



REFLECTIONS

April 10, 2011

**Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad;
Let the sea roar, and all its fullness;
Let the field be joyful, and all that is in it.
Then all the trees of the woods will rejoice before
the Lord.**

Psalms 96:11-12 NKJV

Old Barns

Brisk winds breathe life into a fragrant spring. Trees bud with newborn leaves, wintered grasses transform from brown into bright green, and vibrant colored flowers bloom where winter drab once dwelled. And I am left to think about life and the way God made it to be. He told us all about it in the scriptures.

He told of the beauty of a Garden just made for mankind, of the ways we abused it, and why He had to take it all away again. He makes us work now when once we were free of it. So now busy schedules, in pursuit of mostly selfish desires, seldom allow time to think about the world God has made and the small things that make up its blessings.

Why do I fail to listen for birds chirping, bees buzzing, waters flowing, leaves rustling, dogs barking, and people singing. Why do I not pause to consider the meaning of a poet's words that express the mystery of taking the road less traveled and the difference he claimed it made; or to feel the depth of a grieving heart when beautiful words paint a picture of a love once lost or a life once lived. And I fail to think about time except for its fleeting nature and how unrecoverable it is when wasted.

All of these are more worthy of thought than I give to them. I should take more time to thank God for the world around me and the little things He made that make it beautiful. I should pause for a few moments here and there to ask if the leaves on the trees are able talk to each other, and to wonder if the bush I recently pruned felt the same pain I do when God prunes unfruitful branches from my life.

If I pause to think at all, I first remember the beauty of youth and how I once was among them. And while there is surely beauty there, there is beauty in the old too. I can see the image of a stately old barn with its doors crookedly hinged to grey and wrinkled wood that once held them firmly in its sinewy fibers. The doors sag a bit now, and age makes the doors swing less freely than once they did. But there is a splendor about the old and its weathered look that makes it seem as wise as the generations.

And I pause to rejoice. I rejoice in old barns and other small things that make up life's blessings. And I rejoice in Jesus Christ, the greatest blessing of all.

"You are the light of the world."

Richard +

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