

As I write this Thought for the Day I'm sitting in Coneygear Park, the sun is shining, I can hear the birds, and the world feels a whole lot brighter than it did just a couple of months ago.

I want to talk to you this morning about staying young. I don't know how old you think I am, judging by my voice, but I'm actually only 24. According to the woman on the checkout at Aldi who asked to see my ID, I look like I'm 16, which is just past the point of being a compliment in my opinion.

But we all want to look young, to fight the effects of aging on our body. The cosmetics industry worldwide is huge, and though it used to be just celebrities who paid through the nose for, well, nose jobs or other kinds of plastic surgery, it's now something members of the general public will pay thousands for.

And it's not just women as stereotypes would have us believe - it's men too! A friend at church was telling me about a guy he works with who's getting Botox injections in his early 30s!

But the sad truth is, no matter how hard we fight the outward effects of aging, we can't fight the thing itself. My Dad's a doctor, a GP and his patients used to ask him - "Am I going to die doctor?" when they're worried about a particular illness or ailment, and my Dad would say to them, "Yes, one day!" It's a bit dark, a bit bleak, but it's true. No matter how hard we try to hide it, we're not getting any younger, and one day, we'll be gone.

But the Bible tells us there is hope for our decaying bodies - it says "The body that is sown is perishable, it is raised imperishable. It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power."

Yes these bodies will fail, but Christians believe that when Jesus returns, those who've trusted in Him will be given a new glorious body, and will feel younger than we've ever done before, with a body that is imperishable and glorious! Doesn't that sound great?