

Daniel 7:1-3, 15-18

Psalm 149

Ephesians 1:11-23

Luke 6:20-31

At the start of Daniel's vision, he saw that the four winds of heaven were stirring up the Great Sea and four beasts came up from the sea each different from the other and the vision goes on. Our reading today continues at verse 15; "I, Daniel was grieved in my spirit within my body, and the visions of my head troubled me. I came near to one of those who stood by and asked him the truth of all this. So, he told me and made known to me the interpretation of these things": 'Those great beasts, which are four, are four kings which arise out of the earth. **But the saints of the Most High** shall receive the kingdom, and possess the kingdom forever, even forever and ever.'

In the Ephesians reading I see the answer to calm Daniel's troubled spirit.

We who have come to believe in and have accepted Jesus Christ as the Son of the Living God and Messiah; have been sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, who is the guarantee of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession of His glory.

That kingdom that is spoken of in Daniel that the saints of the Most High shall receive and possess is right where Jesus is. And we shall be with Him forever and ever. We are His saints. His purchased possession.

This world is not our permanent home. I'm learning as I've grown older both in faith and years that stuff is more of a burden than a blessing. We don't know the day or the hour, but we do know the 'times and the seasons.' The LORD will come again. He said He would. Perilous times will come; in whatever measure they may. Possessions, loving stuff, being concerned with things that are not eternal will only hinder your ability to serve and have peace. I'm not saying we need to rid ourselves of everything we have or own but, hold them loosely and spend more time with Jesus.

I feel like that is what the Beatitudes are about. Earthly things are temporal. Be blessed by the eternal.

This world is not my home, I'm just a-passing through
My treasures are laid up somewhere beyond the blue
The angels beckon me from Heaven's open shore
And I can't feel at home in this world anymore.

(This World is not My Home – Albert E. Brimley 1919)

