

GOD INDWELLING US

TEXT:

Isaiah 57:15: For thus says the high and lofty One Who inhabits eternity [God Almighty], Whose Name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.

He Who inhabits eternity, makes His abode in my broken heart!!

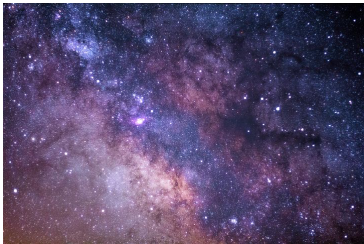
If we took it singularly, it would be hard enough, but both together is too much.



Isaiah 66:1a: Thus saith the Lord, The Heaven is My throne, and the Earth is My footstool:

That is big – and then to think that He can live in us? It sounds too good to be true!

We need this indwelling to have life, but to dwell within the narrow precincts of this heart, how can the eternal God do it? King David said:



Psalms 8:3-4:

³ When I consider Thy Heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and stars which Thou hast ordained;

⁴ What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that Thou visitest him?

They are like the chariot wheels of Ezekiel's vision, and so high that it was astonishingly dreadful to look upon.

When we hear the scholars speaking from observatories, having measured the vast distances among the stars, we feel like drawing up tight as when watching a tightrope walker on a bike with someone on his shoulders in a circus tent, or crossing a cavern. What about that fellow we saw on television driving his car off a ramp over a span of 150', leaving you breathless!

Now, men are no longer content to measure or number the host of Heaven,

marshaling them into constellations. Now, this tiny creature – man – is taking off to explore them! On each trip, they are more shocked and filled with wonder and awe at the heavenly bodies, and the brilliant objects on the moon itself. Then, seizing hold of the words kindled by inspiration on the lips of David, we read in:

Psalms 104:24-25:

24 O LORD, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thy made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches.

25 So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.



These are indescribably wonderful! But come, and I'll try to show you what is yet more wonderful. Leaving the starry worlds in infinite space, whose image we gather within the pupil of a human eye, their Author and Maker wills to come down into this microscopic miniature creature and dwell within him. The Sublime One — Whose Heavens declare His glory and Whose Earth shows His handiwork — ordains to dwell within us. That He Who inhabits eternity should stoop from His loftiness and choose to enter some poor, frail, worthless creature such as I is incredible!!

This isn't the whole story. He desires to walk in me! As the song writer says:

***“Oh the Glory of His Presence,
Oh the beauty of His Face.
I am His and His forever.
He has saved me by His grace.”***

Looking closely at the text, it says a *“contrite and humble spirit.”* This is the most sublime fact of all. He, Whose life-time is infinite and endless, seeks for poor, broken, crushed hearts to indwell them, and to confine a measure of His Presence in my body and make me His home! This is the mystery and glory of the Gospel.



He wants to be my Saviour, Lord, and Maker predicated on my surrendering this faulty, weak, wretched, and miserable existence into His eternal care.

We can trifle with these facts. We can allow unbelief to slam the heart's door and shut out the Prince of Glory, or — by simple faith — we can welcome Him in.

He made us for this purpose: to indwell us. But the sin barrier must be broken, and the hard, calloused heart crushed to allow His needed entrance. This inconceivable and incredible Truth was conceived in the heart of the Infinite God, Jehovah, the Ruler of the Universe.

The greater wonder is the desire to unite with a worm of the dust. “Broken and contrite” are the two conditions of entrance. Do you qualify? Have you been bent by your sin, but not broken yet? Have you been bent by the Holy Spirit’s conviction, and not yet broken by the Love of God so graciously displayed at Calvary?

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The only way God elects to gain entrance into our hearts is through the gateway of our affections. His perfect Love reaches us in no less a display of the greatest sacrifice any father could undertake — even the death of His Only Begotten Son.

To an enlightened conscience, it is too awe-inspiring a truth to relegate to our affection. The only bewilderment which leaves us nonplussed is: How shall this *Inhabitant of Eternity*, whose Name is HOLY, be well-pleased to indwell a little, feeble ant of earth who has dared to withstand His every effort to win that affection? How can compassion be so immutable (unchangeable) and so untiringly displayed?



Our heart can find no argument to answer back to such pure, unconditional love. Only love knows a language that makes words irrelevant and trite. This Divine display of Love has broken my heart into a thousand pieces. What has it done for yours?

Upon this basis alone does He desire to enter, for He has said,

Psalms 34:18: The LORD is nigh [near] unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

He refuses the high and haughty ones in exchange for the humble and lowly. There can be no other premise upon which we can be accepted. It is a childlike prayer which opens Heaven’s door to those who are sorrowful and ashamed.

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Jesus called a little child unto Him and set him in the midst of them and said,

Matthew 18:3: Verily I say unto you, except you be converted, and become as like children, you will not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Have you ever thought about the dark mystery of the human nature which caused such a stipulation as this? None can know the secrets of his own proud heart fully, for even after our conversion there are found yet more roots of pride that survived the destruction of our sinful, carnal nature. Why oh why does this Eternal and Almighty One not eradicate from me the carnal man with its sinful roots and branches?

Is it because I would become proud of my humility or my holiness? If there is a constant attack of satan upon my mind to puff it up at the expense of my soul's chosen closeness to Jesus, then I must live more dependent upon my Master, and seek to become more lowly.

Matthew 11:29: Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls.



No longer can we enthrone — as supreme — our own divinity, as if we were gods, masters of our own destiny.

I am now bringing to the alter my poor offering of body, soul, and spirit, in thankfulness for Thy mercy, O Lord. May the fragrance of Thy Presence which now indwells my heart speak more loudly for Thee than all the inconsistencies which remain in me detract from Thy Glory. May all those who acquaint themselves with me be able to say, “*God is in you, of a Truth*”, or, “*Behold, this is one in whom the Spirit of the Living God is at home. In this holy indwelling, there is a Oneness with the Father.*”

Revelation 3:20: Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My Voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me.



Without this indwelling of Christ Jesus in you, the Hope of Glory, you and I are hopelessly lost. Have you welcomed in the High and Lofty One Who inhabits eternity? Only reluctantly He remains without and will never come in to save and keep you without an invitation from you. Do it today, without delay.

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