

Created to Work

by Abigail Rayn



For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God prepared beforehand, that we should walk in them.

Ephesians 2:10 English Standard Version

Is my work important? Does what I do at my job matter? Is work *really* necessary? How often have you asked those questions?

My commute to work every day takes me past acres of lush farmland, rolling hills and a conglomeration of wildlife and farm animals. My absolute favorite is a pair of majestic draft horses. They are usually standing regally in their pasture, but on some days the old farmer has them out working. He has fashioned a plow with a tattered, duct-taped bucket seat onto a rickety wooden sleigh. The muscular duo is harnessed to the sleigh and together the farmer and beasts of burden do what God created them to do, work.

I think of the many stories of people in the Bible that were working. Noah built an ark, David was a shepherd and a king, Lydia was a seller of purple cloth. God did not exempt even himself from work as He provided a powerful account for us of how He worked in creating the earth, sun, moon and stars and all the inhabitants of the earth. We are created in His image therefore; we were created to work and to create also.

There are even *specific* good works God has in mind for us to do. It is a beautiful thing when we witness skill, talents and abilities used to the fullest extent; Beethoven, Leonardo Di Vinci, a carpenter, a surgeon. We all contribute to everyone around us as we live out the very purpose for our existence. It amazes me to think that before I was born God knew *the work* I would be doing today. Some days it doesn't really feel like my work is very important or even matters, that it is simply a means to an end...pay the bills.

If you are prone to think that way too, pause a moment. Think of the ways your work intersects with others. I imagine my ordinary farmer friend plowing the field with his horses probably thinks he is just putting in a few hours of work every day just to keep busy. He doesn't have a clue of the joy that he and his horses bring me, or how I carry that euphoric feeling throughout my day. Which then brings harmony into my relationship with my coworkers and others.

Lord, help us to realize that our work matters to you and to others in ways we may never understand. Help us to see our significance through our labor. We are blessed by the work you bring us into each day and for that we thank you. Amen.