

The Eternal Championship

When we were in our twenties and thirties and perhaps even our forties or fifties we slipped into the seat of our race car and made it do fantastic things. Sometimes we were able to pull off that elusive hole shot that brought us a satisfying race win. On a lucky day we filled in the gap with our personal performance for what the car was lacking. As we get into our fifties we realize that the old reaction times are not as consistent and razor sharp as they once were. We catch ourselves making little errors in judgment. Some are so small and subtle no one knew about them but us. A critical toggle switch that we almost forgot to flip on at the line or a small lapse in concentration. We begin to realize we are nearing the time when we must step out of the car and let the young guns take over our seat while we handle the wrenches and the business end of things. We realize the roar of the crowd will not be for us personally any more and we will miss it. Even the wrenching becomes difficult as we begin to feel the aches and pains in our body for all the bad things we have done to it while lying on the cold, wet ground trying to hurry and get parts back in place to make the next race. Our hands are not as supple as they once were and dropping the wrenches we once deftly handled happens more often. Eventually, we find ourselves relegated to bench racing more often telling our kids and grandkids and anyone with patience to listen about things that happened many years ago. We tell about the races we won and races we lost and things that might have been, could have been and should have been. Sometimes can we see in their eyes that we are telling them stories that we have told them many times before.

This year I will turn 60 years old. It has been a time for reflection and spiritual re-appraisal. It is pretty easy to get depressed about getting old and wondering if anyone will remember us once we are gone. Will our passing be like pulling our finger out of a lake and the water quickly filling in the hole in the water?

A couple of years ago in our bible study at work we read through the book "Remembering Your Story" by Richard Morgan. The book helps you to remember and reflect on your life and helps you to begin to create a spiritual autobiography as a legacy for future generations. It helped me to realize that I need to be passing my faith on to the next generation. I need to be leaving behind more than a garage full of cars, a few dollars and some property. I need to be leaving behind a spiritual legacy by building into the lives of others. I need to respect God and encourage those that are following in my footsteps to do the same.

LK 1:49-50 for the Mighty One has done great things for me--holy is his name. His mercy extends to those who fear him, from generation to generation.

We need to contend for a new type of championship during the years we have left. One that has eternal results and brings blessings to our loved ones and those who God has brought into our sphere of influence...

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