

# Doors of Life



“Will you chose Door Number 1, Door Number 2, or Door Number 3?”

Many recognize this stressful question from game shows on TV. The prizes varied from something magnificent - like a dream car or vacation, to something mundane - like cleaning supplies. How many contestants choose wisely? Was it a matter of wisdom, luck or psychic ability possessed by the player?

In life, I have seen and participated in many game-show style door choices. Some have led to adventurous vacations and others have led to job loss. However, I have grown to appreciate what is behind all the doors. These doors have molded me into the person I am and the one I will be. I have had my hand on many doorknobs throughout life. Some doors I should have opened, but did not. Some I shouldn't have - but did.

Now that I find myself headed down the slope of life with retirement years looming ahead, I see people differently than I did 20 years ago.

Everyone is playing the big game of life, making choices. A few people seem to be blessed with good luck at opening doors. The rest of us do the best with the choices we have made. I find myself to be less critical of people's choices than I once was. Maybe this is the result of doors I have gone through.

In my possession is a special door. This physical object connects me to my family history - A Door - Through this door dozens of family have passed. It was once a kitchen door to the house my father, his father, and his father all passed through.

Quite possibly, my Great, Great Grandfather hung this door. We may never know. Most importantly however, all the family members who grew up there went in and out that door. Hands touched the doorknob. Visitors came and went. Then, a remodel, and the door was no longer required. I could not say no. To touch the same doorknob that my ancestors touched is probably the closest I will ever get to meeting them here on earth. There is a sense of respect, appreciation and gratefulness when I touch the door. I am grateful for the choices they made that influenced my presence. Many do not stop and think about the generations to come and how our choices will affect them. But they do.

I am thankful to have been born into a loving family of believers in God.

I am grateful for family get-togethers that connect us.

I am blessed to have opened the most important door of all...

“Behold I stand at the door and knock; if anyone hears My voice and opens the door, I will come in to him and will dine with him, and he with Me.” Revelations 3:20

Welcome Door 2017. May you be filled with happiness, health, adventure and love.

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