

Valuing Sundays
By Bob Young
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I love Sundays. I love the body assembled to worship and fellowship. I am buoyed in spirit. I find resolve and hope and purpose and newness. We Christians assemble faithfully and share this in common—we willingly take the mind of Christ, considering others as more important than ourselves. We speak and listen together as we seek God's agenda in our individual and shared lives. The melody of this conversation is compelling in its own right—in Bible classes, conversations, worship, and small groups, but the harmony of the various parts reveals the true and often hidden beauty. I hope you hear the harmony each week. Listen for the harmony. Once you hear it, you will look for ways to contribute to the conversation by adding your voice more often and in new and fresh ways.

In my own life I sometimes fail to hear the melody and the harmony of our shared conversations. When we gather together each week and focus our shared giftedness from God, it creates in me a dynamic sense of dispersed expertise in the challenge of Christian living. It provides a lift and high point in my week. During the week, I may feel a deep and profound sense of loneliness. The sounds of the gracious conversation among friends may seem distant. I may struggle to find my voice or sing my part. But when Sunday comes, we sing and pray together. I resolve to carry this melody in my heart and take it with me.

When I carry this song in my heart and sing it out loud during the week, I am not alone. The conversations we share, the worship we experience, the sharing that is our life, make me aware that we share a dream of a future filled with hope. Countless treasures are yet to be uncovered as we continue our weekly conversations. *"For I know the plans I have for you," declares the LORD, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future. Then you will call upon me and come and pray to me, and I will listen to you. You will seek me and find me when you seek me with all your heart. I will be found by you," declares the LORD, "and will bring you back from captivity. I will gather you from all the nations and places where I have banished you," declares the LORD, "and will bring you back to the place from which I carried you into exile."*

Each Sunday I go forth with dreams, a deeper resolve to pray for my community and my world. I have hope because of God's plans—for me, for my community, for my corner in the Kingdom, and for my ongoing conversation among friends. And I will remain properly confident of two things: the Kingdom of Heaven is among us; the best is yet to come.