

Time Is Fleeting

Every one of us is given a precious possession. It is time. How we use this resource determines the direction of our lives, shapes our successes or failures, and forms our legacy.

Herman Wouk, in *The Caine Mutiny*, told about Willie Keigh, who was aboard a minesweeper when he received word from his doctor-father that he had an incurable disease that would soon claim his life. In this letter, the ailing father offered his son three bits of advice:

There is nothing, nothing more precious than time ... Wasted hours destroy your life just as surely at the beginning as at the end.

Religion. I am afraid we haven't given you much, not having had much ourselves. But I think, after all, I will mail you a Bible before I go into the hospital. Get familiar with the words. You'll never regret it. I came to the Bible as I did to everything in life, too late.

Think of me and of what I might have been. For my sake, for the sake of the father who took the wrong turns, take the right ones.

Goodbye, my son. Be a man.

Those insights about time, and life, are valuable to all of us. They challenge us to turn idle moments and meaningless chatter into worthwhile, satisfying opportunities of service – to our loved ones, to those we minister to daily, and even to strangers we encounter on the street.

Time, no matter what your age, is fleeting.

--Beecher Hunter