



# REFLECTIONS

January 29, 2017

**Where there is no vision, the people perish**

*Proverbs 29:18 KJV*

## Beyond the Horizon's Frame

Imagine...

You are standing on the mountain top. A painting of all the world's beauty is set before you, framed by the horizon. But beyond the horizon's frame there is much, much more. To the east, stories of all the yesterdays are hidden in the dwellings of memories. To the west, a parade of tomorrows prepares to give birth to adventures yet to be. And there you stand, in a time called *now*, allowing your imagination to reach beyond the horizon's frame toward something your life might be that will make the tomorrows a little better.

In today's terms the imagination for tomorrow is called *vision*. One writer called it a master plan. It is the picture of the mark you want your life to leave on the world. It's your vision that gives your life purpose and focuses your daily actions on what you believe is God's purpose for your life.

I have come to believe that, after survival instincts, vision forms the basis for the decisions we make. Each decision either advances toward the master plan, or defends against diversions away from it. But I do not mean to suggest that everyone has consciously identified their vision or written down the master plan for their life. God, however, did instruct Habakkuk to write one:

*"Write the vision  
And make it plain on tablets,  
That he may run who reads it."* (Habakkuk 2:2 NKJV)

The vision. A master plan that presents a picture of a desired outcome. When we are working toward something, it provides meaning to the activities of the *now* we live in; and it keeps us from becoming mired in the things that matter very little in the end. What matters each day are the actions taken that move us toward the vision we pursue. But as the Proverb warns, "*Where there is no vision, the people perish.*" Without vision, there is no meaning. Without imagination beyond what can be seen, there is no hope.

But imagination beyond the horizon's frame still lives within the realities of *now*. And even *now* doesn't stand still in time. Someday borders of the horizon's frame will hide your *now* in the dwellings of yesterdays' memories. Even so, the tomorrows yet to be born will bear a beacon of light that will shine on the mark you left on this world. And with God's help, it will be the mark He chose you to make before the world began.

*You are the light of the world,*

*Richard +*

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