

Take Your Sabbath

“David went into God’s house and ate the bread of the presence, which only the priests were allowed to eat. He also gave bread to those who were with him.” Then he said, “The Sabbath was created for humans; humans weren’t created for the Sabbath. This is why the Human One is Lord even over the Sabbath.”

Mark 2:26-28 (Words of Jesus - CEB)

Valuable lessons occur early in life, and in turn, endure for a lifetime. “Just plain tired” are three words that have identified my energy over the past few weeks. Yesterday, Sunday, I rested. Resting came from a lesson taught to me in the first eighteen years of my life. Every Sunday since is something special for me. I know its true because my mother told me years ago “Sunday Sabbath is special”. She always reminded me, brothers, Dad, and herself that Sabbath was an important day for relaxing in the face of Sunday School 9:00 am to 10:00am, Worship 11:00 to 2:00 pm. Youth Activities Ministry (YAM) 5:00 pm to 6:30 pm, and night worship 7:00 to 9:30...or well beyond.

Actual relaxation and restoration were severely limited around our tiny town farming property. I recall many Sundays when I was awakened before daylight to help dad “work the cows” or load some hay bales on the trailer. It had to be done before the 9:30 bell called us to Sunday School classrooms. Yes, occasionally the smell was atrocious, and how does a “get it done now” stress level reduce anxiety when you worry over being late for church...bath or not.

When I learned that Jesus didn’t lounge around on the Sabbath, but went about the tasks of healing and picking grain for the disciples and him. I knew the time is ours to build relationships, feed, give drink, clothe, visit the sick or imprisoned because scripture reminds us, *“The King will reply, ‘Truly I tell you, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers and sisters of mine, you did for me.’”* Matthew 25:40

There is a keen sense among many people that we did in fact lose a religious and cultural treasure when Sunday became just another day says it best. The line from the “Rascal Flats” song, “Mayberry.” They sing, *“Sunday was a day of rest, now it’s one more day of progress.”* Those words were on my mind as I contemplated this TALK.

These thoughts conjure the question, how do we get to know others when we are required to stay away? Walking through my neighborhood, my dog and I see people coming and going. I’m saddened by the fact I know their dog’s name, and I don’t know theirs. I determined to talk to the people I should know well in my neighborhood. My plan? I start conversations.

The chat begins by me standing in the street and increasing my voice several decibels. I say, “My name is Ted, and my dog’s name is Shaggy. We walk by here all the time and I simply want to say “hi’.” Then I stare and make my eyes smile as big as I can. If no sound comes from the person, I say “Great talking to you.” I walk away totally relaxed and with a new acquaintance in the neighborhood.

I don’t know why, but I know Bertie wisdom is right, the Sabbath is a great day for getting to know our neighbors.

Good Sabbath and Peace always,

Ted