

This Week in Kailua-Kona: AGREED



Social media today equate agreeing with liking.
If I give you a Facebook thumbs up, it means I like you.
Thumbs down? I don't like you.
We take disagreement personally.

I can't get to "agreed" from "disagreed" in 160 characters or less.

Agreed—success in the art of living involves:

- loving people
- more than achieving personal recognition,
- falling and getting back up again,
- more than finishing first,
- exercising generosity to the 'other'
- more than being selfish,
- rooting out corruption
- more than amassing wealth

But do my actions agree with my words?
How much time does a young person spend
getting good grades (like a 4.0 GPA),
compared to building good friendships?

How much time do parents spend checking their
child's grades online compared to rewarding the
kid on being decent and kind to his friends?

How much time do we adults spend exercising
generosity and hospitality toward the "other,"
compared to making a buck?

How much time do I spend inviting persons of
color, other faiths, or foreigners into my home?

I agree that Jesus' sermon on the mount was a
great speech, but I watch movies where good guys
kill bad people for good reasons, or bad people kill
good people for bad reasons.

Do my movie habits agree with Jesus' words to
turn the other cheek when another slaps me?
or do I want to slap, stab, or shoot back, like the
action figure I watched in the last movie?



This week we hosted a lovely, chosen
family of ours—one with small children.
Sometimes we agreed with the parents'
ways and means of disciplining.

Other times we did not.

Did we tactfully disagree with them?
Did we agree that God had given our family
an assignment to work things out?

Yes.

We did all that, plus we agreed to take
space where it was needed.

We sometimes agreed to disagree.
We told them they were better parents than
we were grandparents.
They smiled & hugged us.

We agreed that this was a hard and grand
patch of ground for us to all walk together.

We agreed that God had called us to love
more than give in to frustration and fatigue.

We lived out Isaiah 58, best we could.

Agreed.

