

Whose Coop Is It...

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older, he became more aggressive to me. Whenever I approached, he crowed; I suppose to warn the hens that I was coming. Sometimes, trying to be friendly and keep on his good side, I would crow back.

After I crowed, he sometimes would charge me. I suppose I unknowingly was challenging him. One day, I had to push him away to thwart his aggressiveness.

I explained to him, "Now, Rocky. Let's get some facts straight. This is my chicken coop. I built it. I bring you water every day. It is also me that makes sure you get your food every day. When I hear an unusual commotion up here, again, it is me that comes up here to make sure a coyote or dog is not trying to get at you."

That is how so many treat God. This Earth is His Earth. He made it in six days. He put the sun in place to shine and warm this planet. It is God that created the plants, and all creatures. As mighty as He is and all that He does for us, too many want Him out of "their coop."

They want God and His commandments out of their lives, out of their education, and out of any explanation as to how we got here. In many situations, His name is not to be uttered, nor His son, Jesus. Even his rule book, the Bible, cannot be mentioned. In so many circles, the things of God are taboo, although all types

of evil, perversion, and sin are allowed.

People try so hard to kick God out of His own "coop." He feeds them, makes sure they have drink to drink, air to breathe, and many luxuries that man can do without, but because He still loves them, He grants them those extras.

Rocky, the rooster, may have had his authority challenged when I tried to "talk" with Him. Perhaps when God is mentioned, so many are also reminded that they are not in charge of the "hen" house. Most likely, that is why their feathers are ruffled when He comes to mind. They fail to acknowledge they are just living there with His permission and help.

We are no better than Rocky when we try so hard to remove God from the world that He created. How foolish so many are. They are angry at the holy Hand that meets their needs.

Do not try to force God out of your "coop," as it is His anyway. He is temporarily letting you stay there, and He just wants to help, make you all you can be, and take care of you.

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I Wish I Was Back in the Coop

Bill Brinkworth

After two years of being cooped up in the hen house, the door was left open. "Wait, it must be a trick. When we get to the door, Farmer Bill will appear and usher us back into our pen." However, the farmer did not re-appear. The escape route freeing the poultry from the wood and chicken wire pen was wide open.



Henrietta went first. She stood on the threshold of the opened door; Bill was nowhere in sight. The other hens clucked Henrietta into jumping to freedom. She did.

Henrietta's squawks outside their confining home indicated it was wonderful out there. It was not long until Fluffy Feathers and Tiny escaped out into the yard to join their friend. All three of the Golden Comet hens were now free to go anywhere they

wanted.

All three egg-layers stayed together as they surveyed what was outside of their prison. Each one found something to eat that certainly was not in their daily diet while in the coop. Bugs were gobbled. Grass and leaves were pecked. It was a chicken's delight to explore things they only could see in the distance from their fenced exercise pen.

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Whose Coop Is It Anyway?

Bill Brinkworth

"Know ye that the LORD he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture." Psalm 100:3

For the last few years, I have had small flocks of chickens to provide us with eggs. An earlier flock was the first to have a rooster.

In the beginning, "Rocky" was like the other birds. As he got

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I Wish I Was Back in ...

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The day went well as all three friends wandered the property. As the early, fall sunlight faded in the early evening, all wondered where they were going to spend the night. Henrietta waddled up to the hen house with the two others in tow. The door was shut. There was no entrance possible.

As darkness neared, a perch was necessary. Fluffy and Tiny, who always stuck together, soon found a low-hanging branch and jumped up to it and huddled together. Henrietta did not like that option and settled for nesting in the tall grasses under the two's perch.

Darkness soon arrived, and only an occasional cluck let the others know they were not alone. Many hours later, a frightened squawk and fluttering feathers awoke the two in the perches. The struggling flapping of wings and the frantic clucks soon ended. Silence again returned to the night's blackness. Both wondered what had happened but soon lapsed back into chicken slumber.

When the sun finally arose, Fluffy and Tiny jumped from their night perch. "Where was their long-time friend, Henrietta?" All that remained of where their friend slumbered were puffs of feathers. Both wandered around, but no further traces of their egg-laying buddy could be found.

After a short, cackling conversation, perhaps discussing what they thought could have happened to their friend, their second day of freedom

began. They wandered through the field sampling flying and jumping bugs. Later, they migrated over to a garden patch and pecked this and that. It was not long until it was again time to find a place to spend the night.

This time, Tiny and Fluffy found an even higher tree limb to spend the night. The night passed, and both awoke to a new day. Off the duo went going different directions to find tasty morsels of food. It was not long until a four-legged, brown flash headed in Fluffy's direction. The hen darted in every direction but was no match for the dog's desire for a chicken dinner.

Tiny was now alone; no Fluffy and no Henrietta. She



was fearful of what could happen to her. A straight-line dash to the chicken coop revealed it was still closed. There was no way to return to the safety she had for several years.

Christians also are often in a hurry to escape the safety of God's protection, as were the chickens. They see His commandments as restrictive and limiting the "fun" they believe they could be having. All around them, they see others doing whatever they want. During the short time other people's lives are observed, the wayward wannabes see no repercussions from forsaking God's laws and ways. Soon their desires direct them to leave the "coop."

In the beginning, they think they "got away" with their defiance to God's commandments and the Bible's "don't do's." They relish the new "freedom" they have. Often many go years with no lightning from Heaven striking them dead or evident reprimands from God. It seems they got away with sin.

Payday for rebelling against God's commandments always comes. Sometimes the realization of the consequence of one's defiantly doing their "own thing" comes decades later, but it will come. No one gets away with sin or disobedience.

"What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed? for the end of those things is death." Romans 6:21

God's rules are preserved for

man's guidance and protection. He knows that involvement in sin never ends well. Promiscuous young people find, although they had temporary satisfaction, that their past will continue to haunt them, often in the form of multiple marriages, "shack ups," and loneliness. Dishonest students may have cheated their way to a passing grade, but later discover that they failed the class because they did not learn the material. Liars eventually find out they are often alone because few can trust them anymore. Viewers of pornography find themselves divorcing because the mate found out that the husband had been lusting for others.

On and on the long list of damage done by sin continues. That is why God has his "restrictions." He knows the dangers of sin and does not want you ruined by them. Stay within the "coop" of God's safety. Flee sin and follow God's leading. He loves you so much that He does not want sin to ruin you!

**"Following
God's
direction is the
only way to get
safely Home."**

— Author Unknown

*"For every man, it
must be Christ or
tragedy." — A. W. Tozer*