

You make time for what you love – by Thailer Jimerson

God doesn't wear a wristwatch. He's never waited impatiently for the last grain to drop past the crystal neck of an hourglass, never constructed an ethereal sundial to help him keep pace. God is a being neither bound nor confined by our conception of time.

I struggle with this, personally. Perhaps everyone does at one point or another. Can you perceive an existence without guardrails of time? Can any human truly wrap their minds around time being removed as a constraint or even feeling it out as if a dimension, such as Matthew McConaughey's character in 2014's *Interstellar*? Negatory on that, methinks. Yet we know that God is the beginning and the end, the great "I AM," for whom all events are neither past nor future but just...are.

That time (for lack of a better word) is not yet here, but soon we'll all understand when we're swept into the culmination of God's kingdom, where the sun sets not. Until then, we count the days and we watch the hands.

For us now, time is the stuff life is made of, time is elusive and time is of the essence. It's the subtext of daily living. We all know. You see it everywhere. Jogging in 30 minute increments, the reliance on fast food, anxiously tapping SNOOZE on the alarm, and all the children in bed by eight. If you're too dense to witness its sign language, just listen: "*Man! I'm so busy.*"

Busy. Busy. Busy. Busy. Busy.

Yes, we know you're busy. So is everyone else. I don't care much for your badge of honor, and I should care less about mine. We are "busy-ing" ourselves to death. But, let me ask you, in the grand rat race – do you ever stop to think about where, exactly, you're making your precious time deposits? I learned something theoretically from my mother once: "Boo, you make time for the things you love." Theoretically, that nugget of wisdom should've sufficed, but practically it would come home in one of life's tragic ways.

I didn't chew the meat of that sentence until what I loved was snatched from me.

By the time I really wanted to talk to my grandfather (and with great urgency at the understanding that his time was now a bit truncated) he was beyond the ability to converse. The only thing he was able to do in his final hours was moan. I had so many more questions, a list of conversations that I had not checked off; there were still things for him to teach me – but that didn't matter. He was ready to leave.

If only I wasn't young and naïve. If only I wasn't so self-involved, filled to the brim with self-important work. If only smart phones didn't provide the dumb option: "Ignore Call" – well, maybe then I would've had those conversations. Maybe then I would've felt better about letting go.

Time is real. And the deaths of those you love start the countdown before you're finally planted with the rest of them. It's only a matter of...well. But it's not too late for you to learn this lesson: **you make time for the ones you love**. You do. So answer that call. Take time for a visit. Tell them you love them. Do a kind thing. Empathize.

"Come now, you who say, 'Today or tomorrow we will go into such and such a town and spend a year there and trade and make a profit' – yet you do not know what tomorrow will bring. What is your life? For you are a mist that appears for a little time and then vanishes."

James 4.13-14