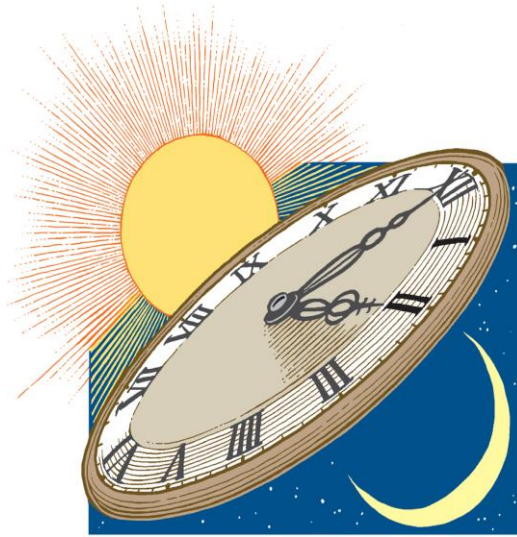


Just Thinkin'



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(Prime Timers Sunday school class Millville Church of the Nazarene)

Since last year at this time the earth has made three hundred and sixty-six complete turns on its axis. You have traveled nine million, one hundred and fifty thousand miles at the dizzying speed of more than a thousand miles an hour. So have I, and so has every other creature on earth. We're told by the astronomers that during those days the earth has lost weight at the rate of ninety pounds per day, and the sun has lost three hundred and sixty billion tons. That means the earth weighs sixteen and a half tons less than it did last year at this time. The sun is now 136,760,000,000,000 tons lighter.

You're not quite the same person you were a year ago, either. Most of your body tissues have worn out and have been quietly replaced by a never-ending process that goes on in all of animal life. What it amounts to is that every day and every hour we live in a new, changed world.

What is this thing we call time, anyway? This thing that seems to change everything it touches? Some scientists tell us that time is one of the dimensions of space. If I wanted to determine with any degree of accuracy the volume of the hill I saw every morning out my kitchen window in Tennessee, just knowing its length and width and height wouldn't be enough. I would need to know the year, day, and hour when the measurement was made, because of the continuous alteration of all objects in this changeful universe of ours. A hundred thousand years ago that hill was much bulkier than it is now. Maybe in another hundred thousand or half-million years it'll only be a little mound of dirt.

If you stop and think about it, you'll see that in the gift of time we have one of life's rare equalities. We creatures of earth aren't equal in all things, such as intelligence, natural gifts, appearance, span of life.

But in the matter of time we are. We all have the same size minutes, days, weeks and years.

“Let somebody do it who has more time than I do.” Sound familiar? But the people in the church or school or club who use that plea, have just as much time as the rest of us. Is there anyone reading this who has more than sixty seconds to his minutes, or more than sixty minutes to his hours? No one has “more time” than anyone else in the day or week. The difference isn’t in the amount of time, but in how we use it.

Methuselah lived to be nine hundred and sixty-nine years of age, but as far as we know, that’s all he did. The Bible sums up all he accomplished in a few words: “All the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years: he begat sons and daughters: and he died.” What a record! As far as we can see he lived almost a thousand years, but did nothing but reproduce his kind.

Then there was One who lived only thirty-three years. Saint John said of Him, “There are so many things which Jesus did, that if they could be written down, I suppose the world itself wouldn’t be able to contain the books that should be written.”

A lot has been said about the elusiveness of time. One writer says “We can save money or food in order to have some tomorrow. But there is no hoarding of time. When it’s gone, it’s gone forever.”

I wonder, though. Is it really gone? Or is it transformed? What is the house we live in but the carpenter’s time, the plumber’s time, the electrician’s time? And what about the time it took for the trees to grow into lumber and the trucker’s time to haul it, and the wholesaler’s time to handle it, and the retailer’s time to sell it? Don’t we live in houses that are time metamorphosed into shelter? What are the gifts you gave at Christmas but small pieces of your life spent in making money which in turn was spent for buying gifts? All gifts are essentially contributions of time. Where does the time go? The way to make time last is to invest it in things that have abiding value. 🦋🦋🦋

A New Year’s Resolution

I’m so fortunate in having a collection of books made up of portions of former pastors libraries, including those of Walter Miller, Archie George, Wilbert Hoffman, Victor Hammond, and others.

This little message is one I found in one of Rev. Hoffman’s old books of illustrations. I’d like to share it with you.

“I will, like Paul, *forget* those things which are behind and press forward; like David, *lift* up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help; like Abraham, *trust* implicitly in my God; like Enoch, *walk* in daily fellowship with my heavenly Father; like Jehoshaphat, *prepare* my heart to seek God; like Moses, *choose* rather to suffer than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; like Daniel, *commune* with my God at all times; like Job, *be patient* under all circumstances; like Caleb and Joshua, *refuse* to be discouraged because of superior numbers; like Joseph, *turn my back* to all seductive advances; like Gideon, advance even though my friends be few; like Aaron and Hur, *uphold* the hands of my spiritual leaders; like Isaiah, *consecrate* myself to do God’s work; like Andrew, *strive* to lead my brother into a closer walk with Christ; like John, *lean* upon the bosom of the Master and imbibe of His Spirit; like Stephen, *manifest* a forgiving spirit toward all who seek my hurt; like Timothy, *study* the Word of God; like the heavenly host, *proclaim* the message of peace on earth and good will toward all men; and like my Lord Himself, *overcome* all earthly allurements by refusing to succumb to their enticements.

Realizing that I cannot hope to achieve these objectives by my own strength, I will rely upon Christ, for “I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.”

Farewell Old Year!

I do not know, I cannot see,
What God's kind hand prepares for me,
Nor can my glance pierce through the haze
Which covers all my future ways;
But yet I know that o'er it all
Rules He who notes the sparrow's fall.

Farewell, Old Year, with goodness crowned,
A divine hand hath set my bound,
Welcome the New Year, which shall bring
Fresh blessings from my God and King.
The Old we leave without a tear,
The New we hail without a fear.

God in the Tomorrows

The Oriental shepherd was always ahead of his sheep. He was in front. Any attempt upon them had to take him into account. Now God is down in front. He is in the tomorrows. It is tomorrow that fills men with dread. But God is there already, and all tomorrows of our life have to pass before Him before they can get to us.

---F. B. Meyer