

Why?

“...of Him and through Him and to Him are all things...”

Romans 11:36.

In our suspicious generation there are many under the sway of the spirit of the age. Many are so convinced that there are no answers to the big questions that they feel even the questions are no longer worth asking. This is the worst kind of defeat I think because cynicism soon follows. I know this to be true, mainly for two reasons: 1) because I speak to such folks regularly, and 2) I was once one of them. We are a generation of people certain of ourselves, but uncertain about our convictions; it's supposed to be the other way around. I see the hearts of people my age growing colder. God has given me fellowship among some men and women of most excellent spirits, indeed with people of whom the world is not worthy, but mostly I'm miserable as I consider my culture and my people. In this letter I'll answer why I think God has made all things. It's my feeble attempt at a poetic hammer. Poetic because I'll try to use flowery language to describe a God beyond it, and a hammer because I pray its simplicity pounds where needed.

I have pondered the unfathomable things of God. How can I? He has always been. I have had seven years. I have wrestled and lost many nights to my gain. On a hill with a cross in a land by a sea I have beheld life through eyes which 33 years ago I had not. By invitation I have ascended the shimmering mountains of ignorance and found a band of hospitable souls who've been there for millennia. While many things are not understood on this side of death, what's known alone in life is surely more than all men together can grasp.

God, why make worlds? Why make time to tick and tock? Why create? Why bother? Why are we here? These are the big questions that many despise because they have found no answer. They have not looked rightly. Who can answer? We are a world at war with God and each other. We are adept addicts, fanciful fornicators, arrogant atheists, magnificent murderers, lofty liars, cunningly covetous (excuse me- ambitious), terrific thieves, haughty homosexuals, public perverts, profitably profane and superlatively selfish creatures. We are such things with panache. Why us then? Why in the world a world?

I will attempt to word Him as I am certain of the answer. I am not thus convinced because impulse from Frost has moved me to take a less travelled path. On the contrary, I entered an old path at a wicket gate which is well worn. I am not convinced of the answer because of any private revelation. I have trod no astral plane. I need no special tongue.

I will now tell you, dear stranger, why all was made: it is about God. If you are waiting for a better answer than my letter is most for you. I will tell you who He is if you do not know. I possess no vague description.

Convinced there is no response cynically we ask, “How do we get to heaven?” “Why should we even wish to go?” “Why submit to God?” “How can we know that God is good and sovereign over this soiled globe?” “What love?” “Why suffering?” “Why death?” “Why all?” “Why care?” “Who knows?” Some recoil from wisdom and crown chance the vicar of all. I, humbly and alternatively, present the heart of this letter:

If men saw God no words would be needed!
They'd recognize the answers as if for a hundred years!

Repent. See...Know...Him. Why do we exist? None but a Creator can answer. Why do we exist? One outside of “We” must answer for many reasons. Why do we exist? Reader, the answer is not found in the question. If it were there would be no question. So often men feign the answers in other men, but this is houses built on sand. This is we telling we why us. What do we know? We are graspers at the wind. We seek elsewhere precisely because we have not. Friend, do not quit because the journey is long. The air here is sweet and makes one drowsy, but do not fall asleep. It is the sleep of death. We do not have truth from ourselves so who can answer? I cannot. I have many questions. Only Jesus has none. He is not of the dust, but He became as one of us. The bones of a million religionists and a billion self-styled philosophers line our alleys of stone and neon. Only one tomb is empty. Where is the scribe of this age? Is he transcendent? Has he conquered death? Why do we exist? Wise man, a fine array of words will not answer, and a song, no matter how joyous, only briefly drowns out the funeral march as even the longest tracks soon fade. The body sobers and the mind returns. Ten out of ten die, and their wisdom decays along with them. Why do we insist to seek the living among the dead? No oratorical alchemist can concoct truth eternal; such is merely grasping articulately at the wind. It is as temporary as the dew. Words are mere temporal cacophony without perpetual sponsorship, and philosophy is only as valid as its orator, and how valid is man, a vapor, a viper? Law is only as good as its authority, and how long does this last among men? We are but dust. Why do we exist? The answer is not in us. Wise man, seek elsewhere. To find true answers to these most resolute truths we must go outside both the question and all questioners.

No Grecian in a toga, no Arab in a cave, no arm-chaired American can answer. Men do not decide the answers, and neither do I. Not a grain of sand or double helix strand was created by man's hands. We are but clumsy workmen using tools we found. All who look to man find only words to describe what they imagine might be true if they were God, but alas we rot. We are here today and gone today. Men cannot answer. To forsake God and seek answers in the question, the questioning, or a questioner is seeking wisdom from a cereal box. It is a manufactured intell, a borrowed product, a forgery, a temporal and perhaps at best only vaguely correct attempt. Like the horoscope for the daft next to the candy bar it guesses. Wisdom without

its God is inane; the world without its God is insane. Come Marthas and sit long in peace. He still speaks. The world, and the life on all sides of it, is hollow and void if lacking its carpenter. How nauseating it would be if heaven were just a large mirror! Oh, if it was just us I would be undone. The world demands God, otherwise it is cold, jagged and functionless. It must be Godfull or we are lost. God makes it work. There is Him and all else. Such is the difference between a hundred shots of an empty playground and one with you and your best childhood friend on the slide posing for a picture. Now that's a moment worth keeping. Life will not work, and is a waste of time without God. Oh, if you only knew that He answers! If He is not in the picture then you might as well discard it, it means nothing. You are alone on the teeter-totter, and it will not work. It was designed for more than you.

A preacher once inquired about which creature is closer to the nature of God. Is it the highest seraphim ever fashioned or the bug that dwells beneath the rim of a toilet bowl? Neither is closer. God is holy. The world is His. Without Him it is nothing. It is a ball of metal and liquid a bit different than the other worthless spinning orbs in this universal symphony of wasted pointlessness. Earth is His and so it dances. God sustains it or we are lost. The world was prepared *for its God*, and only one is God both by and of nature. All other gods are hats to cover horns. To seek why we are here within us is akin to imagining that the reason for a tree is within the tree. This is but a weekend answer if we give it no thought. No, a seed made it, and it, and it, and it...We must look higher to find the first. One inquisitor noted that God is the only being in existence whose reason for existence is within Himself. To find the reason for all trees you must look for their Creator. To know why there is life you must know life's life. In other words, to know why, my friend, you simply must know Who. Otherwise you will never know why, and will only read cereal boxes. There is a way. You will find rest for your soul there. Come and join us on the road to the city of the great King. He has led and bled the way. You will find men far lower than you there. You are welcome, traveler. We too are journeying eagerly to see Him, even for the first time. The King will soon be seen! This is not the end. You may not find all the answers now, but you will find Him who gives them. Ask and you shall receive. You may not understand all, but you'll know that you lack nothing. To be found in Christ is to be found in why. There is much for Him to say and the journey to the heavenly Emmaus is long. Walk with Him and ask away. The answers will take time, but so does the journey. Though we surely only see in part we can see that part which matters most. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing! Knock and it shall be opened. There is hope for us, but it is outside of all of us. We need only look appropriately. We must come on His terms. Be broken and live. Repent or perish.

Please continue with me, dear reader. Stretch if you must and return. Why are we here? Where do we go from here? Why do we exist? Who can answer? Such answers are found only if we find the answerer. It then only remains a matter of time before He can address all things. Jesus was nigh His cross in the passage ahead, the fulcrum for the hammer of this letter. Soon after this His friends would not see Him again in life. At this they were very sad. They were terrified and confused. They had many questions. There is a why posed here as there are many

spoken of in this letter. The answer, as I suppose is always the case with questions of such magnitude, is outside the questioner. Only an answerer will suffice. Every single why answer and modicum of truth in the Milky Way goes somewhat like:

Let not your heart be troubled; you believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to Myself; that where I am, there you may be also. And where I go you know, and the way you know." Thomas said to Him, "Lord, we do not know where You are going, and how can we know the way?" Jesus said to him, "I am the way..."

The answer answered! The reply's heart isn't what's said; it's Who said it. Knowing Him = knowing the directions. The answer answered. Not by saying, "Thomas, tithe, be a good person, assist the poor, fast and you will arrive where I am." *He did not prescribe!* He laid out no maps. He offered no coordinates. Yet Jesus answered him straightforwardly saying, "I am the way." It's the "I" Thomas must see. This is why He is why. It's never just in words with God; it is God and His words. There is no way to God except this way. We must come on His terms, sinner. To be broken is to be healed. You can know an eternal God. All who ask find. To truly know the why of our existence you must know the Who, and is this not immeasurably superior? It is not an ideal that answers, or some impersonal glow; it's a Him! Truth is not an abstract verbiage. He has shown Himself. There is a truth Who speaks in the heavens. Christians are not just born into an ideal of Jesus, Mr. Kant, God is among us, inside us! Christ's own share truth with the God of the living. We are not meant to be alone. Knowing Him is why Godly men long for heaven. I wish I could blindfold you, reader, escort you to Isaiah's 40th chapter where I first beheld Him who is why and show you, but no, you too must come on His terms. God the Holy Spirit alone then takes men there. "The way" that Thomas inquired after was Him. Jesus taught him this well, and soon he knew. Know Him and you too will know why we exist. Know Him; know why. Not just truths, not just facts; life and life from its very source. Jesus has no questions. His answers are not man's answers; He is no mere man. Jesus is the God men should seek. The Holy Spirit reveals Him.

It was night. Time was running out. Jesus spoke of His departure. He was the disciples' life and their hope. How could He leave? Would He return? Perhaps they thought they misunderstood Him. It would not be the first time they did. Perhaps He was testing them again. Something was unsettling in the air as Thomas nervously asked,

"Where are you going, Jesus, that we might follow?"

Jesus answered, "You know Me. Full well."

"Please don't leave, Rabbi. We'll be lost without You!"

“No, you will have all you need.”

“But where will You be, my Lord. I wish to go? Please tell me again... You know that I’m slow of hearing.”

“You know, Thomas. I will be with you.”

“But what way I beg You? Where shall I find you?”

“You have seen Me full well, and you know the way.”

“Rabbi, why would You not tell me? Tell me, and I will believe You!”

“Remain in Me. I am the way, and know Me.”

Thomas saw the way– his Lord, his God!

Oh, Thomas’s of the world, I bid you come and see. Come and see Him who told me everything. He answers, “As it is written.” Satan asks, “Hath God said?” but Jesus the Christ is still by the well. Come, join us and just listen. He speaks and our hearts blaze with inextinguishable life within us.

Thomas knew the way only by its maker. This is always the case as there is only one God. In the church we would love to teach you this and show you why we sing. Come and sit next to the proverb writer on the mountain. The truth that arrested him before there was silicon is the same that arrests my heart as my fingers tap these keys. The answerer Himself is the only answer to our questions that satisfies. Truth is in Him, not in the seeking, not in the questions, not in ourselves. Men do not look rightly, and this is why they surrender. They feel there is no meaning because in their rebellion they have not met the meaning. Today the greatest virtue many say is admitting you have nothing absolute. Today, as the water is indeed shallow, every shrimp has his own puddle. Now even the questions seem silly, and indeed they are if mere men answer. It is only when men reject instruction that confusion enters; it is only in suppression that truth hides from view. All men are without excuse.

Why did God ordain the atom’s orbit and Adam’s fall? Why are we alive? Behold Him rightly to know. It is sad that though I am attempting to word Him, some readers here will feel I never actually answer the why question. The point is God and God in any proper light. I pray you see Him. He is love and wisdom and beauty. It swirls and converges on Him. Why us? He was not lonely. He was not bored. He was not lacking. He needs nothing, and is in no way enriched by us as though He Himself would be lacking if no man ever called Him God. There is not one square inch conceived where God is not both fully present and fully glorious. It is not that God’s hand is in one galaxy and His foot in another; He is all in all places. Why then do we beings be? It is about God, and not us I swear. Only the Christian knows this in reality. We are made to see Him in and over all, and in this He delights. And in this we delight. He gives and He takes. He

gives suffering and He gives comfort. Know Him and know why. A preacher once said, "Some men imagine heaven as the place of ultimate self-fulfillment. It isn't. It is the place of ultimate self-forgetfulness." God is there in full and so we wish to behold Him. Delight in this and you will know why this mortal coil is nowhere near the end. You will know why the creatures never silence their song. We are not the star! We are dreadful supporting actors whose names should not even make the credits. Come and sit with us who know Him and know your place. You will not test God; He will test you. He will not cast you away if you seek Him with your whole heart. We are waiting on the curtain to lift and His fullness to be made known. The triune God is yet to be seen. Then we shall know even as we are known. In Christ, we have an unction of complete knowledge, but are not yet completed. We know truth not because He has articulated every answer to us, but because we have heard His voice, and now to whom shall we go? Shall we go to the seductress? Shall we go to the man in the suit, or mansion? To whom shall we go? We go happily to the Scriptures, the Bible. It is the old path. It is the path well worn. We are certain that in Him and His word are all the answers because He is God. He is a God of action. Jesus touched people. He need not die twice.

Why suffering? The answer is alone in Him. Ask the Godly dying who know it to be a vocation given them. Through the cross, no matter our objections, our own proven wickedness alone reminds us why it is good that men suffer. We did not ask for life. We did not ask for death. Such things are altogether too lofty for us. Such a place even the angels dare not tread. There is all of creation and the Creator. We are of the dust. The dust just is. We come to the ash heap with Job and remember that both the good and the bad are from the hand of God. We cannot speak for God's purposes. We know that if we try to find the answers within ourselves we will find ourselves at night in the woods alone miles from home sitting helpless with our pants around our ankles in a frozen puddle. We will be lacerated by the thorns of life and lies over which we dragged ourselves in insanity against the God who saw. The demons will have had their way, and satan will happily teach. We will then only hear the highway of truth in the distance and dare not approach it.

We are a culture of goons. We have no account of ourselves. We are schooled stupid. As our autonomy has increased our accountability has diminished. The drug dealing homosexual prostitute can claim that his personal life has nothing to do with his politics and thus we should mind our own business. No judgment is the opiate of our masses today and anything goes. We are an age of know it all bloggers. We are a people who make up eternal truth as we go. We have not sought God; we hate God. We are where an online automaton can rail against the Scriptures because she's taken a college course on world religions and log off without ever even having to read what was just electronically etched to a billion people. We have educated ourselves into imbecility. We think we have the answers as masters of all and so the questions are wasted on us in our pride. We do not know the Who. We are word peddlers.

Dear reader, God has given us a world such as this to illuminate Him. To find its meaning you must go outside it, above it. I know that only He calls there. Even its suffering will increase

His glow. He is not unwise. You are not wiser. This world is everything He designed it to be. To understand this is to find the answers that so many people have given up asking because they never sought Him. To become disenfranchised from the world is to begin to look away from it to the God who is above it. First you must become disenfranchised with yourself. If you truly knew yourself you would find this most agreeable. Only the Christian knows this in reality. If you knew sin you would fear God and find Him there to comfort you. God is above all, we are from below all.

He is not merely a good reasoner; He created reason. You do not test Him as if to give Him the duration of the hour to prove Himself. He needs nothing from you; you need all from Him. In life we are all on welfare. If He did not sustain us we would disintegrate instantly. In God alone is all that men seek when they seek good things. His purposes are reflected everywhere, but they are not Him. He is Him. In God is why spouses must express their love for one another physically or else it is not full expression. His idea. Thus He gave worship. In God is why men must embrace their children lest they not express their love for them fully. His idea. Thus He invented hugs. In God is why dinner time, a fireplace with your spouse, and the simple things are always the best. Fellowship with others. His idea. These are mere reflections at best. The closest to suicide many come is after experiencing all they thought life and sin had to offer and realizing that it is all hollow and useless. Such is not the case with the Creator. To see Him will not be anti-climactic! The greatest joys are at His right hand.

Why has God chosen to do any of it? It is so God can be God over all who see. It is so God can be God before God. The world is to make a place for the Son to come, grow older, suffer and die. It is a perfect Romans 5:8 setting. The answer is Him. In my mind's theater I look to history and see an untold number waiting to hear the Sermon on the Mount 2. It is Him we seek. This is immeasurably better. He is no wizard in Oz. We are seeking the One who teaches like no mere man. We are all dressed very differently, but we are one.

God lives and so the flowers bloom. God speaks and the birds stick out their chests. The horse runs to please his Maker; he knows that God has made him fast. God shows His genius so Newton loves numbers. God created all things that while terrible in sin would only be glorious in perfection. The lions teeth give us awe. They will be no less awesome when he's harmless. The strength of the horse will be no less majestic when he is not clad in armor. God is God and if that were not so then all would be naught. Why did God do it? It is for the seeker to find that he is sought. It is to look out over the vast distances of which we still know absolutely nothing and get the point. We get low. Look for Him! God shows His creation Himself. This would be arrogance were He not God. He loves justice and so our judges sound gavels. He has compassion and so charity to those who cannot repay brings out the best in all. He paints the world and so Michelangelo prepares his canvas. Color is His idea. Flavor in our food is a gift. He fashioned the larynx and so the choir resounds. He shows triune harmony and so Bach motions his wand. Fellowship is in the Trinity and so the mother cooks dinner just to gather those she loves. God gets to be God and so the world spins. The child has a most profound peace when she observes

her parents embracing in love, and the Christian looks to his God. All is well. The world may orbit the sun, but the universe orbits Him. The center of all is not the sun, but the Son. Know Him and know why. This is the answer. This is no riddle. Repent and trust in Christ and you will know why we are here. You will find life meaningful only when you have it eternal. To find Him you must repent. You are wretched. Understand you must die for your sin and you will live. It is not easy. Such is all things worth doing, I suppose even forever. Here we return to the cross. Behind a frowning providence is a smiling face. God is happy! He is full of joy! Imagine this world for a moment as it will be. Oh, how glorious it would have been and will one day be yet more glorious to see. Imagine when the God who made it shows Himself. He has subjected it to corruption only for a time, dear reader. Why should you die?

Do you wish to know that honey is sweet? Put on a tongue. I cannot explain it better. Do you wish to know why we exist? Put on the Lord Jesus Christ. If you find Him I assure you it is because He found you. In Him is not just the meaning of this life, but, "...this is eternal life, that they may know You, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom You have sent," John 17:3.

Thank you for your attention to this letter.