

MARK'S REMARKS

Have you ever noticed the large number of used cars for sale? Some we discover in a formal setting identified as a dealership. Neatly aligned by year or style and displayed under towering lights, these vehicles give the impression they are receiving special treatment. Other vehicles we see on a small plot of grass or a section of gravel set apart from the road. Instead of towering lights, these vehicles rely on a full moon or the stars to draw possible buyers into their presence. Still other vehicles sit on a driveway, in a ditch, or out in the middle of nowhere. The only evidence that they are for sale, is a quickly made sign taped in the window. As grass hides the tires and dust hides the shine, these pieces of metal rest on the opposite side of our first category.

Regardless of where they are placed, these vehicles share one thing in common. They are used. Possibly because they have become rusted, too small, outdated, or boring, these vehicles have been discarded for something better, newer, faster, or bigger. No matter how we mask the trade or sale of these means of transportation, we are saying, "You are no longer desirable."

One vehicle that I have in mind was sitting in front of a building that had been closed. Both were expressions of neglect. Rust, a dented bumper, a cracked windshield, and a dull finish characterized this vehicle. Placed in front of this business displaying cardboard in the windows, the image communicated disregard and decay. The entire scene should have flown a banner reading, '*Home of the Hopeless.*' A depressing scene even a deep blue sky with white clouds marching east could not improve.

These images have caused me to think about God. God never says, "Mark, you are no longer desired." Although I may seem somewhat old-fashioned compared to the 'new models' that cruise the roads today, God is not planning on trading me in for something sportier or for a model that has fewer dents or scratches. In His eyes, I have eternal worth. There is no other model like me. To discard me, would be to throw away a classic, one-of-a-kind model. In fact, the wear on the seats, dents, and scratches only add character.

God is not into used people lots. God does not know how to make a sign that says "For Sale". He doesn't place an ad describing the few good features you have left, the price he can now get for you, only to conclude with three letters, "OBO."

God is never finished with us. We never become outdated or undesirable. To be one of God's chosen, is to remain forever in his ownership. The title of your life, once owned by God, can never be transferred.

As you take notice of the large number of used vehicles scattered throughout the countryside, may each one remind you of your infinite worth.

I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made (Psalm 139:14)

Spoken 4,

Pastor Mark