

Daily View

“But exhort one another every day, as long as it is called ‘today’” Hebrews 3:13

August 3, 2020



I wanted to wear a uniform just like this. [Image of a plate signed by Sandy Koufax, a gift from Sam and Barb (Christie's parents) as a birthday present several years ago]

Our Uniform

When I was a kid I loved baseball. I ate, drank, breathed baseball. All I wanted to do, from March to October, is play baseball. I also wanted everything to be just like the major leagues, especially the uniform. To be real, it had to be flannel, preferably white flannel — *pure white flannel*. In my next to last Little League season, playing for the Berkeley Farms team in Vallejo, we got real white flannel uniforms, with maroon stripes and lettering. I felt like a big leaguer.

In the first game of the season, I was playing center field. My mother was in the stands and she thought I was pretty cute as I kept looking down at my uniform, admiring its whiteness, its authentic baseball whiteness.

There was a problem though. I was admiring my authentic big league style whiter than white uniform when a ball was hit my way. I saw the ball too late to catch it. My mom, being a mom and not a baseball fan, thought it was cute that I was more concerned about making sure my uniform looked just right than I was about actually playing baseball. *She* thought it was cute, but *I* was mortified. I had forgotten why I was wearing the uniform. *I had forgotten my purpose.*

How easy it is to forget our purpose. We wear the uniform, the badge of a Christian and every day, we put on the King, clothing ourselves with him. That uniform defines our purpose — to live, act, talk like Jesus and to represent him in this crazy, nutty, bizarre world. When you actually put on that uniform, you stand out and that can be dangerous. It takes courage to walk with the King these days.

In all of his letters to churches and individuals, Paul defines our purpose clearly. Colossians is quickly becoming one of my

favorites. He directs us away from fruitless restrictions designed to make us feel good about ourselves but that have no effect on our everyday life (see Col. 2:16-23). He tells us to put on the new self and put off the old self, to put on compassion, kindness, humility, meekness and patience... and *forgiveness*.

That's the “pure white uniform” of one who has been raised with King Jesus — one who has “set his mind on the things that are above not on things that are on the earth... for you have died and your life is hidden with Christ, in God...” and, “when Christ, who is your life, appears, then you will appear with him in glory” (Colossians 3:2-4).

Our purpose is defined by our King. The church is the assembly, the congregation of the King and its purpose is defined by the King. When we forget our purpose; when we admire our “uniforms,” we miss the point of why we are wearing them.

Maybe this health crisis will help us focus on our real purpose, both individually and as the King's body. Jesus wants us to get busy and do what we are here to do and not get caught up in the weirdness we read about each day (*I'm speaking to myself*). It's time to get our pure white uniforms dirty, *in a good way*, by doing the work of the King. After all, we have eternity to wear pure white unspotted “uniforms”:

After this I looked, and behold, a great multitude that no one could number, from every nation, from all tribes and peoples and languages, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, with palm branches in their hands.

Revelation 7:9