HOLD ON TO THE MEMORIES

Kathie and I have been moving a lot of stuff around, cleaning out cabinets and areas where we have stored many items for decades. In doing so, we have come across old pictures that bring to mind things that happened many years ago that are precious to us. We found baby pictures of Randa and Meagan, pictures of their elementary and high school years. There were also items such as stories and poems they had written for special days such as Thanksgiving and Christmas. Our goal was to find items that could be thrown away and therefore give us more room to store other things. I could not bear to part with these items, though I had not seen many of them in years. I was reminded of one of Randa’s first report cards where she got all SATISFACTORIES accept in Conduct. When we asked her teacher what was going on she replied “oh nothing bad, she just wants to talk all the time.” Nothing has changed. I found Meagan’s hand print in a mold that she had made for Kathie and me in VBS. These things are priceless. There were pictures of the births of our grandchildren. Pictures from different highlights in their lives and ours were found. Some of Randa and Mark’s wedding plans were there along with Meagan’s graduation pictures. Pictures from my mom and dad’s fiftieth wedding anniversary were found also. We found items that reminded us of Kathie’s mother and father.

This gift of memory is a precious gift that God has given us. He would not have given us that part of our brain if he did not want us to remember. In the Old Testament he had Joshua to build a monument of stones so they would remember how God brought them to the Promised Land. He wants us to remember how we journeyed to finally arrive at where we are in our lives. We are not finished with our life travels. This God given gift of memory will help us on our journey.

Brother Hobert Thomas said something in his message last Sunday evening that has stayed with me. He said that all we have to do is drive down the road and see God’s handiwork all around us. It reminded me of some years back when Meagan was in high school, we were going to Colbert County High School for a play-off game in football. It was a beautiful fall evening. The sun was going down in the west. As we travelled highways 157 and 72 we were given the most glorious display of God’s handiwork that I have ever seen. The mixture of purple, pink, blue and orange were swashed across the western canvas of God’s blue sky and perfectly placed to make a most spectacular picture. I think that we have been blessed to live where we live, because we are allowed to see beautiful sunsets quite often yet the one I have just feebly described is the one My Lord has firmly established in my memory. I want to hold on to it. There is no greater beauty than that which Our Lord makes whether it be in the western sky or in our tender heart.

Yours in Christ,

Brother Randy Burtram