

# A LETTER FROM DR. SEAN LUCAS

May 17, 2018

My dear Friends:

Isn't it crazy how the month of May has become the new December in terms of activities for so many of us? School ending, graduation, baseball, starting vacations. Of course, the last two years, we had graduating high school seniors. And it hit me this morning that this is the last year we won't have someone graduating from either college or high school...*until 2024!* That's wonderful—and crazy.

It is wonderful, of course, to see our children and grandchildren graduate from their various schools. We call it “commencement” for a reason. It is not the end of the road, but the beginning of a new journey. And as those who care for the next generation and those who believe in God's good providence, we are eager to see how the story plays out. Who will they marry? What career fields will they pursue? What about their own children? Where will they live?

But it is crazy and a bit frightening as well. “It is a dangerous business, Frodo, going out your front door,” Tolkien had Bilbo Baggins tell his nephew Frodo. “You step onto the road, and if you don't keep your feet, there's no knowing where you might be swept off to.” And these children whom we held so close for so long are now being swept away on the wind, it seems, swept off to their own adventures and their own lives. We wonder whether they might forget us.

Of course, they won't forget us any more than God himself could or would forget us. Amid all the changes of life, we know that we are not forgotten; even at our loneliest, even when we are by ourselves, we know that God cannot and will not forget us. Israel thought that once. They even complained about it: “Zion said, ‘The Lord has forsaken me, the Lord has forgotten me.’” And what was God's response? “Can a mother forget the baby at her breast and have no compassion on the child she has borne? Though she may forget, I will not forget you!”

And why will God not forget about us? “See, I have engraved you on the palms of my hands” (Isaiah 49:14-16). But this is more than writing our names there with a Sharpie. No, the lines are ones of indelible grace, nail pierced, forever remaining. So that, even if our children and grandchildren scatter to the winds as they walk along their roads, we are not forgotten because God, whose name we know as Jesus, looks at his hands and remembers us with love and compassion. Thanks be to God!

In the grip of God's grace,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Sean".

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