

PRIDE

Patsy starts her day on the back porch with her coffee in one hand and her Bible in the other. I started planting flowers where she could see them. This pleased her. So, I put some pots with flowers around; then some hanging arrangements. I got carried away. Finally, Patsy told me 'No more flowers'! But I would sneak another into the yard to surprise her.

One afternoon last week I was looking at my handy work and said, "This looks really nice." I was even a little proud. That very night the hail came. Now my yard looks like vandals with weed eaters attacked and I am not proud anymore. I have been brought low. "Pride goes before destruction." I am forced to evaluate my priorities.

Patsy still sits out there on the porch with her Bible and some of the plants will come back.

Paul