

Don't Partner With the Enemy

The kingdom of heaven is like a man who sowed good seed in his field.

MATTHEW 13:24

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The field is wide.

Morning light rests on wheat and weeds.

Both rising. Both sharing the same soil.

Jesus told a story

of a man who sowed good seed.

While he slept, an enemy slipped in

and scattered weeds among the wheat.

When the plants rose, the servants saw the problem.

“Didn’t you sow good seed?” they asked.

“Where did the weeds come from?”

The Master said, “An enemy did this.”

They asked, “Should we pull them up?”

He answered, “No.

Let both grow together until the harvest.” Matt 13:24–30

Because the weeds look like wheat,

no servant could tell them apart until harvest.

That’s why judgment made too soon

would pull out wheat with the weeds.

So the Master says

to wait until harvest.

You may not know this about Jesus—

He wasn’t just explaining patience.

He was revealing protection.

He was showing that judgment made too soon

doesn’t serve the Master.

It partners with the enemy,
who sows weeds to damage the wheat.

Servants eager to pull weeds
may tear out the Master's wheat instead.

What looks like zeal can become harm
when we judge before the harvest.

And this is where the truth reaches us.
We assume we know who is wheat and who is weed.
We assume we see clearly.
But we see behavior.
God sees the heart.
We see a moment.
He sees the final breath.

A person may resist Christ today
and turn to Him tomorrow.
Someone may deny Him for years
and embrace Him at the edge of death.

The thief on the cross believed
with a final breath. Luke 23:39–43.

Jesus used other images
to show that the final separation
belongs to Him alone.

Sheep and goats divided by the Shepherd Matt 25:31–46.

A net full of fish sorted only
when it is drawn to shore Matt 13:47–50.

Different pictures. Same truth.
The judgment is His, not ours.

And our role is not to judge.
Our role is to sow the seed.
To scatter the word generously.
To trust God with the field.
To trust Him with the harvest.

And when I face my own impulse
to judge, to sort, to decide who belongs to God,
I remember that I'm called to sow,

not to separate.

He sees clearly.

He judges fairly. He saves unexpectedly.