



# NightLight

A NEWSLETTER OF McLEAN MINISTRIES

"take heed....as to a light that shines in a dark place." II Peter 1:19

Volume 385 • June 2025



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## Dear Friends,



*Show me, O Lord, my life's end and the number of my days;  
let me know how fleeting is my life. Psalm 39:4*

*Teach us to number our days aright,  
that we may gain a heart of wisdom. Psalm 90:12*

*There is a time for everything, and a season for every  
activity under heaven... He has made everything beautiful in  
its time. He has also set eternity in the hearts of men...  
Ecclesiastes 3:1,11*



*[The following is an edited version of an article written by Clay and Mary almost 20 years ago!]*

The passing of time leaves us strangely perplexed. Why? It is as common to our experience as breathing air. Yet we all find ourselves saying things like "How did she grow up so fast?" and "You cannot be that old!" and "Didn't we just plant that tree? How did it get to be so big?" Our difficulty with the daily reality of the passing of time is one of the evidences that **we are not at home in time** as we know it here on earth. We were meant for another realm, one in which time is a mere creature. Time's part in the play will one day come to an end. Then, and only then, will we finally find our true atmosphere. There we will fully rest. But until then, we seem to taste rest while struggling with the passing of time.

We are still creatures of this world. We cannot help at times to experience the pull of the sentimental or the need for the mundane. Our eyes get wet at the thought of some treasured event of the past that we can now only visit via imagination. Our bodies relax into the comfort of our favorite slippers, our easy chair, and family and close friends at hand. For the moment, we do not want to go anywhere or to do anything. We just want to be together and to simply BE. There, eternity seems closest.

But something pulls us forward. We do get up from the chair, kick off our slippers, and put on our boots. We get up to do life and face battles. Something keeps calling us forward. And as we go, we are not only

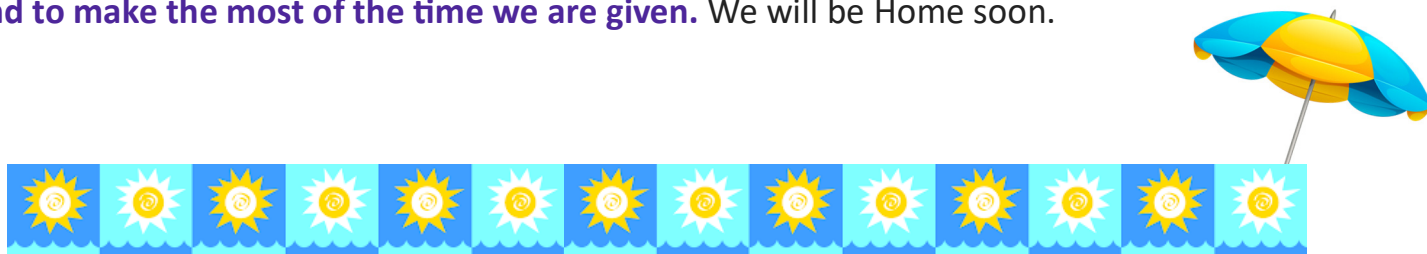
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aware of the forward pull, but also of the passing away of what we have left behind on our way. Time doesn't stand still. We come to the point - and it is different for each of us - when we become acutely aware that all our present moments are passing away into memory. We watch our babies grow up. Although we may want to hold on to a given moment with them, it passes through our hands like water. A part of us pushes on for growth. But how do we explain our need to hold them which is met for our need to send them out? It is such a strange dance.

Some old songs have lost all their meaning for me. They no longer 'hook' me at all. I look back on lyrics that now I see as not only bad poetry, but sheer neurosis! But there is one lyric which never fails to grasp my heart with the same force it did back then: "I close my eyes, only for a moment, then the moment's gone. All we do, pass before my eyes a curiosity. Dust in the wind; all they are is dust in the wind..." Kansas (1977). The awareness of the futility of the world expressed in those haunting lyrics helped bring the author, Kerry Livgrin, to faith in Christ. Where else would a soul go who truly contemplated futility?

**The nature of the human soul cannot bear the idea of meaninglessness.** The agony of facing the abyss can be elevated only by the ecstasy of the return home to our Maker, who is our Father. The Eternal Maker of the universe stepped down from timelessness, and entered time with us. He is the only One who can help us face the mystery of our two natures - temporal and eternal. Aslan calls us to come further up, and further in. The vanishing of what we can only temporarily hold, is meant to bring us into deeper union with that which cannot ever vanish. And then we discover He holds it all; nothing of love ever vanishes!

**We long for Home.** So we try to make it here on earth. Yet it never quite satisfies us. It is a God-shaped hole in us that we are trying to fill with our idea of what home is like. So it never fits perfectly. Our true longing is for our eternal home that cannot be had this side of heaven. Our heavenly Father wants us to really come home, as we follow Jesus, day by day, in this present time. So, this strange dance goes on and on. We live in time. We are made, for a time, to live here. **We have the opportunity to embrace time as a gift, and to make the most of the time we are given.** We will be Home soon.



## More on Time...

Jesus, Creator of time, born into time, to redeem time, standing above all time.

For by Him all things were created: things in heaven and on earth,  
visible and invisible, whether thrones or powers or rulers or authorities;  
all things were created by Him and for Him.  
He is before all things, and in Him all things hold together.  
Colossians 1:16-17

Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today and forever.  
Hebrews 13:8

But do not forget this one thing, dear friends:  
With the Lord a day is like a thousand years, and a thousand years are like a day.  
The Lord is not slow in keeping His promise, as some understand slowness.  
He is patient with you, not wanting anyone to perish,  
but everyone to come to repentance.  
2 Peter 3:8-9



## Update on Clay...

One more kidney surgery to go in early July. Little by little, he is improving day by day - baby steps! Now that the poisons and toxins are on their way out, our prayer is that he will heal up completely after this next surgery. God knows what that timing looks like, and we are content to rest in His care. Please continue to hold Clay up in prayer.  
God is good!



# Closing Thoughts...

We thank you, dear *Nightlighters*, for your expressions of love throughout this difficult time. God is so good! To God be all the glory!

In His love and care,  
Clay and Mary



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