

REFLECTIONS

June 17, 2007

The LORD had said to Abram, "Leave your country, your people and your father's household and go to the land I will show you."

Genesis 12:1

Leaving Home

Munna displayed no emotion as she sat in the back seat of Daddy's car that day. She had just walked out of her home and she knew it was for the last time. By my count she had lived in that home for more than 70 years. My grandmother had lived her adult life there; she had reared her children there and her grandchildren knew the place as home too. And her memories were born there. I'm sure she could still hear the laughter of children at play, still taste the feasts of Thanksgiving celebrated around her table, still feel the joy of Christmas mornings around the tree, and still see the seasons passing through her garden when spring brought the ground to life and autumn returned it to sleep again.

I wonder how my grandmother felt leaving home that day. I saw no joy in her eyes, but neither did I see tears. But one thing I knew then and I know now. Munna thanked God for every minute of time in the home that gave birth to her memories.

I have also wondered how Abraham felt as he was leaving home. I wonder how he felt about leaving his friends and family. I wonder what kind of memories had been born in his father's home. Though his memories would never die, I wonder how he felt that memories would not be born from that place again. I wonder what he was thinking about as he led his wife down a road that led to somewhere he did not know. But one thing I believe. I believe that when God called him away from his home, Abraham thanked God for every minute of time in that place that had given birth to his memories.

I suppose at some time in our lives all of us experience what it is like to walk down a new road and leave behind something that feels like home. Such is a time for me and my family now. For eighteen years God has blessed us with a beautiful hideaway to use as time allowed. So many memories have been born there; and we grieve that none will be born there again. But from that place, a place that has blessed us with peace and joy, the memories will live with us the rest of our days. We thank God for every minute of time we had there.

So we begin our walk down a new road to a new place—a place He will show us.

"You are the light of the world,"

Richard +

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