

We Shall Rise

For as in Adam all die, so in Christ all will be made alive. I Cor. 15:22

I have reached a point in my life's journey where I have ceased to be mirror friendly. It is a kind of "I don't look – it doesn't tell" relationship. I stand at a place where every metric by which my physical and mental existence can be measured is in decline. I would guess that most folks have lived as I have knowing that people die, but somehow, thinking that we will be the exception. It cannot be ignored now; I am on the way out!

It seems to me that my thoughts of late have been increasingly upon those aspects of my life that I count as failures. I am not morose, but I am humbled. In this connection, I think of our father Adam. It is in many ways his fault! Death entered our race through him. What thoughts pressed upon him in the dark hours? He might have lived forever. Now he would die. He had brought death upon all that would flow from him. Sin now ruled where perfection had previously reigned. His son had been murdered. His other son was the murderer. How could he sleep?

The scripture is silent related to Adam's ultimate outcome. I want to believe that he was among those for whom Christ died. I can't know that. I hope it is so. I do know that I am a sinner by Adam's failure. I also am possessed, through that same human conduit, of a sinful body that must die. How wonderful that, through the sacrificial death of my Lord Jesus, I am redeemed both in body and soul!

At this Easter season I am blessed to be reminded that the George Moore that Christ will call from the grave on resurrection morning will not be *another* entity. Paul, in his inspired writing on this, is clear: It will be *this* mortal that shall put on immortality. It will be *this* perishable that shall put on that which is imperishable (I Cor. 15). In saving me, My Lord has saved me in my entirety: both soul and body. The grave of my Savior is empty. So also, someday, should I die before His return, shall mine be.

On my journey so far, I have had a stroke, a bout with cancer, glaucoma, a near fatal anaphylaxis incident. a pretty thorough case of baldness, and loss of three inches in height. My balance is so bad that in my weaving, I can scarcely stay on the drive when fetching my morning newspaper (Sometimes I worry what my neighbors must think). Proper nouns have become a problem to me. There is a fair likelihood that when we meet, I will be unable to come up with your name. I disclose this (perhaps you have already noticed) so that you might reasonably conclude that I no longer have that much to lose.

We are not told what we shall look like in all of our shiny "newness", but we do know that when we see Him, we shall be as he is! The sin that has been the torment of my righteous soul will no longer be upon me. My new body will enjoy the freedom of holiness! Our resurrection will involve a HUGE promotion!

I have this sort of secret desire that in that day I will be further distinguished by a head covered by rich, black locks of shiny hair. My mind is further beguiled by the fact that I will find myself surrounded by saints that are, at least by one measure, exactly the same age.

I also hope, on that bright morning, that I will have the pleasure of shaking the newly resurrected hand of our father Adam.

George Moore

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