

## **Don't stand still**

There is a point of no return. I workout on a platform called IFit. It uses exercise equipment to take people on a workout journey around the world. Sometimes on social media the IFit community has individuals that say *I can't get motivated*. In other moments they say *I am having a hard time working out*. They are real excuses. Yet, I have a small suspicion that it's a modern excuse. It's not the human way. I am betting that through the ages humans survive because they could; rather than, they didn't feel like it.

Let's talk about two things. The first is war veterans. One veteran was asked a hard question about WW2 "Why fight if you might die?" He answered that it never crossed their minds. "*We had to do what we had to do.*" That statement seems inconceivable in the modern setting. The second is on Darwin. Why did he think it's survival of the fittest? It's because generally the smartest, fastest and most cunning survive. Each animal around the world has somehow adapted just enough to stay ahead of nature or predators. The Venus Fly Trap only resides in the Carolinas. Surviving in a certain habitat. Humans used shelter and fire to survive the winters. They found ways to shield themselves. The Chamaeleon can blend in cunningly hiding from disaster. It's like they all did what they did to survive.

Society talks about obesity, smoking, and lifestyle. Yet, we claim these things as a victim. Modern society wants to know how you will protect them. People are not trying to survive by protecting themselves. We all have short lives. What can harm you? What can we do to (at-least) attempt to outsmart death? Generally, it's a dumb question. Death will win. Yet, can we make the runway to the afterlife any easier or further down the road? I believe we can. At-least we could try. I try and exercise three things in my life: my body, soul, and mind. I won't let a sick body, that I control, kill me. People say reading, learning, and memorization is good for

our minds in old age. So, I read and learn. Finally, I have tried to let God into my soul. He made my body but I possess it. God is the fuel to utilize our body, mind, and soul. We need that fuel! I am proactive about surviving!

What does God have to say? God said to Cain “*don't you know that sin is crouching at your door? You must learn to master it.*” I know God will survive. He is eternal. Yet, will we? How many ways to humans find to die? To further that, how many ways do we intentionally try and die? How many drugs or alcohol is enough? What cliffs edge is close enough? So many people are just doing enough to tempt death to win. It's like we have a god complex. Darwin said we are the fittest! We beat the dinosaurs, monkeys, and Mother Nature. God said there would be nothing we couldn't accomplish!

Yet, we do die in great numbers. Our life span is so small. I feel that humans have begun to stand still. We don't need caves anymore. Medicine will save us. Our vices are not sin. There are agencies, programs, and governments to help us. People don't need to survive because the world is working on saving us all with new discoveries and technologies. Yet, death becomes us. We haven't solved that.

I see people on IFit that have lost great amounts of weight. Some of them did twice as many workouts as most and miraculously they disappear from social media for a time. Why? Eventually they return with a story of over working. They got injured. Some of the weight lost has hurt people with extra skin and destroyed joints. I see these things everyday. Off the treadmill are those who smoke, drink, and have sex. I also see the stories of car crashes, cancer, and sexual pregnancies and disease. Yet, we have pills to fix that. Abortion centers to fix that. Rehab facilities to help you. We have it all. The one thing we're still missing is the fight. We leave that to others.

What if we trained our kids to eat better? What if we drank less and worked more? Worked? Yes, worked out and worked at being more productive. Worked at being better fathers, mothers, friends, and servants. What if we valued taking care of our own well being more than we value drugs, sex, and danger? How can owning a gun in a gang spare you certain pain in the future? How can sleeping around further your life span? What if depression was a starters gun shot telling you to begin running? Running towards life and away from the things that shorten it like stealing, promiscuous sex, and drugs? Why treasure the things that ruin lives. Why stand in it!

Just don't stand still! I will come to church when I am clean. I will work out when the doctors say I might die. I know a woman who is over weight. She is around 50 years old and confined to a wheel chair. Her fault of someone else's fault? I know a woman who is willing to sit even though her doctor recommended against it. A guy who blames his Ex for his anger. A boy for his parents' divorce. I knew a lady who claimed victim status for 28 years in an abusive marriage. At what point is standing still in pain a stupid idea. Being the victim is a bad choice? The war veteran can't understand why you're standing still when the enemy is crouching at your door?