

The Beautiful Now:

The Life Between Yesterday and Tomorrow

BY A GUY

"Therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about itself.
Each day has enough trouble of its own."

-Matthew 6:34

Have you ever noticed how often we use the word "spent" when we talk about the parts of our past that we regret?

"I spent all that time on that business."

"I spent years in that relationship."

"I spent the best years of my life in that marriage."

"I spent so much time trying to help that person."

The word spent is often associated with money and finance.
We spend money. We use it up. Sometimes we even squander it.

But money isn't the only thing we spend.
As humans our personal non-monetary resources like money are finite and can also be spend.

We spend our time.
We spend our energy.
We spend our youth.
We spend our attention.
We spend our strength.

Whether we realize it or not, every moment of our lives is an investment.

Then, if life doesn't unfold the way we had hoped, another word quietly replaces spent.

"Wasted."

"I wasted my time on that business."

"I wasted years in that relationship."

"I wasted my youth."

We become accountants of our own lives, constantly looking backward, trying to decide whether the investment was worth it.

At the very same time, another part of us is looking in the opposite direction.

"WHAT IF?"

"What if this happens?"

"What if things get worse?"

"What if I lose this?"

"What if I never recover?"

One part of us lives in yesterday.

Another part lives in tomorrow.

Both take away from the part that is supposed to be living in the now. Today. Where Life Happens.

The strange thing is that this isn't because we're weak.

It's because we're human.

We remember.

We imagine.

We hope.

We fear.

We wish.

We dream.

There is nothing wrong with that.

In fact, its beautiful.

The problem comes when we become so consumed by yesterday or tomorrow that we fail to notice the life unfolding right in front of us.

That realization didn't come from reading a philosophy book.

I'm not a theologian.

I'm not a member of The Clergy.

Im just a guy...who's had a lot of time on my hands recently.

It came from living through the hardest season of my life.

Early 2024, while walking across a street when I had the right of way, I was struck by a distracted driver who hit me a very high rate of speed.

In a fraction of a second, everything changed.

Over the months that followed, the losses seemed to multiply. Some appeared immediately. Others surfaced months later. I lost my livelihood. The dreams I had. Everything that made me me. I lost all vision in my left eye. I nearly lost my life to septic shock after complications from medical treatment. Today I continue to live with kidney disease, chronic pain, and injuries that still seem to reveal themselves one after another.

There was even a season when I had no food, shelter, or any chance at surviving in the new very physically limited world I found myself in.

The only reason I made it through that season was because people, most of whom were complete strangers that just always seemed to be there when I had all but lost all hope. People who showed me the true love of Christ and honored and worshiped him in the most beautiful way possible with their selfless actions to share the grace they know comes from Christ alone not with their thoughts and prayers either but with their time, their money, their compassion, and their love with a total stranger.

People often ask me,

"How do you stay so positive? Every time we talk there's another diagnosis, another setback, another loss, and yet you always seem genuinely happy."

I love that question because I know exactly how to answer it.

The answer isn't that I don't hurt.

I do. BAD!

The answer isn't that I never struggle.

Every day's a struggle in some ways.

For many months after my accident, I found myself living almost everywhere except the present.

Part of me lived in yesterday.

I replayed the accident.

I grieved everything I had lost.

I wondered who I used to be.

I would question every single day why God protected me and spared my life when every single doctor I've seen since says there's no way I ever should have survived being hit at the speed I was that my entire body should have instantly turned to mush.

And I'ot gonna lie I think the majority of my moments awake were spent wishing I wouldn't have survived.

Another part of me lived in tomorrow.

What else will happen?
Will I ever recover?
How much more can I lose?

Those thoughts weren't wrong.

They were human.

But slowly I realized something.

While I was looking backward and forward...
Life was quietly happening all around me.

God was providing for me.
People were loving me.
Friendships were growing.

There were still conversations worth having.
There were still reasons to laugh.
There were still opportunities to encourage someone else.
There were still sunsets to watch.
There were still moments of unexpected beauty.

And I was in danger of missing all of it because my attention was living somewhere else.

Around that same time, I began reading the Gospels differently.
Instead of reading them only to learn what Jesus believed, I began asking myself another question.

How did Jesus teach people to live?

Again and again, I found Him bringing people back to today.
When His disciples asked Him how to pray, He said,

"Give us **this day our daily bread."- Matthew 6:11**

Not this week's bread.

Not next month's bread.

Today's bread.

Then He asked,

"Can any one of you by worrying add a single hour to your life?"-

Matthew 6:27

Finally, He said,

"Therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about itself. Each day has enough trouble of its own."

Matthew 6:34

Those words took on an entirely different meaning after my accident.

I know tomorrow isn't guaranteed.

I know how quickly life can change.

I also know that worrying has never changed yesterday, and it has never secured tomorrow.

All it has ever done is rob me of today.

Then there was another passage I couldn't stop thinking about.

Jesus stood outside the tomb of His friend Lazarus.

He already knew what He was about to do.

He knew Lazarus would walk out alive.

Yet before the miracle...

Before the celebration...

Before He spoke a single word...

"Jesus wept."

John 11:35

That verse has become one of the most meaningful verses in all of Scripture to me.
Jesus didn't hurry past the sorrow simply because He knew how the story would end.

He entered into the moment.

He shared it.

He experienced it fully.

Because there is beauty and humanity in every moment, even that one.

And if Jesus, in that moment, chose to stop. To live in that moment. To weep and mourn His friend instead of just rushing to resurrect Him. WOW! WOW!

WHO AM I?

That changed the way I understand what it means to live in the present.

Living in the present doesn't mean pretending pain isn't real.

It doesn't mean denying grief.

It doesn't mean ignoring tomorrow.

It means recognizing that this moment, whether filled with joy or sorrow, is where God has met me.

This moment is where I can love.

This moment is where I can forgive.

This moment is where I can worship.

This moment is where I can be thankful.

This moment is where life is happening.

This moment is where I'm sharing this with you.

Jesus said,

"I came that they may have life and have it abundantly."

John 10:10

For years I thought abundant life meant having the right circumstances.

Now I believe abundant life begins with learning to receive the life God is giving me today.
Not yesterday.

Not tomorrow.

Today.

Here

Right Now In this Beautiful Life Happening.

And you can remove God from the entire equation and look at it from a scientific or mental health perspective.

Human beings above all else are all looking for the same specific thing.

Freedom.

But not just any Freedom.

Freedom from STRESS.

PEACE

The thing about stress is that it only manifests in two general ways.

#1. Depression

Dwelling on Negative Events in the past such as regret, shame, guilt, or loss.

#2. Anxiety

Worry about the future and what might happen or "the illusion of control."

And I know I know I know how easy and how quickly either one of those horrible manifestations of stress as well as both at the same time can so quickly and powerfully spin out of control and into madness.

But next time you find yourself anywhere else other than

Here

Right Now

Today

This moment
Where the Beautiful Now is.

STOP!

Remember

"JESUS WEPT"

When He Knew He was Going to **RESURRECT**.

Look one day were are all going to live our last moments on this earth.

My prayer is that when that day comes, none of us realize that while we were busy reliving yesterday or worrying about tomorrow, we missed the beautiful life God was giving us all along.

Its Beautiful Here. Now. Where Life Happens.

Because perhaps the greatest waste isn't the years we believe we lost.
Perhaps the greatest waste is missing the **NOW**.

LIVE

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