

Daily View

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

September 17, 2020



A Foggy Day in Connecticut, 2009

A Senior Moment... at Age 12

I got home from school one day and my dad said casually, not accusingly, “I saw you this morning when you stopped at a store while you were on your paper route.” I said, “No... I didn’t go to the store.” My dad stared at me for about 20 seconds and then said, “but I saw you walk out of the store and get on your bike and ride off.” I shook my head and said, “no, I didn’t stop at the store.” My dad insisted he saw me but, fortunately, decided not to give me a whippin’ or ground me for the rest of my life.

The reason it sticks in my mind is because later on I remembered that I did, in fact, stop at a store while on my paper route that morning. It had completely slipped my mind. So my denials were due to an honest loss of memory. I’ve had my share of senior moments, but at age 12??

Remembering placed me smack dab in what we call a “conundrum,” otherwise known as “a rock and hard place.” Do I confess my loss of memory to my dad or do I let sleeping dogs lie? If I confessed, would my dad believe that I forgot? Or would he think my conscience got the better of me so I decided to ‘fess up? If the latter, I feared the sentence of a *posterior application of a superior force*. Dad wasn’t really into the grounding thing. I couldn’t blame him, either. How could I have forgotten that I stopped at the store that morning?

Fear of not being believed led me to just drop it and hope dad didn’t bring it up again. He didn’t, but I continued to struggle with what he must have thought. My conscience bothered me. I would rather have gotten a spanking. Though, technically, I didn’t deserve it (I really *did* forget), it would have

served to purge my conscience and end the ordeal. (Spankings, done right, are underrated as a superb way to clear the conscience of the spankee. Dave used to tell Angie, “just get a spankin’ then it’s over with.”)

The takeaway is this: I’m glad God knows my heart. If it was God who said, “I saw you stop at the store” and I responded by “no, I didn’t” God would have known I was not lying but that I had forgotten about it. Of course, that cuts both ways; God also knows when we are trying to cover our sins, or justify or rationalize them.

With God, nothing substitutes for full self-awareness and full confession. When we do that, we can expect full exoneration and forgiveness, and enjoy a clear, clean conscience. John, I feel, says it best in I John 1:9:

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

I like this quote from a church history professor I follow on Twitter (Dustin Bengel):

When God forgives, He goes on record declaring, “I will not remember your sin” (Is 43:25). To “not remember” is a graphic way of saying, “I will not exhume the bones of your sin and beat you over the head with them.” How desperately we need to practice the same.

Even when we forget the specifics our sins, or even if we forget that we committed sin at all, when we “keep on confessing” our sins, God forgives us. That really helps me keep a clear conscience as I live my life before God and man each day.

*Unless otherwise indicated the opinions expressed in this publication and images used are solely those of David Posey.
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