

# One Lesson from Ezekiel's Temple

By Brian Coatney

Much I don't know about Ezekiel's temple—  
most I don't know. Ezekiel saw the glory at the River Chebar;  
he saw it later at the departure of the Glory  
from the temple of his day.

Now, with a new temple, the Glory returns  
behind walls ten feet thick,  
numerous guard rooms all around,  
as if to say the temple is an impregnable fort.

The Lord's provocation had been  
the breach of heart in his priests,  
the pagan sacrifice and worship  
violating the innermost place of His Glory.

Then the Lord reveals a temple never breached,  
massive with walls and alcoves for guards,  
gates with strict rules of access,  
the sacrifices of his appointment,  
and Shekinah within.

Isn't that our concern, that we be kept—  
that divine walls protect us,  
that guards keep out the enemy,  
that His sacrifice be preserved unmixed  
with what is not of God,  
that we safely know Glory in a city secure?

This I know:  
One must go in, to go out;  
for Ezekiel goes out into the river—  
ankle deep, knee deep, waist deep,  
finally to swim amid myriad fish  
and eat the Tree of Life.

When no enemy can come in,

then we can go out.

We find the impregnable temple  
of our true homeland. As citizens,  
we go into waters rising around us  
until in Paradise.

Finally, the enemy will not be even seen,  
bodies will rise in a new resurrection,  
security prevail around us, both outer and inner.

In the parenthesis, that of our suffering,  
at least our hope of glory has returned.

We already know tabernacle walls of perfection,  
keeping dark night from our spirits,  
while we presently know glory in the groans and travails  
of the moment.

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