

SAVING TIME
Queen Esther Chapter #4, Ogden, Utah
Grand Visitation April 4, 2008

My remarks this evening are prompted by several conversations that I had with Sister Anne. The first was a conversation held early last summer when she was asking about theme's, watchwords, songs, and bible verses. She gave a little smile when we talked about a couple of the watchwords I had selected; especially "if" and "vicissitudes". She whole heartedly concurred with the selection of Psalm 118:24 as the Bible verse I had chosen. I explained that the Bible verse was the one used by Grandma Male to greet everyone at she and Grandpa's fiftieth wedding anniversary celebration. It was also the verse selected by Sis Betty and I to use when we made our daily phone calls during the last months of her life. Sis Betty had a brain tumor and really didn't want anyone to say "Goodbye"- Time was such a precious commodity. Staying positive was a necessity. Betty wanted everyone to have "Bulldog Faith". Instead, we'd say, "Hi Sis, "This is the day the Lord has made, let us rejoice and be glad in it." That led Anne and I into a conversation about family and friends, grandchildren, juggling time, priorities. The Saturday before Palm Sunday we mostly talked about my Mother and how she and I had spent so much time reminiscing about people and places – shared memories. We also talked about "Bulldog Faith" and what that had meant to Mom and to Sis Betty. On Sunday Grand Chaplain Pat Kay and I were able to visit with Anne. The house was full of family to celebrate Gene's Birthday. You could feel the love they all have for each other. When we were ready to leave Anne was holding my hand when she said, "It's a beautiful day and I am rejoicing in it".

Time, what a funny thing. We all know there are only twenty-four hours in a day, yet how many times have we wished that a day could last longer so that we could hang on to a special event, a special moment with someone we love. Or, how many times have we wished that time would pass more quickly. We've all heard the story, or the theory, about saving minutes – like pennies and saving them in a jar. If a penny saved is a penny earned, why not a moment saved - a moment earned. Moments saved that we could spend somewhere else – how we choose – when we choose. How would you spend your saved moments? What would be the first thing you'd like to do?

It's not a bad idea, but we all know that it doesn't work. In 2000 when Kelly was blessed to survive an illness that he thought he wouldn't; he left the hospital knowing that he had more time allotted to him to finish whatever was in God's plan. He had more living to do. We don't need one minute more or one minute less to get the job done: the job of living.

Some of you will remember Dorothy Cottle. Mom & I bought Dorothy's Grandfathers clock. Listening to it chime reminded Mom and I of the clock Aunt Belle and Uncle Johnny had. It was an antique that had been passed down and was treasured by the entire family. Like Dorothy's clock it had a specific melody at quarter after, half passed, quarter of and on the hour – and then it chimed out each hour. Aunt Belle relied on the clock to keep her on schedule. She didn't need to look up from her chores. We would hear her say, "It's time to feed the chickens", "It's time to punch down the bread", "It's time to set the table", "It's time to close the gate", "It's time to get ready for bed".

One Saturday we went in to Hamilton for a wedding then down to Van Wagoners Beach to see Mom. We didn't get back to the farm until after 11:00pm. Immediately, it was "get ready for bed, you still have morning chores". The clock began to chime and we started our ritual:

“Seven.....eight.....nine. Tonight we were able to go on to ten.....eleven.....twelve.” We closed our mouths after shouting out TWELVE! ---- and the clock struck thirteen. I’m serious, it struck thirteen. All of us started laughing and then cousin Jan and I together hollered out: “It’s later than you think!” Uncle Johnnie hollered back: “I don’t want to hear another peep out of you”.

At one time or another most of us have a fear of running out of time. We could use that thirteenth hour as we try desperately to get everything done. We’ve seen, or maybe even read books and articles about **The One Minute Manager**, or **One Minute Wisdom** or even **the One Minute Mother**. We can do our laundry twice as fast as our mothers; we can travel from coast to coast faster than our parents could have imagined. With a few keystrokes on the computer and a click of the mouse we can handle correspondence in just a few minutes that would have taken Mom hours to do. And yet, I feel that I have less spare time than Mom did. Do you sometimes feel that way? What has happened?

In our quest to save time, and with all of our modern inventions, I feel we are losing something valuable. When Mom and I were thinking about Grandma and Grandpa Male; and Aunt Belle and Uncle Johnnie we couldn’t help but remember that they always seemed to have time for each other, time for their kids, time to sit down with the family and play the guitar and the piano, time for reading. There was such a priority to serve and sit down to meals together. It was a priority to get together on Saturday evening or Sunday. Summer family picnics were a priority. They even had time for long conversations. It seems they had time for everything in life that truly is important, because they took the time **to live**. They treasured the words: “This is the day the Lord has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it”.

Tonight, why don’t we each think of something that takes a little bit of extra time to do – and do it. Do it for yourself. Do it for a family member. Do it for a neighbor or a friend. Maybe what you are thinking of will be an act of generosity or a moment of kindness directed toward a loved one or even a stranger. Maybe what you are thinking of is simply to close your eyes and hear Anne’s voice harmonizing with her daughters and being accompanied by Sister Lou Dean Roderick. Or maybe the extra time can be to simply sing a hymn of praise and thanksgiving because our heart is full of gratitude.

Let’s not wait for another time. Lets rejoice in this day and be glad! Tonight, your clock could strike thirteen.

Thank you Worthy Matron, Worthy Patron, Sisters and Brothers, for allowing me this time with you. And now, I would like to leave you with the words to a song you’ll all recognize:

If I could save Time in a bottle
The first thing that I'd like to do
Is to save every day
'til Eternity passes away
Just to spend them with you

If I could make days last forever
If words could make wishes come true
I'd save every day like a treasure and then,
Again, I would spend them with you