

## Stand at the Door and Knock



Times were hard for the Family. We were immersed “Smack Dab Middle of the “Me” generation. The economy was shot. Mamma could find no work on the side . . . yet she faithfully prayed. Since Papa had died we were continually challenged with making ends meet. Most times there was always the Community, the Church and the Fields of the Farmers that assisted our family with sustenance. We in turn assisted others as well. There were five of us. Me, my two Brothers and my two Sisters. I was the eldest. We lived in a Village where everyone was a reflection of the economic hard times, but we all seemed to harmoniously work together.

As time became even more challenging we experienced an increasing reluctance of our neighbors to assist each other. Regardless of the prevailing attitudes of our neighbors, Mama always was helping others. It was if, we the people of the “ME” generation finally understood what that “Generational Tag” meant . . . ME FIRST ! This was my first and most profound encounter with the term “Self Preservation”. Life at times seems unfair . . . at least all the other families had their Father to protect and comfort them. But this realization did not change a thing.



**In remembering Papa . . . One thing Papa had done in our home before he passed was build a large Pantry . . . a Food Storage Closet . . .No, it was more like a Food Storage Room. It had Cabinets he had made on all the walls. Over the years we had managed to keep our Cupboard full. It held all types of food. Mom was always Canning something as were we. When hard times, or Winter came we always found our Family well prepared to endure, however the economic situation was growing even worse. Many times we went to bed at night wanting a bit more to eat. This was a completely different experience for our family. Before Papa died we did not concern ourselves with rationing.**

**Each night before our evening meal, we continued to give our thanks for the Day's providence and the meal we were about to eat. This was our Family's tradition as long as i can remember. It was a very reverent time in of day for our Family. This did not seem to put any more food in our Pantry, however, we survived! Of course there were other Families suffering also. As i said earlier, every one was feeling the pressure. People seemed to start to appear and act different towards each other. Even in the Church there seemed to reside an ominous air of despair. It was as if Hope had left. Oh, we all prayed, but the Prayers were more like "Pleadings" instead of the Celebrance of Joy we once knew amongst each other. The reverence of life had become heavy.**

**In time we had exhausted our Pantry's supply. Our family was in dire straights. Regardless of how bad things appeared, we kept with our Family tradition of offering our thanks for that which we received. I do not remember any particular "Miracles" coming about in those times that delivered us to where we are today, but we are here! Perhaps that is a part of the lesson i have learned from these early life experiences. Some times life is hard! It is at those times that we must continue that which we know. It is not about how hard we pray for what we think we need, but to give thanks for that which we have. A gracious spirit is a wonderful gift.**

We, our family still live in the same Village. My Sisters are married and have their own homes and families as are my Brothers. Mother is doing fine as well. Every day's end as a family we still come together to offer our Love and Blessings to each other and our Prayers to Our Father in Heaven for what has been provided for us. We are truly, truly thankful.

In reflection of those hard and meager times, i have come to realize this . . . When times become hard, this is when we must "STICK" ! . . . be "Faithful"! In life's challenging moments, there is no excuse to stop loving thy neighbor, and offering our hand of help to one another. When our Cupboards are bare it does not mean that life is over! Just remember that "Fear" is an "Opportunist"! Fear, is a encompassing presence that awaits these challenging moments in our lives to test our Love, Faith and our "Mettle". Should Fear win the battle, then surely we are lost.

I remember one particular day as a child i went to the Cupboard. I stood at the Door Way. I recalled an old "Biblical Parable" taught to me in Sunday School. I did not quite remember all the exact words then, but i did recall quite clearly the part about "Knocking on the Door". So, i stood at the Door and i knocked ! I did not truly understand the spirit of my actions and there was no clear and audible response to my incessant knocking, but my Spirit did reveal this insight to me.

In Life, we can not depend solely on Man, for Man will always fail you. These are the words that came to me . . . "I AM the One who holds ALL Things. Whatever you ask of me in my name i shall provide for you for I Am the Way!" Of course i immediately related this to God speaking to me. In life i have thus come to believe this . . . as i said earlier, that i do not believe in Miracles . . . no, not me . . . I believe in God ! Where there is the presence of God or "Our Creator", what need have we of Miracles ? I guess the only true miracles of life are the things you can do on your own . . . whatever that may be!

These days, i am a Teacher of sorts at our Village Church. My singular "Motto" in life is that same act i exercised many years ago. Whenever you are troubled and full of woe and despair, just carry your troubles to the Door. I believe that He who holds all things knows our needs. He knows that eventually we will have to turn to a Greater Power. He knows you are coming to His Door ! Do as i do . . . still! Stand at the Door and Knock !



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