



# REFLECTIONS

May 22, 2016

**A righteous man is cautious in friendship,  
but the way of the wicked leads them astray.**

*Proverbs 12:26*

## Remembering My Hometown

The subject is not new to the readers of *Reflections* when from time to time my thoughts drift back to my hometown and the people who lived there when I was growing up. *Dear Hearts and Gentle People* I called them in an earlier edition. Not everyone is blessed with fond memories of their growing-up years, but even if your memories of those days are less than happy, I hope you may still find benefit as I relive some of mine.

Home was a small town, population 2,000 or so. Farming served as the economic engine with some cattle ranching alongside. The people there lived simple lives at a pace set by the farming and ranching cycles. Activity escalated at planting and harvest times, but in between a time of waiting was accompanied with anxious concern about the weather. Too often violent storms wiped out promising crops; and other times rains came at the wrong time or failed to come at all. Yet the people clung to hope, held to their faith, and lived honorable lives. Misconduct mostly fell into the category of mischief not crime.

Mom and Dad's friends were wonderful people who set beautiful examples for me. They worked hard for modest earnings, and they had fun together playing games, telling stories, or speculating about world events. As one might expect, my schoolmates were much the same.

Schoolmates, especially classmates, are still a great blessing in my life. We share an unbroken bond that time has only strengthened. Each reunion begins as if we were last together only yesterday; and we still stand together in both painful and joyful times.

So I'm remembering my hometown and the effect the people there had on my life. Those memories remind me of something Tom Kite said while reflecting on the life of Harvey Penick, his long-time golf instructor and friend. "You know, if you hang around good people, it's hard to mess up your life." I certainly agree. I would never presume my life to be mistake free, but neither is it too messed up. The credit goes to the blessing of the good people who tutored me by the way they lived and by those who have been companions in my journey through this life.

Life as God created it is a relay. The torch passes from one generation to another, and the flame from one person to the next. All of us influence the lives of those around us just as those good hometown people influenced mine. Hopefully, those who follow us will look back and recall the mark we made in their lives. Perhaps they may even say of us one day, "You know, if you hang around good people, it's hard to mess up your life."

*You are the light of the world,*

*Richard +*

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