

Rediscovering the Wonder of it All

My first thought toward an excited, exuberant, loud kid on a flight several years ago was homicidal. He was about seven years old and sitting in the seat directly in front of me. I was tired and desperately wanted to get some sleep. But, I knew that this awestruck seven year old would ruin my plans for a nice, quiet flight. I decided to listen in on the conversation between the little boy and his parents. I soon discovered that this was the very first time this boy had ever flown in a plane. He was excited by the experience and he was filled with wonder as he looked out the window.

As I observed all of this, I began to reminisce about my first flying experience as a young boy. I flew from Indianapolis to St. Louis with my best friend and the pilot was my brother-in-law. When we ascended to our cruising altitude, I was filled with wonder at the landscape of white, fluffy clouds beneath us. What an adventure that first flight was, we even had our names announced over the intercom!

I have since traveled many miles by air and the experience with the little boy in the next seat brought me to the realization that flying had lost its luster and wonder for me. I began to think about how the routine of life can sometimes dim the wonder of it all. I remember when every vacation was an opportunity to discover new places, sights and sounds. Now, every trip seems to be just another place to go. I have seen parts of Europe, Israel, South America, Asia, Hawaii, Brazil and many beautiful locations across North America. When did I lose the wonder of seeing a mountain or a river? Do I see Niagara Falls as just water flowing over a rock or do I see it as a powerful display of God's glory? Is the splendor of the Grand Canyon a breathtaking array of dazzling colors and magnificent contrasts or has it just become a hole in the ground.

Then, I began to think of my salvation experience some fifty+ years ago. I remember the excitement of truly repenting of my sins and it felt so good when the tears ran down my face. My Youth Pastor, Brother Hugh Rose, baptized me in the wonderful Name of Jesus for the remission of my sins and I was overwhelmed by the sense of freedom. Two years later in St. Louis, Missouri, I received the Holy Ghost evidenced by speaking in tongues while Brother Harry Branding prayed for me. Oh, the wonder of that experience!

Is it possible that we have lost the luster and wonder of the salvation experience? Is going to church more of a routine than an anticipated delight? Has my worship become obligatory rather than a spontaneous reaction to the wonder of my salvation and awesomeness of God?

Life and familiarization have a way of obscuring the brilliance and the marvel of the world around us, our salvation and our God. The world is a wonder, salvation is a wonder, God is a wonder and His Name is a wonder! *"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulders: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Might God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace"*. Isaiah 9:6.

I thank God for the little boy who disturbed the dull routine of my flight with his unrepressed energy and amazement at the wonder of it all. May we all rediscover the wonder of these vital areas of our lives. Perhaps the next time we walk into our assembly we will view with new eyesight the wonder of it all and break forth with exuberant worship and praise!