

Looking Back.....

You know, when we look back at the events of our life, it's really quite interesting. Do we see the circumstances that we let rule us or do we see the good that resulted?

I've grown a lot since my school days. I was so shy that Mom said I was afraid of my own shadow. I remember the first day of school vividly to this day. Mom took me to my class room and stood at the door watching as I found my chair. I smiled at her, comforted by her presence. Then in a blink of an eye, she was gone! Instant panic set in... and that poor teacher had a blubbering, bawling six-year-old to contend with. It was my first lesson in "mini independence."



Of course, in my younger, vibrant years, everything was supposed to be fair, fun and fulfilling. Sometimes yes, sometimes no. How I would fuss and whine when the "no" showed up. It took some growing up, growing older and wiser to see that the "no" turned into something good, and quite often better.

My Mom often said that you have to learn to walk before you can run. That really turned out to be excellent advice. And still is today. Quite often, I revise that expression to be "Think before you act." I can get so excited about some activity or project... just because it works for so many others, then find that my own personal quirks just don't fit in. Doesn't mean that the activity or project is at fault, it's just that I wasn't wired to accomplish or to enjoy it.

Some talents just swept right past me. Mom could sew and crochet with the best! She tried teaching me, too. Since I was taking Home-Ed at school, I already knew that sewing was not my cup of tea. I made the one required garment then stuck the needle and thread in the pin cushion to gather dust or to rust.

So, I tried the crocheting thing. Making an endless string graduated to the next step and the next. I crocheted one doily...and said "Never again." I just wasn't "threaded" to do that. But, guess what! That talent jumped right past me and landed in my daughter's hands. That young lady can sew, crochet, knit, and has a capable hand at all kinds of crafts! Seems to be that Mom's talent still is active.

But I did have one great love... and that was music. Unfortunately, singing in the choir wasn't an option, since my vocal talent is completely off-key. Thankfully other options were available and I took advantage of that. My grandfather's love for the violin was a blessing that was passed on down to me.

You know, all of this growing up, observing the talents and how they came about is rather amazing. It's a good thing that I'm not in control, I've decided. Boy! Things could really be a mess.

All of this is God's handiwork. His miraculous hand knew just where to put things in place... and when. I am so blessed that He gave me the love and honor to praise Him with music. And I can never thank Him enough, I'm sure. He has been so generous to give me a wonderful family, fantastic friendships, and His everlasting Grace to hold onto. I look forward to "fiddling" with Him when I take that homeward journey!

- Jackie Abbott