

The Zeal that Sets a City on a Hill

We were saying our goodbyes in the school parking lot when momma must've completely lost her mind!

"Here son," she smiled, handing me her camera, "Take a few pictures on your field trip."

I gulped like I'd swallowed my tonsils. Did she remember I was just in the fourth grade?

Mom proceeded to show me how to change the film and handed me four extra rolls. To top it off, she had the audacity to shove forty dollars in my pocket without making it perfectly clear it was for meals only. I wiped off her kiss and boarded that big chartered Greyhound for Chicago thinking I might be the next Michelangelo, or some other famous picture taker.

For the next ten minutes I was the talk of the bus, organizing group shots and capturing the tremendous excitement of a bus load of kids away from home for the first time. I even snapped a few of the bus driver as he began popping his blood pressure medication. We were all having big fun.

As the trip wore on, however, people's enthusiasm began to wane. So I decided to try my hand at landscapes. For hundreds of miles I set about to capture the beauty of central Illinois as seen from Interstate 55. I finished up by paparazzing around securing blackmail shots of all my friends as they began to nod off and the drool on themselves.

Basically, what I am saying is, before we reached the windy city I'd used up all four rolls of film and couldn't wait to get to the hotel to buy another forty dollars worth! It wasn't until I returned home, nearly starved, toting a suitcase full of mostly exposed film, that the full scope of my mom's misjudgment came to light.

Things sure change over time. These days if I even got on a bus full of kids, I'd be the one needing blood pressure medicine. I don't pay nearly as much attention to landscapes as I should, and hardly ever work up a good belly laugh over a drool puddle. Maybe we all have to grow up, but do we have to lose our zeal for life?

Speaking of zeal for life, what about our zeal for the One who is Life? You see, our passion for Jesus not only determines our attitude, but our altitude. If we'd stir ourselves up in His love more often, and remember what He has done for us, and ponder on what He is preparing for us, we'd easily soar above the pull of this old fallen world.

The glorious hope I have in the Lord should emanate from my every fiber, even in the least of my everyday dealings. I should never become entangled again with the cares of this world.

Yet so many times I fail. I just drag through life complaining with the worst of them; backbiting and causing strife. I don't want to bring shame on the Lord, but even with my best intentions, I often find myself sliding back from where I know I need to be. That's when it's time to repent, and return to my first Love. Jesus once said to a lukewarm church, (*As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent.* **Revelations 3:19** KJV)

But anyway- Momma must've lost that camera, because I never saw it again. I don't reckon I cared much though. I was through with photography. It was way too expensive. Besides, eating regular turned out to be much more fulfilling.

Guy Sheffield 8-11-06