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My Museum

Most people enjoy a visit to a museum, a building in which are preserved and exhibited objects of value and permanent interest. In our nation and throughout the world, there are museums of all types — some devoted to art, history, science, nature, space, etc. In recent years, it seems to be a foregone conclusion that every ex-president **must** have his own museum in order to house his memoirs.

But what few people seems to realize is that every responsible person has his own museum. By that statement, I do not mean to imply that each person has his own material structure with huge letters emblazoned on the outside. To the contrary, I have in mind an **immaterial** museum which others cannot see, but which, nevertheless, is present at all times. Specifically, I refer to **the museum of our minds**.

Let us imagine that we are about to enter a rather unusual museum — “the museum of the mind.” In particular, in order to make this as personally applicable as possible, let us assume that others are being allowed to enter “the museum of my mind.” I’m trusting that each person who reads this article will recognize the personal import of the words “**My**” as it relates to the “*museum*” which others are about to enter. And for the sake of illustration and mental visualization, let us assume that as the public first enters “the museum of my mind” (or your mind), it sees a long corridor with rooms on each side.

The public (our friends, relatives, and people we don’t even know) now march down this hall and enter the first room.

The Book Room

The first room is labeled “the book room,” and in this room all the books I have ever read are on display. Is **the book** of books there? Emphasis in the Bible is placed on **reading** God’s word. “*Till I come, give attendance to **reading**, to exhortation, to doctrine*” (1 Tim. 4:13). “*Blessed is he that **readeth**, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep the things which are written therein*” (Rev. 1:3).

What I read is important, for it affects how I **think**, and my thinking affects how I **live**. “*For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he...*” (Prov. 23:7). This room is very revealing as it gives a clue as to why I am the way I am. Am I an infidel because I have read and been influenced by the works of Payne, Darwin, Voltaire, etc.” Am I a Catholic, a Mormon, a Jehovah Witness, etc. because I wasn’t satisfied with the Bible only. Do I subscribe to various magazines on sports, world affairs, mechanics, etc., but “can’t afford” to invest in good religious material? Do I have time for various recreational activities, but “not enough time” to read the Bible and prepare for my Bible study lessons?

The Word Room

The next room is the Word Room. Here are all the words I have ever used. What kind of words are preserved and exhibited? Are there words of talebearing and whispering? God forbids such: *“Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer among the people...”* (Lev. 19:16). *“The words of a talebearer are as wounds...”* *“A froward man soweth strife: and a whisperer separateth chief friends.”* *“Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out; so where there is no talebearer, the strife ceaseth”* (Prov. 18:8; 16:28; 26:20). Am I responsible for wounding, separating friends, and gendering strife? *“And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell”* (Jas. 3:6). Are my words harsh or kind? Do they comfort and cheer, or do they discourage? *“Brotherly kindness”* is one of the things a Christian is to *“add”* to his faith (2 Pet. 1:7), and one of the best ways to show this is in the **words** I speak. *“But I say unto you, That every idle word that men speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned”* (Matt. 12:26-37).

The Thought Room

Across the hall is The Thought Room. The recipe for mental hygiene is given in Phil. 4:8: *“Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of a good report; if there is any virtue, and if there is any praise **think** on these things.”* Do I look for the good in my brethren? Am I grateful for the country in which I live? Do I see and appreciate the beauty of each day? Do I take the time to stop and count my blessings? Do I think of ways I can help others? Conversely, do I hold grudges and think of ways to get even?

It is important for me to control my thoughts. *“Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life”* (Prov. 4:23). What I think about usually determines what is in the next room of “my museum,” it being:

The Action Room

*“Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your **good works**, and glorify your Father which is in heaven”* (Matt. 5:16). My actions are the strongest argument **for** or **against** Christianity! Do my actions cause others not to take a stand for Christ because of me being a hypocrite and my actions not living up to my professed beliefs? Or can I say, *“...I will show my faith by my works”* (Jas. 2:18)? Is my Action Room almost empty? Are there blank spots for all the things I **intended** to do “some day” and never quite got around to doing? Am I pleased with what I have done in days gone by? I can’t change the past, but I can learn from it and do better in the future. Paul regretted many things he had done before becoming a Christian, yet he could say *“...forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus”* (Phil. 3:13,14).

The Secret Room

Although people can get a glimpse of what is in some of the other rooms of “my museum” by observing my life, this room is one that others know very little about. Here are all the desires of my heart and my goals. Do I have the desire to be a capable song leader, to become very knowledgeable of the Bible, to conduct home Bible study classes, etc., etc.? If so, am I taking steps to bring these goals to fruition?

In this room, also, are all the prayers I have prayed when no one but God could hear. All the alms I have done in secret that no one knows about. For those who do what they do “... *they may have glory of men*” (Matt. 6:2), very little is kept secret to be stored in this room.

Would my friends think as much of me if they could see into this room? Would I be ashamed if others knew how I live through the week? If so, I should remember that I can’t hide anything from God, and some day “*God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil*” (Eccl. 12:14).

The Sacrifice Room

The last room in “my museum” is The Sacrifice Room. Christ died for me; have I made any sacrifices for Him? “*I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service*” (Rom. 12:1). On one side of this room is everything I have earned and received from others, next to it is everything I have given to God. When I compare the two, do I feel good or ashamed? Would I be willing to compare Abraham’s sacrifice room with mine? Do I make any sacrifices for the Lord. Do I sacrifice one evening of TV each week to visit members of the church who need encouragement? Do I take enough time to worship God, study His word, to teach others the gospel, etc., etc.?

One of Two Doors

At the end of the hall of “my museum” are two doors. Over one door the word “*hope*” is written; over the other door are the words “**no hope.**” What I read, what I say, what I think, what I do, and what I am willing to sacrifice for the Lord will determine whether I will be privileged to enter in at the door marked “**hope.**” It really matters little whether anyone knows what is in “my museum” — **God** knows, and someday I will be judged accordingly. Consider ye well!

*** —B. Witherington