I offer you a montage of images. Matthew 19:14-says, “Let the little children come to me and do not forbid them; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” I thought I would let you try.

On Sunday morning, I was belting out the familiar chorus of “I Could Sing of Your Love Forever,” when suddenly, I noticed seemed a bit too long.

I disregarded the words coming out of my mouth and scanned the crowd around me. I began to rebuke myself.

when my roving eyes stopped on a man holding his son. The father was attempting to sing with the rest of his pew-dwellers, but the bowl cut, blond haired little boy was obviously not aware of the fact. I noticed his chubby little fingers to his father’s cheeks, and was plating his wet lips on any surface area he could find on the head of front of him.

The father continued to sing but a smile broke out on his face even larger than the smile that peeped out from behind the pucked lips of the boy.

The father reached down and tickled his delighted son on the stomach, causing his merriment to blend into the repeated chorus. I couldn’t help but wish that we could stop the guitars, drums and bongos to look at one of the purest expressions of love I had ever seen.

Yes, that is a dramatic statement. But as I watched the demonstration of love by the boy, I knew that the sincerity of love in the words I was singing didn’t come close to this little child’s adoration for his all-providing father.

I wanted to stop right there, jump into the arms of my Father, place my childlike fingers around His neck, and laugh with the one that created laughter before the foundations of the world.

The little boy was not forced to kiss his father; he was bursting with the desire to show his daddy how much he loved him. It made me stop and look at how much my life bursts with the desire to show God my love.

In the book, Desiring God, John Piper gives the example of bringing his wife flowers after work. If she asked him why he bought them, he would not tell her it was because it was his duty as his role as her husband. This would belittle both her and their marriage. I am sure that someone would be sleeping on the couch that night, and it wouldn’t be her.

He does this deed not because he has to, but because he desires to show her, and anyone who would see those flowers in the future, how much he loves his wife.

Another picture

A few days ago, I was at the Goodwill, and there was a seven-year-old boy who was forced to sit in a cart because he had been racing through the ranks of treasures, stains and possibilities. After being warned for the hundredth time that he was going to have to sit in the cart, his mother lifted his wiggling body into the dreaded prison.

Every atom in the boy’s body ratched itself out of the restrictive shopping cart into the safety net of dress pants before his mother was giving him; he was trying to find the most efficient evacuation route from his metal prison.

If we are truly to be Christ’s light in a dark world, we must be accurate in reflecting a true picture of Christ’s love and joy.

When the world sees your life, does it see a life characterized by uncontrollable joy or ritualistic monotony?

By Kasey Carty-Campbell
Columnist

Culture Shock: a challenge to examine our presumptions

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