

Like a flag in the wind
we are one

[Government](#)



Stop. Tell the driver to pause and command the tires to be silent. Make sure everyone is quiet and not fidgeting. Direct those who are waving to cease wagging their hands and let them glance for a quick second at this still moment-in-time and think. Look. Examine the picture. Why is everyone saying goodbye? Is it because waving is an acceptable folkway that has now become cliché^{1/2} and is just an easy way out when parting? Why are those who have raised hands crying? What is causing such emotion to be stirred in so many all at once?

Why do I feel the same way?

Camp comes once a year. One week of late nights, talking, fellowship with other believers and close encounters with God. Camp is another world; a place unlike home. However, that yellow school bus always brings us back to reality, reminding us that this oasis is only temporary. Yet despite camp's brevity, its memories will always dwell in the back of my mind, always moving, breathing, living. They are translated into ink and laid out onto paper but they are animated in my mind - looping in my memory. I am inundated in the recollection of their faces. They are here with me.

Now I sit. I sit looking at these photos by myself, but this one stands out. It was the last day of camp and a grey day at that. Everyone was saying their last goodbyes. We already missed one another. At the time, I don't think we realized that we would be together soon; camp would only be a year away and the winter retreat a mere six months. But who thinks of that at the time? Who reflects on such details when so overcome with emotion? That's what pictures are for: to look back and rethink situations, to clear your head and

to revisit and understand past circumstances. Now looking back I understand and am at peace - I will see them soon.

This realization excites me; the thought of seeing their faces enthuses me like the thought of a warm summer day. Once again we will have the chance to talk about and worship Jesus and not hold anything back. It is seldom that I get the chance to have companionship with other Christians and to be in an environment where everyone's focus is on God. Times like these I savor; slowly nibbling a piece of chocolate - sweet and smooth - letting it melt on my tongue. But like any piece of chocolate, there is an end to it. Goodbye waves and driveways are inevitable. However, when we go home, our relationship with our God stays the same; we are still followers of Jesus - only now swimming up stream. Yet we do this together; we may not be side by side but we all love our God simultaneously.

I can still remember the warm kiss of the sun dancing on my arm; the sensation of relaxation and comfort came down from the sky and hugged me, masking the inner sadness I had welling up inside. Yet, looking back at this picture, I can now remember also a great sense of confidence, knowing I was and am not alone in sharing the gospel of Jesus Christ; those on the ground I was waving goodbye to and those whom I was sitting with on the bus all have the same purpose.

This picture is a monument - lasting evidence, a reminder and an example of a great and notable event in my life: camp. It was a place where I became closer to God and made many marvelous friends. I will miss my brethren but despite the reality of our separation, there is comfort. There is comfort in

knowing I will see them soon and until then we share the same purpose in unity. We don't have to be physically together in order to be brothers and sisters in Christ. We are connected by a common denominator: God.

So tell those who are waving to stop... pause... realize... We may not be united in close proximity, but like a flag in the wind we are one.