**Prime Time Thoughts**

Our youngest grandson is a kind hearted but competitive young boy of six named Jude. He loves his Dad and Mom. He loves the Montreal Canadiens and he is really fond of his Gramma.

He was over at our place a couple of weeks ago and noticed that Gramma, who also is my wife, seemed to be getting a lot of gray hairs. Jude told her that “she must be getting old.” Gramma agreed. Jude thought for a moment and said “when you die I want the truck.”

When I was dating this young lady from Montreal forty years ago, and falling head over heels in love her, she never told me that she was going to turn into a senior with gray hair. But it has happened. Her grandson has declared her old and apparently some restaurants even agree because they let her order off the senior’s menu.

It seems to me that if my wife is getting older I must be getting older too and the balding head and graying beard are probably indicators that what is happening to the goose is also happening to the gander. I find myself thinking a lot about the years ahead and retirement. I’ve been planning and saving for retirement ever since we got married and now it is getting closer and I’m not so sure I like the idea.

I’m also not sure the Bible says much about it either. Biblical summaries of genealogies have a pretty simple outline. He was born, he begat, he died. There is no born, begat, retired, died story line. Moses began his ministry at the age of 80. If the Reese Chronological Bible is right Joshua began to lead Israel at the age of 60.

Scholars estimate that the beloved disciple John was around 90 years of age when he was found to be in the Spirit on the Lord’s Day and received the vision we know as The Revelation. They were born, they lived and ministered, and they died.

A couple of weeks ago I buried Catherine. She was on church on Mother’s Day. She won the prize for wearing the uniquest, largest, prettiest hat of all the other women that Sunday. She hardly ever missed. She laid down for a rest the next Tuesday and woke up in heaven. She was born, she lived and worshipped, and she died.

Is there a time to slow down? Of course. Is it okay to grab some weeks and escape the prairie winters? Yes. But as Christians we should never lose sight of the fact that while we have energy we need to use it for God’s glory and the extension of His kingdom. Our children and grandchildren need to see a generation that stays in love with Jesus and remains active in advancing the kingdom of God their entire lives. The wisdom that comes with age must continue to remember that through our entire lives the only things that last are the things that are done for Christ and His glory.

Retirement? There will likely come a time when it will be time to pass the torch of ministry and leadership to younger and likely more capable individuals. At the same time I hope when people gather to eat egg salad sandwiches in memory the story line will be “he was born, he begat, he continued to minister until he died.”

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