

Truth.

Not many people know what that is anymore. Not that many ever did.  
Fewer still with the brass to whisper any of it aloud.

Elijah. Lotta folks have quoted God. Not many know his shoe size from lying face down before his kicks. Elijah came, swished the Truth around, poked a few hardcases with it and caught a flight for home. But he didn't stay gone. When the Truth squeezed into the world in blood and amniotic fluid, Elijah was there again saying, "Surprise! Dad's coming! Your room had better be spotless!" Little while later and he was untying the Truth's Chuck Taylors so the only guy in the whole history of this vile, filthy cesspool of a rock who **didn't** need a bath could take one. Elijah knew the Truth!

You would think that would make him popular. You think Ellen would ask him, "So, what's the Truth like? Does he have a girlfriend? Why is the Truth a He?" No. Barbara Walters doesn't want to interview Elijah. The ten most interesting people are factories of fiction not The Truth. Folks who know the Truth don't get invited to parties. While the world watches Lettermen interview Oprah, the friend of the Truth gets taken away, quietly locked up and buried in two separate graves.

You think I'm kidding? You think I'm exaggerating? Would you know the Truth if you heard it? What if you run into me in the atrium of the mall and I'm saying,

<sup>1</sup> Oh, that you would burst from the heavens and come down! How the mountains would quake in your presence! <sup>2</sup>As fire causes wood to burn and water to boil, your coming would make the nations tremble. Then your enemies would learn the reason for your fame! <sup>3</sup>When you came down long ago, you did awesome things beyond our highest expectations. And oh, how the mountains quaked! <sup>4</sup>For since the world began, no ear has heard, and no eye has seen a God like you, who works for those who wait for him.

Would you praise God? Or call Security?