

ANOTHER MOVE

by Tom Wacaster

Moving from one location to another can be quite taxing. Growing up, we had our fair share of family moves from one part of town to another, or from one city to another. I suppose that mom and dad prepared me for what would be the inevitable experience(s) in the life of a preacher. My wife and I will have been married thirty eight years this October. In those thirty eight years we have moved a total of 24 times, and are about to make our 25th move within the next week (that wears me out just thinking about it). I am determined that I am going to maintain the upper hand, carefully pack all my belongings, and see to it that we complete this move without so much as a scratch on any of the furniture (OK! Maybe just a couple of scratches). I came across the following on the internet. I can sympathize with the one who this article:

“Murphy's Laws of Moving”

1. No matter how many boxes you have, you will never have enough.
2. The more your friends promise to help, the more likely it is they will be deathly ill or out of town the weekend you are moving.
3. Whatever it is that you need, it is always in the bottom of a box that has already been taped shut.
4. Now that you are moving and no longer need it, you will always find something you have been looking for for years.
5. The tape, the scissors, the markers and the screwdriver all know how to play hide ‘n’ seek.
6. The thing that gets broken will always be an irreplaceable antique heirloom - never something cheap that you didn't like anyway.
7. Regardless of long the drought has been going on, it will always rain on moving day.
8. You will always lose your checkbook, your car keys, the remote control or the telephone.
9. If you stay up all night packing to be ready for the movers, they will be late.
10. No matter how large the new place is, it will shrink before you move in.

I fully realize that this move is not going to be my last move, since the house into which we are moving is rental property. So, somewhere down the road, perhaps in a year or so, we will haul out the boxes that have been stored for the umpteenth time, and go through a process with which we have become all too familiar. I also fully realize that there is a day coming when I will make my last move. The boxes will be unpacked for the last time; personal belongings put “in their place” to remain for the duration; and pictures and plaques hung on the wall to be taken down by those to whom we will leave those sentimental items that we have hauled around for these many years. This may very well be that move. Whenever that time comes, there will be two moves yet remaining – two moves the likes of which I will have never experienced in this life. The first move will involve no deposits, no U-Haul truck, or packing and taping of boxes. It will be unplanned and unscheduled. My body will be borne by others who will also console those

whom I have left behind; my final resting place marked by a tombstone that might bear a few words that will sum up the many years the Lord has given me upon this earth. The second and final move will be my journey to meet my Lord and Savior in the air, where I will be escorted to the throne of the Father, to spend eternity with the redeemed of every age. That will be a glorious occasion, not only because I will rest from my labors, but because I will arrive at that final destination knowing that never again will I have to make “another move.”