

# My Brother the Temple

The man was of small stature. His large black backpack hung to the back of his knees and the top rose to just above his head. The legs of his stained jeans were too long. They crumpled on top of his shoes, and they were frayed at the bottom. He took long drags on a cigarette as he scanned the establishment where I sat eating a burger. He opened the door to beg some money from an acquaintance of his. His request was denied, and he quickly closed the door. I made a comment to the person I was eating with about the beggar having money for cigarettes. The one who denied the beggar's request for money explained to us he did not mind giving the beggar money, but he could not do so every single day. He said the beggar needed to get a job. When I left, the beggar asked me for money also. I shook my head no and continued to my car.

Was the beggar hungry or was he a scammer? Was he unable to work or simply lazy? I do not know. However, I do know I failed my brother that day because my brother could have been hungry, and I had enough money to buy him a meal yet I refused. That beggar is my brother. We have different mothers and dads, but we share one heavenly Father. Like everyone else on this planet, we are brothers (Deu 14:1, Act 17:29, Luk 12:30). These scriptures, and others, make clear we are all God's children. I failed my brother that day, but I also failed myself. Had I taken ten dollars from my wallet and bought the man a hamburger and fries, I would never have missed that money. However, I would have gifted myself a feeling of satisfaction in doing something for someone else. I know I would have felt good if I had given that man some food. So, why did I refuse? At that moment, my heart was hardened. For whatever reason, I rationalized why I should not give him the money. He had money for cigarettes. He might use the money to buy drugs or alcohol. He might not even need the

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**This informational pamphlet gives the reader a basic understanding of the purpose for mankind.**



money. Looking back, none of my rationalizations were worth the risk of having my brother go hungry. I think differently about this beggar brother than I do about my brother who grew up with me. I do not feel the love toward my beggar brother which I feel toward my “real” brother. The love I should feel toward my brothers and sisters who I do not personally know is lacking. When I see a stranger on the street, my heart does not glow with the same warmth I feel when I see my brother with whom I shared a room as a child. When I look at all the people who are as imperfect as myself, I fail to feel true brotherly love toward them. I feel empathy toward them. I want the best for them, but I lack that feeling of real brotherly love I feel for my “true” brother. Why?

What causes a person to lack this basic feeling of brotherly love toward mankind? The answer may be revealed in this verse. **2Co 12:7** *And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure.*

When Paul asked God to remove the thorn, God replied *“My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness”*. (2Corinthians 12:7)

Perhaps power is made perfect in powerlessness. By embracing memories of extreme powerlessness, perhaps I can better relate to the drug addicted, the alcoholic, the protestor, the policeman, the politician, and the president whoever those people happen to be. Perhaps this is the key to the embodiment of the sermon on the mount, specifically the first seven verses of it.

**Mat 5:3** *Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.* **Mat 5:4** *Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.* **Mat 5:5** *Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.* **Mat 5:6** *Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.* **Mat 5:7** *Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.* **Mat 5:8**

*Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.*

**Mat 5:9** *Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.*

Each of us, in all our imperfections, are vessels which were created to be inhabited by God Himself (Matthew 25:34 – 40, Joh 14:17, 14:20, 14:23, 1Co 3:16-19, 2Co 6:16). These are the scriptures upon which our souls are laid bare. These are the scriptures upon which we test how much we truly believe the word of God. If we really believe we are temples for our God, how much differently do we treat the temple? Do we continue to stuff the temple’s orifice with junk food, alcohol, drugs, or chemicals? If I believe we were all created to be temples for God, do I harden my heart and let one of those temples go hungry? If we are all meant to be temples, I cannot be angry with anyone without also being angry with God. This is because for all I know God is dwelling in the person I’m angry with at the very moment I am angry with them. Oh, if only we could all learn this most valuable lesson and live by it day by day . . . minute by minute. What if the man wearing the Obama shirt could see the man wearing the Trump shirt as a temple of God and vice versa? What would the world be like if we all saw our enemies as they are truly intended to be: temples for God? Would we be kinder to one another if we truly believed God was dwelling in the people surrounding us? Would we drive a little more carefully if we saw every other driver on the road as a temple for God? Would we be a little more patient when someone makes a mistake if we realized the person making the mistake is a vessel full of the Holy Spirit? Could we bad mouth President Obama if we truly realized he was created to be a temple for God? Could we protest against President Trump if we truly believed he was created to be a vessel for God? Could we treat each other the way we do, if we truly believed God dwells in each of us?

We cannot talk bad about another person without talking bad about God. We cannot be angry with another person without being angry with our God. We

cannot hate another without hating God. We cannot refuse a beggar’s request without refusing God. Our body is the temple of God. Each and every one of us has been created to be a temple for the living God. We are all connected in that most intimate of ways. Once we come to this realization, we must accept the fact we cannot hate any other person without destroying our self. In Mark 3:25, Christ said *“And if a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand .”*

Each of us is a vessel for the Holy Spirit: a dwelling place for God. Knowing that, read Mark 3:29.

**Mar 3:29** *But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation:*

This is consistent with the message from the sermon on the mount.

**Mat 5:22** *But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.*

We can hold no animosity toward any other person without destroying the very temple of the One who supports every breath we take. One temple was destroyed in order to wash away all the imperfections from the rest of us.

**Joh 2:19** *Jesus answered and said unto them, Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up.*

How can we deny the power of Christ by continuing to see flaws in those around us after this precious sacrifice was made on their behalf? I am often reminded Christ died for me. But what about every other person? He sacrificed Himself for the man of small stature with the large black backpack also. How could I harden my heart against someone the LORD thinks so highly of?