

Memories

When you have lived a long time such as I have you begin to focus on your memories. Perhaps it is the fear of losing them that makes me want to hold on to them so much. So here are some of my favorite memories. The friendships made in school and Nurses training, some of which are still maintained today. The joy of being in love, our first kiss and our last kiss, the birth of our babies, the little arms of those babies around my neck (that is the best hug ever), watching them grow and the funny things they did even though they might have been slightly maddening at the time (like my son locking me out of the house in the rain while I was holding his baby sister in my arms), their graduations and weddings and of course the birth of grandchildren, being blessed to watch those grandchildren grow up, the trips we took as a couple, then as a family, then again as a couple. Then, praise God for the gift, great grandchildren. The funny (to us) things that happened with friends, now gone. Like persuading a friend to make a U turn on VanDyke where it is 5 lanes, telling her I do it all the time and then when she did it laughing and saying, "I can't believe you did that." Or the time a friend and I were alone in this very small room off the Library in High School, and we were supposed to be working, but the typewriter wasn't working right, so we took it apart and then couldn't put it back together. So, we just laid all the parts on the table and snuck out. He would later teach me the latest dance craze. Both good friends until they passed much too young but leaving me with memories to treasure. So much love shared and never truly lost as long as I have the memories. But one of my best memories is when I really knew, I mean really knew Jesus died on that cross for me. Nothing can take away that joy even death cannot remove that knowledge. My husband lost his memories and often would not remember in the evening what had transpired that day or even 5 minutes before, he lived in the moment. One day Pastor Don came to the house and brought him communion. That evening I was talking to my husband about his day, and he remembered nothing about the other visitor he had had that day or even what he had eaten for supper shortly before or that he had even eaten supper or that I was his wife, but he remembered that the Pastor had brought him communion. He had received a gift that was familiar to him, a piece of bread and a sip of grape juice and in the eating of the bread and the drinking of the wine he was once again himself and he remembered who he was, a child of God.

God gave us memory so we might have roses in December. James M. Barrie

1 Corinthians 11:23-25 The Lord Jesus on the night he was betrayed, took bread, and when he had given thanks, he broke it and said, "This is my body which is for you; do this in remembrance of me." In the same way, after supper he took the cup, saying, "This cup is the new covenant in my blood, do this whenever you drink it, in remembrance of me."

Lord, we thank you for the gift of memories, for those that make us laugh and those that make us cry, for the memories of loved ones. Lord be with those who are hungry and those that are homeless, those that mourn, may we be your servant to them. Be with our church, help us to reach out to our community to find their needs and to fill them. Be with those in our world suffering from senseless wars especially our brothers and sisters in the Ukraine. Be with our Pastor, bless his ministry and keep him safe. Be with his family. Be with our staff and leaders, bless them and guide them. In Jesus name we pray, Amen

Grace Epperson