



New Temples Unleashed

There is a refined architecture
which makes up our innermost being,
the inlaid texture within.

It holds, in a cavern of treasured dark,
the hidden contours of days, of weeks, of years –
the stubbed toe, the fishing trip, the first kiss, the first Bible,
a stained glass display, capturing the shades
of the Spirit's activity in a life –
the painted walls of the soul,
the lined pews of the mind's repeated patterning,
the lectern from which the will sets forth its directed desire.
This is the nave of a person, which – let's be honest –
may contain multitudes – of miseries,
a grinding millstone made of internal tragedies
played upon the tiny stage of a heart.
It may be that way.

And even in the midst of that,
bursting the darkness beautifully asunder,
may be the live edge seat of God's good grace –
the sweet accord of his consolation
rising daily as from the cloven pipes
of the most exquisite and ornately filigreed organ,
which sounds out the music of the name
of the Son of God, Jesus of Nazareth,
in whom every single dilapidated structure
may be made to stand up whole –
houses boarded up and condemned
be made new – luxurious and vaulted temples
filled with the airy splendor of true freedom, of God's glory.

Therefore, if that's the case,
and we in fact stand new in that reality–
if we are new temples, let us be fully unleashed!

Breaking out with the unbridled blast
from this new horn of salvation – this baffling joy –
let's make the silence into music,
bringing the aroma and shining light of Christ
everywhere we walk, bringing the city of God
into the corridors and back alleys
of this broken city of man!

And, here's the thing,
the most high doesn't dwell in temples
made by human hands – no, the most high
dwells in us –

And he's ready to unleash our souls!
Ready to unleash our minds!
Ready to unleash our hearts!
Ready to unleash the entire floor plan of our
interior and exterior lives, so that
we may be who He has made us to be –
new temples – unleashed.