

Fantastic Flower Bed!



As you can see, since we have lived together for over 50 years now (!), we have those which-end-of-the-toothpaste-tube-do-you-squeeze issues among us (from the bottom up, of course!). They like the house warm. I like it cool. They like the

On the Hardware & Variety page is a short article by Sir William (Intrepid Explorer of the Desert— that Sir William), about the flower garden he and Lady Jan planted along the fence around the house. Debbie and I, who share the house with them, watched along with them during the weeks when NOTHING happened. We attributed it to the unseasonably cold spring (which overnight turned into a raging, oven-like HOT summer!).

Since I share the house with them, I do have some stake in how it looks -- worn and ragged, just like us. You should see the carpet in our house from 1978 when we built it. We cover the holes in the living room with a large red rug that we bought at a Mega Swap Meet. Pretty bad, huh?

I also must confess a small measure of ridicule for Lady Jan's flower beds. She goes for cultivated flowers while I prefer NASTY, SHARP, BITING cactus plants and Joshua Trees that belong in the desert. She gets her revenge with her precious roses and their annoying thorns that jump out at me if I come within 2 feet of the bushes. (Lady Jan also calls my cute little Ram van with the utterly ridiculous name -- Promaster City* -- she calls it a breadbox or a shoebox! Hmph! I call her Honda Odyssey "mini" van a bulbous toad! *Of what is it "Pro"? And of whom is it a Master? And why is it a City when it's in the desert?)

windows closed. I like them open enough to feel a fresh breeze. They like dogs but just tolerate them in the house. I LOVE dogs and consider them another member of the family who must of course spend their time inside with us as much as possible. Even on my lap if possible.

But I digress, in case you didn't notice. We were discussing a flower garden. How did it turn into dogs and open windows??

When Bill and Jan's flower garden finally sprouted, it looked like a carpet of little green shoots, so for another several weeks, we couldn't tell if the actual "wild" flowers were germinating or if it was just grass. Turns out that it was both, of course,



but you couldn't tell which was which.

Finally the flower plants grew leaves and the weeds mostly didn't, and so Bill and Jan spent

hours removing the weeds, and more hours a few weeks later removing the crab grass that had the audacity to invade the nice damp soil. We also had the help of a neat plant identification app on my phone, and miracle of miracles, actual flowers bloomed that weren't yellow mustard. Please don't ask me what flowers are in that flowerbed. I don't remember. Sir William probably does, so you can bug him if you like. Or look at the pictures nearby.

The whole escapade reminded me of a parable Jesus told to His disciples:

He put another parable before them, saying, "The kingdom of heaven may be compared to a man who sowed good seed in his field, but while his men were sleeping, his enemy came and sowed weeds among the wheat and went away. So when the plants came up and bore grain, then the weeds appeared also. And the servants of the master of the house came and said to him, 'Master, did you not sow

good seed in your field? How then does it have weeds?' He said to them, 'An enemy has done this.' So the servants said to him, 'Then do you want us to go and gather them?' But he said, 'No, lest in gathering the weeds you root up the wheat along with them. Let both grow



together until the harvest, and at harvest time I will tell the reapers, 'Gather the weeds first and bind them in bundles to be burned, but gather the wheat into my barn.'" (Matthew 13:24-30)

Sir William and Lady Jan didn't plant wheat. They planted flowers. Still, weeds, which we all know are of the devil, came up to hassle them and decide what to remove and when, because they looked so much alike for a while and pulling the weeds could also pull out the young flower plants. Jesus explained the parable to the disciples:

And his disciples came to him, saying, "Explain to us the parable of the weeds of the field." He answered, "The one who sows the good seed is the Son of Man. The field is the world, and the good seed is the sons of the kingdom. The weeds are the sons of the evil one, and the enemy who sowed them is the devil. The harvest is the end of the age, and the reapers are angels. Just as the weeds are gathered and burned with fire, so will it be at the end of the age. The Son of Man will send his angels, and they will gather out of his kingdom all causes of sin and all law-breakers, and throw them into the fiery furnace. In that place there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth. Then the righteous will shine like the sun in the kingdom of their Father. He who has ears, let him hear." (Matthew 13:36-43)

Bill and Jan's little flowerbed teaches us a lesson, which should speak to us, if we'll listen. It asks each of us if we are the wheat, bearing grain for the Master, or the flowers, demonstrating the beauty of His creation. Or are we the sneaky little weeds that make life harder for those around us?

If we are not bearing fruit or blossoms for God, doing His will and honoring him, then we are the weeds. And what happens to them? They are gathered and burned with fire. Who are they? Those who cause sin -- think Gavin Newsom and the leftists who are passing laws separating children from parents, creating a sanctuary for abortion seekers and transgenders and much more -- and law-breakers, God's Natural Law, that is.

Another lesson from our flower bed:

"Therefore I tell you, do not be anxious about your life, what you will eat or what you will drink, nor about your body, what you will put on. Is not life more than food, and the body more than clothing? . . . Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they neither toil nor spin, yet I tell you, even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. But if God so clothes the grass of the field, which today is alive and tomorrow is thrown into the oven, will he not much more clothe you, O you of little faith? . . . But seek first the kingdom of God and his



righteousness, and all these things will be added to you."

(Matt. 6:25-33, excerpts)

Our little flowers tell us that we'd better choose whether we are servants of God or servants of His enemy. And they also remind us to

trust God to care for us like He does these flowers, so we must not be anxious about our lives. This is no time to be dithering around with this rotten world that is falling apart faster than we ever thought possible. Now is the time for decision, and your eternal future depends on what you decide.

Bet you didn't know a flower bed could say so much, did you?

Linda Gammel

Are You At A Nursing Home Or The U.S. Senate Chamber? 9 Clues To Look For

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BabylonBee.com

SATIRE!



There you are, sitting across from an elderly, demented man drooling on his oatmeal, when suddenly you begin to wonder: Am I in a nursing home, or in the chambers of the United States Senate?? To help you solve the mystery, look for these nine helpful differences:

- Nursing Home:** Residents call out "Bingo!" to win money
Senate: Residents call out "Aye!" to spend your money
- Nursing Home:** Costs \$10,000 per resident per month
Senate: Costs \$10 billion per resident per second
- Nursing Home:** Residents alert a nurse when they've soiled themselves
Senate: Residents wave to camera as if nothing happened when they've soiled themselves
- Nursing Home:** Surprisingly, plagued by STDs
Senate: Not surprisingly, plagued by STDs
- Nursing Home:** Aides tell residents which domino to play
Senate: Aides tell residents which country to invade
- Nursing Home:** Pudding and smoothies in the cafeteria at 4
Senate: Pudding, adrenochrome, and roasted flies in the cafeteria at 4
- Nursing Home:** Smells of death and fecal matter
Senate: Same, if the President stops by
- Nursing Home:** A bunch of old, angry people yelling about missing Matlock
Senate: A bunch of old, angry people yelling about missing Matlock
- Nursing Home:** Residents all still alive
Senate: Residents were all, at some point, alive

It takes a keen eye to spot the differences!



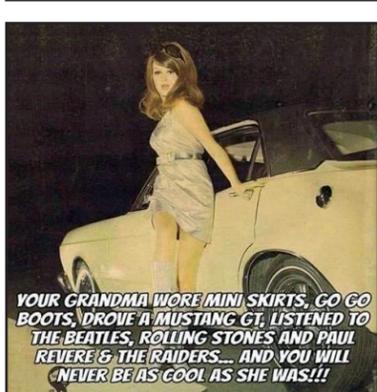
On The Lighter Side . . . from the Web

I WENT BY THE HOUSE I GREW UP IN, AND ASKED IF I COULD GO IN AND LOOK AROUND. THEY SAID NO AND SLAMMED THE DOOR.



MY PARENTS CAN BE SO RUDE.

it's not going to end well



YOUR GRANDMA WORE MINI SKIRTS, GO GO BOOTS, DROVE A MUSTANG GT, LISTENED TO THE BEATLES, ROLLING STONES AND PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS... AND YOU WILL NEVER BE AS COOL AS SHE WAS!!!

APPARENTLY, THIS IS THE ROUTE OUR PARENTS TOOK TO GO TO SCHOOL



Who remembers



the first search engine?

GOD IS LOVING AND CARING

And on the 8th day, God created seniors. Most seniors never get enough exercise. In His wisdom, God decreed that seniors become forgetful so they would have to search for their eyeglasses, keys, and other things, thus doing more walking. And God looked down and saw that it was good.

Then God saw there was another need. In His wisdom He made seniors lose coordination so they would drop things, requiring them to bend, reach, and stretch more. And God looked down and saw that it was good.

Then God considered the function of bladders and decided seniors would have additional calls of nature, requiring more trips to the bathroom, thus providing more exercise. God looked down and saw that it was good.

So, if you find, as you age, you are getting up and down a lot more times, remember it's God's will. It is all in your best interest even though you mutter under your breath.

