

RELATIONAL RESPONSIBILITIES—Priority #2

(Hebrews 10:24-25)

NEW RELATIONSHIPS BRING NEW RESPONSIBILITIES

Context: Heb 10:19-23

And let us consider how we may spur one another on toward love and good deeds, ²⁵not giving up meeting together, as some are in the habit of doing, but encouraging one another—and all the more as you see the Day approaching.

- **TO CONTEMPLATE**

And let us consider...

- **TO STIMULATE**

...how we may spur one another on toward love and good deeds...

- **TO CONGREGATE**

...not giving up meeting together, as some are in the habit of doing, but encouraging one another...

- **TO ANTICIPATE (25)**

...all the more as you see the Day approaching

QUOTES OF NOTE

We are created for community, fashioned for fellowship, and formed for a family, and none of us can fulfill God's purpose by ourselves. (Rick Warren, *The Purpose Driven Life*)

The nave is the central part of the church from the main front to the chancel. It's the part where the laity sit and in great Gothic churches is sometimes separated from the choir and clergy by a screen. It takes its name from the Latin "navis," meaning ship, one reason being that the vaulted roof looks rather like an inverted keel. A more interesting reason is that the Church itself is thought of as a ship or Noah's Ark. It's a resemblance worth thinking about.

In one as in the other, just about everything imaginable is aboard, the clean and the unclean both. They are all piled in together helter-skelter, the predators and the prey, the wild and the tame, the sleek and beautiful ones and the ones that are ugly as sin. There are sly young foxes and impossible old cows. There are the catty and the piggish and the peacock-proud. There are hawks and there are doves. Some are wise as owls, some silly as geese; some meek as lambs and others fire-breathing dragons. There are times when they all cackle and grunt and roar and sing together, and there are times when you could hear a pin drop. Most of them have no clear idea just where they're supposed to be heading or how they're supposed to get there or what they'll find if and when they finally do, but they figure the people in charge must know and in the meanwhile sit back on their haunches and try to enjoy the ride.

It's not all enjoyable. There's backbiting just like everywhere else. There's a pecking order. There's jostling at the trough. There's growling and grouching, bitching and whining. There are dogs in the manger and old goats and black widows. It's a regular menagerie in there, and sometimes it smells to high Heaven like one.

But even at its worst, there's at least one thing that makes it bearable within, and that is the storm without—the wild winds and terrible waves and in all the watery waste no help in sight.

And at its best there is, if never clear sailing, shelter from the blast, a sense of somehow heading in the right direction in spite of everything, a ship to keep afloat, and, like a beacon in the dark, the hope of finding safe harbor at last. (Frederick Buechner, *Whistling in the Dark*)