



REFLECTIONS

May 26, 2019

**Greater love has no one than this, that he lay
down his life for his friends.**

John 15:13

Memories Imagined

Memories are a part of everyday life. We thrive on them, base decisions on them, see life through them, and hang ambitions on them. Most memories originate from personal experiences; but sometimes we are called to remember things that happened before our time. Memories imagined of wars fought, and causes served stand high among them.

So easily we take for granted our prosperity, freedom, and liberty that we forget about those who made life as we know it today possible. That's why we designate special days like Memorial Day, July 4th, and Veterans' Day. Those national holidays honor not so much what happened on a given day as the lives risked, maimed, or lost for a cause that bettered human life.

A previous *Reflections* recalled Samuel sharing his story to a small group of men.¹ His disfigured face told of flames flashing from an exploding bomb beneath the military vehicle that carried him. Little remained of his ears or eyebrows, and scars stretched so tightly across his face that he could speak only through clinched teeth. The semblance of a smile he tried to muster could scarcely be seen. But there he stood, bearing it all, seeking no accolades from the men before him.

Life does not prepare us for some the curveballs it throws. Most of those curves in the path of life are seen later seen as inconveniences. But some curves completely redefine life as it did for Samuel. Just think of once outstanding athletes that no longer have legs, and those once voted most handsome by their classmates who now see a horror movie staring back from the mirror. All for a cause that has made life better for you and me.

Look back into the lives of those who journeyed through this world before our time. In those memories imagined, their lives are inseparable from ours, bound by the road they traveled that made our lives what they are. They were a part of your journey and you have become an extended part of theirs. Allow precious memories imagined of them to stir in your mind. The joys of life shared with them, the defeats suffered, and the battles won. They paved the road that shaped yours. And remember they lived, suffered, and died for causes that made our lives better.

Samuel shared his life, with its many troubles, hoping to make life better for someone else just as he committed to do on the battlefield. The men listening to his story had wounds too. Maybe, just maybe, hearing his story helped them heal. It's the love Samuel lived his life for.

And the same love Jesus gave his life for.

You are the light of the world,

Richard +

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¹ Hidden Wounds, *Reflections* January 10, 2010.

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Your comments are welcomed and encouraged. Richard may be reached at richard@reflectingthesavior.org.