

Last Dance at the Pool

We marked the end of summer at our house by taking down the pool schedule from the refrigerator. It was the day after Labor Day. The pool was closed. Summer was over.

But I lingered a while in my bare feet in the kitchen resurrecting all the past summers of my life.

I grew up in Florida, back when the sun was still our friend, and as teenagers we spent three months lying on the beach in the hot, hot sun, trying to get as tanned as we could. Baby oil with iodine in it was our favorite concoction to slather over our bodies. The purpose of the torture was, of course, to attract THE BOYS. Does anyone remember the movie “Where the Boys Are”? That was my era.

Every week culminated in the Saturday Night Dance at Lake Park Ballroom. It wasn’t a very large or grand ballroom, but there was a huge mirror-covered globe hanging from the middle of the ceiling that reflected colored lights onto the walls as it turned in the darkened room. Saturday afternoon was devoted to picking out just the right spaghetti-strap dress that showed off your exquisite tan.

Saturday nights were make or break events in the continuing saga of teenage romance. Did he ask you to dance? Did he ask for your phone number? Did he (giggle, giggle in the girls’ huddle) hold your hand?

Sometimes he did, and all was right with the world as you dreamily planned out the rest of your life with your prince charming. Sometimes he didn’t, and life ended. Your friends comforted you in the ladies room, then surrounded you as you wept your way to the car where your father was waiting to take you home.

It’s funny now; it was not funny then. Therapists make a lot of money from the scars of teenage years.

What we did not know as teenagers – how could we know? – was that those years were just one stop on our life’s journey. We could not forecast our lives as “old” people (in our twenties or thirties). We could

not grasp the concept that each of life’s seasons – childhood, teenage years, young adulthood, middle age – offers take-aways for the next season, there to be ripened and reflected on and learned from.

And that, dear reader, is the purpose of this new magazine. The church calls us – every one of us -- to holy lives, to deepening relationships with God our Creator, through Christ our Mediator, with the help of the Spirit, the Revealer. That is excruciatingly difficult to do in the midst of living out our lives in whatever life-era we currently find ourselves. Our society has become frenetic in its busyness, its drive to accomplish and acquire.

Reflections calls us to stop. Stop and reflect. Stop and see where God is revealing Himself in our lives -- in your life and my life. We hope the articles and stories and suggestions and thoughts in Reflections will assist you in that. That’s all; it’s a simple agenda.

We will pay particular attention to where we see God acting in our life together in South Central Texas, our ethos that so often reflects a blending of two traditions, two languages, two cultures.

You will see two issues of Reflections in 2010 and, we hope, quarterly issues eventually. Each issue will focus on a topic, this month “Finding hope in hard times.” You will also continue to see *The Church News*.

We invite your participation. We invite your stories and your comments and suggestions. We covet your prayers for God’s continual unveiling of how we can speak his word to his people.

May God bless us richly in each of our life’s journeys, and may we each take time to stop and reflect on those blessings. †

Reach Marjorie at
marjorie.george@dwtx.org

