

MARK'S REMARKS

Wow, it has been awhile since I wrote under the heading, Mark's Remarks. Aware it had been some time, nothing seemed to pull the trigger back enough to cause enough similar ideas to fire. So, this month I will share a smattering of thoughts that have been 'fired within' through conversations and activities that form these Days of Summer.

When finding myself in a lake or river, waiting for the boat to return and pluck me from the water, I still engage, after many years, in a mental battle. The adventurous voice exclaims, "*Stretch your legs down and point your toes deep into the hidden water that occupies the vast territory under the surface.*" The faint-hearted voice whispers, "*Keep your legs and toes right by the surface. You don't know what lies within the deep.*" I am more at ease playing in 60' of water than 10'. Top ten fear....having my feet or toes touch an unseen lake or river bottom.

The engulfing waters threatened me, the deep surrounded me; seaweed was wrapped around my head (Jonah 2:5)

He reached down from on high and took hold of me; he drew me out of deep waters (Psalm 18:16)

The season I tire of tinkering, preparing, and cleaning up our boat, is the season of departure. Unless there is an unprecedented weather pattern, I see clear skies ahead for many years, under which, I am certain many more memories will be created.

May he give you the desire of your heart and make all your plans succeed (Psalm 20:4)

Logan water-skied for the first time this year. New beginnings begin with courage and a daring spirit. They are aided and supported well with the help of family, especially the encouraging and patient individual. In Logan's case, one who has helped many 'children at heart' experience the joys that follow in the wake of accomplishing "getting up on skies." Logan calls him Grandpa, I call him Dad. Thanks for all the help and support.

Children's children are a crown to the aged, and parents are the pride of their children (Proverbs 16:6)

My sister receives credit for the following thoughts, at least those she chooses. When boating, ever notice when the sun begins to set, the courageous and adventuresome spirit begins to rise. On the water the other night we announced it was about to time to 'pack it in.' Suddenly the kids needed one more tube ride, a little faster, a little bumpier. What they were really saying; "*Take me closer to the edge. Let me risk. Allow me to discover more of who I am.*" For when the end approaches, inhibitions and earlier fears retreat. In the midst of this, parents find themselves uttering, "If only they would have done this earlier." Could the same be said about life? How often do we miss out on adventures because of fear or the belief there will be more time? When we become increasingly aware time has slipped away while we weren't looking, and the curtains of the day are drawing to a close, is that the hour to talk ourselves into adventurous exploits requiring daring courage?

My days are swifter than a runner... They skim past like boats of papyrus... (Job 9:25a, 26a)

However many years a man may live, let him enjoy them all (Ecclesiastes 11:8a)

Enjoying the Days of Summer,
Pastor Mark