

REFLECTIONS

July 13, 2008

**Remember the days of old;
consider the generations long past.
Ask your father and he will tell you,
your elders, and they will explain to you.**
Deuteronomy 32:7

Five Generations

That week each summer was always a very special one. I would stay a couple of days with one set of grandparents and then move a few blocks and stay a couple of days with the other set. Those were special times for me and I really looked forward to them each year. I have not thought of those days much until recently, but as I reflect on them now, I realize the blessing they were and how they shaped my life.

Certainly it was fun to be with my grandparents. They indulged me. I was the center of attention while I was with them. They always taught me things, but what lingers in my memory are the many life lessons I learned by just being with them.

Mema taught Sunday school until she was 90 years old. Naturally some of my time with her was dedicated to some of the lessons she taught, but the lingering lesson is her fulltime service to God. Even when she was paying little attention to me, she would go about her daily chores singing hymns under her breath. My how she loved Jesus!

Both of my grandfathers had caring hearts. Grandpappy was always willing to lend a helping hand to those in need. Papa was like that too. But I also learned from them the importance of integrity, earning the respect of others, being a loving husband and father, and of serving the Lord.

Munna remained quietly in the background, but she was the anchor of her family. She was a rock—the source of wisdom and encouragement to Papa and to their children. And from her prayers, it was clear to see that she drew *her* strength from the Lord.

From my grandparents I learned about relationships with adult children and how to be a grandparent. These lessons are a blessing not everyone enjoys. So I hope a small part of them has stuck with me, and that they are passed along through the generations.

Our grandchildren live nearby, so time with them is different than the time I had with my grandparents. But the quality of it is just as good. So perhaps one day they will look back at lessons that linger in their memories with their grandmother and me. And if they do, I think at least some of the lessons from my own grandparents will be passed along too.

And love for the Lord will have spanned five generations.

“You are the light of the world,”

Richard +

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