



The Good News

December 5th, 2021

Volume 21, Issue 48

Carpe Diem

By Matt Smith

Seize the Day; the phrase has its own entry in Merriam Webster's online (and one would assume their written) dictionary, it's become so common among our own language. It's intended to drive the listener to action, specifically immediate action to take advantage of what lies in front of them, to grasp the chance they've been given, to pick themselves up and get going toward a goal, etc. The reasoning is because we don't have an infinite amount of time. If we did, there'd be no need to hurry; we'd have tomorrow to do it, or the next day. We often think and believe we will have tomorrow, or even more time given us simply because for as long as we've lived, there HAS been a next day, a next week, a next month, etc.

The truth is that we don't have any time at all. We're not given any set amount of time before we're taken from this world; we don't have roughly 78 years on this earth, or whatever the avg. life expectancy for Americans happens to be now; we aren't guaranteed to live through puberty; we're not guaranteed to live on this earth for any amount of time at all. Yet we live our lives as though we have so much more time than we actually do, putting off actions we know we should take, setting aside more important matters for less important pursuits, delaying choices that can and thus should be made now until we are more comfortable or until we've done what we wanted to do, etc. Reality is a very, very different animal.

Time, measured by the movement of some object across some distance, is one of the most obscure concepts known to mankind despite its presence throughout the existence of this universe. We live, essentially and literally, in the past. To understand, one must be able to grasp our true place on the universal timeline: we do not stand in the middle; we aren't stuck at some point right up near the front. This existence—meaning everything from living and non-

living categorizations, mankind, plants, animals, mountains, streams, galactic nebulae, stars, galaxies themselves—everything in this existence sits on the very tip of the point of the spear of time as it travels through the arc that it follows as it was thrown from God's Hand. Everything is literally nothing more than the smallest sliver of a moment in time, the tiniest wafer of a nanosecond from no longer existing in time. On the other side of that infinitesimally thin veil is the end of time. That veil is pressed against our face, thrust upon our physical bodies from the moment of our conception. What time we see, what time we think we have, doesn't exist until the very moment, the **very second** God gives it to us. Tomorrow is nothing but a figment of our imagination until it happens, and as a result, we must understand as Christians—and we'd be well-served in other areas of life by this as well—that more time than is necessary to accomplish our intentions and to live the life God wants us to simply is a fantasy. How much time do we really have to put away the things we've meant to put away for years and start walking in God's footsteps? How long until we decide that taking a stand for God is going to be a priority for us, regardless of what it may cost us in this life? How much time do we have to spend before deciding that this life simply isn't worth walking away from God's love anymore? How much time do we really have?

Carpe Diem.