

*Dear Friends in Christ,*

*May 30, 2017*

*Sunday after church, Mike and I grabbed a quick lunch, changed clothes and jumped in the car to make our Memorial Day weekend pilgrimage to the cemetery where my parents are buried. The trip is almost three hours one way, so it's not a spur of the moment event.*

*I was looking forward to some peaceful, prayerful time in the cemetery, remembering my parents and remembering my dad's service to our country. (He served in the Army Air Force in WWII).*

*We followed a car into the cemetery. Wouldn't you know that it came to the exact spot where we usually park when visiting my folks' grave. Out of that car popped four men and boys of various ages, armed with a gas-powered weed whacker and leaf blower. They headed to grave markers right next to my parents and proceeded to weed whack around the markers of several of their loved ones. Of course, that effort had to be followed by blowing off all of the debris from the markers. So much for a quiet, peaceful, prayerful time!*

*Now, we could have reacted by getting really angry. After all, we drove a long way to be there! However, what else was there to do other than to relax and wait it out? That's what we did. About quickly as they came and filled the air with noise, they were gone.*

*In Hebrews it says, "Make every effort to live in peace with everyone." (Hebrews 12:14) We chose peace, and it worked out okay. Eventually, we got our peaceful, prayerful time.*

*Mr. or Ms. Anonymous has said, "Peace does not mean to be in a place where there is no noise, trouble or hard work. It means to be in the midst of those things and still be calm in your heart." Imagine what the world would be like if we all took a few minutes each day to decide to choose peace rather than angst and anger.*

*Love and peace, Betsey*