

December 21, 2013

Hello World!

It's a Wonderful Life. If you're alive, and you must be if you're reading this, then like me, you have seen this classic movie starring Jimmy Stewart at least a dozen times. Well, last night I finally 'got it' and my tears of joy flowed.

All my life, the three movies that depicted the parts of my psyche were: Apocalypse Now, which represented the dark side of man, my failures; Romeo and Juliet, which was my heart's desire for a pure, unconditional, and eternal love; and Excalibur, which was my struggle, my striving for honor and to achieve the Knight's creed to always do the right thing.

Having the Holy Spirit hard at work transforming my heart has had the unexpected benefit of opening my eyes to that which may be obvious to others, but I was blind to. Simply put - It's a Wonderful Life. Prior to last night's viewing I had seen the movie's message as being: be happy (satisfied) with your lot in life regardless of your dreams. My question always was, "Why would grand aspirations be placed in a man's heart if he were destined (doomed) to mediocrity?" Sure, the character of George Bailey had friends, but he never achieved his dreams or even discovered the 'what if' of trying because he sacrificed them for the success of others.

My problem, besides being a self-centered idiot, was that my goals, dreams, and aspirations had been ill-defined. My ego wanted acknowledgment. It had usurped the rightful position of my heart. Thankfully, in a hard-fought struggle for supremacy, the Holy Spirit orchestrated a coup d'état and I got it. It's not

8/15/16 - 7:00am

Lady Ga Ga, but the single mother who goes without meals so her children are fed who should be applauded. It's not George Clooney and his Academy Awards, but the husband who every day returns home to the grateful hugs of his wife and children who is best rewarded. And it's not the Fortune 500 executive that earns millions of dollars, but the friend who sits quietly, sharing the burden of another's pain who is treasured. It is not the King but the Kingdom that matters.

I claim to be a Christian. What does that mean? Who was Christ? True, he is King, but he came as a servant. He sacrificed his life for me. If I do not acknowledge and follow his example I am only pretending to be Christ-like. Christ rose from death to be exalted. George Bailey's dreams, as were mine, were misplaced. He despaired over grand aspirations that were ego boosters — "Hey! Look at me." In giving up on self-wants, George did the right thing. He followed the Knight's creed and discovered that instead of mediocrity he was exalted. The shining crown atop his head was forged in the eternal love of family and friends.

A man can never imagine or dream of achieving more. The Holy Spirit has swept my house clean of fools' dreams and left me standing Vigilant by the door. I am more than content. I am happy in my position as servant, ready to attend to the needs of any on their life's journey. It's a wonderful life.

Thanks for checking in on me... need anything?

Cordially,

Gregory Barnes Watson  
Gregory Barnes Watson