

Written on a Tombstone

Miss Jones, an elderly spinster, 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 and what was, and was not, included in the information about her life.

Miss Jones, it seems, had never spent a night in jail or been seen intoxicated on the streets. Neither had she 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 could be said 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 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 brings a chuckle, it contains an important principle about life. If we don't try, we don't do. If we don't do, we can't bless people. We each have a contribution to make to the lives of others. In Life Care, Century Park and Life Care at Home, that opportunity presents itself daily.

So give your best effort today. It's your best shot at scoring in the game of life.

--Beecher Hunter