



# REFLECTIONS

December 3, 2017

**So it shall be, when the Lord your God brings you into the land of which He swore to your fathers, to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, to give you large and beautiful cities which you did not build, houses full of all good things, which you did not fill, hewn-out wells which you did not dig, vineyards and olive trees which you did not plant — when you have eaten and are full — then beware, lest you forget the Lord**

*Deuteronomy 6:10-12 NKJV*

## Lest You Forget

Jack loved to tell stories. He excelled at it. As a rancher and farmer from my hometown, he had lots of them to tell. His tales began with, “Did I ever tell you about the time...?” on his way to a lengthy story told in his slow Texas drawl. Oftentimes, knocks on the door, ringing phones, and other distractions interrupted his stories, but Jack never lost his place. Once calm restored, he resumed with, “Well, anyway...,” and the story picked up with the very word he ended with.

As a witness to his tales, I found his memories entertaining. I enjoyed stories in settings before my time, when life was without today’s luxuries, travel more difficult, and communications moved slowly. But more than entertainment, Jack’s stories made me aware of how important memories are to our lives.

Imagine life without memories, good or bad. There are lessons in both. Wisdom comes from them; joy inspired by them; and lessons are taught from them. God dwells in them, and meaningful life is imbedded in them. But memories live in stories and stories die if they go untold. What would the future hold, if not grounded in stories of the past?

We live today in beautiful cities we did not build, eat from fields we did not plant, and enjoy freedoms others died to preserve. So, as we enter a season enlivened by stories, let us tell of a miracle birth, of shepherds from nearby fields and magi from a distant land who followed a bright star in search of the newborn King. And lest we forget, let’s keep alive the story of gift giving, of worshiping a little Child, and the celebration of God’s love for all people. Eye witnesses believed the story important enough to tell their children and their children’s children. Aren’t you glad they did. The story remains alive today. It saved your life and mine. We know the story because someone believed it important enough to tell.

Stories are roots that nourish the present and pollinate our quest for the future. And lest you forget, it’s our turn to tell them. Someone’s life depends on it.

*You are the light of the world,*

*Richard +*

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