

"For the mountains may depart and the hills be removed, but my steadfast love shall not depart from you, and my covenant of peace shall not be removed," says the Lord, who has compassion on you."

Isaiah 54:10 (ESV)



Marietta church of Christ

8150 Driggers St.
Jacksonville, FL 32220

Times of Worship

Sunday:

9 am - Bible Classes / 10 am - Worship / 5 pm - Worship

Wednesday:

7 pm - Bible Study/Worship

Evangelist: Devin Barber

www.mariettacoc.com

God Cares For Us Nobodies

Why Me? Does that ever bother you? It does me. Maybe you think that because no one knows who you are that you are not particularly important. Or perhaps you have some feeling that because of your relative insignificance, it doesn't matter whether you live a life of holiness or goodness. After all, nobody notices anyway. Furthermore, doing evil sometimes at least brings some sort of recognition, even if it is the wrong kind. After all, acceptance is important for all of us, right?

Most of us feel inferior at times. We have feelings of inadequacy or we feel unimportant. So much of this kind of feelings is normal, even actually serves a good purpose, causing us not to think too highly of ourselves. But the Christian has vision. He will not long be affected by such feelings. The reason is simple. He can see beyond them. His faith connects him to the Divine, anchors him firmly to that which transcends time and lands in eternity. He is motivated by visions of that which is better, that which is reserved for the faithful. He has his eye on the goal. A realization that God know who I am will not allow me to feel unimportant very long.

It impresses me greatly that God has noticed the insignificant, that He has not neglected those of us who are the nobodies in life. We may never be powerful or have a recognizable name or face, but he knows who we are. He sees me in my insignificance. I really like the thought of that.

The Bible makes heroes out of nobodies. In 2 Kings 5, the little Israelite girl who was the servant of the wife of Naaman is not even named, but she is of vital importance to the story, for it is because of her concern that Naaman contacts the prophet Elisha and eventually is healed of his leprosy. What a fine young lady she was. What devotion to God she had. What faith in His prophet. And what is her name? Insignificant? Never! I'll tell you one thing — Naaman knew who she was. He may very well have named his next youngster after her.

But the greatest story of God's care for the simple people is in the New Testament story of Jesus' appearance to the two men on the road to Emmaus (Luke 24). Jesus has just been resurrected from the dead. Interestingly, He does not show Himself to the Sanhedrin, or to the news media of His day, nor to some huge throng of people somewhere. No, he appears to two simple, insignificant men on the road to Emmaus. Who were they? No one knows. Oh, we are given the name of one, but even that name means nothing at all to us. And in the very midst of a busy schedule of personal appearances designed to authenticate His resurrection, He takes considerable time to teach two simple men. How odd. Why did He not make some more public declaration instead of appearing to these two obscure people? Somehow it seems to me that Jesus wants us average folks to know that He cares for us, too.

And then there's God's great hall of honor for the faithful. Just as baseball has its hall of fame, and football, and hockey, and cowboys, and aviation, and on and on, even so God has enshrined certain individuals in His great Hall of Faith, I call it. Obviously I speak of Hebrews, chapter eleven. As you enter, you are impressed with the murals of great men of God — men like Noah, Enoch, Moses (you can see him in the painting as he stand on a huge rock, with the wind in his hair, his nostrils flared, his eyes blazing and his shepherd's rod stretched out over the parting Red Sea). Over there is Abraham, and Sarah stands by his side. And on the other side there is Joseph, and Isaac, and David, and Gideon, and on and on.

But at the end of the hall of fame for the faithful there is a curious plaque. There is no painting, only a simple statue standing stern, feet firmly planted and with a buckler in one hand and a sword in the other, obviously poised for the most intense conflict. It is an inscription to the unknown heroes of faith. The inscription says that they were so important that the world "was not worthy" of them. And who were they? There are no names on the plaque, no accolades paid to these individuals by name. But God knows them! Yes, He knows every name. Not one hero of faith has escaped His attention — or His appreciation. He has forgotten none. What a thought! How grand the realization that even though the world never knows, He sees. His all-seeing eye reaches even insignificant me!

Folks, it's time we stopped being ashamed of who we are. We are not nobodies. It's time that we put confidence back in our step, and the smile of acceptance back on our faces. We walk with the King, people! He knows us! We are His and He is ours!

Written by: Dee Bowman

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