

## **Before the Throne**

Air Date: September 10, 2022

Satan, our enemy, will do anything to keep us from praying. He knows that the more effectively we pray, the more power we will have over him and his demons. Therefore, it should come as no surprise to discover that it is sometimes difficult for us to pray, to believe that prayer really works, and to have any excitement and joy in our prayer life.

This mini-drama I'm presenting will require you to stretch your imagination. It comes from my imagination, but it is all based solidly on Scripture. Sometimes we just need word pictures to help us see the unseen things, the things that are only seen with "forever eyes." So that is the purpose of this drama.

You must picture a room of grandeur and opulence never imagined on this earth. This room is absolutely gigantic and as you enter, your eyes just cannot begin to take it all in. Everywhere you look there are emeralds, pearls, diamonds—every jewel imaginable. And the floor is made of pure gold, gleaming and glorious. The room is so bright it almost blinds you. And all over this enormous room are angels of such beauty and magnificence that they are indescribable. These angels are huge, with wingspans beyond belief, and their garments shine with a dazzling white light. There is a chorus that sings forever in this room—songs you've never heard before, more glorious than any sound you could possibly imagine.

And in the center of this huge room is a throne, which simply defies description. Nothing our human minds could imagine would ever do it justice. It is huge and impressive beyond belief. And all around this throne are myriads and untold numbers of angels praising and guarding the One who sits on the throne, God the Creator.

Now, you must picture me entering this throne room. As I come into the room, my appearance is in stark contrast to all around. I look like a scruffy kid, without any glory and beauty. I'm so insignificant in comparison to everything else going on in this incredible room that I could easily get trampled on without notice.

But as I start to enter, someone does notice me. It's the head angel, the one in charge of keeping everything just perfect. He walks up to me and says,

Angel: Excuse me, but who are you? I think you must be lost—surely you're not planning to enter our throne room.

Mary: Well, I know that I appear very insignificant and a bit out of place compared to everyone else, but yes, I was planning to enter.

Angel: How can you be so presumptuous? What were you going to do in the throne room?

Mary: Well, you see, I plan to go right up to the throne and talk to God.

Angel: Oh, my, that would be funny if it were not so arrogant on your part. You're planning to go directly up to the throne and talk to God? My dear, look at you. Do you think God

wants to talk to you? He's very busy you know—and there are many more important things on his agenda today.

Mary: Oh, sir, I realize that and I know that it seems entirely inappropriate for me to approach his throne, but you see, he has given me a personal invitation. As a matter of fact, he has said I that may come into his presence anytime I wish, and—you really will have a hard time believing this—he said I could approach his throne with boldness.

Angel: With boldness? But look at you. You're not worthy of being in his presence. Do you see all these angels here—they wouldn't just walk up to his throne with boldness.

Mary: I know, sir, but you see, I'm not an angel, I'm his child.

Angel: His child?

Mary: Yes, isn't that incredible—I'm His child. I would have been satisfied to just be one of his worshippers from afar, but he told me that since I accepted his Son as my Savior, I'm no longer an alien, I am now his child. He has told me I can call him Father.

Angel: Father? Can this be true? You would call God, the Creator of the entire universe, whom the angels worship in fear and splendor—you would dare to call him Father?

Mary: I recognize how difficult it is to believe that, sir. Frankly, I find it a continual source of amazement myself that he would allow me to call him Father. But not only can I call him Father. He has told me I may call him "Abba Father"—dearest Father, Daddy.

Angel: Do you realize how incredible this all is, my dear child? I just can't imagine why he would allow you such privileges—you, of all people.

Mary: Well, sir, let me tell you, it's not because of anything I've done that has made me worthy. As you can see, I'm not very pretty and I have no credits to my account that would make me presentable to God. Except for one; I have accepted his Son as my Savior, and when I did that, he gave me this gorgeous robe to wear. Have you noticed my robe?

Angel: Well, yes, as a matter of fact it is quite lovely and I wondered how you ever got such a robe.

Mary: Well, the robe is the righteousness of Jesus Christ and it was a free gift. He just gave it to me. I would never dare try to come into this throne room in my own clothes; they are truly filthy rags. But I wrap myself up in this gorgeous robe of the righteousness of Jesus, and because Jesus is acceptable to God, so am I. You see, God doesn't see my filthy rags; he only sees this lovely robe of righteousness. I'm so thankful for this robe. Otherwise, I could never enter his presence. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'd like to go on up to the throne.

Angel: Just one minute. Look at your feet; they're quite dirty. Are you going with dirty feet?

Mary: Well, I realize they look terrible, but you see that's the part of me that gets dirty when I walk around this world out here. And Jesus said once I had been cleansed all over, I didn't need to be cleansed again, except just to have my feet washed. So, one of the

first things I do when I get to the throne is ask God to wash my feet. And he always does, so I leave here with really clean feet. Wait and see!

Angel: Do you think he'll recognize you when you get there? Surely he can't remember your name; you're just one of millions and millions

Mary: I know, but because he is God, he does know who I am. He always recognizes me right away. He even knows the number of hairs on my head, he counts the times I sit and stand each day, he puts my tears in a jar, he wrote all my days in a book even before I was ever born, and he is intimately acquainted with all my ways.

Angel: Why would he want to know the number of hairs on your head or care about everything you do?

Mary: Now that question I really can't answer. I've asked him that many times myself, and he just smiles and says he calls all the stars by name and sees every sparrow that falls, so surely he cares for me. Excuse me, I think he's waiting for me.

As I begin to walk down that glorious path that takes me up to the throne, the whole room gets quiet. Everyone looks at one another and says, "Who is she? How did she get in here?" But no one can stop me and I walk right up to that throne—yes, even with boldness.

As I get there I look up and say, "God, it's me, Mary," and he looks down and recognizes me instantly:

God: Oh, Mary I'm so glad to see you. I was hoping you'd be here soon.

Mary: God, I worship you for who you are, I know you're the Creator and you have all power and strength and wisdom and knowledge. I don't want to seem presumptuous, and I do fear you with reverence and awe. But I thank you that you've made it possible for me to come right up to your throne and talk to you.

God: Oh, Mary, I delight in your fellowship. Come on up here, sit with me, let's spend some time together before you get your busy day started.

And I crawl up into that enormous throne, and take my place beside my heavenly Father. I think maybe the angels are even a little envious, because I'm allowed to spend as much time as I like in his presence.

This is my privilege as a child of God; we call it prayer. And we sometimes get confused as to how precious and special is this opportunity given to us to go boldly into the presence of God, and spend time getting to know him, finding excitement in the knowledge that he cares for us.

Have you ever thought about your prayer life in this way? Do you have any understanding of how privileged you are to be able to pray? I hope this mind-stretching image I've presented today—all based on Scripture—will help you to accept and appreciate who you are in Jesus, how blessed you are to be called a child of God. John said, "How great is the love the Father has lavished on us, that we should be called children of God! And that is what we are!" (1 John 3:1a).

We are the children of God! Ask God to show you that incredible truth. And then spend time in his throne room, exercising your marvelous privilege of being in his presence.

Prayer is the way in which God acts in this world; it is his method of exercising power. I encourage you to make prayer a priority in your life. Nothing can change you and your circumstances like prayer.