

How Would You Like Your Change?

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of lights, with whom there is no variation or shadow due to change. James 1:17

Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today and forever, Heb. 13:8

My father was never a man to attach mystery to things that were not, to him, innately mysterious. I remember riding along with him in the old neighborhood in our 1941 Oldsmobile. I had, as little boys do, been watching with interest how it was that my dad drove the car. “Can I drive?” I suppose that I actually intended to ask, “May I drive?”, but my father, who had been a schoolteacher in his youth, chose to ignore the likely error in my question. “I don’t know. Do you think you can?” “Sure.” My father immediately pulled to the curb and bid me crawl over his lap (bench seats) into the driver’s position. It was an era before automatic transmissions. My debut was not elegant! The gears ground. The car leaped and stalled. My dad remained calm. I don’t recall that he offered much in the way of advice. Eventually we were rolling. The rest, as they say, is history. I have been driving since I was ten years old! For those of you inclined to count – that was 76 years ago.

I got my learner’s permit when I was 14. All that was needed for a license was a road test (no classes of any kind required in those days). Time has flown. My four children have come into my home and are now long gone from it. I had the blessed aid of Drivers Ed to assist me in placing them legitimately behind the wheel. All of them had the assistance of automatic transmissions.

For more than 20 years, I worked for General Motors. All in all, it was a good ride (small pun intended). One of the benefits of my employment was that I got to drive and own a lot of cars. They all came equipped with the latest gadgets and innovations. I made the required adjustments.

For most of my years driving automobiles, except for the introduction of automatic transmissions, air conditioning, electric windshield wipers, eight-track tape players, FM radios, cruise control, power brakes, steering, windows, and seats, I have not been much challenged by automotive evolution – that is until recently!

Now I am dragged into some sort of digital exercise yard. Nothing on my dashboard is exactly as it seems! Everything involves icons and is multi-layered. I don’t care much for icons and I hate layers! I have to pull over and fret, and sweat to determine how much fuel I have. I know that there is a gas gauge in there somewhere, but honestly, I have never been able to find it! I would just as soon sing to myself as to try to find Elvis through the maze

and haze that surrounds my sound system. I can't do these things while driving. The irony of that does not escape me!

I am an old man! I do not like certain changes! I am confused by them and would vote against them! Yet I know that bright new future is just around the corner for me and to accommodate this I must be changed! Someday soon I will step onto the golden streets of the Kingdom. My faith will become sight. My hopes will dissolve and resolve into reality. I will have eternity with The Lord. The present man could not endure it – but the new, transformed man will revel in it.

How blessed then, to me, is the immutability of my Savior and Lord! He has fixed His love upon me. He has paid the price for my sin upon the cross so that it may never, in justice, be charged against me. He will suit me for heaven. The ages will roll, but that will not change.

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