



God Answers Habakkuk

Habakkuk 2:2-4, 20; 3:17-18

Shiloh slid down the pole and landed in the Time Travel Lab. "Whoa! That's fun," he laughed. "Actually, things have been a little crazy around here lately, what with people sliding in and out of time. Maybe, today, I'd just better mellow out a bit." He sat down in a huge, overstuffed chair and put on his earphones. After setting his music player to play a random selection of his favorite songs from the 1960s, he leaned back and closed his eyes. Moments later, he heard a loud trumpet blowing. He sat up straight and looked at his music player's display window. "Whoa, I never heard that tune before! And it's definitely not on my play list." He pulled off his earphones and looked around. Handsome was near the door waving a trumpet.

"Oh hey, Handsome! What's with the trumpet, man? Are you pretending to be, like, a messenger from the past? Like a page or a herald or something?"

Handsome nodded his fist yes.

"A herald? You're a herald?" Shiloh questioned. "Okay, what is your message, oh handy herald? What's that? A delivery? There's a delivery on the way? What kind of delivery? Where?"

"Time Travel Alert! Time Travel Alert! We have a time travel visitor in 3-2-1!" the computer announced.

A rumpled looking man wearing a rough, cotton robe and carrying stone tablets slid down the Time Travel Tube. Upon landing on the floor, he stood up and brushed the dust from his robe. "Waah! Hoo-doggie! I ain't never runned this far before! Where in tarnation am I?"

"You're onboard the Love Sub, man," Shiloh replied, while studying him carefully, "but the question is, who are you?"

The man stretched out his hand. "Allow me to introduce myself. The name's Harold. I'm a herald."

Shiloh shook his offered hand. "You're a herald and your name is Harold?"

"That's right. Harold the Herald, that's me. I work for Habakkuk," he said.

"Oh, dude! I've heard of Habakkuk! He's in the Bible! Let me get it out." Shiloh removed the Bible from the brightly lit box and turned to the book of Habakkuk. "Hey, Harold, you're mentioned in here!"

Harold's eyes widened. "I am?"

"Yeah, man, check this out." Shiloh read, "Then the Lord replied, 'Write down the revelation and make it plain on tablets so that a herald may run with it.'"

Harold thumped his chest with his thumb. "Yeah, that's me, all right, Harold the Herald! These here are them there tablets." He held up the stones for Shiloh to see.

"Far out, man. What's on them?" Shiloh asked.

"Well, you see, Habakkuk is my boss and he was always talking with God and stuff like that," Harold began.

"Oh, right, 'cause he's a prophet," Shiloh noted.

"Bingo!" Harold added. "And, he's also an Israelite. In fact, we're both Jewish."

"Cool," Shiloh exclaimed.

"Well, yeah ... only ... well, sir," Harold hesitated, twisting his hands together, "some of them Israelites weren't acting the way we was supposed to. They was bein' all kinds of wicked and not listenin' to God. So, Habakkuk, he's my boss, he was always asking God, 'How long, O Lord, must I call for help but you do not listen?'"

"So, did God send help?" Shiloh asked.

"Sorta, kinda, He sent Babylonians," Harold whispered loudly, looking around to see if anyone was listening.

"Oh, and did they help you?" Shiloh asked.

"No siree, Bob! They attacked us!" Harold exclaimed. "They was mean and nasty and violent and more wicked than our kin folk was!"

Shiloh looked confused. "So, why did God punish you with people that were more evil than your own people?"

"That's what Habakkuk was asking, but God warned us. Habakkuk 2:20 says, 'The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth be silent before Him,'" Harold recited. He jumped as the warning siren sounded and the red lights flashed. "Whoa doogie! What's that? Is that a fire truck?!"

Shiloh laughed. "No dude, that's the warning lights. You must have told us God's warning."

"You're right. That's what Habakkuk wrote down," Harold replied. "God was tellin' us that He is holy and we'd best hush up and listen."

Shiloh nodded. "Yeah, dude, it's always a good idea to listen when God speaks. So, what did the Lord say?"

Harold announced, "God said He was gonna send the right punishment for the wrong doers and told us what we oughta do in the meantime. God said, 'The righteous will live by his faith.' That's in Habakkuk 2:4."

"Dude, that's the choice God wants us to make," Shiloh noted as the choice bell rang and the lights flashed again. "He wants the righteous to live by faith."

"Oh, and by righteous, you mean us who obey and follow God," Harold said.

"I do, and by faith I mean we believe what God says is true even if we can't always see how or when it's going to happen," Shiloh explained.

"Well, that makes sense," Harold agreed. "What God truly wants from His people is for all of us ..."

"... to put our trust in Him," Shiloh interrupted, "even when you can't see the answer in sight."

"That's right," Harold agreed. "God promises if we wait, He will send the answer. He called it a revelation. Lookee, see here." Harold held up one of the tablets so that Shiloh could follow along as he read aloud, "'For the revelation awaits an appointed time; it speaks of the end and will not prove false. Though it linger, wait for it; it will certainly come and not delay' Habakkuk 2:3."

Shiloh clapped along with the clapping sound that accompanied the green promise lights. "Dude, what a groovy promise! That's worth the wait."

"Yessir," Harold confirmed, "and while we're a-waitin', I'm gonna praise the Lord! It's like this here part in Habakkuk 3:17-18." Harold pointed to another part of the tablet. "Habakkuk says, 'Though the fig tree does not bud and there are no grapes on the vines, though the olive crop fails and there is no food, though there are no sheep in the pen and no cattle in the stalls, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will be joyful in God my Savior.'"

"Habukkuk made a choice to rejoice," Shiloh stated.

Harold glanced at the clock on the wall. "That's right, and I gots to get this message to the people! God told me to run with these here tablets and that's what I'm a gonna do, just run and run and run." He ran two laps around the lab.

"Dude, first I gotta send you back to your time," Shiloh explained. "Right this way! Oh, and did you know ... 'No matter where you are in time, God is good all the time!'"