



REFLECTIONS

June 17, 2012

You did not choose me, but I chose you and appointed you to go and bear fruit — fruit that will last.

John 15:16

Fruit that Will Last

Some people hear the message of bearing fruit and some people don't. But each of us leaves something in this world that distinguishes our life, something that will be recalled, and lived again through the lives of others. It is a legacy; the fruit borne from a life lived. Some people hear the message and bear fruit that lasts. Helen was one of them.

Helen Johnston has passed from this world into the loving arms of God, but the fruit of her life can be witnessed all around. Those who did not know her may not be aware of its source, but they will witness it in the lives of Helen's family and in her many friends. In them her smile, her laughter, and her joy for life radiates from their faces just as it had radiated from hers. In them her caring heart reaches out and touches people well beyond the little farm where she lived her life. Such is the fruit of Helen Johnston. It will last well beyond the many years she brought it into the lives of her friends and family.

Helen was not a public figure. She loved the privacy of her country place set atop a gentle hill that overlooked the farm she called home. It was there that she would sit almost daily on her front porch swing listening to the wind blow and watching the occasional clouds drift by. From her swing she smelled the country air while she prayed for moisture to bring life to the crops, and she watched as the grasses grew, and the cattle grazed. In the distance she could see cars driving down the nearby highway and her small hometown resting on the western horizon. And even though alone most of the time, one can easily imagine her sitting there with a smile on her face even if God was the only one there to see it.

Some people just know how to find the joy in living. Helen was one of those. Few enjoyed life as she did; and she shared that joy with everyone she ever met.

Her family shed a tear or two as they said good-bye to one who was so dear to their hearts. But then the smiles returned to their cheeks. It is Helen's legacy. It is the fruit of her life—fruit that will last.

Today as the sun rises and graces the sky with golden light, we find a brightness in its beaming rays that wasn't there before. It is the brightness of Helen's smile beaming the joy, laughter, and love she has carried with her into her heavenly home.

And it will beam for years to come through all the lives she ever touched.

*You are the light of the world,
Richard +*

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