

Fine Linen

By

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Through the span of time I have arrayed the mightiest of kings and the most worshipful of priest. I am fine linen. I was there when Pharaoh placed his ring upon the hand of Joseph, placed me about his body, put a gold chain around his neck and made him ruler over all the land. Joseph was faithful and waited patiently for God's promise to be fulfilled.

I encompassed the tabernacle in the desert, the dwelling place of God. For, you see, I was in the fine curtain stretching around His habitation. I saw and experienced the shekinah glory filling His tabernacle. In the temple I saw behind the veil, felt the tearing and ripping because I was in the veil. I saw the love God was showing His children, undeserved, but chosen of God to be his covenant people. His promises are everlasting.

I saw all the house of Israel bringing up the ark of the Lord with shouting and with the sound of the trumpet. I encircled David's loins as he danced before the Lord with all his might. I heard David's wife tell him how ashamed she was that he uncovered himself before the people. David told her, "I was dancing before the Lord who has chosen me to be the ruler over all Israel; therefore, will I play before the Lord."

His promises are ridiculed by most, but they are as honey to those who believe and witness their attainment. When the delayed angel appeared to Daniel, I clothed him. I saw him touch Daniel and speak these words; "O man, greatly beloved, fear not; peace be unto thee, be strong, Yea be strong." I saw the battle in the heavenlies between the angels and Satan. I saw the angels overcome and deliver the answer of God to Daniel. A promise delayed is for preparation.

They took the body of Jesus and wound it in fine linen cloths. So, you see, when Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus prepared the body of Jesus for burial, I was there too. I watched them wash and tenderly dry His body and carefully place the spices, as was the manner of the Jews. Then slowly they wound me around the marred body of Jesus. I encircled the full embodiment of time. He was, He is and ever will be. But now there was no life moving within me. Only stillness as we were placed inside the coldness of the tomb. The light faded to darkness as the stone was rolled to its destiny. But on the morning of the third day, light suddenly burst into the darkness and I was alone. Mary soon came and peered into the tomb and found only me. He has risen! He is alive! The promise lives!

The End