

August 22, 2021

## Scott's Thoughts



“yet you do not know what tomorrow will bring. What is your life? For you are a mist that appears for a little time and then vanishes.” James 4:14 (ESV)

She was only thirty-eight years old and ten days younger than my youngest daughter. She had health issues over the last several years, but she did not plan on dying on that day. It was sudden and unexpected, the kind of news that brings sadness for the entire family. A sadness that will linger with lasting affects, especially for her three daughters that will have to go through life without her to give them advice and direction. Her husband and her mother will also have huge holes in their lives as well as the remainder of her family and friends.

She was with her husband shopping in Wal-Mart when it happened. Her husband is a volunteer fireman and very capable of doing C.P.R. which he started immediately. It was not long before the paramedics arrived and took her to the hospital where the doctors tried for another twenty-five minutes to revive her, but it was too late. Her husband was later told that if she had been in the hospital when it happened there was still nothing that could have been done.

I do not know what they were shopping for, it could have been for things the two youngest daughters would need for school, or it could

have been something for the house. If she had only known when death was about to happen, I'm sure she would have spent those last few moments with her family and telling them about her love for them. She would not have chosen Wal-Mart with a crowd looking on.

Therein lies the real importance of life. If we had a magic calendar that we could look at and know what our death date is, we could arrange things just like we want them to be. I know that many live to be old and die surrounded by family in those last few moments, but far more die suddenly with no warning.

I tell my grandchildren I love them the very first thing every time I see them and the last thing just before we leave, every time. I try to tell my wife I love her on my way out the door every time I leave the house, and when I see my daughters, you guessed it; I tell them I love them even if we are just talking on the phone. Am I being morbid? No, but outside of God, my family is what is most important to me. My family is more important than money or time or anything. Etta would say it matters not what is going on, want to take time and have time for those you love.

In memory of Etta Vanatta, my niece.

*“Man who is born of a woman is few of the days and full of trouble. He comes out like a flower and withers; he flees like a shadow and continues not.” Job 14:1–2 (ESV)*

Thanks for listening and keep on shining.

—Scott