

Daily View

“But exhort one another every day, as long as it is called ‘today’” Hebrews 3:13

June 9, 2020



Above: Current picture of the house we lived in for two years in Manteca. Angie crawled out of the second story window of this house when she was 2½. Right: Angie kicking back on the bonnet of my car (the car was British; thus, it had a bonnet and a boot instead of a hood and a trunk)



“your children will be like olive shoots...” Psalm 128

When Angie was little, I would say to her, “you are the apple of my eye!” And she would always respond, “I’m the *peach* of your eye!” I don’t how that started, but Christie’s parents still lived and worked on the peach ranch in Hughson, so peaches were the fruit of choice.

Angie was born on this day some few years ago. I had started my sales career about 8 months before and, because we now had a boy and a girl, one of my bosses said after she was born, “now you have the million dollar family.” I don’t know exactly that meant; all I know is that I’m still waiting for my million dollars.

While Dave (“Davey”) was our quiet child and used to frown at anyone that would dare take him out of the arms of Pop (Christie’s dad), Angie would toddle up to the members of the church and ask, “*have you held me, yet?*” She was a rather “spirited” child, as Ken Marrs used to say about one of his kids. “Spunky” was another term that comes to mind.

For example, she used to like to climb on stuff. I won’t go into details, but we had to wire our furniture to the wall. When she was 2, we lived in a two story house in Manteca and she crawled out of a second story window onto the roof below.

Angie was born with music in her bones. Before she could even walk, if she heard music she would start to move to the beat. She memorized commercial jingles, knew the lyrics to just about every top 40 song and loved to sing. And, if she wasn’t actually singing, she would hum some tune, like *all the time*.

Davey didn’t appreciate the humming. We had earned a company-sponsored trip to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, and our 13 hour drive there was adventuresome. One of the highlights was that every few miles, Davey would yell out loud, through

clinched teeth, “SHE’S HUMMING!!!” Of course, then she did it even more, although at a lower volume so that only Davey could hear it.

“Variety is the spice of life,” someone said and it’s especially spicy when the variety is in your own backyard. We thoroughly enjoyed our children as they were growing up. It was fun having two kids who were so different. It kept us on our toes. Angie was the extrovert, Dave the introvert. Angie liked to party, Dave would rather build something by himself. On our drives, Angie would sing or direct me to play the right songs on the radio as Davey stared out the window, thinking about who-knows-what (we rarely had to guess what Angie was thinking).

Now that Christie and I have reached the last verse in the Psalm below (Psalm 128) — and as great as they are — I still think back fondly of the years with just the four of us. Those — these — years are precious; don’t take them for granted.

Blessed is everyone who fears the Lord,
who walks in his ways!
You shall eat the fruit of the labor of your hands;
you shall be blessed, and it shall be well with you.
Your wife will be like a fruitful vine
within your house;
your children will be like olive shoots
around your table.
Behold, thus shall the man be blessed
who fears the Lord.
The Lord bless you from Zion!
May you see the prosperity of Jerusalem
all the days of your life!
May you see your children's children!
Peace be upon Israel!

Oh, and happy birthday, *peach of my eye*.