

Scott's Thoughts

September 10, 2023



"For this reason I bow my knees before the Father, from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named, that according to the riches of his glory he may grant you to be strengthened with power through his Spirit in your inner being, so that Christ may dwell in your hearts

through faith—that you, being rooted and grounded in love, may have strength to comprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ that surpasses knowledge, that you may be filled with all the fullness of God." (Ephesians 3:14–19, ESV)

Over the last several days I have been thinking about my family. September is a month that brings many chances for me to do so. Mom and Dad's anniversary was in September, my mother was born on the 26th and their anniversary was the 27th. I guess that is one reason they always made their anniversary a special day for them. Almost every year Dad took Mom out to dinner on their Anniversary. It was always a day of celebration for them, and they always looked back on their wedding day with great happiness. They really enjoyed being together and having a family, but there were at least two years I know of that they missed that celebration date. I say I know because I was too young to remember, but I can remember the first time they left my older brother in charge while they celebrated. I was about eight and he was ten.

Their anniversary was only one of the reasons I think about family in September. I have two sisters. Both of them are younger than me. There are several years' differences in their ages, but their birthdays are only a week apart. Kate was born on September 3, and Paula was born on September 10. Our Granddaughter Caroline was born on September 30, which is also the birthday of her paternal grandmother. Caroline's father was born, you guessed it, in September, the fourth to be exact. Ava's dad, her youngest sister and a nephew were born in September.

There is another birthday in September. I said earlier there were two times I know of that Mom and Dad missed celebrating their anniversary. The first was during the Korean war. Dad spent one of those years in Korea. The other time was when mom was in the hospital for both her birthday and anniversary. She was in the hospital giving birth to me on her birthday and I heard about it every year until Mom died.

It has been many years since we have been able to celebrate all these events with our family because of the distance that separates us. So, last year Ava and I were going to go to Illinois to celebrate birthdays but a round of Covid-19 and a detached retina ended those plans at the last minute. Love your family and celebrate with them every chance you have because you never know when it will be the last time.

"Now to him who is able to do far more abundantly than all that we ask or think, according to the power at work within us, to him be glory in the church and in Christ Jesus throughout all generations, forever and ever. Amen." (Ephesians 3:20–21, ESV)

Thanks for listening and keep on shining. —Scott