

## Love Letter

### The Cross Movement

To the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords. To my Lord, my God, to my Father.

First of all I want to thank You. I gotta applaud You for the magnificent job You're doing as You sovereignly rule planet earth. I see Your divine signature on everything from creation, to people's lives. And You continually blow my mind with the way You do the things You do! After all what You do, no one else can do. Word up! Gimmie strength to keep You the center of all that I say and do.

For the record, I do confess Jesus as Lord. And I realize that without Him You wouldn't accept any of my letters, Lord, or hear any of my prayers. It's my surroundings though—I'm part of that hip-hop culture. But who would've thought that when it started as just an urban way of expressing reality without disregarding all moral upbringing, that it would now be dominated by the most profane, anti-Christ, violent, vulgar, sacrilegious money hungry people! What's "bad" is called "good," what's "good" is called "bad."

Man, things are getting illa and illa. To have a million and one good times in a man's life, and none of them involve You. Thousands of parties thrown throughout the year, and none of them celebrate Your existence. Who do we think we are Lord?

I guess a better question is: "Who do we think You are?" Maybe what they say is true, "outta sight, outta mind." Since we can't see You we forget about You. But how can we forget about You when all around us there's reminders of the fact that You are.

This life will never be right without You in the picture. We can pretend all we want that things are fine without You. But then the sirens of a squad car, or an ambulance, or a fire engine will quickly remind us that all isn't well--we do need You! And we need You just the way You are--not the way we want You to be. Lord I'm a part of that group that's tore up about the breakup between God and man. I won't try to pretend like I'm better off without You. I'd jump at the chance to get back with You! And even though it's our fault that we're separated, You didn't swing on us. Instead You put our fault on Your Son, and swung on Him! What a dope play! And what a dope Savior! Not many people understand how significant He is. They're blind to His true essence, and they think they're smart by trusting in human intelligence rather than Your Word. And all this talk about, "We're God", I won't even go there, that's ridiculous! Lord, I'll be Your representative. If no one else will, I'll represent. 'Cause after all, how can they call on the One they don't believe in? And how can they believe in the One they haven't heard of? And how can they hear without someone proclaiming the message? And

how will one proclaim unless he's sent? So like Isaiah, send me. Equip me to reach and change my circle of influence. And Lord I won't front, I won't front.

No one has to stay a victim of the bad news when you're a Savior who brings GOOD NEWS. Oh I know it hurts that so many will refuse such a great salvation. But yo Lord, I'm praising You, praising You for the few that will believe.

Forever Yours Lord. Much, much love.