are content to live in an illusion as if all that exists is our life on this earth. Scripture tells us however that we are "seated in heavenly places in Christ." If you and I can believe that all of our lives are continually available to be moved and shaped by His hands, then the Lord can give us perspective that will raise us up on Eagle's Wings.

KURT

April 1993



I was leading the singing when I first saw him, balding with glasses. As I looked closely, I could feel the Holy Spirit asking me to go talk to him. Minutes later I was shaking his hand.

" This is Kurt," the lady next to him said. ¶

" Hi, I'm Charles, welcome." ¶

Are you the pastor?" ¶

Yes, I am " I replied. "

Could I make an appointment to talk with you?"

Suddenly I said " how about now?" He looked shocked.

" Are you sure," he asked? I beckoned him outside to the curb. We sat there for the next hour as he opened up his heart to me. He was deeply touched that I would leave my role of pastor to relate to him as a person and soon to be friend. It was through Kurt that I learned that a friend is *a looking glass* and a *listening post*. Kurt would share his heart needs unashamedly and humbly with a deep trust that I would listen. I am certain now that I benefited more from this relationship than he. Through Kurt, I began to see that one person deeply loved is more meaningful, in terms of spiritual growth, than a hundred people who receive super

Continued in Volume 2