

27th June 2021

Record

“There was no single hide nor a yard of land nor indeed was one ox or one cow or one pig left out, that was not put down in his record.”

Anglo-Saxon Chronicle for 1087

of William the Conqueror’s commissioning of the Domesday Book

I’ve been keeping a record of the scores in the delayed Euro 2020 Championships (football, if you’ve been hiding in a remote jungle in recent weeks) since the tournament began. I’ve been using a free Wall Chart and the result of every game is carefully noted. I know I can look up the scores on the Internet or get a summary of them before the next game, but I like to keep a record for myself so I can refer to it as I choose.

In the equivalent of the Euros in the 11th century – with William the Conqueror winning comfortably at Hastings against Harold of England in the final – records were kept too. The best Wall Chart was what is now known as the *Bayeux Tapestry*, an embroidered cloth nearly 70 metres long which tells you all you need to know – Battle of Hastings, and all.

My name appears in several volumes of the *Fasti Ecclesiae Scoticanæ*, which records “The Succession of Ministers in the Church of Scotland from the Reformation.” Future generations can look back on the Church’s equivalent of the *Bayeux Tapestry* or my Euro 2020 wall-chart for records of its ministers – and maybe even check my entry.

Does God have a record of me? Several bible passages refer to “the Book of Life”, a figurative expression originating from the ancient customs of keeping genealogical records and registering citizens for various purposes. God is represented as having records of everyone, documenting their works and His dealings with them. I have no problem with that. I am known. I am loved. I have dealings with God. God has dealings with me. But I *do* have problems with extrapolating from this that God keeps a record of my *wrongs*, and that there will be an accounting for the balance in my record of rights and wrongs at some future point.

In Luke 10:20, Jesus is reported as saying: “Your names are recorded in heaven.” This is the *present* tense. It is now. It is current. It will always be so. My name written in “The Book of Life”. That’s some record!

A prayer for today

My name recorded? Your name praised? That sounds like a good balance. Amen

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