

Elisha's Perspective Staying Close



I was in awe of Elijah. The awe permeated down to my bones. His courage, his resolute fervor captivated me. I felt needy, greedy, clingy.

I wanted to be with him all the time. I wanted everything he had, everything he was... multiplied over and over. I wanted to swim in him. He had a connection with the Almighty that I thirsted for.

Perhaps if I kept him in my sight, I could partake, even if it was just a crumb falling from the table of his glorious garments. More than the watchman waited for the morning, my soul longed for the Spirit that filled Elijah. My heart was steadfast, my gaze transfixed, my mind consumed with this one desire – more, more of his presence.

I had heard stories of him around the fire after the evening meal. An image of this powerful man of God made its home in the eyes of my mind and kept me pursuing an unseen reality, all the while I was about my earthly tasks. I was sitting between a pair of oxen with eleven pairs in front of them, managing the hulky train of sweaty effort, plowing huge grooves into the fertile earth... when... there he was casting a shadow over me with a broad, noble smile. His mantle cover me, and I rushed to sacrifice two of the oxen over a fire... then I followed him, doing whatever I could do to keep him in my focus.

He was just a man, a wild sort of man, strong with large, thick legs that ran like a gazelle. Unwavering, fixed. He knew his purpose. And yet he owned a certain fear of its implications.

Elijah was compelled, moving in the wind of the Omniscient One. He was more pulled than called, caught up in the ocean of the Everlasting Arms... of the Eternal, Righteous One!

Who am I, O Holy One, that his mantle should fall on me? (1 Kings 19:16; 2 Kings 2:13)