

**AN ODE TO
COMFORT ZONE CHRISTIANS**

Comfort Zone Christian, You are the Lukewarmness of Laodicea...

The epitome of stale still waters, the unmotivated, the unmoved, and the untouched, you are the salient feature on the horizon, an ugly nemesis of Christ, like a canker you are felt consistently without fail, you are like the barren womb that neither knows, nor feels pain, and has no fruit, from the limp and lifeless form of the stillborn, to the chalky bloodless corpse of the casket, death and paralysis are thy nature, though you boast of great dreams you are the cancer to other's hopes, ice warms when you enter, and fires are quenched in your presence.

Tomorrows are just Quixotic Wind Mills, and yesterdays were your demise, todays are washed in yesterday and bathed in tomorrow, never will you feel the exhilarating breath of victory, neither the sharp prick of defeat, for your lot will be that within the nebula, with neither start nor finish.

Calvary is but a tinge of regret and the resurrection an applause of satisfied entertainment, the lost are but a sad fiction, and the hungry a sad myth, the *Comfort Zone Christian* is a malady of despaired truth, for they are the water on the fires of revival, their mouths are open sepulchers of wantonness and consuming, ever using, and never giving, and yet never willing to allow others to excel beyond the mere shallow depths of your accomplishments.

You are the ever-lingering stench within the fragrance of a wonderful service, out of victorious shouts you remain as a silent sentinel to resist, progress is stymied, regeneration procrastinated, your mouth is a stench of staleness, rejuvenating regenerating services are quickly deflated by your perusing deceit, the antediluvian mind set is unaffected by anointed preaching that challenges for a better tomorrow.

If you were sequestered by yourself then your cancerous decay would be of no effect, but no! You have become the bane and epitome of every godly preacher's vision, Oh that Revival fires would burn here in our local assembly again, if only we could rid ourselves of these parasites that feed off the life-giving blood of others, that infect and disease that which is Holy, these sycophants of Apostolic doctrine, would be better in the lifeless assemblies of false doctrine, yet as their kindred the hypocrite, they will not, and do not exist, nor have any ability to purvey their treachery in none of these, other than real living and enlighten bodies.

So remember this oh "*Comfort Zone Christian*", your days are numbered with the unrighteous, and your ways will come to naught, for the gates of hell shall not prevail against the church, so though you may infiltrate, contaminate, and desecrate, detour, alter, postpone, and discourage, there is a God who will deliver His church triumphant, and your roll call will be with those of Korah, Esau, and Balaam, that were lead of their own spirits, and that to a lowly dark hole of destruction and eternal damnation.