

The woman stood yearning, asking, pleading with the guard, “When will you open it? It was announced on television that it would be open. When will you open it? Please! Just once I want to walk to the other side – free!” She was standing at the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin on a cold November night. I cried as I felt more than her desire for an emotional release but liberation of soul, able to be tasted yet unable to be consumed, elusive. She wanted to be free from something knowing she had to go forward...to *feel* free.

A friend of mine wrote in her blog three days ago, “Forgiveness. Desire. Dreams. Hopes. False promises. False semi-covenants. Human nature. Flippant attitude. Carelessness. Not clear lines. Hormones. Time flying. Missed cuddles. Kisses seen. Cluelessness. Faith for others. Lack of faith for yourself. Responsibility. Attraction. Poligamy-type openness. Intellect. Eyes and hands. Body. Spirit. Is there soul? Life alone. Life together. Question words. I AM. Death. New life. Promise? Again? No!!! God knows. God knows I want to break free. Amazing how much 69 words can convey for those who walk through life with me.”

These past couple of days I could have added my own questions and disillusionment...ego, lust, confusion, hope, doubt, need of much, lack of nothing, loneliness, misunderstood, theology, psychology, self worth, deficiency, insecurity, irresponsibility, empathy yet compassionless, stagnated, stretched and staring at sin. “God knows. God knows I want to break free.”

I wanted to write back to encourage her, something poignant, something that would bring her to that feeling of being free, to *taste* it without consuming it for if consumed then past, if past then looked upon instead of to. I realized the need to make a distinction between freedom from and liberty to. Jesus said that ‘if’ you have accepted Him you are free, liberated. This freedom is in Him, the I AM. This is a state or position unable to be pinned on a map; we try to find it out then encompass it in cardboard even as it lies outside our limits, yet if in Christ, where we are.

Jesus said that the Jews seek a sign while the Greeks chase knowledge. This is that we seek. This is what we chase, freedom from self. Selflessness as defined by forgiveness from however freedom from is forgiveness to. Mercy is rendered to us to become more than from. We look back and at without seeing where we are – a state of grace. Indescribable, inexpressible, indefinable is this grace, this place more than from, this liberty in the I AM.

Yesterday a man described this state believers are in. He quoted Jesus saying, *“Blessed are the poor in spirit...Blessed are those that mourn...”* Rightly he spoke that the key to this place is the examination inherent in those 69 words. Our thoughts behind or realized in the 69 words causes us to see a purity unable to be gained through chance or cryptic intellectual ascent. Liberty is found in a humility that is; wisdom that understands and *trusts* God’s love. Freedom from comes before liberty to whereas liberty to does not mean freedom from – it’s a choice

Paul wrote that he was frustrated, that he seemed to do the things He strove not to do and that which he wanted to do he could not. He recognized the place he was in by grace asserting it was no longer him but sin itself allowing him to make this statement, *“I AM crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ lives in me...”* Still I cry for those that stand at their Brandenburg Gates wanting to see what it *‘feels’* like to be free. Jesus said, *“I stand at the door and knock, if anyone hears my voice and opens that door...”*, freedom from, liberty to...

– kosh

*“Oh, taste and see that the LORD is good; Blessed is the man who trusts in Him!” Psalm 34:8*