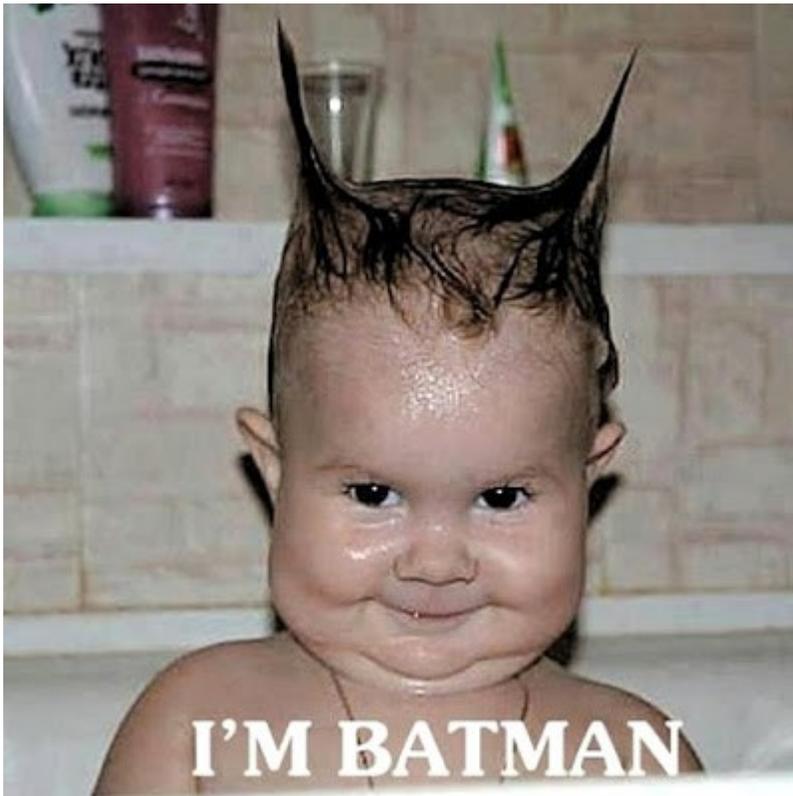


Batman, and other joys of life!



I like this picture! I know, its just a picture of a kid pretending to be something he (or she) isn't, but I think its cute. When I look at this pose, I remember all the silly, childish things I did when I was young; all the imaginary medieval battles, all those times when I played Cowboys and Indians with my younger brother, Dave.

Then, something happened, one day I no longer wanted to play childish games. I desired other things. This is life and I fondly remember each stage of it. But, what follows getting old? And then I thought of several verses from the Bible.

Ecclesiastes 3 ([World English Bible](#))

Ecc 3:1, For everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven:

And

1 Corinthians 13 ([WEB](#))

1Co 13:11, When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child. Now that I have become a man, I have put away childish things.

1Co 13:12, For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then I will know fully, even as I was also fully known. (emphasis added)

1Co 13:13, But now faith, hope, and love remain—these three. The greatest of these is love.

One day I realized I was old. Not really a pleasant thought. But, once I accepted the fact of my geriatric status, I began to warm up to the idea. There are benefits to being older: wisdom, experience, memories of things I see people do everyday. And I realize that a little bit of me will live on in my offspring. More than that, whatever love I have shared will remain. And when I am no longer alive, I will come face to face with the revelation of how things really are in the spiritual realm; for I am quite sure God will explain everything to me.

In the meantime, I will live by something I said Wednesday night just before Bible Study: “I don’t wanna grow up, I’m a toys r us kid”. Hopefully, you will put up with my shenanigans and love me anyway.

Now, do you want to be the Long Ranger or Tonto?