

Daily View

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

January 22, 2021

“I’m not keeping track...”

Our many kids here at Folsom are always doing and saying humorous things; it happens so often that I can’t keep up. But I saw something this week that made me laugh out loud. There was a picture of Eli Rembleski’s homework and on the top of the page, in the space for the date, he wrote *“not keeping track.”*

That seems to be a perfect summary of the last 10-11 months. Never in my life have I had such difficulty keeping track of the days. I like to think I’m not a prisoner of routine, but I guess I am, much more than I thought. Just after the original stay-at-home order, for a couple of weeks, the days crawled by and I couldn’t tell you what day it was. At my age, I should have been happy about that snail’s pace, but it was disconcerting. Once I got back into some semblance of a routine, the days started running together. It felt like I was in a scene from the 1994 movie

Groundhog Day, about a weatherman who finds himself inexplicably living the same day over and over again. It was hard to keep track.

Eli’s note on the date reminds me of something more important. It reminds me that we are supposed to be children, in spirit.

And calling to him a child, he put him in the midst of them and said, “Truly, I say to you, unless you turn and become like children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven. Whoever humbles himself like this child is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. *Matthew 18:2-4*

Then children were brought to him that he might lay his hands on them and pray. The disciples rebuked the people, but Jesus said, “Let the little children come to me and do not hinder them, for to such belongs the kingdom of heaven.” *Matthew 19:13-14*

With the exception of a couple of special days a year, do kids care about calendars or dates? Nah. There are children in some countries that suffer every day and may spend their days hoping for better days (and that breaks our hearts) but children here tend to be rather carefree, and fun to watch and listen to.

Adults, on the other hand, live by schedules, appointments, deadlines, anniversaries, birthdays, holidays, past events, future events... Unlike children, a normal adult’s life is ruled by the calendar. We are forced to “keep track.” We’re often looking

forward to “the day when...,” or worrying about something in the future. Kids don’t usually do that unless they are trying to claim your promise for a trip to Disneyland. Typically, though, they don’t keep track. They naturally live out Jesus instruction in Matthew 6:34, *“Therefore do not be anxious about tomorrow, for tomorrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient for the day is its own trouble.”*

I don’t do that very well.

In my last month or so in the Army I was a “short-timer,” the next man in the company to be discharged. We passed around a stick, a sawed-off pool cue wrapped with electrical tape, to look like a candy cane. We called it a “short-timer’s stick.” It was a badge of honor to carry that around; that meant you were the next man up to get go back home, to get on with your life. But the Army wanted us to bet on the future. Like almost every other soldier, a few day before I flew back home, I got called into the

company commander’s office and was offered \$10,000 to reenlist for another two years. That would be almost \$70,000 in today’s dollars.* I just smiled and said, “no thank you, sir.” I had big plans and Christie had already flown home.

I was keeping track of my days, checking them off the calendar, and it wasn’t long before I was back home trying to figure out what I was going to do with the rest of my life. It occurred to me that the United States Army had been keeping track of my time; I hardly had to think about it for almost two years. Now, it was my responsibility, and I’ve been “keeping track” ever since.

But Eli was on to something. It’s kind of liberating think about that “not keeping track...” thing. In fact, it reminds me of that line in Amazing Grace: *“when we’ve been there 10,000 years bright shining as the sun, we’ve no less days to sing God’s praise than when we first began.”* There are no calendars in heaven; no appointments, no events in the past or future to reflect on... just one beautiful day after another and another and another...

*According to inflationtool.com