

I'm Not A HOARDER

Have you ever seen that show on TV that shows homes so full of “stuff” that you have to step on trash, unrecognizable items, and weave your way through mountains of junk to get from one place to another? Not only are these places piled with stuff, they are a danger and a health hazard. Fortunately, the “redo” gives you the hope that things will be better in the future.



Now I'm not a hoarder... but I am a “collector.” My home is reasonably presentable and I don't worry about needing a “redo.” But, I do admit that some of my closets are full of stuff. Stuff that I cannot bring myself to part with. Mostly it's things of sentimental value. Items that I retrieved from my parents home before selling it.

If you are as old as I am, I'm sure you remember those big movie projectors with the big reel to reel tapes. Yep, got one of those with a few tapes of our family adventures of years ago. Also, have boxes of 35 mm pictures that can be displayed with the aid of the projector for them. That's more family memories stored away... for what reason, I can't say. But I sure can't part with them.

(My children will certainly have thoughts of my mental faculties when it comes time to sort through some of this stuff.)

I have even decorated one of the bedrooms in my home with articles from the past. A beaded purse, a small ladies hat with the netting, old makeup items, and knick-knacks galore. And my own addition is my collection of crosses hanging on one wall. Also, I have a framed invitation that was sent to my aunt and uncle from John F. Kennedy for his installation as president. They were not healthy enough to make the trip, but were honored to be invited.

What baffles me most of all is why I do this. But I know that God makes us all to be His children, and our quirks are our own as He desired them to be when He made us.

To me my real home isn't here. I look forward to my eternal home with my Savior. There will be no need of sentimental stuff or collections that will fade away. All of the joy and love that my soul requires will be with the Father and the Son. Thanks be to God that I have a “collection” of praise to give and no need of clutter in my Heavenly home.

- Jackie Abbott