

LITTLE TIME FOR THE LORD

Sometimes it seems to me, in the greater scheme of things, how little time we have left over for the Lord; The way we live in this world, we know is passing away, acting as if it were our permanent home.

Just how many hours were You held fast on that cross, unspeakably tortured as You were for me, that I should allocate such haphazard intervals to carry on a meaningful conversation with You?

Now I don't want to convey that I'm some super-saint -- when, Lord knows, I'm the chief of sinners! But it seems so odd to me, how little time we give Thee, In light of how many times we say we love You.

Oh, how abridged the time that I seem to begrudge Thee, when considered in the light of eternity, what is it in this world that could possibly entice me, and lure me away from wanting to be with You.

We say we're anticipating that day we get caught up to You, yet, in light of that, how rarely we look upward. Lord, won't You forgive me, for the way I love this world. May the Holy Spirit grant us a vision of what's to come!

Nestor Jaremko 4-24-2013