



REFLECTIONS

October 27, 2024

**The length of our days is seventy years —
or eighty, if we have the strength;
yet their span is but trouble and sorrow,
for they quickly pass, and we fly away.**

Psalm 90:10

The Bookmark

“Richard, your little dad is gone.” I could tell from her warm loving tone that only a caring wife can have, God was holding Daddy in his loving arms.

I drove directly and resolutely to my parents’ residence to find his lifeless body on the floor, tucked in a fetal position beside a kitchen chair. My first thoughts led me to the 90th Psalm: *The length of our days is seventy years — or eighty, if we have the strength.*

God gave Daddy the strength to live six-months beyond his 80th birthday. He proudly boasted that no other Wilson male had ever reached their 80th birthday. But I soon discovered that God had another reason to draw me to Psalm 90.

Several months prior to that day, I purchased a small Bible to carry in the glove compartment of my car. So, when I felt drawn to Psalm 90, I unpackaged my small Bible for the first time. I found the Psalm on page 465—but I found something more. Above the Psalm, in the top-middle of the page, I found a large tear. No other page contained even the slightest imperfection, but above the Psalm, a cup-shaped tear with its handle neatly folded, bookmarked the story of Daddy’s life on earth.

I felt God with me.

Years have passed since the day God made his presence known to me, but this is my first effort to write of it. If He made his presence known on prior occasions, none were more profound. Importantly, since God left his bookmark in my little Bible, my eyes have opened to find God’s presence everywhere just as Jesus promised:

"And surely I am with you always, to the very end of the age." (Matthew 28:20)

You are the light of the world,

Richard +

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