

Hi KC Parents!

As I was returning home from my walk this evening, it seemed as if the “golden hour” descended on Eagle Rock. It was so beautiful, that I stopped in my tracks to take in the vision of the hills reflecting the soon setting sun. As I paused, I noticed the “Hinkley House” sitting in the middle of Ellenwood Dr. It really is in the middle of the street, because Ellenwood splits and becomes 2 roads- creating an island of houses. The very first house right in the center of the island is my elementary school friend’s old house. It looked very regal perched there. As I took it all in, memories came flooding at me as I stood there, staring at the house.

Gail, the youngest of five, was in my class at St. Dominic’s School, and I spent many Saturday afternoons and school days after classes, hanging at her house. I can remember the fun we had babysitting her family members. I can remember one birthday party in particular where I laughed so hard, I peed my pants! Our 8th-grade graduation pool party was also held at her house. It was the first co-ed party I had ever attended and a first for all the kids in my class. For me, there was much anxiety, anticipation, and drama over going to that party, and arguments between my father and me about what was an appropriate swimsuit. He wanted me to go donning a one-piece with a skirt! I was beside myself in grief.

I can’t remember what I ended up wearing in their pool that evening, but I do remember feeling mortified, awkward, and out of place. I realize today, the same must’ve been true for every jr. high kid that was present at the party that night!

Though the house was sold years ago, I began wondering how that family is faring, how many are still alive, and who’s passed on. I was impressed with the feeling that time really is fleeting. Back in those days, being at the Hinkleys’ was my world. It was the hub of fun in the neighborhood. I never imagined life being different. Fast forward to now and that time frame was just a blip, a dot in the span of my life.

I was reading Psalm 144:4 recently... it says, “Man is like a breath; his days are like a passing shadow”

I’ve found this to be true... the psalmist isn’t lying.

This truth will eventually become a reality to us all, as we keep on living!

When we packed up my mom & dad’s home to sell all their belongings and get them into a senior facility, I had a similar experience. I stood in their living room wondering where the time had gone. Where had all the Christmas mornings, parties, holidays, summer nights swimming, family game times, disappear to? There was a part of me that felt these days would last forever. But they didn’t.

It reminds me to appreciate the present blessings of today, understanding that they’re fleeting, and only a blip in the span of my life. The same holds true when it comes to our troubles and the difficulties that we face. The problems that feel permanent and devastating now, will not last forever.

Lord help us learn how to live in victory in the midst of hard times- knowing that you fight our battles for us and every tough season shall pass.

Help us also, to soak in our present blessings, and enjoy every moment to the fullest!

Blessings,
Viv Stone