

The Wonder of It All

This article is from the “Edifying the Body” section of the Church of God Big Sandy’s website, churchofgodbigandy.com. It was posted for the weekend of Aug. 26, 2017.

By Ramon Coleman

SMITHVILLE, Mo.—Since I am one of those lucky ones who live in the path of the total eclipse of Aug. 21, 2017, I was able to make the event a part of my life. Following are some of thoughts surrounding that day.

A friend and I were invited to a party in Kansas City. The event began as a festive opportunity for fellowship. There were food and drinks with bluegrass music playing in the background. Every few minutes, we would put on our funny-looking clown glasses, stumble around until we could look up into the sky and see how much of the moon was covering the sun. After about an hour, the food and drinks stopped, the music stopped, and everyone had his clown glasses on staring at the sun.

Finally, an amazing sight happened. This huge planet, or more correctly a moon, had moved in between us and the sun and we could no longer see our sun. We removed our funny glasses and there we were staring at the sun and its corona. It was amazing. Suddenly, it was much darker and kind of eerie.

In all too short a time, this bright crescent light appeared on the edge. And, of course, I had to look at it. It was an unbelievably bright white light. Brighter and whiter than I had seen in many decades. You would think I was smart enough to not look. Nope. Then out came the glasses.

I immediately thought about Revelation 1:6—where it describes the face of Jesus like the sun shining in its strength. I don’t know how anyone could watch this and not believe in a Creator. In fact, I heard several people say that.

Seeing this event reminded me of the following psalm.

Psalm 8:3-4—“When I look at Your heavens, the work of Your fingers, the moon and the stars which You have established; what is man that You are mindful of him, and the son of man, that You visit him?”

This day was quite an experience. For me, I now I felt pretty small looking at the sun and moon.

There is an old hymn by George Beverly Shea that puts it all in perspective for me. As I share it with you, I hope the words have a positive effect upon you, too.

There is the wonder of sunset at evening,
The wonder as sunrise I see.
But the wonder of wonders that thrills my soul
Is the wonder that God loves me.

There is the wonder of springtime and harvest,
The sky, the stars, the sun.
But the wonder of wonders that thrills my soul
Is the wonder that is only begun.

O, the wonder of it all, the wonder of it all.
Just to think that God loves me.

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