

We all have a prayer list, a list of names that we are particularly concerned for that we bring before God. Mine isn't as big as it should be, or as big as I want it to be. But I get overwhelmed by the scope of it, even though it still so small. I feel like a bird that can only count to three, whose mind just gets saturated if more hunters show up. So, before David says it, I admit that I have a brain like a bird.

If you care about a lot of people, the concern can weigh you down. Some people are so sensitive that they suffer for anyone they see in pain. Our elders have the tremendous duty to watch over all of the sheep (old and new) of the congregation. And I remember that Paul told the Corinthians that he faced daily the pressure of his concern for all of the churches.

But when I think Christ's concern for every person in the world who ever was and ever will be, I am amazed once again at God's infinite capacity for Love. Just as God numbers and names the stars (have you ever counted them?), He is sensitive to each of our hearts, and His Son's heart bled to wash away our sins.