

You are Fully Known and Still Fully Loved

- Rod Barks

A recent letter from my MP caused flashbacks to the Jim Carrey movie, *Me, Myself and Irene*. The note was addressed to Rod (my name), Cheryl and Rodney (also my name).

While both of me appreciated the well-intentioned communication, it emphasized the uncomfortable fact that in that office I exist only as a name (or two) on a very long mailing list.

Yes, to most of the world I am a mere number, statistic or vote. Even when acknowledged, rarely am I known.

In the banking industry I am an account identified by a PIN. When traveling, I am a passport number. The insurance industry pegs me as a policy. To the phone solicitor, I am one of a thousand households he has been commissioned to contact (usually at meal times).

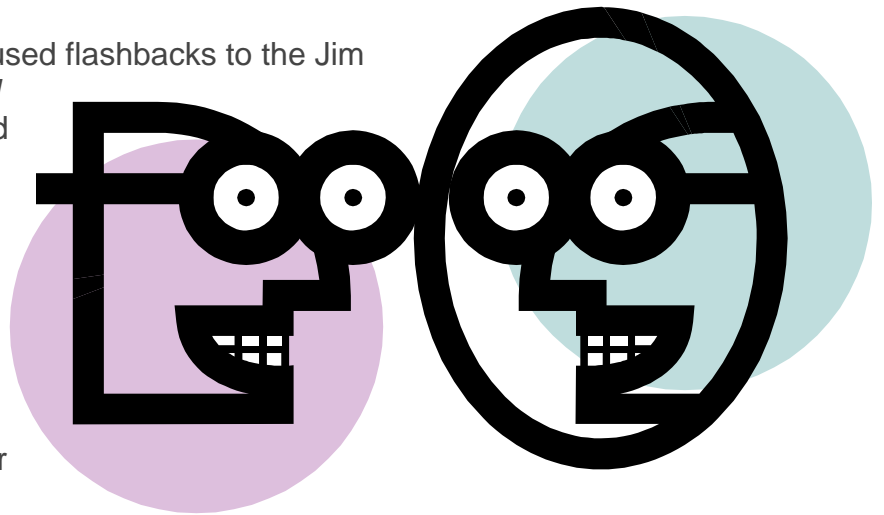
My Sears Club card announces that I am a “valued customer since 1988,” but I have a distinct feeling that when I breathe my last they won’t attend my funeral or even lower their corporate flag to half-mast.

CAA considers me a member, yet the last time I called for assistance, no one said, “Hey Rod. It’s great to hear you again. Sorry about your misfortune. And how is your mother doing?”

Sometimes I am nagged by the suspicion that these people love my business more than my personal welfare — gasp. And I was going to invite them to my birthday.

It reminds me of the cartoon of a businessman chatting on the phone while seated at his desk saying, “Impersonal in what way, Jones, Mr. Henry M.?” I am so thankful that God will never be that businessman.

He is the Cosmic Suitor who watches and woos with love-sick abandon, his attentiveness fuelled by more than mere duty or pity. It’s passion that stokes this inexplicable infatuation for you and me producing pounding heart, watch-from-across-the-room, wish-I-could-spend-every-minute-with-you emotions in none other than God Himself. He is the Lover Extraordinaire.



No wonder King David prayed, “I’m an open book to you; even from a distance, you know what I’m thinking. You know when I leave and when I get back; I’m never out of your sight. You know everything I’m going to say before I start the first sentence. I look behind me and you’re there, then up ahead and you’re there, too — your reassuring presence, coming and going. This is too much, too wonderful — I can’t take it all in.”

Isaiah, the prophet underlined this God-attentiveness by trumpeting a juicy tidbit worthy of the Universal Enquirer — God has a tattoo. Yep, it’s true.

The scene was this — Isaiah’s fellow citizens wondered if God had forgotten them. Ever been there — those times when the only thing piled higher than the life-challenges are the questions they evoke. Sometimes bills eclipse income, relationships produce pain and the only thing understood is that no one understands.

If you relate, drink deeply of the hope-tonic brewed thousands of years ago. Though ancient, it is still deliciously potent. After all, genuine hope has no expiration date.

Soak in God’s syllables whispered through Isaiah to those in despair, “Can a mother forget the baby at her breast and have no compassion on the child she has borne? Though she may forget, I will not forget you! See, I have engraved you on the palms of my hands ...”

I’m not sure where God had the needle work done, but the message is clear — we are not merely an appointment in His Blackberry. That’s for business associates — lovers use permanent tattoos.

Note also that it is on the palm of His hand. I’ve heard of tattoos in nearly every conceivable spot these days — ankles, neck, back. Even the tops of heads become artists’ unlikely canvas. But the palm — that’s significant in that every reach produces a glimpse. And so it is with God; we are ever before Him.

But how, one asks, can God fit that many names on His hands? Therein is the miracle, my friends. The hands of God are big enough to hold a universe, yet gentle enough to caress a soul. Grandiose fingers maneuver planets yet rest over medical doctor’s performing intricate procedures. His hands can cup a million oceans, yet are small enough to catch a single tear that flows from the well of a wounded heart. Such is our God — such is His love — such is the miracle.

You are more than a number or statistic to God. You are an individual of infinite worth, fashioned in the image of none other than the Divine Himself. You are fully known and still fully loved.



Revel in this fact. Bask in it. As Kellogg's says, "Taste it again for the very first time."

Trust me, it will revolutionize your day and transform your life-perspective. It certainly has for me, myself and Cheryl.

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