

A Bag of Tools

One of my favorite poems is *A Bag of Tools*, written by R. Lee Sharpe. It dramatically lays out the opportunity and responsibility each of us has in our years on this earth, and what we choose to do with our lives. Here it is:

*Isn't it strange how princes and kings,
And clowns that caper in sawdust rings,
And common people, like you and me,
Are builders for eternity?*

*Each is given a list of rules;
A shapeless mass; a bag of tools.
And each must fashion, ere life is flown,
A stumbling block or a stepping stone.*

Sharpe was born in the 1870s and died in the 1950s. For years he worked with his father, Edwin R. Sharpe, who owned the *Carrollton Free Press* and a printing shop in Carrollton, Georgia. His poem causes serious introspection.

In the Book of James, we are asked: "What is your life?" James went on to say that life is like a vapor, soon to pass away. Job compared life to a flower soon to be cut down.

Nathan Hale, a young American Revolutionary captain, was asked by his British captors if he had anything to say before they put him to death. He replied, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." He had decided that his love for country was worth his life.

The associates in Life Care, American Lifestyles and Life Care at Home are choosing to use their talents in the care of our residents. They do it out of the love and compassion that spills over from their hearts. Their lives are being well spent, and they are laying up treasures in Heaven.

--Beecher Hunter