Speed of Time

Reflection by Japhet De Oliveira, Boulder, CO, USA

On my way home yesterday, Beck, my wife, asked if I would stop and get some wood for the fire. I had finished reviewing my sermon so left with ample time to stop at Safeway in North Boulder. Beck was very precise. Just wood. Nothing else. I grabbed the cart and thought as I went in, I could get some fruit as well. I have a thing for fruit! But the pharmacy caught my eye and so I lined up for the longest time, reading/writing emails on my iPhone. By the time I picked my prescription up, I had given up on the fruit and was focused on the wood alone. Beck would be proud that I had not departed from the set path.

When I arrived at the till, (aka the cash register), I had one item in the trolly and was tempted to try the self checkout option. Thankfully my phone was vibrating and so I skipped that and entered the regular line.

Here is the beauty of all these timings. I was totally obvious to the couple in the line next to mine. As I started to exit the line, the older gentlemen said, “Andrews University, a lot colder there?” It floored me. I was wearing my Andrews University sweater. He saw it and reached out.

Within a few minutes we had established a great rapport and I understood that this lovely couple, although gradates of Andrews University, were no longer connected to Church. The story stops there for now. We exchanged details and I suggested we get together for coffee.
soon.

I looked at that couple, probably one generation just ahead of me. I can’t wait to meet them and hear their story. To understand their journey. To see what circumstances nudged and drew them away from an active faith life connected to our tribe.

Time just travels too fast. In a blink of a moment we were finishing our A Levels. In a blink of moment we had our first job. In a blink of a moment we changed careers a few times and our kids were now in school. In a blink of moment we were at their graduations. In a blink of a moment they were at their first jobs. In a blink of a moment they were at our bedside. In a blink of a moment we would see the face of Jesus, on the glorious moment. As N. T. Wright so beautifully shares:

“First, the word resurrection always meant bodies. Numerous teachers in the ancient world developed ways of saying that even if someone’s body was in a tomb, something else—perhaps a soul, though that’s one of the most slippery words around—was still alive somewhere. But that was never what resurrection meant. That word was not a fancy way for talking about life after death. It always referred to a new bodily life after a period of being bodily dead. The ancient world, like the modern world, produced widely differing speculations about what happens after we die. The word resurrection designates one and only one of those options: a new bodily existence. A new physical human being, after a time during which that human being had been dead and gone.”


I hold so tightly, that God connects us together so we can share the Good News, the Gospel. I look forward to each day here and in the New Earth.

Recalibrate

1) Who in your life needs to hear the Good News today?

2) What will you do tomorrow to make every moment in Jesus count?

Feel free to send any thoughts or comments to Japhet De Oliveira.
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