

It is common to dream of being a hero, and doing heroic things. But we are disappointed when we cannot save the world, and our actions end up being played out on a much smaller scale.

Not long ago I helped a good friend move out of her home into an apartment. She not only needed the physical strength for moving large items of furniture – she needed emotional support as well. As I drove to her house, I considered the fact that I was giving up my Saturday – and then I realized that this was such a miniscule sacrifice compared to the sacrifice of Christ.

I could compare my effort to that of a dust particle that fell from Christ – the very tiniest part of Him. It was like the shadow of Christ, not even really material, but the projection of Him onto others and onto the world. It was not anything like what Christ does in magnitude, but it was consistent with his love and sacrifice. It was not a big heroic thing to do, but it was nonetheless effective and useful.

We are, as a group, to be the representation of Christ on this earth. We are to be refigured in His image, and become the reflection of His glory. But individually, I feel that I am only the fleetest hint of the aroma of Christ, and only a bare taste of His nature. I am only a part of the shadow of Christ, more of a shimmering mirage that is not quite real.

I realize, though, that there are great things expected of even a shadow. People thought that the shadow of Peter¹ could heal them. And the same was thought of the healing power of things that had merely been touched by Paul². There was nothing spectacular in any of that, but Good was done nonetheless. And some Good can be done by even someone like me.

1. Acts 5:15
2. Acts 19:11-12