

Daily View

"But exhort one another every day, as long as it is called 'today'" Hebrews 3:13

June 20, 2020



Whenever my grandpa Myers went out in public he wore this hat. It's probably nearly 100 years old by now. According to the satin liner, the hat was made by "Dobbs Fifth Avenue" in New York. If that hat could talk...

"Beware the razor strap..."

One time, when visiting my grandparents in Patterson, California, my cousins and I spied a small patch of full-grown broccoli in my grandpa's garden. We fancied ourselves as little entrepreneurs so we were always trying to figure out a way to make a couple of bucks. So, we developed a business plan: *cut the broccoli, load onto a wagon and sell each bunch for a dime.*

That price gave us a ready market and we sold all the broccoli in about 20 minutes, then came back to get some more. But when we got back, grandma was in the yard and she asked what we were up to. I was the oldest so I told her about our new business, Broccoli, Inc. When she looked at all the broccoli missing from the garden, she freaked out... or whatever they called it in 1954. She told us that grandpa was going to be very upset and that we may find our bottoms meeting up with his razor strap.

The razor strap was scary. It hung ominously on a metal hook in the bathroom in grandma's house. All the kids would walk gingerly around it, looking at it as if it might come to life and attack at any moment. The "razor strap" was famous.

Grandpa would be home soon, so the specter razor strap was looming large in our minds. We regretted stealing grandpa's broccoli so we prayed for grace. We just knew that when grandpa got home, it would be curtains for us!

Soon enough, we heard the tires of his DeSoto crushing the gravel on the driveway as he drove toward us. We felt like *we* were the gravel. When he got out of the car, we could hear grandma tell him what we did. As he walked toward us, he looked like Godzilla, in slow motion.

You see, grandpa was a mysterious being in our young lives. He worked so hard for so many hours every day that we didn't interact with him very much. Yes, we made homemade ice cream on the weekends and he would let us sit on the top of the tub as he turned the handle. We loved that. And he had never yelled at us, let alone laid a hand on us. But we "heard things."

We heard that grandpa used that leather razor strap on occasion and his grown kids (my mom, our aunts and uncles) described it as an implement of torture. It was, *"ooo, beware the razor strap!"*

As grandpa looked down at us, he said, *"So..."*, rubbing his chin for what seemed like five minutes. *"I hear you have a little business?"* "Yessir," we said in unison. He paused and we cringed. Then, with the razor strap in mind, I began to grovel: *"and we are really, really, really sor..."* Grandpa stopped me, waving his hand. He paused for a few seconds and then said, *"so, how much did you make?"* I said, *"what?"* "How did you do? How much did you make today?" I looked at my CFO, Linda, and she said, *"90 cents."* "That's pretty good. Why don't you cut some more and see if you can sell it. Your grandma and I won't eat all this broccoli," he said quietly, as he walked away. We were stunned, but very happy.

Grandpa — *Ernest David Myers* — had lived through a lot of chaos in his life: WWI, the Spanish Flu, the Great Depression, WWII, the Korean War, the Cold War... Yet, he managed to raise his family in a quiet dignified way. He was a Christian man and I'm thinking he prayed this prayer pretty often:

First of all, then, I urge that supplications, prayers, intercessions, and thanksgivings be made for all people, for kings and all who are in high positions, that we may lead a peaceful and quiet life, godly and dignified in every way. This is good, and it is pleasing in the sight of God our Savior. — 1 Timothy 2:1-3

Grandpa was a humble, unassuming man so we ignored him most of the time. But he may just be the sweetest man I've ever known. He wasn't weak — not by a long shot. But he had a sweet spirit about. My mom told me how much she adored him and I never really understood because he was so quiet when we visited. He lived a simple life. He never sought the limelight but basked in the sunlight of his family and his love for God and was perfectly content. It is just me, or is this the kind of person who deserves our admiration and should be the role models we follow?