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The Only Way Back to God

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5-6 minutes



If Jesus is the Son of God, if God became man and walked among us, if the incarnate deity suffered and died to pay for the sins of the world, if He descended into hell and took the keys of death from the devil, if He rose again from the dead justifying all who become one with Him, if He rose into heaven and anointed the ultimate altar with His blood offering up the payment for the fall of man, what is there that can be of more importance than that?

If out of all the millions of books ever written God wrote one book, one set of writings infused with His Spirit, and alive with

His Word, what can compare with that?

I remember back when I first began to walk with Christ. As with most new believers I burned with passion and devoted myself as exclusively as I could to the study of His Word. I couldn't get enough. I read His Word every chance I got. I devoured it. I lived and breathed it. Nothing else mattered. I just had to get His Word into me, into my life. And it changed me.

Reading God's Word led me to Christ. Reading His Word taught me to love. Reading His Word taught me that I shouldn't pollute His temple (my body) with drugs, tobacco, and other things. It healed me of addictions I had accepted as a normal part of life, cleansed me of sins I hadn't even known I was committing, and it gave me a love for God's people, and His church.

Being a self-centered substance abuser, a street-fighting loner, and in general a morally bankrupt reprobate gave me a lot of running room in my search for holiness in Him. I was working forty to eighty hours per week and spent every waking hour not at work in the Bible. It was a wonderful time and a joyous time of getting to know my first love.

For many of us as the first blush of love fades, as the joy of Christian fellowship becomes an everyday event, as we learn that many Christians shoot the wounded, crucify pastors, and leave their love at the altar, the supernatural becomes mundane and love fades. Slowly we become colder until we

wonder, “Was it all a dream?”

The cares of this life seem to cauterize the faith of believers. We strive to walk by faith and not by sight but most of us are peeking. We still have one eye on the world, one ear to the ground, and one hand in the cookie jar.

That’s what trips us up. We can’t walk through life divided. If a kingdom is divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand. You see no one can serve two masters. For either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will be loyal to the one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and the world.

I have made that mistake. Like Frodo looking into Mount Doom, I peeked at the news until it consumed me. My daily study of “What was going on” became an exercise in naval gazing: a worthless pursuit that gave me the ability to speak like an expert and live like a fool. For a fool has said in his heart there is no God. And I know there is a God and I invested my intellect and my attention in that which is not God. For this I repent.

I remember when I was a new believer reading through the Bible for the first time. When I read the book of Judges, I wondered why God kept saving those Israelites over and over when after a few times it became evident they would just backslide again. Then I had my first stumble, and my second, and my third, and I am forever grateful that God does not shoot the wounded. Instead he binds the broken hearted. As Unspoken puts it,

*You can never fall too hard,
So fast, so far
That you can't get back
When you're lost
Where you are is never too late,
So bad, so much
That you can't change
Who you are,
You can change who you are.*

If the world has caught you in its web once again, if shiny objects glittering in the light have captured your attention, turn away from the world, cast your eyes upon Jesus, keep your thoughts upon Him, and return to your first love.

You may ask, "How do I do that?"

There is only one way back to God. Get back to God.

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