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PRESENTS

Frankly Speaking Notes . . .

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A SPECIAL DAY

There are many special days in ones life. To me, the first day of the week is certainly the most special day. I love going to worship, first, because it makes me concentrate on spiritual things and commune with my Lord by taking the Supper he instituted. Other special days are birthdays and anniversaries of various kinds.

I am writing this Saturday morning, January 8, 2011. It was eight years ago today that my only daughter Paula, died. It isn't the only time I think about it. But I try not to think about it too much. There are things about her I like to remember, but not so much the day she died. I have two sons, one older and one younger than she was, who are loving and helpful to me in many ways and I love them dearly. Paula was my only daughter, and she was here such a short time, just 47 years.

In person and on TV I see people who have suffered the same fate, and they always seem, many years after the event, to be living that time over and over again. I almost feel sorry for them, except for the fact they seem to be unable to get over the fact that it happened. Just the other day I heard a woman say, "I will never get to see her married, never know what it to be a grandmother," and on and on and on she went. I think that is tragic!

Then there are those that say, "I didn't even get to say goodbye." Well, bless your heart. How many people in this world never got to say "good bye" to a loved one. Think of the number of men that died in the wars this nation has fought in through the years. Or the number of people that have died on the highways in automobile accidents?

So, I choose not to dwell on "what might have been." The Bible says, "[it is appointed unto man once to die,](#)" Hebrews 9:27, so all men (generic) do. Since it is appointed of God there is nothing we can do about it.

I thank God all the time for the time Paula was here. She was a typical person and she had her problems, and there were times when she was

growing up that I could have almost “wrung her neck.” That is the way life is. But she was beautiful, especially to me, with all her faults and she had them just like I do. She was one of the most loving persons I have ever known. She told herself she was completely frank and honest, but there were cracks in that sometimes, human cracks.

Do I wish I would have, could have, and spent more time with her? Of course! Do I wish life could have been easier for her? Yes! Do I wish she were still here? Absolutely! But those are things we think about over which we have no control.

One of the things the Bible teaches us about life is that we should understand how things work and be comfortable with it. I think often of the apostle Paul and all that he endured, “for the sake of souls.” Yet he said he had “learned” (it isn’t something we are born with but we can learn if we try) “for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therein to be content.” (Philippians 4:11)

So for a little while today, I will remember, mostly the good things, and shed a few tears of course, for after all, I am human. Then I will go about the business of living my life, pretty much as I always have, remembering from time to time the sweetness and energy of one who touched it so deeply.

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