



A Tale Of Two Mountains

Genesis 22:1-19 & John 19; 20:1-17

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I love metaphorical theology - the art of applying metaphor and images to deep theological truths. I realize it is more popular, appreciated and understood in the eastern hemisphere as compared to ours in the west. In the west, we prefer to take the frog (the story) out of the swamp and dissect it to understand it with linear propositions, three- point sermons and power-point presentations. In the process, we kill the story in favor of the sermon. In the east, as it was during the times of Christ, the frog is kept alive because the story itself is the revelation. I'm not sure Christ ever preached a sermon as we've come to know them in the west. I think that's why Jesus told a lot of stories – they are the shortest bridge of truth to the human heart. May this story bring truth home to you. – Kevin

Two distinct mountains appeared before me. Waves of heat, rising from the desert plain, made them appear as if they were one. Some believe they truly are. One mountain was named Moriah and the other Golgotha. The latter was ominously shaped like a smashed skull as if crushed by the hand of an angry god. Wispy clouds of dust thinly traced their way to the foot of each mountain as exiled nobles, travelling dusty roads from afar, answered the mountains call. Heading towards Moriah, I saw a promising young prince and towards Golgotha, a promised King. They were both riding donkeys, *trailing clouds of glory* as they rode their humble mounts.¹ Beside the prince was his faithful father. Beside the King, no Father could be seen yet on His radiant face one could clearly see His Fathers face. When they dismounted before the mountains feet, the prince collected wood and left behind two servants while the King joined two criminals and carried a wooden cross.

As the prince and the King climbed their mountains with their fathers, one present and the other One an all encompassing Presence, every breathtaking step made something painfully clear – each father was calmly preparing to sacrifice his only son that represented the very fulfillment of a long awaited promise. How can this be? My heart despaired at such a ghastly sight of cold, inhuman indifference. What kind of madness drives a father to betray and brutally murder his only beloved son? This was a great mystery to me.

And there was this - a strange glimmer of relentless hope glistened in the tears of each fathers eye. One could easily mistake this desperate hope for madness if not for the noble dignity they carried within themselves even their great humility could not hide. These fathers were not unhinged. Their minds were clear and the intentions of their heart were pure and good. If not madness, then what other blindness was driving these fathers to murder their own sons? As they climbed ridge behind ridge in the early morning mist, vanishing out of sight into guess, a revelation began to dawn inside me:

Seeing Is Not Believing. Believing is seeing.

These fathers had vision beyond sight. They were present and

prescient. They somehow knew their sons would miraculously live again even if it meant the most improbable miracle of all - resurrection.² The ancients had a word for this kind of infinite knowing: Faith – “*being sure of what we hope for and certain of what we do not see.*”³ The kind of faith that can say with seeing eyes: “*we will come back to you*”⁴ when one may never return unless there is a resurrection of the dead. And there was something else greater than hope and even faith guiding their path to death: Love - the perfect kind that casts out all fear. These fathers were fearless because their love was perfect – empty of self, full of the supernatural.

So it came to pass on perilous peaks where hope and faith are transfigured into greatest of all - love, the celestial hands of an angel and the caught horns of a ram miraculously spared the life of the prince. It was a fairy tale ending to a true tale. The kind our hearts idolize and become addicted to on silver screens and printed page. However, the Kings fate was not the same as that of the prince. A much deeper, holy magic was at work here for the Kings destiny was mysteriously mirrored in the death of the ram.

While the sun shone favorably on the prince and his father on Moriah, impenetrable darkness enveloped the King as He continued to climb Golgotha. The hoards of hell began to howl as the hounds of heaven were held mysteriously at bay. My heart sank as Legions of The Fall - disembodied demons, suddenly swarmed the King like water rising around a rock. They stripped and beat Him nearly to death before nailing Him to the cross He carried. His face, once an image of His Father, was bloodied and bruised beyond recognition. I heard heavens horns in the surrounding hills and thought rescue would surely come. It MUST come. This is what our false hopes cling to like the setting sun. But a black void as cold and indifferent as an unfathomable universe lay between. The horns were only sounding the call of retreat. The fiery host that followed the King, inexplicably withdrew to the City of Light – the native city of its favored Son. Leading the retreat, like a Pillar of Cloud over a high mountain pass, was the Kings Father.

As the last wisp of the Father’s wonder disappeared before the encroaching darkness, I grew angry and afraid. Hot tears fell from my face frozen in fear. What kind of Father would forsake His only Son in

His most desperate hour? If He will not spare even His own Son, what about those I hold dear? Will He kill all my dreams and leave me alone to face an endless, starless night? Will I too wear a crown of thorns that splinter my mind and pierce my heart with unanswerable questions that senseless suffering often brings? Is nothing sacred or safe from the hands of a dark father disguised as an angry god? Will the pain be so great I beg to die or will grace be sufficient enough to die with dignity like the King? A deep sense of betrayal grew within my wounded heart. The eyes of my heart, blinded with self-righteous pride, were unable to see what the Father saw - His Son must die so I could live. This is the "deep magic" that only heavens holy hands can perform. The Father and His Son were showing me the meaning of love that suffers to love: "*For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life.*"⁵ The Father was showing He loved the world as much as He loved His Son by sacrificing His Son for the world. What kind of Father loves everyone as much as His Son? A Father that will go to any length to prove He is for us not against us. A Father who doesn't just love, He is love. Love is He who is. It's what He does.

**The Father does not love us because we are good.
He loves us because He is good.**

While the Fathers goodness slowly began to kill me with kindness, a supreme act of scandalous grace took place – the Kings crown of thorns became the thicket that ensnared the ram. And then something happened that broke my heart. Time and eternity collided together at the cosmic crossroad of the cross. The image of ram slain upon a stone altar suddenly became the King dying upon a wooden cross. The King became the ram that was slaughtered for the prince. And not just for the prince but all the people who had come before and after him upon the entire earth including you and I.⁶ The earth quaked in the fulfillment of this revelation as the body of the King was laid to rest in a rich mans tomb. The King was dead or so it seemed. Suspended in this moment of time outside time, the King's Father was strangely silent and curiously calm as if He were a teacher during a students test. In this silence, great wonders began to unfold.

The tomb where the King was buried suddenly burst open with a Great Light and lay empty as if a child had been birthed from a womb.

The Shining Ones reappeared and stood before the empty tomb where guards stricken with undying Life lay as ones dead. Just as the prince escaped death on the third day, the King rose from the dead on the third day. Upon His resurrection, ancient encryptions – algorithms of awe, were decoded with divine interventions. Eternities weight thinned time into a “thin place.” Strange stars began to sing and swirl and become familiar faces. The sand on shimmering shores, once beyond count, were counted with fiery fingers as if each golden grain was a painful moment, joyful memory or promised descendent lost somewhere in time. Dry bones took on flesh and began to walk where saints once slept. Lost and plundered places were again populated with people and laughter. Numbers became names and tears the text that tells the tales of untold lives since time began. Dreams, long left for dead, suddenly came back to life and every broken promise, like ancient prophecies, were finally fulfilled.

While all these wonderful things were happening, I closed my eyes and heard words that tingled my ears with truth: “Provision comes with obedience AND sacrifice. Where God guides He provides. Be willing to kill the promise so you love the Father more than His gifts. Every promise must die before it can be resurrected to be fulfilled. The Son comes when you are willing to sacrifice your promise.” After hearing these words, I opened my eyes and what did I see? I saw a holy Mountain of God, a ram, a donkey and a cross at its clouded peak. Then I knew. I must pass the test where all I hold dear is no longer mine. It’s time to climb again where great men and glorious mountains meet. Where the finger of God carves these words on hearts of stone so they might become flesh: “*You shall have no other gods before me.*”⁷ The mountains are calling. Climb with me and let us tear down the high places where false gods whether of virtue or vice live in the lies our own sin and shame creates. Climb with me where dreams dare to live and die. Climb with me into “thin air” where miracles can happen in time because they’ve already happened in eternity. I promise you, if you return at all, you will not be the same for “love is the mountain that conquers us as we climb towards God.”

References:

1. John 12:14-15
2. Hebrews 11:8-19

3. Hebrews 11:1
4. Genesis 22:5
5. John 3:16
6. John 1:29
7. Exodus 20:3

About The Author:

Kevin DeVries is a Keynote Inspirational Speaker, Entrepreneur-Explorer, Author-Adventurer, Dutch immigrants' son and loving father of two from Grand Rapids, MI. In addition to starting and selling several companies across diverse industries, Kevin served as a Director and Consultant for several faith-based, non-profit organizations across the country. As Founder & President of [**GRACE EXPLORATIONS**](#) “a spiritual guide service helping wandering and wounded hearts find home and healing in Christ”, Kevin combines a business mind and a pastor's heart with an explorer's soul and a poet's pen as a passionate voice reaching the hurting hearts of women and men.

From 2009-2013, Kevin was a Lead Mountaineer for ARK SEARCH, LLC engaged in a scientific search of Noah's Ark on Mt. Ararat, Turkey. Kevin has climbed five of the seven continental summits, skied to the North Pole; expedition-kayaked all five of the Great Lakes and is a 2013 Boston Marathon Qualifier and Finisher. His lifelong goal is to complete what only a few dozen explorers have dared to dream and do: The Explorers Grand Slam – Climb the Seven Summits and Ski to the North and South Pole. To complete the challenge, Kevin needs to climb Mt. Everest and Mt. Vinson, the tallest peaks in Asia and Antarctica respectively along with skiing to the South Pole.

Based on all his adventures across six continents in over sixty countries and nearly every state in the US, Kevin is writing an epic, 2000 page, four-book series: [**Explorers Of The Lost Ark**](#) to fundamentally and figuratively change how people think and feel about God through The Power of True Myth. The series is the literal story of Ark exploration that fades in and out of a sprawling, poetic, dream vision reminiscent of Dante, Milton, Bunyan, MacDonald, J.R.R. Tolkien and C.S. Lewis' sanctified myths as it attempts to

express the unexplainable – Grace. Whether guiding climbers, ministering to men, bleeding words on paper, giving an inspirational talk or leading a faith-based journey to the ends of the earth, Kevin embraces the experience economy where imagination is ignited to distill dreams into destiny.

Kevin DeVries is your next Inspirational Speaker. His epic, unforgettable story of redemption will change your life. While climbing five of the seven continental summits, skiing to the North Pole and searching for Noah's Ark as an intrepid explorer in the award-winning film: [FINDING NOAH](#), Kevin endured divorce, bankruptcy and loss of home to reach the naked soul of man. In quiet desperation, he climbed into "thin air" where eternity's weight thins time to heal trauma where trails end and Truth begins. Kevin can guide you to this true place unknown to any map except the heart. The greatest journey is within because the greatest discovery is "Who finds you when you're looking for something else." Kevin sought the Ark and found the face of God. You'll be fascinated by what he's discovered for your own life. Be A Hero. Book Kevin To Speak [HERE](#)