

GRACE

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.

Tomorrow I will be where my mother is, at 98, on the doorstep of eternity.

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

As I contemplated the brevity of life, I realized that what I am, my talents, bents, intellect, sight in one eye, hearing, walking legs, etc., is from nothing in and of myself. I have not 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. Our particular bents or talents, whether they lead us to become an astronaut, or track-hoe operator, or plumber, or secretary, are not of our own making. Whether we are born rich or poor, black, yellow, white or brown was no accident, and did not originate out of any power of our own.

Some of us live long lives; some of us die in our youth in the course of life here. Some give their lives for others, some are promoted to positions of lesser or greater power and influence whether they have earned it or not. We do not fully control the lot in which our lives are cast.

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.

As I pondered this, I began to speak out loud to my heavenly Father, as I understand Him. 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. I realize my life is but a nanno-second; in the vast spectrum of eternity, the brief time on the dock is much, much less than even that. No one knows I am here.

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 Heavenly Father has had a measure of grace towards me.

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 Godly offspring, I reach out to Him, He hears me this foggy morning...

-by His grace...

January 21, 2007

One of the sons of Issachar