



# REFLECTIONS

May 12, 2024, Refreshed from the Archives of August 27, 2006

**A time to plant and a time to harvest.**

*Ecclesiastes 3:2*

## Note

*Reflections* today is dedicated to the memory of a high school classmate, Peggy Jo Matney Pollard, who listed *Footprints* among her favorites. First published August 27, 2006, it is presented today, refreshed a bit, to honor Peggy's footprints through this world. They distinctly mark the path she walked followed by her family, friends, and students. We always remember her infectious smile, her faithful spirit, and her love of the Lord, Jesus Christ.

## Footprints

Something was different about walking the beach that day. It wasn't the rush of Gulf Coast waves surging on shore before rolling out to sea again, or seagulls with their ornithological friends foraging the seaside, or even the other beachcombers engaging in their various endeavors up and down the waterline. It was the footprints imprinting the sand that grabbed my interest.

Some footprints pointed back the way we came, others aimed in the direction we were walking. Though we weren't following them, the ones going our way stirred my interest.

They helped me recall the footprints I followed in my journey through this life, especially those that influenced my journey to where it is. They led me to places I might never have gone, and do things I would never have done. In short, those footprints made possible the life I lead, the values I hold, and the person I am. Yet time has washed away the very footprints that led me here. Only memories remain. And one day, even the memories of those whose steps I followed will fade away. But the lessons taught continue down the path they led me.

Today I wonder about *my* footprints. Might they lead someone to places they may never have gone, do things they might never have done, and embrace values that shape them into the people they are?

Like those before us, our footprints will someday fade from sight. But the lessons taught will still follow the path. Footprints, like seeds we scatter along the journey, influence the lives of those who choose to follow our path. Only take care not to look for the fruit they bear.

The harvest may come long after our footprints vanish in the sands of time.

*"You are the light of the world,"*

Richard +

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