

Vanishing Vapor

James 4:14

I just received news that a dear high school buddy of mine died a few days ago. Whenever this happens it is cause for me to push back from the demanding desk and just let the mind sift through all the memories of another life, both personal and time. They marshal, demanding a washing away of the previous thoughts and concerns and make the waters a bit more murky and cold. Part of this habitual reaction knows my vanishing vapor will never be the same.

Providentially a few friends of mine had gathered a few weeks ago with the express purpose of keeping the “years ago” friendships alive. We wanted to invite our friend and we had called on several people that knew our friend but could not get a bead on him - where he was, what he was doing, and how. We must have asked at least 20 people and no one knew the answers to our groping questions. Well we shelved the invitation away. In another city, our friend was breathing his last even while we were seeking him.

He was a strong man whom I admired. We loved to laugh and play sports together. Our small group of buddies did much together and he was always part. He had such strong determination. If he decided to accomplish anything, no one or thing would stop him. At times it could hurt him but isn't it true we all have faults and plead for grace from others to cover our weaknesses or sins. As we aged we drew apart going different ways and finally had no contact together although I thought of him often, again the persistent reminder of the difference in past and present.

He died of lung cancer. Very few people, even in his family, knew and fewer still were there when he met Jesus. I hurt for him as I just wanted to tell him that I loved him still. I wanted to gently sit and remind his and my heart of God's precious plan to acquaint us and give us the privilege to know and love each other. Even though the years would separate us, those foggy memories would glisten together in quiet moments of reflections. I miss him.

Life is a gift of vapor. God is the Giver. We hold it for an undisclosed time. Live wise so the vanishing vapor will perfume the closets and rooms of other's memories. They will bless you and God for it.

Earthly vapors are made to disappear but not forgotten. When someone pushes back their chair for you, what will they smell, a “sweet smelling Aroma”?