

## *Miss Jones' Tombstone*

The story is told of a Miss Jones, an elderly spinster, who was the oldest resident of her Midwestern town on the day she died. In writing her obituary, the editor of the local newspaper became stumped after noting her age. Miss Jones had never spent a night in jail or been seen intoxicated on the streets. She also had never done anything noteworthy.

While musing about what he might write, the editor went out for coffee. In the local café, he met the owner of the tombstone company, who was equally perplexed as to what to write about Miss Jones.

The editor returned to his office and assigned both the obituary and tombstone epitaph to the first reporter he saw, who happened to be the sports editor. If you pass through that little town today, you will find this on Miss Jones' tombstone:

*Here lie the bones of Nancy Jones.  
For her, life held no terrors.  
She lived an old maid. She died an old maid  
No hits, no runs, no errors.*

While that story is humorous, it is also sobering in reflection.

If we don't try, we don't do. If we don't do, we can't bless others. Each of us has a contribution to make to the lives of others. Give your best effort today. It's your best shot at scoring in the game of life.

Put another way: He who wants milk should not sit on a stool in the middle of the pasture expecting the cow to back up to him.

--Beecher Hunter