

To the Glory of God

I am guessing that most parents see their offspring as being special. But “special” is one of those words, much like “interesting”, that can be taken in a variety of ways. Often, I will hear parents proclaiming that they are so impressed with their children – you know the “Rhodes Scholar” routine, the Governor Generals Award, the stuff of the legendary Christmas Letters. Yet, equally, I hear them say of their children, “Oh yes, that one...there’re special!”

One of my sons, who shall remain nameless, posted something on Facebook the other day which not only garnered numerous hits in response but also made me think that he was rather... “special”! He posted the following:

That deep depression you sink into when you open the wrong side of the cinnamon lid and dump 80 tablespoons into your oatmeal.

It was a class act, not unique from all accounts but amusing nonetheless and somewhat revelatory of his pattern in life. It certainly suggested to me that I had indeed, at least one “special” offspring! But not to despair, as I see time and time again in scripture those moments when Jesus and indeed others of Biblical fame suggest, in a language befitting their era, that their followers were well... “special”.

In hindsight, the “special” moments when thoughts drift in that direction are moments of deep love, appreciation and humour. They are the tell tale signs that speak to our personal characters as being different and uniquely created “in the image and likeness of God”. And that my friends is “special”...to the Glory of God.

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