

Not long ago we took a trip to the mountains and stayed a night in a small cabin. There was an incredible songbird in the area, and I was able to record its music. It is so wonderful (I am so delighted) to hear the songs of birds in the morning air. But I actually care for them as well – I like knowing that there is a real bird, going through the cycle of life, making nest, hunting food, having a family, etc. It wouldn't be the same to just play a recording. Their preservation becomes important, not just as a whole species, but for individual birds that I may be able to spot and provide seed for.

God also loves us individually, not just wanting to hear the background sounds or hum of his human creation while He does more important things. He doesn't want a robotic praise chant from the masses, but true worship from each soul in existence. He loves us much more than the birds of the air. So Christ came to die for each of us, so that our individual efforts can blend into a holy chorus of Love and worship. In this memorial we each sing our own song to Him.

[this is a follow-up to the Velveteen Church communion comment – about being a “real” worshipper]