

News From The Homefront

Peripheral Vision:

For exercise, we enjoy taking walks along the ocean beach. We usually go in the early evening and try to find a place where there are hardly any people around. One evening we were walking along and Frank noticed out of the corner of his eye that there was a lady sitting down by the fence. The fence is a barrier between the bush-land and the sandy beach. She was hanging on to the fence post but not getting up. He mentioned it to me and I watched her for a little while too. We soon realized she was in some type of distress. When we walked up to her, she told us that she had a hip surgery recently and had sat down to rest for a while but couldn't get back up. We both held one of her arms and pulled her up and then waited to see if she could walk. She could, and she thanked us and said that she lived close by and could make it home okay. It made me wonder how much I notice things that aren't front and center: things that are subtly to the side that also need attention and help. I'm praying for more "spiritual peripheral vision."

Weather:

Earlier this month we had a cold week and the news said it was the coldest temperature in December for 54 years. Then this past week, we had one of the hottest temperatures for December in a long time. The weather station that is located at an airport a few hours north of us showed the hottest temperature on the planet for that day. This was going by other weather stations around the world. On that day, we took a walk at 5:00 p.m. and my arms got sunburned. It has been a little unusual having both a really cold day and then a scorching hot day within a few weeks, but we know that God has ordered all of our weather. And it is a blessing that we live in the days of heaters and air conditioners.

Going Bush?

Usually on Saturday afternoons, we go to the school where we hold worship services and set up the chairs and pulpit to be ready for Sunday morning. A few weeks ago, I had an appointment with my eye doctor on Saturday and we did some shopping and we were late getting our usual work done. Frank started getting ready for the evening and took his wallet and change out of his pockets and was starting to water the grass and plants. Then he came in and told me that we forgot to set up the school building for services and he would run and do that while I did some other odd and end jobs. Shortly after he left, I saw his wallet in our bedroom. We never have bought smart phones here in Australia, so on the phone we have at the house I had to hit the number several times to get the right letter. I would mess up and have to start over and it seemed like it took me 15 minutes to type, "You left your wallet at the house." I was happy to get that job done and was expecting him to come back to the house to get it. Then I started to straighten things up and went into his office and saw that his phone was plugged in to recharge, so he never got my message. I was praying he didn't get stopped by a police roadblock, as they are common this time of year.

Then I noticed that his shoes were in his office. (Some people don't realize that shoes go in a closet. Ha!) But I did wonder if he went "bush" on me and went barefoot. No wallet, phone, or shoes??? I had to go out to the garage and see if he drove the scooter or the vehicle. I was glad to see the scooter was still there and his work shoes were gone. So he didn't go "bush" after all. Still I was tense as I didn't like him driving without his license on him.

The next thing I know he comes into the house whistling and was as happy as could be. I asked him to go read the message on his phone. He said he never realized he didn't have his wallet. I guess all is well that ends well, but now I can't help myself and check for his wallet, shoes, and phone when he leaves on an errand. ☺

A friend in Christ, Cyd James