



Links Players

Remembering - Remember

Go and proclaim in the hearing of Jerusalem, Thus says the LORD, "I remember the devotion of your youth, your love as a bride, how you followed me in the wilderness, in a land not sown." (Jeremiah, 2:2, ESV)

I remember asking the late Doug Sanders how often he thought about missing that short putt on the seventy-second hole at Saint Andrews to win The Open. With a furrowed brow, he responded, "Every night before I go to sleep." Yep, memories can be wonderful or haunting.

My dad and I recently "took a walk down memory lane." Along with my siblings, my habit is to call Mom and Dad daily. He is 93. Mom is 90.

These phone calls are what you would expect: How is the weather? Are you having a good day? Etc. Sometimes, however, these conversations take a nostalgic turn. These are my favorite ones, reminiscing about the "good ole days."

Mom's memories usually consist of the ridiculous things I did as a kid. Like the time I left the house while filling up my waterbed, which overflowed onto the floor and into my parent's bedroom below. I was sentenced to life; eventually, she overturned the verdict and forgave me.

With Dad, memories are a tad different. These recollections usually center on things we did together, like shooting hoops on a wooden backboard he built in the backyard or throwing the football anywhere we could find space.

Of all those many things we enjoyed, none were more special than playing golf together on Saturday mornings with his buddies; long gone now are Tommy Parker, Bobby Maddox, and others.

This past Monday, Dad took me down yet another memory lane. As he re-lived the many seasons of life, he paused and said something that meant more to me than anything he had ever said.

Though my Dad is a "man's man" who played high school football and college basketball and enlisted in the Air Force, he never had a problem showing affection, hugging, and telling us kids how much he loves us.

As he reflected on his long life, he said, "Son, all those years ago when you came home from college and went to work for me, I can't describe how

much I enjoyed being with you." Speechless! Tears!

Now, here's the deal. If our earthly Fathers can tell us that, how much more can we explode with joy knowing that our heavenly Father feels that way about us, his sons and daughters? (see Luke 11:11-13)

Jeremiah, prophesying on behalf of the Father, laments that his people have forgotten his love for them and, consequently, their early devotion to Yahweh. They are backslidden—sadly, they resemble the adolescent attitude far too many kids adopt toward parents.

If you are in that place where you have forgotten his redeeming grace and his deepest love for you, and your love has grown cold, remember those early days of Christ's intervention in your life and return to that which alone satisfies the soul.

Prayer: Father, forgive us for forgetting your amazing love for us and, surprisingly, the joy we can bring you.

READING: Zephaniah 3:17; Matthew 7:9-11; Galatians 4:4-7.

1. What is your fondest memory from a round of golf? Don't rush this; relish it together.

2. We often parrot speech about the "love of God," but have you taken the time to pause and let him sing over you, laugh with you, and love you?

3. After reading our texts for today, what can we practically do to position ourselves to experience the love of God for us in 2024?
