

REFLECTIONS

Thoughts on nature and the Christian faith - 4/29/19

"The years of our life are seventy, or even by reason of strength eighty; yet their span is but toil and trouble; they are soon gone, and we fly away." - Ps. 90:10



I captured this tufted titmouse just as it started to fly away. It was on the branch for a moment, then it was gone in a flash with nothing to attest to the fact it was ever there. I guess I was feeling a little down when I reflected on this event. It made me think about myself and my legacy, about what I will leave behind after I fly away. These are thoughts that never cross the minds of the young, but demand an answer to those of us who are old. I am in my seventies now and what seemed so important when I was young now seems trivial, and what I used to give no thought to now occupies my thinking almost daily.

What a joy it will be to have changed the world, even if ever so slightly, into a better place. What a treasure we have been entrusted with to leave to those who follow us. Our lives matter. The faith we have received matters. It is our privilege as well as our responsibility to shed light in the darkness. As one grows older we tend to feel the weight of the responsibility we have been entrusted with more acutely and we pray that our lives have not been spent in vain. It saddens me to see our culture deteriorate steadily, to witness our collective morality dissipate, to know that the truths of our faith have become so watered down that they are barely recognizable. The gospel we now proclaim would not be tolerated by faithful men and women of previous generations, and so I find myself at odds with much that the church I attend believes and practices. Our thinking has become so shallow that we follow the latest trends like lemmings. I pray that God may give me the strength and wisdom to fight against the tide. I pray that when I fly away to my Lord that He will be pleased with what I have done with what He has given me. What we do with the time we spend on our branches is what matters. We never know when we will be called to fly away. - John