

Our Final Chapters Can Be Our Best
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Those were the times! We could eat like a horse and not look like one. All of the school teachers were older than we were, and professional athletes were about the age of our older brothers. Life was an open highway.

Then came the subtle hints of mortality. The neighborhood kids call you “Mister” or “Ma’m.” Your parents start acting like your children. Your carpool asks you why you squint when you read road signs.

And then there is the tell-tale mirror. What was tight now sags. What once swung now bounces. Everything hurts when you wake up. What doesn’t hurt, doesn’t work. The dawning of old age. The first pages of the final chapter of our life. And with every new pill we take, we are reminded that old age is another pill we have to swallow. Ponce De Leon didn’t find the Fountain of Youth, and neither will we. The calendar pages still turn, the clock still ticks, and the body still gets older.

So what are we to do? Just because we are near the top of the hill doesn’t mean we’ve passed our peak. We need to dare to reclaim the enthusiasm for life we had in our childhood. The wisest are not the ones with the most years in their lives, but the most life in their years.

Our final chapters can be our best. Our final song can be our greatest. Our final works can be our most magnificent. Throughout the Scriptures, God’s oldest always seem to be first team material. Look at Abraham and Sarah, Noah, and Moses. And there are many more. God uses the chronologically gifted.

Remember Anna? She was in her eighties when she prayed for the messiah and had enough vision to recognize him when He came. Speaking of vision, at the age of 95, J.C. Penny proclaimed, “My eyesight might be getting weaker, but my vision is increasing. As we get older, our vision should be getting better - not our vision of earth and earthly things, but our vision of heaven and heavenly things. Those who have spent their life looking for heaven gain a skip in their step as it draws closer. Age is a mile marker for them, a gentle reminder that home has never been so near.

Until that time, it would do us well to follow the parting encouragement of Michelangelo. When Michelangelo died, a piece of paper was found in his studio, a handwritten note to his apprentice: “Draw Antonio, draw, and do not waste time.”

Good advice. Time slips, days pass, years fade. Life ends. What we came to do must be done while there is time. Let it not be said of us, “The harvest has ended, the summer is past. And we are not saved.” (Jeremiah 8:20).