

The day before yesterday I was born.

Yesterday I finished my formal education and began the adult portion of my life with wife, family, profession and so forth.

Today I am 64 and nearly on the front row, facing mortality. At noon several parts of my body will not work. This afternoon few people will value any insight or wisdom I might have acquired. This evening I will be hopelessly out of date, and for the secular part, useless to the world around me.

Tomorrow, if by reason of strength, I will be where my mother is, at 98, on the doorstep of eternity. I will be tolerated, and largely ignored. People will holler at me, roll their eyes, and get disgusted.

The day after tomorrow I will be in Eternity, and a picture in my seed's albums.

This morning's walk took me to the bottom, where the dammed-up area I had dug last year was filling. As I sat on the outer post of the dock, these thoughts struck me;

What I am, my talents, bents, intellect, sight in my left eye, hearing, walking legs, etc, is from nothing in and of myself. I have had, and will not have, any say-so in any of that. I had no power to generate the life I lead in conceiving oil and gas exploration projects, nor whatever talent I possess therein. Neither does anyone else, neither astronaut, nor track-hoe operator, nor plumber, nor secretary, nor born rich, nor born poor. Being born black, yellow, white nor brown was no accident, nor originated out of any power of our own.

Some of us live; some of us die in the course of life here. Some give their lives for others, some are promoted to positions of lesser or greater power and influence. Some lead, some follow. As it is said, some will die without having ever sung their song.

As I pondered this, I began to speak out loud to my heavenly Father, as I understand Him. Keep in mind I am sitting on a dock a mile from anyone, early in the morning, with the fog and rain clouds lower than the tree tops. The sound of my voice cannot be heard any further than 100 yards from where I sit. No one knows I am even there except me and my Father. I realize my entire life is but a nanno-second; certainly the brief time on the dock is much, much less than even that.

As far as I can understand, the only difference between me being what and where I am, and the wicked living in tumult, terror, and deprivation, is that my Father has had a measure of grace towards me. My voice will not carry farther than the old bull pine 100 yards away. I cannot prevent someone hitting me on the road, nor forestall my life being shortened by a plethora of maladies. I cannot make my deals sell, nor make anyone favor me in any capacity.

Except He be mindful of someone as infinitesimal as I, all would be null and void. Except He condescend to care for me, I am as the debris floating by on the water below. I see, I hear, I breathe, I walk, I think, I am granted favor, I have talents, I am alive, I hope, I believe, I know, I experience Him, I love others, I have a loving wife, I have had Godly offspring, I reach out to Him, He hears me this foggy morning,

-only by His grace.

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One of the Tribe of Issachar