

Important

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It seems so important.

We hear and see things on the TV news shows that are supposed to be earth-shaking. The screen screams “Breaking News.”

We tend to think of our present concerns as huge, important items. But we are really only a small part of a long stream of history.

I have a friend, a real scholar and historian, who has written a well-researched, long, three-volume history of the world. In the pages of these books a reader meets kings and emperors and rulers of every kind. Nations and kingdoms and tribes and groups come and go. Many are ones I have never heard of before. Others are known, but nearly forgotten. I don’t have friends who are Hittites. I don’t invite lots of Philistines to lunch. Entire nations are gone.

Many ordinary, “small” people cross the pages of history. There are slaves and soldiers and craftsmen and farmers, and yes, politicians. Their stories are often forgotten.

The flow of history moves quickly. The routine matters of life go on. The sun comes up, and the corn grows, and the waves hurry to shore. And there are always things to do. The car needs repairs and the garbage must be taken out, and the dishes done and the grass cut.

But the TV talking heads tell us that today’s big events may change the universe.

And in the old song, we hear that those who plant potatoes and cotton will be forgotten.

In Psalms we read, “As for man, his days are like grass; As a flower of the field so he flourishes. When the wind has passed over it, it is no more.”

In the Book of James, the Bible says, “You are a mist that appears for a little while and then vanishes.”

What is really important and worth remembering? God’s love for us is massive and great and wonderful.

We are important to God. His grace is hard to grasp. It is marvelous.

Knowing Him and living in His light, that is truly important.

Breaking news.