



LINKS PLAYERS DAILY DEVOTIONAL

Links Players

The Landscape Hasn't Forgotten

If we live, we live for the Lord; and if we die, we die for the Lord. So, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord. (Romans 14:8)

My wife and I recently traveled to England to celebrate our anniversary. It felt strange arriving at the airport without a set of golf clubs to check. It seems that nearly everywhere I go, my clubs go with me—especially when I'm traveling somewhere with as many great golf courses as England.

But this trip was about us, not golf, so I left my weapons behind. During the entire trip, I never saw a golf course—not even a hint of one. Our guide in London didn't seem to know anything about golf either. To make matters worse, I was pretty aggravated that I couldn't find the U.S. Amateur anywhere on television.

Apparently, God had taken me all the way to England and removed nearly every golf-related distraction. What I didn't expect was that our anniversary trip would become one of the most spiritual experiences of my life.

Our London guide was a successful author and a strong Christian. He told us that we would particularly enjoy the afternoon service at Westminster Abbey. To say that I enjoyed it does not begin to describe what happened.

As I sat inside the Abbey, my attention gradually moved away from the coronations, royal weddings, and nearly a thousand years of British history. I began studying the soaring ceilings, carved stone, stained glass, and almost unimaginable attention to detail.

Construction on the present Abbey began in 1245—nearly eight hundred years ago. Many of the people who laid its stones knew they would never live to worship beneath the completed roof. They built something larger than themselves because they believed God was worthy of their finest work.

Later, an architect guided us through the Cotswold's and helped us appreciate the design and craftsmanship of the churches scattered across the English countryside.

As each day passed, I began to realize one thing: God has given us England's landscape as a reminder of a time when faith stood at the center of everyday life – something our culture may be trying to forget

Susan and I spent time inside several of those churches. In some, we lit candles or wrote prayer notes for people we love and left them near the altar. In one chapel, I lit a candle for a dear friend who is struggling with cancer. He had no idea we were in England or that I had prayed for him there.

The following day, I received an email from him saying that he could feel Susan and me enveloping him with love and prayer. I don't pretend to understand exactly how prayer works. I only know that before that little flame had burned out, the love behind it had somehow traveled across an ocean.

Few, if any, of us will ever have anything to do with the construction of a cathedral, but all of us are leaving something behind through the faith we demonstrate, the prayers we offer, the people we encourage, and the love we give. We may never see the completed roof, but that does not make our contribution insignificant.

The craftsmen who built Westminster Abbey could not have imagined that nearly eight hundred years later, a couple from Georgia would sit beneath its roof and encounter God. They simply gave God their finest work, trusting that it belonged to something greater than themselves.

I knew the U.S. Amateur would still be there to watch when I got home. What I didn't want to miss was what God was doing right in front of us.

Prayer: Thank You, Lord, for taking away distractions so I may focus more fully on You.

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Keith Wood

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