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Going Somewhere

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You are on your way. You are going somewhere. You have choices. If you are not going to heaven. Where are you going?

A little over twenty years ago my folks invited our family to celebrate Thanksgiving with them. Today I am thankful we accepted the invitation. It was a blessing to me and my family.

Mom and dad had needs so I stayed with them at their home in Kentucky and my bride and our two sons returned to our home in Tennessee.

My decision to remain in Kentucky was not an easy choice to make. My bride was employed 5 days a week. I owned a business requiring me to travel in Arkansas, Mississippi and Tennessee. I was home schooling our two sons. With me absent changes would have to be made.

My business required a telephone and computer. When our family went to my folks I took both. That was all I needed to facilitate the change. I could tend to my customers needs and my sons schooling needs from my Kentucky office. I could also care for my folks.

Mother had a surgery scheduled in early February. One Friday she went for her preop appointment and found sodium levels were too high for the procedure to be completed and it was postponed. She returned home just before noon disappointed. I knew she and dad needed some time alone.

I asked if I could sneak home to surprise my family. Mom gave me her blessing. I held her in my arms, hugged her, kissed her, and told her I loved her. I climbed in the car and headed south. Seven hours later I was home holding my bride and sons in my arms, giving them a hug and kiss, telling them I loved them. There was blessing and rejoicing!

Mother had a stroke Monday. She was taken to the hospital. I returned to Kentucky alone very early Tuesday morning.

Every day men and women, husbands and wives, sons and daughters say goodbye. Some are members of our Armed Services. Their goodbyes are much heavier because we know in our heart they may be in harms way. Yet they still depart. It is my thought they were held in arms, hugged, kissed and told they were loved. I know of two families that have Christian marines deployed in the middle east. Why is that important?

Should it not be just as important that any family member is a Christian if they depart?

My bride and I have a brother who bid us farewell before we left Florida. We both remember his heartfelt, tearful goodbye. He held us close and said "if I never see you again on this earth, I will be waiting for you at the East Gate." Christians hold that promise.

We are a stiffnecked people choosing not to obey instructions. There is an adversary influencing our decisions. That is why there is a Calvary and a Savior.

Should you ever allow anyone to depart to school, work, shopping, or anywhere that you hold dear to your heart without urging them to claim the same promise?