

FATHER TIME

By John F. Hall

Nearly every true story writer is constantly in search of that next story, even though Father Time is knocking on their door. He is there to tell us that our allotted time is almost up. To be honest, I write out of love. Money and fame are just useless vanity that will vanish in the wind. I looked over at the antique hour glass that I purchased decades ago. It's just a reminder to me to keep Father Time at bay. It has been awhile since I flipped it over to allow the grains of sand to slowly flicker down to the bottom globe. When my heart stops beating, there is no way that I can walk over to that hour glass, flip it over and watch another hour of time as told by those grains of sand. Only Christ knows when my story writing day will end, so I leave it in His merciful hands.

Years ago, I wrote a story about hope. We all make dumb, stupid mistakes in this life. But the biggest mistake that anyone can make is to believe that the Good Lord will not forgive them. Did you ever walk into a cemetery and see the sins of the deceased written on their tombstone? Christ came into this world and died for our sins. We can all learn from the time that Christ walked this earth. All of us have friends. Some of us have been betrayed by false friends. Even Jesus was betrayed by a false friend. He knew what this false friend would do. What did he say to this person? He turned to him and said, "What you will do-do it quickly," John 13:27. When that happens to us, Christ does not want us to seek revenge. Judas, when he realized what he did, could not forgive himself and he took his own life. Jesus, even when he was on the cross and about to die said, "Father, forgive them for they do not know what they do." Luke 23:34. Judas lost his hope that Jesus would forgive him and that is the biggest mistake that he made. No one should ever lose hope of Christ's forgiveness. In Isaiah, Chapter 1, Verse 18 are these words, "Come now, let us reason together, says the Lord: though your sins are as scarlet, they shall be made as white as snow; though they are red as crimson, they shall become like wool."

Eventually, Father Time will take away our grandparents, our parents, our siblings, our soul mates and our friends. Our looks, our treasures and our health will all fall victim to the ravages of Father Time. Only our faith and hope in Jesus Christ will last for all eternity. But that knowledge should not keep us from getting on the dance floor of life and being content and grateful for every day of life that the Good Lord gives us as a gift. In many of my stories, I find a song that helps convey what I want to say. I like the lyrics in a song written by Tia Sellers and Mark Sanders. The song is titled, "I Hope You Dance." These are some of the lyrics in that song, "I hope you never lose your sense of wonder. You get your fill to eat but always keep that hunger. May you never take one single breath for granted. God forbid love ever leave you empty handed. I hope you still feel small when you stand besides the ocean. Whenever one door closes I hope one door opens. Promise me that you'll give faith a fighting chance. And when you get the chance to sit it out or dance. I hope you dance. I hOpe you never fear those mountains in the distance. Never settle for the path of least resistance. Livin' might mean takin' chances, but it's worth takin'. Don't let some Hellbent heart leave you bitter. When you come close to sellin' out, reconsider. Give the heavens above more than just a passing glance. And when you get the chance to sit it out or dance, I hope you dance..."

Song writers are really the best story tellers. They have to tell their story in a limited number of lyrics. Each lyric line in the “I Hope You Dance” song is a separate story unto itself. There is one line in this song that applies to everyone. That line is, “May you never take a single breath for granted.” If I could add a lyric or two, I would add, “May you always live your life to the fullest. May you always keep your faith and hope in God.” In closing, don't prematurely open the door to Father Time.

John F. Hall

*Read more stories written by John F. Hall at: <http://www.ajlambert.com>