



The Best is yet to Come



Noah and his boys got straight to work building a boat. Now this wasn't a boat like you took out on the lake last summer. It wasn't a canoe or a kayak. This was something quite impressive. This boat, this ark, was 450 feet long and three stories tall. That's as long as one and a half football fields and nearly as wide, though Noah wouldn't know what football was.

Noah's neighbors must have thought he was crazy. This wasn't a weekend project. He didn't do this in his garage or on the back porch. He and his sons built a massive boat, and they didn't build it on a beach, not next to the ocean, not near a river, but in the middle of a desert. How, Noah's neighbors must have mocked him.

But Noah was faithful. And Noah kept obeying.

Larger and larger the boat grew as weeks turned to months, months to years, and years to decades. I was amazed at how tirelessly he worked.

And Noah kept obeying.

People must have come from miles around to see the crazy man and his sons building a boat in the middle of nowhere. And Noah, that "preacher of righteousness," likely proclaimed to the gathering crowds that a judgment was coming. He must have told them that a flood was on its way. He must have shouted to them and begged them to believe in God, who was making a way to be saved from the coming wrath. But they mocked, and ridiculed, and criticized. If I had been there, I would have given each of them a black eye for being so cruel.

But Noah kept obeying.

As the building came to a close and as the final grains of sand fell through the hourglass of God's patience, the animals started to show up in pairs of twos and groups of fourteen.

The bees, the ants, the eagles, the deer, the goats, the lions, the chipmunks, and the squirrels all made their way to the ark, drawn there by God, their creator. The elephant, the wild dog, the ostrich, and the oxen clambered up the ramp into the ark. What a sight it was to see these creatures coming across the desert in a trail. The snails were last, but they made it.

The crowds laughed and pointed, teasing Noah and his "little" project. They shunned the warning; they denied the God of heaven.

And Noah kept obeying.

Noah and his family entered the ark. God shut the door. God sealed them in. And they waited. One day passed. Then the second day. Days three through six crawled by so slowly.

The crowds must have laughed themselves silly.

But then day seven came. The rain fell in sheets as the gates of heaven opened. The waters from the recesses of the earth erupted from the ground. And the flood tore across the earth.

The world had rejected God again. They had believed the Devil's lies again. Death came again. And God provided a way for his people to be saved. Again.

The coming days were about to get very dark. Not just for the clouds that blackened the sky, but for the death and destruction about to fall on humankind.

But don't worry.

The best is yet to come.