

School is done and summer is here (unofficially), and I have been reminiscing about those days of old when adventures outside were the daily norm for me. Just recently, I was telling my son (now 9 years old) about when I was his age. The thought of staying inside to play rarely crossed my mind, unless the weather was bad, but even then, we still wanted to be outside. I told him about how my friends and I would get on our bikes and would not return home until we heard the six o'clock whistle. We played, got dirty, and had all kinds of adventures. There were no cell phones or smart watches. I simply had to check in periodically throughout the day. It was a freedom that I simply loved.

Other times I would build and create in my sandbox. My favorite was playing "Dukes of Hazzard" with my General Lee and police car Hot Wheels, complete with hot pursuits and jumps. The only screen I cared about was the one in my head. But as technology has advanced, so has the black hole that has sucked our children in from the outdoors. Instead of using their imaginations, many are glued to screens having someone else's imagination stamped and imprinted on their brains. Nowadays, the whole idea of actually talking to a person is so foreign to some. They would rather have an impersonal conversation with someone via text message, email, Snapchat or whatever and call that a healthy relationship. O how things have changed.

I am thankful, though, that imagination is still alive in some. For example, I am living vicariously through my son, today, as he has just taken off with his friends, riding bike on this side of town (not being allowed to cross Hwy 9). He has no cell phone or smart watch, just him on his bike with his friends. I love it. No screens except for the God-given ones in their brains. I wonder what kind of adventures he is having.

But what does this have to do with anything? Well, I have been contemplating the Sabbath Day for the sermon on Sunday, how God commanded us to disconnect/rest for one day a week. Scripture says that God rested on the seventh day, but not as you or I rest. God was not tired, rather God stopped his work and admired what He had done. He enjoyed the work of His holy imagination. I do not know about you, but I can not enjoy God's holy imagination when I am "plugged in" and being inundated by screens. It is only through disconnecting and resting that I can enjoy God and truly worship Him. Many see rest as weakness but that could not be farther from the truth. Holy rest is strength because it is a holy focus on our sovereign Lord and creator. No one

else's imagination or creation can give you true peace and refreshment. Unplug and admire our imaginative God. Amen.