

Doldrums

The old man sat on the porch swing absent of thought and napping. His granddaughter awakened him as she opened the screen door.

She was about to return home to her condo in the city, and was trying to be quiet, but the creaking of the screen made just enough noise to arouse him.

"Alicia, got a minute?" the old man asked as he awoke.

She responded, "Of course I do Popie" as she joined him on the swing and snuggled next to him. The evening was cool and being close felt good. She had tried in vain to hide her depression, but she could never keep anything from her Popie.

"So Alicia, what's going on in your life?" He made eye contact. "Why the long face?" He asked.

She gazed into the sky blue eyes that stood out against his tan, weathered face backed by his silver white hair. He was old, well into his eighties but still very attractive—so full of warmth, wisdom and love. She wondered, why she couldn't find someone like him, only fifty years younger? For the last decade she had begun to realize how blessed she was to have a Grandfather who was the best of the best of men and always seemed interested in her, what she was doing and about everything in her life. She shared more with him than anyone, but still not everything.

"Not much Popie, I seem to have found myself in the doldrums, and there is nothing I can seem to do about it. I hunger and thirst for a life long-mate, but I can't find anyone decent who isn't already taken. I feel like the Ancient Mariner, at a place where there is water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink."

"Remember Darlin, even the Ancient Mariner eventually got out of the doldrums one way or the other. There is always an ending to everything, and your doldrums will end sooner or later. Is there anything specific that I can do for you?" he quietly asked.

"No, not really. I just feel that I am faced with being doomed one way or being doomed the other. I don't want to be an old maid, but I don't want to marry just anyone, and it seems that there are more just 'anyones' around than any other kind of man."

"I know how you must feel, and I wish I could help but sometimes there is only so much a granddad can do. Matchmaker I am not, however, I can give you some good general advice about men. Can I tell you what I think?"

"Sure Popie, tell me all you want, at this point I'm nearing the end of my rope—I'm hopelessly all ears."

"First of all very few men ever learn to control their ego. They have this fondness of themselves which blinds them to what really matters in their life. If you find a man who isn't egoistical in one way or another you have found a very unusual and most likely a very stable man, but those men are rare as hen's teeth.

"And, all of those are all married Popie," she interrupted. "what few of them there are around."

"Even many married men have ego problems. The kind of man you are looking for, is so rare and you will never find one like this unless first he is a sold out to Jesus Christ Christian. Even real Christian men often have difficulty loosing their pride. This is a struggle for most men at one point or another in their lives, and many never recover from it.

Look, don't let this being alone eat at you too much. First of all, being married is the hardest job in the world for most people. It has wonderful moments and the longevity of the family depends on it. But, it is an on going and constantly difficult job for both husband and wife. For independent thinkers such as yourself—it might prove to be harder than

normal or even an impossibility at this point in time. Patience is a virtue, so hang in there and be patient. Change is always happening. Things in life are like the weather, hang around long enough, and they will change. Besides, allow The Almighty to bring you a mate. I believe He will do just that if you ask Him. But, remember his schedule may not be the same as yours, patience is paramount. Wait on the Lord.

If you will allow me to say so, I'll tell you how you can climb out of the doldrums and learn a lot about people at the same time. If nothing else, it will take your mind off of being alone.

Forget about a mate for a few months and try learning and developing the art of Hilarious Generosity. It is an art. It's easy, but difficult all at the same time."

"Hilarious Generosity, I've never heard of it. what is it?" she asked.

"I have heard the term used more than once, however, I'm not sure who hooked the two words together, but I think it may have been Chuck Swindoll. It's a mixture of wild, crazy amusement with an uncommon generosity.

It's simply this; Find someone who could use something that you have. Take that something that you own even if it is precious to you. The more precious to you the better and give it to that someone. Don't be overly judgmental of your recipients. Remember we all have our faults. I wouldn't give a drunk a beer or a shot of whisky, but you could feed him a hot meal or give him a warm coat. Whatever you do, you must do it secretly. No one should ever find out who the giver is. Not anyone, including myself, should know what you are up to in this endeavor. Only you and God will know. Try it. It can become an addictive habit because it makes you feel good, to the point of being hilariously high. You may find yourself as overwhelmed, if not more so, than the recipient of your gift. It is a good thing and always expresses unconditional love.

Although, sometimes you won't ever know what benefit you provided or even if your action was appreciated—most times you will just have to have faith that you did something good. Occasionally, you will see the immediate reaction of the recipient and you the contributor will receive an extra blessing. Actions such as this give a whole new light and meaning to the definition, "causing great amusement."

Remember, it must be sacrificial on your part, and you mustn't expect anything in return. If you tell someone about what you have done, you will forfeit some of your joy and reward.

Someone once said that the only substance you can take with you when you die and go to heaven is the things that you have given away here on earth in this life, everything else you have—you will leave behind. I believe this to be a biblical truth. For now, presently, in this time, your reward will be an abundance of love, peace, joy and hope. At the same time, you will be laying up for yourself treasures in Heaven.

Now, many times there will be tricky and complicated logistics involved in doing the deed and doing it secretly—this fact makes it that much more fun and exciting. Sometimes it is as easy as leaving money for a needy family or person with a note signed "Hilarious Generosity." It will always provide you with enormous joy, and you will find yourself showered with blessings from above. Often, the sacrifice you make will never be felt or even noticed by yourself. However, if there is pain or suffering involved for you, humbly enjoy it. It's always an honor to suffer with the Lord Jesus."

Suddenly, Alicia is filled with new and wild ideas. She hugged her Popie just before leaving and whispered into his ear, "Popie, you have made me feel better already, I love you so much."

By Adverse Yaw

