

Leaving a Legacy

My people, hear my teaching; listen to the words of my mouth.

² I will open my mouth with a parable;

I will utter hidden things, things from of old—

³ things we have heard and known,

things our ancestors have told us.

⁴ We will not hide them from their descendants;

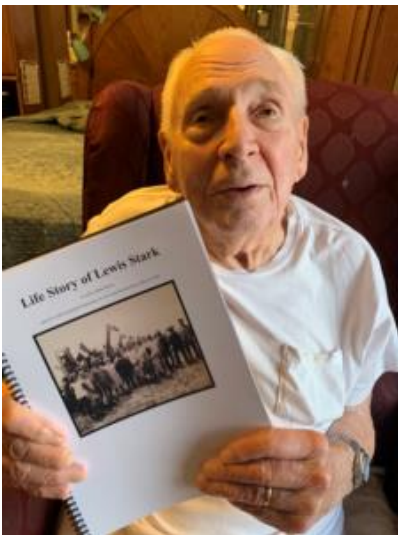
we will tell the next generation

the praiseworthy deeds of the Lord,

his power, and the wonders he has done.

Psalm 78:1-4

August is “*What will be your legacy*” month. I’m sure you have thought about the value of your legacy and what contributions, perspective, and family history you can share with the generations to come.



After two years in the making, our friend Lew has finally finished his life story and he is excited to share it with those he loves. Lew has been blind for six years. I am witness to his prayers throughout each day for big and little things. He believes his life quote wholeheartedly:

Only one life twill soon be past;

Only what's done for Christ will last.

My grandmother left me a different kind of legacy. I wrote about it and shared it at her celebration service. I thought I would share it with you. Enjoy! Know that you are loved and missed. ***Christine***



10 Gifts from Grandma

The gift of beauty.

Dress for your man. She seldom left her bedroom each morning without being fully dressed and make-up on. She thought it a sad thing to see women who “let themselves go”

after they marry. Even 8 years after Grandpa died, she still dressed for her man.

The gift of play.

Take time to play & recreate. She & Grandpa spent 17 years as winter Texans in their early retirement years. And together they watched the Kansas City Royals on television. Even after Grandpa’s death, Grandma continued to watch her Royals.

The gift of touch.

Sometimes seniors go days without human touch. Grandma loved her hugs! We had two little boys next door, who, every time they saw Grandma, would run to her and give her a hug. One of Mom & Dad’s fondest memories was Grandma’s 1st Sunday back to church after her 21-day hospital visit. People were lined up to give Grandma hugs. She beamed and lived on that for days as she shared how special that was.

The gift of a hobby.

Oil painting, quilts, and puzzles. Puzzles were something she shared with her great-granddaughter, Hannah

The gift of a smile!

Grandma lived with a contagious smile. Did you ever notice her golden tooth? That was Grandpa’s favorite! Many years ago the dentist wanted to put another covering on that tooth, and Grandpa refused. He loved the golden tooth on Grandma.

The gift of pets.

Pets bring responsibility and a reason to get up in the morning. Pets bring companionship and joy. Our dog still looks for Grandma...

The gift of daily purpose.

Sometimes our first instinct is to do everything for the elderly. I learned from Grandma that she finds joy and purpose in helping out and using her homemaker skills. She would fold our laundry, clean the dishes, bake bread, and at Christmas time, make her Peppernuts for the neighbors and church friends.

The gift of TIME and presence (visitation).

Grandma so enjoyed the visits from people at church. One Christmas, a group from her church came caroling and touched them deeply.

Neighborhood kids would stop by to say. "Hi Grandma! How are you?"

Every week I would take Grandma over to visit a friend and play games, share stories, and have pampering days!

The gift of prayer.

At home we have a monitor where we can hear Grandma if she needs something. On several occasions I would hear her prayers as she went to bed. She was a prayer-warrior. She prayed fervently for her family and some relationships that needed God's touch. She prayed for the salvation of each family member. She prayed specifically for her church, pastor, SS teacher, this country, our military, and the many special prayer requests that came through. She was a prayer-warrior.

The gift of generosity.

Grandma & Grandpa were givers of their time, talents, and treasures throughout the years. I continue to hear stories of their generosity to this day. They never wanted others to know – they just quietly gave. As God blessed them, they blessed others.