



Time Is Not On My Side

“There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens” – Ecclesiastes 3:1

Remember Saturdays? I do. And man do I miss them. Quoting Archie and Edith Bunker, “Those were the days.” Just hearing the word Saturday brought unlimited joy to a boy of eight or nine. Saturday. The sun was brighter. The food tasted better. The air was sweeter. I wonder if Heaven will be like Saturdays.

I remember I would wake up (on my own) around 7 o’clock and race to the kitchen. I’d pour a big bowl of Honeycombs and always used too much milk. I remember my mom would always ask me how I always seem to spill 2-3 drops of milk on the table (and never clean it up). Then I would sit in front of the TV and watch some cartoons. Tom and Jerry. The Bugs Bunny Show. Scooby Doo. All the classics. Then I would go get dressed and throw a cap on. No boy did his hair on Saturdays. That’s what Sunday through Friday was for. I’d lace up my shoes and run out of the house. I’d jump on my bike which was lying in the front yard, though close to the porch, just in case. And off I went...

We played in the “Major Leagues” at the park. You remember. The baseball games that eventually became 18 against 17. Or we’d fight “epic battles” with any branches and rock “grenades” we would find. We’d beg for a dollar and head to 7-Eleven for an Icy and if the cool worker was there we’d try to swallow it with our heads upside down in the cooler. There were ramps for jumping. Curbs for doing tricks. And Many, many Band-Aids. Ahh, Saturdays.

Where did you go? It feels like I’ve lost a good friend that I spent so many years with. Now I feel you hide from me. Perhaps you have a restraining order that I don’t know about. Are we still playing hide-n-seek? All I know is I haven’t seen you around in a while. I’m not sure when you left. Perhaps when I stopped skipping or when I stopped spinning around until I fell on the ground. I miss you. Do you miss me?

Well, now I know what I have to do. This week on the day after Friday I’m coming to look for you. We were such good friends and I can’t believe you left. How dare you! We were buds and you don’t do that to your buds. You don’t leave them to explore all on their own. Friends don’t do that! They don’t just leave without even saying goodbye!

But wait. Maybe it was me that left...

God gave you Saturday (or whichever day you choose to rest). Go reacquaint yourself.

From My Heart,

Billy