

This is the Day...Wednesday

July 6, 2022

I Don't Remember

"You will seek me and find me when you seek me with all your heart." (Jeremiah 29:13)

It was the most fun day I had ever experienced. I spent all day with my brothers and several friends from the neighborhood. A day filled with excitement and laughter. But it was also a day that ended badly and a lifetime lesson was learned.

That day occurred during our summer vacation from school. I was about seven years old, which meant my oldest brother was fifteen or sixteen. My brother had seen an article in a magazine that gave instructions on how to build a homemade sling-shot. After Mom and Dad left for work, my brother got us all together and we headed for the woods to find the necessary supplies. Each of us found a sturdy branch that could be cut down in a "Y" shape. My oldest brother had a knife which he used to trim the branches. We found some wide rubber band type material in my dad's shop. By mid-morning, each of us was armed with our very own weapon. Me, my three brothers, and five or six other boys from the neighborhood. The next task was to find suitable ammunition and targets. We searched the neighborhood for old cans, plastic jugs, and glass coke bottles. We gathered up small rocks that were rounded off so that they would fly straight. Then it was time for the battle to begin. We decided that the most suitable place to set up was in the patio behind our house. We broke into two teams and each team set up targets on the brick wall of the patio. The team to have the last target standing would be declared the winner of the battle.

Someone said, "Ready, Aim, Fire!" and the barrage of flying rocks began. Rocks were flying everywhere, bouncing off the wall and hitting the house. It would sting as they were ricocheting back against our legs. We had several great and fun battles that day. Until...someone made a perfect shot with a large rock, hitting one of the glass coke bottles in the perfect spot. Who would have thought that a rock might break a coke bottle? Clearly, we did not. When the glass bottle broke, it scattered all over the patio and all the shooters ran for cover. They all disappeared, and I was left alone with my sling-shot and a patio full of glass. You know what I did? You think I cleaned it up? Nope. I ran too. When Dad came home, he noticed the glass immediately and he came straight to me for answers. It was not because I was always guilty. It was because Dad knew I was the easiest to crack and get the truth. When Dad asked me how all that glass got on the patio, I did not say, "I don't know" or "It wasn't me." I said, "I don't remember."

It is interesting how we humans can often have selective memories. We love to remember and recount the fun times and the joys of being with family and friends. But we are quick to forget those dark days and pretend as though they never happened. Our memories can become our greatest excuse because even the trials of those dark days have value and purpose in our lives. Dad certainly made sure that I and my brothers remembered that day from now on. On this day which God has given you, don't use a poor memory as an excuse. Hold the triumphs and tragedies of your life close in your heart. They all make up who you are and who you have become. Use those memories to seek God each day, giving thanks for his presence, love, and provision.