

# Thought Of Death Brings Resolutions

By JAMIE BUCKINGHAM

If I had but one week to live?

The thought came to me last week when I had a sharp stabbing pain through the chest (which later proved to be onions rather than angina). But it set me thinking.

If had but one week to live I'd make sure my will was up to date and make sure I had paid all my insurance premiums. I'd catch up on all my back bills and stop worrying that my watch is not keeping perfect time.

**I'D FORGET** about the big black space that is appearing at the top of my TV picture tube and I'd stop fretting that my neighbors seem to always have their yard trimmed while mine looks like a jungle.

I'd stop worrying whether I'd be bald by 40 and whether I need a new suit or should just have the old one let out.

I'd quit fussing at my wife because she can't ever

seem to keep the bank book straight. I'd not go into a rage about dust on the window sills and paper in

---

## PERSPECTIVE

---

the flower beds.

**AND I'D GIVE** up my TV watching for more important things—like helping my son with his homework or sitting on the side of my girl's bed after they're tucked in and "just talk."

I'd want to go to each person I had sinned against—or gossiped about—or caused to go astray by my bad influence—and ask their forgiveness.

I'd write thank-you letters to old benefactors and would want to call my mother and daddy just to tell them I love and appreciate them.

**IF THIS** was my last week I'd visit my neighbors and share with them something of my personal faith.

And I'd sit down with my children and urge them to live their lives for Christ rather than self.

I'd catch up on my contributions to the church so I wouldn't die "with the Lord's money in my pocket." I'd spend a good bit of time in prayer, getting to know the one who would soon sit in my judgment.

I'd probably throw away my pride and be in church next Sunday, worshipping God and studying His word.

**MATTER** of fact, I'd probably do a lot of religious things as the host came crowding in and the Angel of Death stepped forward to claim my soul. Folks around me would probably think I was some kind of a religious nut or something...

But I've got a long time to live. I'm even planning on collecting my Social Security 30 years from now.

So, I guess all these other things can just wait until I have but one week to live.