

## **The distance between**

I am writing this on Remembrance Day in Canada, November 11. It drives me bats when I see posts crying fowl over the youths regards to this day. It's been 77 years since the end of WW2. As a matter of fact, do the youth know what WW2 means. Some would argue that they should know. They should remember. Ok, it's good for the young to know how we got here. Yet, there has been a ton of space between how we got here. How many wars and events have taken place in the last 77 years? To further that, what events have rocked our children in their lifetime? What we think Remembrance Day should look like to them is vastly different from what they remember or see on this day.

Yet, we pick on this generation for not remembering. To be fair, what do you remember? My Dad was a baby during that last great war. Nobody in my family is alive that fought in WW2. I can remember my grandfathers' wounds. I have medals from someone in my family line. Amazingly, I don't know who they belong to. Yet, I keep them. I respect them. I remember 9/11. I remember bits and pieces for things in the past. Do I have passion for the fallen 77 years ago? I do because I met my grandfather who was injured fighting in Sicily. My kids however, never met their grandfather. By now they could have had children that only know the story. A story that stretches 77 years ago.

We are a strange people. This current rendition of Canadians does not have a clue about war, me included. I have watched it on TV. War movies are my resource. I have never really met or talked to a veteran about their war. That's it really. It's their war. It seems rude because they fought for their family and the generation to come. If Hitler would have won, life would be vastly different. Yet, he didn't and here we are. I say I would fight for freedom, but would I? Most Canadians had mixed feeling over truckers protesting about freedom in this country. That

was not war or bloodshed, was it? I realized the other day that breakup songs fuel my divorce passion. It still bugs me. I remember. Yet, I have no feelings on WW2 except I respect the generation that fought it. I doubt I could shed a tear. Honestly, it's hard to have passion for something that happened to someone else 77 years ago.

What does God have to say? In the Bible is an interesting conundrum. Throughout the Old Testament is a call to remember. The Ten Commandments are repeated. Why? It's because the next generation didn't remember. Why did Stephan the Martyr in Acts give a speech about Jewish history? Why did Peter? Why did Paul tell his listeners not to forget Christ Jesus? It's because time gives the next generation amnesia to the past. Is it their fault? It's pretty hard to remember something that did not happen to you. Yet, God gave the church His word and traditions to pass on. To remember.

I came into the Christian world at age 33. How do I remember Christmas or Easter? I came from the world that does not care about that stuff. It's all about presents and candy. Yet, I have seen Christians cry out that this generation is not taking those events seriously. I have passion for Jesus. It means something to me. Christmas and Easter? To be completely honest, I don't care that much. It was never my world. Yet, I'm here now. Yes, but passion for something that I never knew is a problem. It's the same for Remembrance Day. The big question. How to fuel passion into something that was never yours? Divorce, that's easy for me. Christmas and WW2, that's tough.

Today I will read posts blaming the youth for not remembering. People will be angry that those kids have no passion for the fallen that gave their lives for us. My dad's generation lost people in WW2. They did ask us to remember. However, that hippie generation wanted us to forget. From the hippies to now people just want peace and love. People are asking us to

remember slavery, wars, and historical migration as if it's our fight. Yet, it's not. Those things happened to someone else in a different time. I would love to have passion for the things that people regret or hate. It's good to remember. Yet, I keep coming back to Luke 9:62 "Jesus replied, *"No one who puts a hand to the plow and looks back is fit for service in the kingdom of God."* At some point we must move on.

It's the ultimate conundrum. Move on from what? The famous saying goes something like *those who ignore the mistakes of history are destined to repeat them*. Is that why we should remember this day? Church members should repeat the why we believe. Yet, each person believes for different reasons. Why? It's because their private war of the heart and mind was fought on a personal battlefield. In Christian circles it's a private war. A personal battle. For that we should remember. Yet, demanding people share our pain is not fair. That war is not theirs.

Be careful today. A war fought 77 years ago should be remembered. Human kind landed on the moon 53 years ago. Remembered? Known? It's good to pass our history on. Yet, it was a different generations war. It's their scar and their battle. I am thankful they won. I am grateful they saved us. Yet, time moves on. I hate 9/11 more. This generation will hate Covid more. The next generation will not know the pandemic. It will be in history books and YouTube documentaries. Your children will have no passion towards convoy protests. There was no victory or war medals. Nobody died on a cross. Sometimes we need to remember that before we pick on their passion to remember our passion.