ON THE WINGS OF ANGELS

In the account of Lazarus and the rich man recorded in Luke 16, it is said, “The poor man died and was carried by the angels to Abraham’s side.” (v. 22) That had to be the ride of all rides, on the wings of angels. He had a hard life, harder than most others, for he was a beggar. When he died, he got the ride perhaps he never thought he would take.

The rides we take in life are sometimes not so pleasant. The ride to the hospital when a loved one has been stricken or in an accident and the prognosis is not so good. The ride to the cemetery when one has lost the most important person in their lives.

But this ride, one that takes one to the side of Abraham, the Patriarch of Patriarchs will be different. Who would not want to sit at the side of the man who conversed with God one on one about the things that would happen to him and his seed.

“Father of the faithful,” he has been called time and again. He saw demonstration after demonstration of God’s faithfulness and the things he accomplished. Promising Abraham it was through him that all nations would be blessed, then brought it to pass by preserving Israel and the house of Judah.

People leave this world in different ways, some through tragic accidents like the plane crash in the Alps last week, or being torn asunder in an auto accident. Then of course some leave peacefully in their sleep, like I want to go. But any of them, if they are faithful to God can go to paradise in the same way Lazarus did. What a pleasant thought.

Some folks don’t want to go at all and fight against it even when it is inevitable. It is a time we all come to, some sooner and some later. But what a pleasant thought, that after living in a world of turmoil, even perhaps as Lazarus, who had to beg for food, then when through with all this, to be carried away to that eternal rest by the angels of God.