

Mission 21: Vision For the New Century  
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THE DOOR

by Chris Maxwell

A rectangular out. A passage tall enough, wide enough, but closed. If I had never seen a door and known it to be a door, what would these lines mean to me? Dark streaks on a white wall? Why the small shine of gold, an orb, halfway down (up?) inside the right dark line?

I know, because I have known doors. I have found them open and walked through, found them locked and knocked upon them. I have slammed.

I know the meaning of this escape from present place. I can stand, walk toward. I can grab the gold orb and turn. I can pull the rectangle.

At that moment a new world appears. Voices, muffled behind the closed door, sound clear. Sights, hidden by the closed door, reflect light that leaps to my eye-socket camera that sends the data to my brain that translates the light into understandable images.

This world and that. Inside and out. A cut of wood separating one room from another. A decision and an action: behold! The worlds spanned by simple work. Doorways block and bridge. They keep us out and allow us in; exclude and include. In this they are subordinate; the purpose they serve depends on us. We close, they say, "No"; we open; they say, "Yes."

Remember them in your personal history. Front, back, bedroom, bathroom doorways. In the childhood house, in the first house as a spouse. When you walked through one holding an infant grown from your seed.

Read of them in Scripture – doorways as illustrations, as experience. Door of heart: Jesus outside knocking, seeking entry. Door of lips: God as guard. A door of faith, a door of learning, a door of opportunity.

The slaves put blood atop doors to save their skins. The psalmist penned his preference to keep the door of God's residence, The Savior claimed to be *the* Door, the *only* Door, to the real world.

Are they alive? What secrets do they, can they, hold? Which will we open? Which will we shut, slam, ignore? Which are spirit, which are flesh?

Some lead in; some lead out. Our choice. What we want and where we are going. Today, I need blood to paint the top, patience to stand watch at God's house. I need faith-ears to hear the faint knocking at the heart-door, a Sentry to guard my mouth-door, courage to leap through the Door to the real world.

Today, I need to stand, walk toward, escape this present place. Dark streets and white walls, gold shining: me, grabbing, turning, pulling. In one act an exit and an entry.

I pray this is the right rectangle. It's tall enough, wide enough. But, will it open? Indeed, it will. For it is the door of God's designing.