

Fred`s Thoughts

When I was a young teenager, I was beset with terrible foreboding. My Father and mother were both in their 40`s when I was born, and my brother and sisters were all much older than me. In those times when you saw a man in his late sixties or early 70`s you at least expected him to be walking with a stick if not locked in a wheelchair. Every where I looked you saw those brave people who had gone through those terrible times of the 2nd World war. Gnarled and bent but never bowed. The world was a dangerous place. The war to end all wars had merely subsided into disparate arguments between various states and ideologies around the world. We had wars in Cambodia, Laos, Vietnam and Korea. There was trouble in the Suez and Cyprus and various places in the African continent. Those of us who lived through the Cuban Missile crisis can never forget the fear of nuclear war. That fear was a tangible thing. The Egyptians fighting the Israelis and the Palestinian terrorists and not to forget the troubles in Northern Ireland.

As a young Customs officer I remember being volunteered to search an Air Canada DC8 looking for the bomb that the terrorists had told us about on the phone. I was volunteered because at the time I was not married and from a large family so would not be missed as much as others. A very sobering feeling. To walk into the plane and realise that you could be taking your last breath was an incredible feeling. To feel the perspiration draining down your back as you opened the various possible concealment spaces in the passenger compartment. Then to find a bag with a loud ticking noise stuffed under one of the seats I prayed that God was with me. When the army bomb disposal man took the bag from me (dressed in his full armoured suit) I collapsed in a dead faint in my summer uniform shirt and soaking Customs hat. But I knew at that time God was with me. I knew that life while fragile was a beautiful gift of God and that we should live every second of it in praise of our God and his son Jesus Christ. It was the moment that I appreciated the sacrifice of Jesus to enable us to have the hope of life after death.

“Indeed there is hope for a tree. If it’s cut down and still sprouting and its shoots don’t fail, if its roots age in the ground and its stump dies in the dust, at the scent of water, it will bud and produce sprouts like a plant.” Job **14:7-9**

The Good News: Even when life knocks you down and you’re feeling small, there is still hope to be found. You can find support from God and from your loved ones to help you keep growing.