

God's Hope for America Bus Tour - Open the Eyes of my Heart

Michael Balcomb
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In Jude 1:14 we read that in the last days the Lord will come with his holy myriads, to bring God's kingdom to the earth. It's important to remember this at times when it looks and feels like we might be utterly alone.

Our #godshopeforamerica pilgrimage bus spent most of Friday driving between the holy grounds of Boise, Idaho and Missoula, Montana. We drove slowly along winding State Highways that probably haven't changed much if at all since that day in March 1965 when a blue Plymouth Fury station wagon carried True Father, my savior and Lord of the Second Coming over these very same hills.

The first hundred miles or so were absolutely delightful, winding closely alongside the white water rapids of the Payette River, sparking in the summer sunshine. The sky was blue, and all was cheerful. Then suddenly a storm sprang up, the sky turned gray, and we found ourselves in a steep and entirely desolate valley. As we crossed over into the Pacific Time Zone, it felt like we going back fifty or even five hundred years rather than just the one paltry hour.

Miles and miles of khaki and slate gray hills of breathtaking steepness followed. This is Hell's Canyon, starkly beautiful but with a heavy feeling of ancient troubles covering the face of the earth. Looking at the bleak hills and slides of scree for miles and miles slowly induced in me a deep melancholy that lasted all the way through the forests of Idaho.

Today, as we left Missoula and headed towards Seattle, we found ourselves in the emerald Cascade Mountains. The contrast could not be greater, since here the slopes are covered with millions and billions of tall, straight pines, standing to attention like soldiers.

Suddenly, God was right there, whispering in my ear. "You see these trees? These are like the millions of spirit men and angels of my heavenly army! They are just waiting for my children on earth to be qualified to assume command."

"Your problem," He continued, "is that you see things only with your physical eyes. So you see only bleak, empty hills, while I see mighty forests. You only see a small church and movement struggling to stay afloat; I see a mighty army that, once mobilized, is assured of victory!"

Yes, this is very true. I need to see through the eyes of faith, see through the eyes of True Parents. And so I pray, in the words of one of my favorite Christian songs:

"Open the eyes of my heart, Lord. Open the eyes of my heart.
I want to see you.
To see you high and lifted up,
Shining in your power and glory
Pour out your power and love
As we sing Holy, Holy, Holy."

We have one more day and three holy grounds to go!

Contributed by Mike Balcomb