

## Autumn's Reminder

If you live in a climate where the leaves are turning, you know how beautiful the season of autumn can be. Lush green landscapes transform into brilliant layers of red, orange, yellow, and gold. Breezes carry the whisper of impending change as those leaves hang on, summer's swan song, portraying God's beautiful creation with colorful splendor.

Yes, creation has a way of preaching beautiful truths about our Creator God. "The heavens declare the glory of God" (Psalm 19:1). The autumn leaves can prompt us to think about our Creator God who is also our *Savior* God. Those lovely leaves are about to let go and fall to the ground, their work complete. And that's a beautiful picture of what Jesus did for us.

The whole story—the words those lovely leaves cannot speak—is found on the pages of Scripture. In God's Word we learn that true loveliness is more than meets the eye. "This is how we know what love is: Jesus Christ laid down his life for us" (1 John 3:16). When Jesus' work was fully complete, he let go of his life. His brilliant, perfect season on earth inspired and amazed many people, and it had to come to an end in order to usher in a new season—one in which the world's sins are paid in full.

Fallen leaves have no life in them. They wither and are trampled and buried. Likewise, our sinful selves died with Christ. That old version was crucified and buried with him, as the apostle Paul describes in Romans 6. But God did not leave us to blow in the wind or wither on the ground. Paul continues: "Now if we died with Christ, we believe that we will also live with him" (Romans 6:8). That's a promise of eternal life, and it's also a promise for this life: Each day we repentant sinners are empowered to lead more love-filled and lovely lives because we are alive in Christ.

The falling leaves serve as a reminder to repent regularly—to let go of the previous season and confidently arise to a new and glorious season in Christ. "If anyone is in Christ... The old has gone, the new is here!" (Ephesians 5:17).

*Written by Angie Molkentin*