

# Time and Its Fearsome Glory

## by Emilee Breanne Ward

Time is a thief...

Or so society says.

We sob into our hands when time begins to pressure our babies into children and children into adults.

We crave the time "before" because it seemed so much better than "now" when things are uncertain and we are closer to death.

Time can be traversed like a map if only we had the right technology.

Time has been compared to fabric.

If we simply wrinkle it, we can travel wherever we want faster and easier.

But what happens to the time that is crushed under the fingers that wrinkle it?

If we had more time we'd be happier, healthier, and more whole.

Less is not more when it comes to time.

Or is it?

Time is symbolized by a ticking clock on the wall,

It continues to tick as our minds dissolve into insanity because we have so few hours, minutes, and seconds to make our mark on this world.

Time appears to be a cruel god that marches on despite the suffering we experience within its constraints.

Time can never do anything right. We demand it speed up when unpleasant things happen and long for it to freeze when joy abounds.

Time has been blamed for our hurts and our longings but has also been said to heal all wounds.

Time's PR director needs to be fired.

"And God said, 'Let there be lights in the expanse of the heavens to separate the day from the night. And let them be for signs and for seasons, and for days and years,'"

What an unbelievable God who created time.

A gift given to us to comfort and to guide.

The longings we have for the past are not caused by time being a cruel god.

These longings in our souls are for the Lord...the one that made time.

In our fallen world, time comforts our hearts with the knowledge that things move on despite us.

Growth flourishes in the boundaries of time producing beautiful fruit in us.

Our merciful Lord stands outside time gazing at the intricate lines and brush strokes He has painted in this timeline He has made.

We can only see our part of time and cannot see the beauty it adds to the whole. All of human history brings glory to God by the lines it carves. Time keeps all this beauty confined in one piece that God looks upon daily.

He says it is good.

He says we are good.

He says that time is good because He made time.

When the last brush strokes have been painted and the final vision realized, He will sign His work and retrieve His children so we can be outside time and appreciate the beauty of time and what it allowed to grow.

We all have favorite colors and may not personally choose certain ones to be in our life. But God, in His infinite wisdom uses all things. Beautiful and ugly. Joyous and painful. Believers and unbelievers. To ultimately bring Him glory.

Time isn't a thief. It is a necessary construct to cradle us in our frail humanity. We need to watch the world change and grow. Our babies need to grow up. Our bodies need to oscillate from sickness to health. Because we cannot comprehend eternity until we have faced time in its fearsome glory.

When we reach the end of the race and cross outside time, there will be no need for its bittersweet comfort anymore. We will be able to embrace the mind-blowing, unchanging forever which is what our souls have longed for our entire life.