

# ***REFLECTIONS***

November 13, 2005

**Flesh gives birth to flesh, but the Spirit  
gives birth to spirit.**

*John 3:6*

## **Birth**

Life is such a mystery. Everyone that has ever lived has spent a lifetime trying to solve it. So many people try to figure out how to conquer life, how to succeed, how to get along, and how to stay strong. But without question, we try most to conquer death.

Yesterday I lost a very close friend. Wilson Noble has been my friend for 40 years and we have lived through lots of things together—good times and not so good times—but together. I always knew he was there for me if I needed him and I think he knew that I would be there for him. Recently he fell ill and began to lose his strength. When I saw him only a few days ago, he was hardly the man I remembered—my buddy, my golf partner. His body simply became too weak and it refused to function any more.

Life begins in the womb. It is the place of a new creation. The womb offers all that is needed—food, shelter, comfort, and safety. A spirit becomes a new creation that grows and adapts to the world that surrounds it. Even if all is not perfect within the protected world Mom provides, that world is comfortable, happy and secure.

Then something happens. A sense of change comes over everything. Some unusual movement threatens security. A disturbance is produced and with the disturbance birth has begun. Questions must swirl about. Is the world coming to an end, is existence going to cease, or is this event a removal from one world into a new one?

As the struggle ensues, powerful forces press on the mortal being expelling it from its safe and secure world. It clings for safety, but is thrust through a cramped passageway perhaps bringing claustrophobic and suffocating sensations. Sounds change and anxiety may set in.

Then it's over. Birth—the culmination of a process of growth and development that transforms a spirit from one state of being to another. With birth a new world is introduced. There is light brighter than ever seen before—and space, and peace. Sure and safe hands draw a newborn near, and the warmth of a comforting body provides love beyond any ever known before.

I think death may be like that too. My friend is born into the brightness and peace of a new world. Sure and safe hands have received him and have drawn him into the warmth of a comforting body. He feels love beyond any he has ever known.

Wilson has been born to a better place, but those of us here will still miss him.

*“You are the light of the world,”*

*Richard* +

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