



# ***REFLECTIONS***

October 7, 2012

**And I saw the dead, great and small, standing before the throne, and books were opened. Another book was opened, which is the book of life. The dead were judged according to what they had done as recorded in the books.**

*Revelation 20:12*

## **Book of Life**

The publication of the *Zephyr* always caused quite a stir around the school. Everyone anxiously awaited the yearbook, to turn through its pages in search of pictures of themselves and the activities that had been captured during the year. The senior class was always an engaging section to see. The seniors were honored with pictures a bit larger than the others, and listed beside each portrait were all their high school achievements. I was always impressed by those with long lists, and wondered why some achieved so little.

It was the custom each year for the books to be passed around for schoolmates to sign each other's book. I'm not sure of the reason autographs were secured, but most participated by signing their name next to their pictures. Sometimes, though, a signature was accompanied by a note recalling a special memory or expressing a hope the future would bring. Today, those notes add to the recall of memories of those wonderful days and the hopes we had for the world before us.

It is still fun to turn through the volumes of the *Zephyr* when I come across them from time to time. So many memories are stirred by the pictures of classmates and the snapshots of the things we did together in those formative years. The memories carry me to the pages of other classes both before and after mine. Some were good friends but many have slipped from memory. I wonder about all those who once walked the same hallways I did but whose whereabouts are unknown. Where are they now, I wonder?

Perhaps I will learn about them someday when I sit in the arms of God turning through the pages of the book of life. I can imagine sitting with him recalling some of the memories of life on earth, the joys shared with others, and the hopes for life we had. With God, I will celebrate the lives we find in the book of life, but perhaps I will wonder about those whose names I do not see. I wonder if the book will reveal how their lives might have been listed in it too if I had only lived a little differently.

And I think about those around me now. I wonder if I will find their names in the book of life when I sit with God someday.

I wonder if there is something I can do now to make sure they are.

*You are the light of the world,*

*Richard +*

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