

# Ponder Just A Bit

## Prelude

The following is gleaned from an old friend who now lives in the Corn Belt. She grew up in the late 50s/60s with practical parents. A mother, God love her, who washed aluminum foil after she cooked in it, then reused it. She was the original recycle queen, before they had a name for it. A father who was happier getting old shoes fixed than buying new ones. Their marriage was good, their dreams focused. Their best friends lived barely a wave away. I can see them now, dad in trousers, T-shirt, and a hat and mom in a house dress, lawn mower in one hand and dish towel in the other. It was the time for fixing things. A curtain rod, the kitchen radio, screen door, the oven door, the hem in a dress. Things we keep.

It was a way of life, and sometimes it made me crazy. All the refixing, eating, renewing; I wanted just once to be wasteful. Waste meant affluence. Throwing things away meant you knew there'd always be more.

But then my mother died, and on that clear summer's night, in the warmth of the hospital room, I was struck with the pain of learning that sometimes there isn't anymore.

Sometimes, what we care about most, gets all used up and goes away ... never to return. So, while we have it, it's best we love it and care for it and fix it when it's broken and heal it when it's sick. This, I believe, is true ... for marriage and old cars and children with bad report cards and dogs with bad hips and aging parents and grandparents. We keep them because we are worth it. Some things we keep. Like a best friend

that moved away or a classmate we grew up with. There are just some things that truly make life important, like people who are living, even though they've moved away and so we just keep them close.

## Heaven

Ten things God won't ask on the day you join Him:

\* God won't ask what kind of car you drove; He will ask how many people you drove who didn't have transportation.

\* God won't ask the square footage of your home; He'll ask how many people you welcomed into your home.

\* God won't ask about the clothes you had in your closet; He'll ask how many you helped to clothe.

\* God won't ask what your highest salary was; He'll ask if you compromised your character to obtain it.

\* God won't ask what your job title was; He'll ask if you performed your job to the best of your ability.

\* God won't ask how many friends you had; He'll ask how many people to whom you were a friend.

\* God won't ask in what neighborhood you lived; He'll ask how you treated your neighbors.

\* God won't ask about the color of your skin; He'll ask about the content of your character.

\* God won't ask why it took you so long to seek salvation; He'll lovingly take you to your mansion in heaven and not to the gates of hell.

\* God won't have to ask how many people you forwarded the column to; He already knows your decision.