

RABBITS, ALICE, AND MARRIAGE

By John F. Hall

There is a small, wild rabbit, that I named “Bunny Hop.” It lays on its stomach and eats the soft clover in my back yard. When I open my kitchen door, Bunny Hop will freeze and remain motionless. As soon as I close the door, Bunny Hop will go back to eating the clover. For some reason, the rabbit does not consider me to be a threat. One recent summer morning, I looked out the kitchen window to see what Bunny Hop was doing.



Four other rabbits had joined Bunny Hop, and they were all feasting on the clover. Once in a while, I would see two rabbits chasing each other, and jumping in the air, having fun.

In 1865, Lewis Carroll wrote the novel, “Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.” In 1951, it was made into an animated cartoon movie called, “Alice in Wonderland.” In the movie there is a white rabbit wearing a red waistcoat, a yellow vest, a black tie, and carrying a very large pocket watch and an umbrella. The white rabbit is always in a hurry and saying: “Oh my fur and whiskers! I'm Late! I'm late for a very important date. No time to say hello,, goodbye. Oh dear, oh dear! I'm late! I'm late! Grace Slick wrote the song, “White Rabbit,” in 1966. She used imagery in the song lyrics to identify most of the cartoon characters in the Alice in Wonderland movie. These are her lyrics: “One pill makes you larger: One pill makes you smaller. And the ones that your mother gives you, don't do anything at all. Go ask Alice when she's ten feet tall. Tell'em a hookah-smoking caterpillar has given you a call. Call Alice, when she was small. When the men on the chessboard get up and tell you where to go, and you've just had some kind of mushroom, and your mind is moving slow; go ask Alice, I think she'll know. When logic and proportion have fallen asleep dead, and the White Knight is talking backwards, and the Red Queen's off with her head, remember what the dormouse said, feed your head, feed your head.”

Grace Slick is 83 years old. She is a retired singer-song writer, artist and painter. She sang with Jefferson Starship on one of my favorite 1987 songs, “Nothings Gonna Stop Us Now.” When I hear that song, it reminds me of my life with my wife, Paula. And it is an amazing life. The song was written by Albert Hammond and Diane Warren. These are some of their lyrics: “Lookin' in your eyes, I see a paradise. This world that I found is too good to be true. Standin' here besides you, want so much to give, this love in my heart that I'm feeling for you. Let 'em say we're crazy, I don't care about that. Put your hand in my hand baby, don't look back. Let the world around us fall apart. Baby, we can make it if we're heart to heart. And we can build this dream together, standing strong forever. Nothing's gonna stop us now...”. “Oh, whoa. I'm so glad I found you, I'm not going to lose you. What ever it takes, I will stay here with you. Take you to the good times. See you through the bad times. Whatever it takes is what I'm gonna do...”.

I remember when I first met my wife, Paula. She is a farmer's daughter, and I was a soldier boy who didn't have a row to hoe. Like many couples that married when they were teenagers, they started out with nothing. I still remember when I was 20 years old

and salvaging barbwire on my father-in-law's farm in Golden Pond. The TVA was forcing everyone out to make the LBL. A Preacher man came down a dusty road, and came to a sliding stop. Once all the gravel dust blew away, he asked me if I needed any water to drink. I told him that I had some. He said that they opened up a new community college in Hopkinsville. I told him that I would check it out, and he drove away and disappeared in the gravel dust.

I really believe that Jesus Christ wanted Paula to be my wife. Too many people helped to make that happen. I first looked into Paula's eyes when she was 18. There was something magical about them. We got married on a dream, a hope, and a prayer. Looking back, it kinda scared me, because we had absolutely nothing, but each other. Paula and I built our dream together. We stayed together through the good and the very hard times. We watched so many other marriages, of the people that we knew, bite the dust in front of us. Some said that our teenage marriage would never last. Some said that we were crazy because we are so different. But we did not care what they said. We held each other's hand and never gave up. Christ has sustained us these past 57 years. Today, we are still standing strong together.

I'll end this story with a short piece by Nancy Watson Dodrill called "The Things that Matter Most." These are her words: "The things that matter most to me are the things that God provides. The time to lift your heart in praise with teardrops in your eyes; the moments when you meditate about your Savior's Will, the prayers you lift to God, above, those moments calm and still. The things that matter most to me are the things our Father gives. Home, family, miracles, the moments each one lives. The time we share with those we love, the times we share with Him, are precious held in our hearts where memories never dim. The things that matter most to me are those things you can't see. The gifts that come from God, above, like love, hope, humility. God gives that spark within your heart, it can't be scarred or torn; each gift He gives is heaven-blessed, each one is Heaven-born."

John F. Hall

*Read other stories by John F. Hall and others at:
<http://www.ajlambert.com>