

Reflections

This article in the NEWSLETTER will be a bit more reflective than most I have written in the last 3-plus years, but please indulge me. I believe many of us share the same feelings, though really no one likes to talk about them.

I was listening this afternoon to the Michael Berry Show on what my kids still call “old Man Radio.” Michael Berry is a radio personality (and a real character) who was born in Orange, Texas and broadcasts his show nationally from KHOU in Houston. He was “reflecting” on the last two weeks and mentioned the fact that three of his friends had lost their fathers just in these last two weeks. “Talk to the people around you that you care about while you have them,” he said. “Hug them and tell them what they mean to you.” His message was that life is short and we’re not promised tomorrow. Get your affairs together daily, since it may be your last one.

I have a friend that used to preach in an old, small church in Bremond. I would accompany him down there just to help out. One of his sermons there (and one I subsequently heard lots of times) was called “Don’t Waste Time.” He would start with a quote from Benjamin Franklin’s Poor Richard’s Almanac: “Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for it is the stuff life is made of.” Again, today might be your last—live it that way. He would end with something like “Now I don’t mean to sound morbid, but you might leave here and get run over by a truck”, or something like that. It was a call to get your life right with God before it was too late.

I am, as I grow older, more aware of my mortality. I have lost schoolmates younger than me. I have lost students. I have lost family—gone too soon. I have friends who have diseases and will die without Divine intervention. In the last two weeks, I have been to a cardiologist three different times for tests. I have seen my endocrinologist who treats my diabetes. I was diagnosed with acute bronchitis at the Urgent Care Clinic Sunday afternoon. Physically, I’m falling apart. More than once I’ve used the Mick Jagger lyric; “what a drag it is getting old!”

The Bible says this about all that:

“Mortals, born of woman, are of few days and full of trouble.” (Job 14:1)

“The life of mortals is like grass, they flourish like a flower of the field; the wind blows over it, and it is gone, and its place remembers it no more.” (Psalm 103:15-16)

However Peter, in quoting **Isaiah 40**, says this in **1 Peter 1:24-25**:

“All people are like grass, and all their glory is like the flowers of the field; the grass withers and the flowers fall, but the word of the Lord endures forever.”

Peter told them that they had been born again of **“imperishable seed.” (1 Peter 1:23)**

Paul said the same thing when “reflecting” on the endtime:

“When the perishable has been clothed with the imperishable, and the mortal with immortality, then the saying that is written will come true: “Death has been swallowed up in victory.” (1 Corinthians 15:54)

I hold on to that, and one more thing Paul told us: ***“Though outwardly we are wasting away, yet inwardly we are being renewed day by day.” (2 Corinthians 4:16)***

Yep, I'm going to die. Physically, that is, one day when the Lord decides the time is right. Until then, will I struggle with aging issues, illness, and disease? Absolutely. However, my renewed Spirit, imperishable, and immortal, will live with God eternally. I can't face this life without a sense of victory. My faith sustains me.
--Johnny Stephens