

Sand Castles -[Death]

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To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven: a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted
Ecclesiastes 3: 1, 2 [KJV]

Do you not know that you are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwells in you? -1
Corinthians 3: 16 [NAS]

The ghost and the angel were walking along the beach when they came to a beautiful sandcastle. The ghost began to cry.

“Why are you crying?” asked the angel.

“It is so beautiful,” sobbed the ghost. “But the tide is coming in. See, the waves get closer every minute! Water will touch the walls and towers and this castle will wash away. Look, here is a little octopus and a dragon, both made of sand. It will all be gone soon.”

“No, it won’t,” replied the angel. “You’re only looking at the sand. This castle is built of more than that.”

“All I see is sand,” argued the ghost.

The angel picked up a little sand and let it drift back to the beach. “It is also made of memories,” he said. “The one who built it and all who saw and loved it will remember. And the sand will return to the beach, waiting for others to build again.”

“But,” the ghost sobbed, “I was a child who built sand castles once. Now, I’m dead and not there to remember any more.”

“You forget,” answered the angel. “God watches. God will remember always. And what did God use when Adam was made?”

Does anyone in the Sunday School remember?

I Wait for answers]

The angel replied, “Some bibles say ‘dust’ and others say ‘clay’ but let me tell you, Adam looked a lot like a sand castle. There he was, stretched out on the beach and the tide was coming in. God breathed on the dusty shape and he was flesh and blood.”

“But,” sniffed the ghost, “even then, Adam didn’t last forever.”

“Silly,” laughed the angel, “you’re still only looking at the dirt God used. Who do you think I was before I became an angel?”

The ghost’s misty eyes widened in hope. “What was your name?” he asked.

“Adam,” smiled the ghost. “My name is Adam. Come along with me, now. I want to take you home.”

I don’t know if a conversation like this ever took place. But, things we love get lost and broken. Pets and people we love may die. It happens to everyone and it hurts because we miss him or her. We may cry. We may be angry with them or with God. Though it isn’t true, we may feel we are somehow to blame. But everything has a time to be seen and a time to be unseen.

God can see what we cannot. A sandcastle will wash away, no matter how beautiful it is. But, when God makes something, even though it may look as if it is gone, God can still see it.

God sees you and all you see. God loves you. When you love something, it is because God loves it, too. God’s unseen Holy Spirit in you lets you share God’s feelings.

Yes, there is a time to be born and there is a time to die. And there is a time for stones to roll away from tombs. There is a time for Heaven. There is a time for forever. And it all begins right here, where we can see sandcastles get washed away even as we fall in love with them.

It all begins with trusting in a God who makes sand castles. Trust God. Love never ends