

Once when we were visiting Soozie's folks at their Memphis home, we enjoyed watching a chipmunk in the back yard running and playing on a bright and sunny day. It was great entertainment to see it come out of its little den and zoom across the yard in search of food. We threw some pieces of apple out for it just to watch what it would do. We didn't know how many chipmunks there really were, but we loved knowing that these cute little animals had made themselves a home with us.

But that night a great storm came that caused some flooding in the yard. When I went into the yard the next morning, I saw that tragedy had struck: I found a chipmunk dead in a pool of water. I was saddened and so disappointed! Why did this have to happen? It had been so healthy, running and jumping and playing. Was it perhaps something we had done in offering it some of our own food?

I thought of how losses strike us in the midst of life as well: car accidents, cancer, etc. What is the reason that we lose something so bright and wonderful?

I hated to tell Soozie about the poor chipmunk, and hoped that she wouldn't notice its absence. I had to leave her with her folks for a couple of days and return home. I worried about discovery of the loss, but when I got back to Memphis there was still a chipmunk running around the yard, and they did not know about the one that I had found.

Perhaps the message is that, no matter what happens, life goes on. When we lose something, we may find something else that makes up for it, at least in some ways. We just need to keep our eyes open and enjoy the show as much as we can.