

Moving Memories

We have been doing some painting in our house -- right now we are focusing on the children's bedrooms. Well, I say "we," but so far, my wife is doing most of the actual painting. I am helping with the "less skilled" labor -- moving furniture, books, and assorted junk from room to room. As I move stuff around, I seem to be stirring up quite a bit of dust...

As I think of this dust -- these particles of the past -- (aside from making me sneeze) I am reminded of earlier days we have shared as a family in this house. A baby crying in the night... little boys running up and down the hall... little children meeting me at the door anxious to see their daddy... playing outside in the yard... laughter and stories and music and games... Bible stories, prayers, and funny stories before bedtime. How quickly all of these days have passed! And now, gradually, we are folding up these memories and putting them away -- as one might fold a beautiful quilt and store it away in a cedar chest. It's not really gone -- just put away for now.

We have lived in this same house since 1988 -- almost 30 years now -- I guess that is strange in today's world. It is not a huge house by today's standards, but it has served us well. When we first moved into this house back in 1988, I told myself, "Ah, we'll be here a few years; then we'll find us a bigger and better place..." A few years passed, then a few more, and then a few more -- but in all those years we never found that "better place." I guess those 30 years passed by so quickly, now that the kids have mostly moved out, we are just now pausing to take a breath! Maybe that is part of it... but I think the bigger thing is we just enjoyed being together -- and it didn't really matter so much where we were -- just that we were together. Maybe that's it.

Anyway, I'd better get back to work. I have more sneezing to do, and more memories -- I mean, furniture and other junk -- to move.

(Originally Written: October 28, 2017)