

From the November 4, 2008, Issue

A Season of Change

Outside, the autumn wind is blowing. The neighbor kids have gotten home from school, and I hear their delighted shrieks while they chase each other through their yard. As I step on to the back porch, the crisp air swirls around me. I breathe deeply of its freshness and for a brief moment, I feel a tug, a longing, to be somewhere else. To do something different. To explore unknown places. I feel like the real me is somewhere out there, waiting to be discovered in the blazing leaves and golden, ripening fields.

Autumn has always done this to me. As a young boy in rural North Carolina it drove me to spend hours wandering among the color-soaked woods near my house, dreaming of adventures and days to come. In college, I would lock myself in my dorm, open the windows, and stare out at the changing foliage. I would revel in the cool breeze that would engulf me, gladly exchanging the shivers of excitement and wonder they brought for the studying I was supposed to be doing. To this day, I love to roll down the windows when I drive during autumn, wistfully daydreaming of something I can't quite grasp. A hope for the future that is just beyond my reach. A vision of tomorrow that is barely out of sight. For some reason, the autumn air makes me yearn for something for which I know I was created, but have yet to attain.

Perhaps autumn does this for you as well. Or, perhaps this yearning is unleashed in you by other things. Regardless of the key that unlocks it in each of us, this longing for the change of tomorrow is woven into the fabric of our being. We see it all around us as we strive to be somebody, even if it means being somebody we are not. We build personal empires and monuments to prove our significance, knowing in our hearts that these empires and monuments do nothing to satisfy the voice that reverberates inside us that we are created for something much more meaningful and lasting: Eternity.

It is no accident that we are here. It is no accident that we strive and yearn for meaning and cry out when we do not find it. Indeed, we can not find the meaning of our lives, for He has already found us.

Though the Father has made each of us different, we are all the same in that He created us to know us, love us, and LIKE us. That is what gives our lives significance. It gives us our purpose, and spurs us on to grasp something beyond our reach and have vision beyond that which we see. In our hearts He has placed eternity. To know Him, love Him, and like Him is where we find fulfillment. It is the only place in which we can truly have peace, for in his Son Jesus we live, move, and have our being.

How great is our sorrow when we turn our backs on this singular truth of our being! To walk away, whether knowingly or unknowingly, from our purpose is to deny ourselves our only sense of joy and satisfaction. It is to stumble around in darkness, crying out for the Light. And yet, even as we stumble, fall, and curse Him, He is there with a still, small voice telling us, "I created you for more than this. Won't you trust Me?"

Year after year, God the Father, Son, and Spirit reminds me of this as I feel the wanderlust of

autumn. What my heart feels as yearning is really the Holy Spirit's whisper in my soul that I am loved and liked, that He knows me and knows my greatest desires. He tells me that there is more beyond that which I see, hear, and feel.

For this I was created. For this He has given me my season of change.

~ Steve Webb