

Just Thinking

I remember the old song; "Ain't it funny, how time slips away". The only thing is, "sometimes it just ain't funny". Sometimes it is actually sad, and regretful. We spend so little time here on planet earth when you measure it in decades, and yet it seems like an eternity when you measure it in seconds. But think about it, how many of us actually live our lives in seconds? That would seem so dumb, actually most people would think you were a little off your rocker!!

Well, when you think about it, its when you live every second like it is very important, you get more done, do a better job of it, make more friends, have better friends, better marriage, better children, etc., and do I need to go on?? Living life on the edge, so to speak, leaves so many holes in your day, your relationships, your work and even your very existence. We do so many things we don't need to do, forget so many things we should have done, and travel roads that are not necessary at all. Why do we do this? Perhaps its because we are too distracted from the important things, and attracted to the non/essential things of life. How many hours a day do we scan through things on the internet that are not important at all, when we could be dropping a line to someone we love, checking on someone who is sick or puny, or maybe, reading a bible story or an interesting study of something we have been thinking about but just didn't take the time to do the research. Life is short, and at times it is most enjoyable. But, if we would just do the things we know are best, it would be so much more fulfilling.

I had a dream the other night, and in this dream I don't remember seeing myself, or my wife or anybody else that I can say I recognized. That seemed unusual to me the next morning as I remembered it so well, but it didn't strike me at first as unusual. Then after a couple of days, going over it again and again in my mind, suddenly it all came to me. This is what I dreamed...

I was going down a highway, driving an old Chevy Pickup, 4X4, and pulling a large 4 wheel trailer like the ones used in Tulare to haul cotton. It was long, maybe 30' long, with the high sides of chicken wire all around it, and it was filled with stuff, all the way to the top. I call it "stuff" for lack of a better word, as it was not junk, but things that were planned to keep, important enough to me that I was hauling it along behind me, going I'm not so sure where.

The travel was slow, pulling this loaded trailer, and suddenly I came across an old couple broke down along side the highway, with the hood up, and it was pretty obvious they were not going anywhere soon. I stopped, as we always should, and asked if I could help? They of course, were not sure how I could help them much, seeing as how I was loaded to the hilt, pulling an old trailer loaded with stuff to the top, and they were helplessly broken down. After a short conversation, I found myself moving along, pulling the trailer, and of course, pulling their old car behind it. It all seemed so real, and yet I can't imagine anyone doing such a thing, but there I was. Then, suddenly I came to a detour in the road, the blacktop road was closed, and the detour went off the blacktop and onto a county road that was dirt, uphill, and it started to rain. It seems I thought to myself, now how do I find myself driving an old truck, pulling a large trailer, loaded with stuff, all the way to the top, and behind it all; an old car, with old folks inside, hoping to soon be where they could be helped in some way that would be useful!?!?

Very soon the road became steep, muddy, and I was 4-wheel drive, pedal to the metal and slinging mud high in the air. I was moving very slowly, thinking "I am not going to make it", when up ahead I seen a sharp curve, a large rock the size of a car on both sides of the curve, and my mind begin to think all kinds of things; "how am I going to make that turn, and will I even be able to get there anyway"? Suddenly, in the midst of it all, I woke up. !!!

The next morning I told my wife about it, and she looked a little confused, and I understood that. She asked if she were in the dream, and I told her I was not sure she was, I was not even sure I was. All I knew was, it was all so vivid, and I remembered it all in detail. I thought about it for a day, running this and that through my mind, but not really satisfied that I understood it at all. Then, last evening, sitting down to the table to eat supper, it all came to me, clear as a bell.

The person in the truck is you, and you, and you, and yes, me too. We are all loaded down with the cares of life, "stuff", so much so that we need a very large trailer to carry it all, and we are not able to travel like we should because it is just too much. This is why we are so bogged down, seemingly going nowhere fast, and yet unwilling to make any changes. A couple of years ago at the Idaho camp, it was said; "if nothing changes, nothing changes". We are just not willing to let go of anything. Time consuming as it is, expensive as it is, unnecessary as it is, we just pile it on top, and pull it along even though our trailer is even dangerous to be toed along. Then, all of a sudden someone needs our help, desperately broken down, unable to travel on, needing a tow, so to speak, and being the "good Christians" we are, we offer to help, but where do we put them; Why, behind all of our "stuff", of course, which we are already having great difficulty towing along in the first place. Struggling along, working the old truck for all its worth, throwing mud high in the air, slipping and sliding not sure how in the world we are going to make that next turn.

And so it is, as we continue our travel through life, hanging on to everything we don't need, continuing in the same ruts we should not be in, unwilling to make the changes necessary, life becomes almost too much to bare. Now I understand, it is not every one of us, for some even though their trailer is much smaller, and not piled nearly so high, and the things they carry have some value worth the trouble, they are the ones that are sometimes towing 2, maybe even 3, that are broken down, needing a tow, and while they are making a little better time than most, they still are struggling along wondering if they are going to make that next turn.

So I ask myself today, where am I? I know the dream was about life, about most people, and certainly not just about one or two. So, shouldn't we check and re-check, and make the necessary changes that need to be made, remembering; "if nothing changes, nothing changes", and could we use wisdom in our thinking, so that perhaps our journey will be more secure, knowing that we have been promised; "I will never leave you, nor forsake you". But, perhaps we are traveling back out into the darkness, going in the wrong direction, hopelessly lost, and forgetting to call upon the source of our strength, and not realizing, that sometimes our journey is impossible, because we have made it so, and not because we are forsaken?

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