

The Paradox of our Age

The paradox of our time in history is that we have taller buildings but shorter tempers; wider freeways, but narrower viewpoints. We spend more, but have less; we buy more, but enjoy less. We have bigger houses and smaller families; more conveniences, but less time. We have more degrees but less sense; more knowledge, but less judgment; more experts, yet more problems; more medicine, but less wellness.

We drink too much, smoke too much, spend too recklessly, laugh too little, drive too fast, get too angry, stay up too late, get up too tired, read too little, watch TV too much, and pray too seldom. We have multiplied our possessions, but reduced our values. We talk too much, love too seldom, and hate too often.

We've learned how to make a living, but not a life. We've added years to life not life to years. We've been all the way to the moon and back, but have trouble crossing the street to meet a new neighbor. We conquered outer space but not inner space. We've done larger things, but not better things.

We've cleaned up the air, but polluted the soul. We've conquered the atom, but not our prejudice. We write more, but learn less. We plan more, but accomplish less. We've learned to rush, but not to wait. We build more computers to hold more information, to produce more copies than ever, but we communicate less and less.

These are the times of fast foods and slow digestion; big men and small character; steep profits and shallow relationships. These are the days of two incomes but more divorce; fancier houses but broken homes. These are days of quick trips, disposable diapers, throwaway morality, one night stands, overweight bodies, and pills that do everything from cheer, to quiet, to kill. It is a time when there is much in the showroom window and nothing in the stockroom. A time when technology can bring this letter to you, and a time when you can choose either to share this insight, or to just hit delete.

Remember, spend some time with your loved ones, because they are not going to be around forever.

Remember to say a kind word to someone who looks up to you in awe, because that little person soon will grow up and leave your side.

Remember to give a warm hug to the one next to you, because that is the only treasure you can give with your heart and it doesn't cost a cent.

Remember to say "I love you" to your partner and your loved ones, but most of all mean it. A kiss and an embrace will mend hurt when it comes from deep inside of you.

Remember to hold hands and cherish the moment for someday that person will not be there again.

Give time to love, give time to speak, and give time to share the precious thoughts in your mind.

AND ALWAYS REMEMBER:

Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away.

Dr. Bob Moorehead is former pastor of Seattle's Overlake Christian Church. He retired in 1998 after 29 years in that post. The essay appeared in 'Words Aptly Spoken,' Dr. Moorehead's 1995 collection of prayers, homilies, and monologues used in his sermons and radio broadcasts.

When a friend sent me the above poem whose source is currently unknown, I could not help but be reminded of this verse in the Bible, "What good is it for a man to gain the whole world, yet forfeit his soul?" (Mark 8:36)

In so many ways, modern society has provided us with so much, and yet, in so many ways, we have so little of the stuff that really matters.

There is an old saying, "You can't take it with you." When all is said and done, and our physical bodies have run their course, no amount of diamonds, furs, big houses, or money will spare us from our death. Nor will material riches guarantee our salvation. Instead, in those final minutes or hours of our last breaths, we will consider two things. Those we love, and what lies beyond physical death. The truly wise will question these things now, rather than when it may be too late.

I suppose, when one boils the above poem down to one word, a suitable single sentiment would be "priorities". Do we place flesh before spirit? Selfish desires before godly needs? Lust before love? These are probing questions only we, ourselves, can answer, but there will a come a time we will have to face yet Another. God.

Contributed by Melanie Schurr