

A Day Well Spent

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Moses says, “We spend our days as a tale that is told” (Psalm 90:9). What a truism! We have only so many – how many, no one knows, saving for Him who gave us the days. But they are ours to spend. It’s important how we spend them, what we buy with them.

When they are all tied together, they become our tale that is told. Every tale is different, lived in different cultures and societies, lived in distinctive families, lived in differing circumstances, enjoying different pleasures and enduring different tragedies.

Every life takes turns that are predictable and every life takes some that are pure happenstance. Sometimes joy comes of pure serendipity, at other times, it is predictable. Solomon says that we ought to rejoice when the days are good and be meditative when they aren’t (Ecclesiastes 7:14). God likes His people to be joyous, to feel blessed; and we are told to “rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them at weep” (Romans 12:15). Every life has problems. Every life has joys. Each day very often has some of both.

But in every sense of the word, “we spend our days as a tale that is told.” They’re ours to use.

I have, for many years, kept a journal. It is filled with sentiments of various sorts. It describes feelings of joy and feelings of sorrow. It tells of friends and detractors, of support and the lack of it, of feelings of exhilaration and feelings of despondency. It’s just about spending days. I have chosen a few of the entries from my book *That’s Life* to share with you. See if they don’t sort of tell your tale as well as mine.

“Of all the things I’d like, I think I’d like most to be sincere. When you’re sincere, you become transparent, I guess; but you’re not afraid, because all that can shine through that transparency is the truth. When you are sincere, you don’t have as many problems with people. Most people problems come because of some duplicity. And when you’re sincere you don’t need much memory, either, since whatever you said was just the truth, and whatever was honorable, just, lovely, of good report, is likely what you did, no matter the situation. It’s just hard to beat being who you really are. After all, you can’t actually be who you’re not.’

“Lord’s Day morning. Behind the motel where I am staying is a small lake. It mirrors the partly-cloudy skies and its glassy surface shows the stillness of the morning. The birds seem almost playful as they dart away and up a gradual slope where there is a red barn, striving to stay up and providing, because of its courage to endure, a connection to the generation past. It is a beautiful Lord’s Day morning.”

“But how much more beautiful must have been the first one. With what colors the sun must have burst forth on that day! What light—great spreading light—must have shone forth on that glorious morning when the Lord was raised. What gentleness must the breeze have had and what fragrances must have ridden its wings to perfume the morning air that day. If all creation mourned just three days ago at His death, what exultation must have been concerted on the day of His resurrection. Oh, glorious day when man’s hope first came!”

“A young preacher called wanting my advice about a matter. He drove fifty miles to visit with me and we sat and talked for over an hour. During that time, he described the problem, analyzed the root of the problem, and at length recommended a solution. And what was great was that when he left, he thanked me for the advice. As he drove away, I chuckled to myself and thought, ‘Boy, I sure hope that works out; if it doesn’t he’s liable to blame me for the bad advice.’”

I hope you enjoyed reading these lines. Maybe one day I’ll give you some other entries, maybe some of the sad ones. In the meantime, let’s spend our days wisely and well, OK?