

REFLECTIONS

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But store up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where moth and rust do not destroy, and where thieves do not break in and steal.

Matthew 6:20

Joy Filled Life

He lived a simple life in the eyes of many. His travels didn't take him far from home and he aspired for neither fortune nor fame. Yet in its simplicity, his life captured the essence of what it's really all about. Laughter was but an indicator.

Larry Hokanson saw the world through the eyes of laughter. Things may not have always been as he preferred, but Larry seemed to find at least a little humor even when events went off course. Laughter was the lead-in phrase to what he had to say, and it was the exclamation point placed at the end of every paragraph.

His eyes would light up each time we were with him. And little time would pass before his stories would unfold in the brackets of laughter. It mattered little if the stories were world events reported by Fox News, or the health problems he suffered, or the lives of his children, laughter defined his view of it all. It was just the way he looked at life—a bit casual perhaps, but more of accepting reality in contrast to a more desirable ways.

His time was not wasted on looking within himself in search of what was missing. He always looked out to see what needed to be done; and his family was the centerpiece of his outlook. Everything every day centered on their happiness and well being. And one can look about the rooms of his life and find the fruits of it soundly in place. Just as he viewed the world, their lives are not without trials, sorrow and pain. But through the lens of his life, laughter fills their hearts just as it filled his.

His laughter came not from pleasure, though he knew its benefits; nor did his laughter represent only fun for it was too short-lived. His laughter came from the joy he found in living. And his love for living came from love for his family.

Simple pleasures filled his day—tending to the yard, upkeep of the home, and dutifully tending to the needs of his family. Those not only gave him pleasure but they became the source of great joy. Pleasure is fleeting for it touches only the flesh. But joy endures for it resides deep in the soul.

Each day from his heavenly home, Larry will look down upon the fruits of his life. He may even laugh a little at both what is right and wrong, at what brings pleasure and those producing pain. Most of all he will see the results of his joy filled life.

He will see the love he planted flourishing in the lives of his family and in the many other lives he touched. His life has passed into our memories—memories that do not live in the past, but celebrate the treasures of the joy filled life he brought into this world. Those are treasures that will endure long after our earthly days have passed away.

You are the light of the world,

Richard +

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