

# Brit Notes!



## A Letter To My Generation:

By Brittany A. Macias

Arise, O' sleeper

When I consider those in my generation and the generations that follow, only one phrase comes to mind: Arise, O sleeper. This comes from Ephesians 5:14

Therefore it says,  
"Awake, O sleeper,  
and arise from the dead,  
and Christ will shine on you."

That verse means nothing to those who don't know Christ and that's okay. It wasn't written for them. It was written to believers. Believers who, as A.W. Tozer put it, "were morally good but unenlightened."

Those people are who I want to speak to; who I think of when I think of my generation. Why, you ask? Because the skewed moral compass of our society and the deterioration of our young nation is our fault. **Ours**. Can I shout that? It is. *Our*. Fault; the Christians' fault.

As my husband would say, "You cannot expect a sinner to not sin." He's right.

**How, then, can they call on the one  
they have not believed in?  
And how can they believe in the one  
of whom they have not heard?  
And how can they hear without  
someone preaching to them?  
Romans 10:14**

Each human should think for themselves and each person's actions are solely their own choice. *However*, it is *our* job to be light in the darkness. It is *our* job to get involved in politics (gasp! Did she just say that?! Yep.) It is *our* job to stand up for what is true and holy. It is *our* job to **lead**. We cannot slumber and expect our nation and our world to magically improve or get back on track. That is foolishness.

Our generation is so consumed with obtaining senseless knowledge. I believe Charles Spurgeon said it best: "Wisdom is the right use of knowledge. To know is not to be wise. Many men know a great deal, and are all the greater fools for it. There is no fool so great a fool as a knowing fool. But to know how to use knowledge is to have wisdom." Our generation is so plagued with comparison, an obsession with perfection, incomprehensible stagnant busyness, the newest social media outlet, and a grotesque sense of entitlement.

You, Dear One, need not compare yourself to anyone except Jesus. You were knit together in your mother's womb exactly how God saw fit and **you. are. enough.** We don't want another Kim Kardashian or even another Steven Furtick. We want *you*. We *need* you. If you could only see how important you are and how amazingly designed you are, you would shake the sky.

You, Dear One, may not be where you want to be, but if you're further than you were yesterday, you're well on your way. Keep pressing forward. Magnify your successes and learn from your failures.

Not that I have already obtained it  
or have already become perfect,  
but I press on so that I may lay hold

of that for which also I was laid hold  
of by Christ Jesus.  
Philippians 3:12

**Be not fixated on perfection; fix your eyes on the Perfect One.**

You, Dear One, are too busy. Yet, somehow, in all the many things you are doing and going to, you're stagnant, going nowhere. Would you like to know why? Nothing receives your full attention and you are fully present nowhere. Slow down! It is vital that you affect your current sphere of influence where you currently are. That's how we change the world, one day at a time, one place at a time, one person at a time. If you are rushing to class then rushing to work then rushing to dinner then rushing to church then rushing to coffee then rushing to a date... Who were you truly consumed with all day? It wasn't Jesus and it certainly wasn't those around you, it was yourself. You say, "Oh, but I went to coffee because they are my friends, that's not about me!" Perhaps. But what did you discuss? The barista's obvious immorality? Your mutual "friend's" significant other? Did you complain the entire time? You see, when you're too busy to fill up spiritually, too busy to fully be present, you miss opportunities. Did you take a moment to smile at the barista? Maybe invite them to church? Did you tell your friend "let's talk about something else. How was *your* day?" Perhaps you would find they aren't actually mad at your mutual friend, they're feeling insecure and lonely. Perhaps if you weren't so busy, you could notice that the man in the corner has a tear in his eye, twirling his wedding ring because his wife just left him. Perhaps if you weren't so busy filling your life with pointless encounters, you could see the perfect "interruptions" God is setting before you everyday to impact the world.

You, Dear One, need a break from social media. Social media has opened some wonderful doors, but it has also fed the beasts of comparison, unrealistic expectations, and a need for approval. You will **never** truly know someone through social media, and they will never know you. The perfectly angled photo with the perfectly chosen filter will not show you the tears shed at night, the sin that entangles them, and the abuse they endured, or even the depth of their smile and sparkle in their eye when they tell a joke. Put your gadgets down and *be* with others.

Lastly, you, Dear One, are entitled to nothing. You aren't even entitled to the air in your lungs. You are not entitled to ride the coattails of the blood, sweat, and tears of our forefathers. You are not entitled to freedom. You are not entitled to a career, a spouse, a home, a ministry. You are not entitled to act in whatsoever manner you wish. You are not entitled to sit idly by and let our country go down in flames. **You are entitled to nothing.** The Bible says in Revelation that the lukewarm ones will be spit out of God's mouth. Do you understand that? God would prefer you be an icy, liberal unbeliever than a lukewarm Christian sitting on the sidelines claiming unemployment and food stamps because you don't want to work; claiming you don't need to vote because "it's rigged anyway;" believing everything you're told on the news; fighting for animal rights over the rights of an unborn child (who, by the way, was you once); claiming you "don't want to get involved" and burying your head in the sand. Anything worth having comes with a price. What if our forefathers had been lazy, impassionate, easily influenced entitlement fiends? You certainly wouldn't have your beloved "freedom of speech" to blow hot air and do nothing with.

Generation of Mine, hear me when I say the world *needs* you. They need the real, unabashedly yourself you. They need the focused, driven, hard-working, steadfast, light of the world you. The state of our nation and our world is our fault. **Ours.** We must take responsibility and do something about it. If there is even a hint of a spark flickering in your heart, fan it into flame today. Choose to step into who God created you to be. Choose to find out for yourself the reality of our government and not pretend it isn't happening. Choose to put down your phone and be fully present. Choose to not compare and to celebrate those around you. Choose to see hope. Choose to *be* hope. Choose to slow down and see the interruptions that are really opportunities. Choose to change the world. Twelve imperfect people did it once, let's do it again.

If I could rip my heart out and hand it to you so "sincerely," would be proven, I would.

Sincerely,  
Brit

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