

## The second "last" year of my life

December 4, 2019

I have just re-read the article I wrote last year, ["This is the last year of my life"](#). And if I make it until Wednesday I might have to change the title to "the next to last year of my life."

So, what happened in the "last year" of my life? Less than I expected but maybe more of what matters to God. In the middle of the year I had a dream where I felt that God said to finish what I had started. I don't know if that was encouraging or maybe a tad troubling. Finishing the projects of your life can be daunting. Plus, there seems to be a lot left unfinished. (Maybe, I will live forever.)

Maybe it was at the other part that I succeeded better. I seemed to have more time for people. Or maybe I just saw them – not for the first time – but as people, as pilgrims on a journey and not as people to help me finish my projects. Were they interruptions? Life is an interruption. The Good Samaritan reminds me that there is always time to do God's work – we just don't always know what it is until it arrives.

I spent more time with young people. (Then again, at my age, everyone is young.) I spent more time with old people. (Heck, they looked a lot like me.) I tried to put more smiles on people's faces and give kind words where none were expected but surprisingly appreciated (the smiles.)

Knowing that I was trying to live the "last year" of my life purposefully, did I waste a lot of time? As Barbara would say, "There's no one perfect." I am always insulted by that, especially when I am standing right next to her. Ahem! Ahem! And she rolls her eyes! It seems that a certain amount of "wasting" time is good for the body and the soul to rejuvenate and recharge. However, too much also seems to drain the energy out just like the cell phone battery with all those apps I still don't know how to use. I need a granddaughter to help me out, as usual.

So, what do I take away from last year's experience? I lived better, fuller with intentionality than I would have lived without it. I became a hair more patient with traffic and people and situations that I could not control. Maybe a little sadder about not being perfect. (Yes, dear you are right but she already knew that.) Well, so did I. (You can't be married without knowing you're imperfect.) The feeling of imperfection, were probably highlighted, by my inability to finish all those projects. But it does give you an impetus to do better.

So, what does this "next" last year of my life hold? Blessing and encouraging people gives pleasure to my Heavenly Father. Since it looks like I may have another year, those projects that God entrusted to me should be addressed. One slight "fear" is that if I finish those projects God may just add more but that would be okay because He would give me more time to do them. However, if I finish them all that would not be all bad because it means there would be no more "time" – just eternity (but I sure would miss Tex-Mex food!) I just know that there is going to be Tex-Mex in Heaven – otherwise it wouldn't be heaven!

Instead of packing for this next journey we seem to be unpacking by sharing treasures that others can use (no U-Hauls to the cemetery.) Letting go of needless worries and concerns and then deciding who and what the ultimate priorities are. And asking God for wisdom, maybe extra wisdom, to make each day a triumph of pleasing Him by blessing those who come across my path in the last year of my life. As the Latin phrase says, Carpe Diem – seize the day – in His name and for His glory. Not a bad idea for all of us.