

Now he's the picture of humility

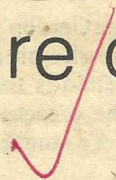
Moving into a new house has assured me of one thing: I'll never have to wake up on a Saturday morning and say, "I wonder what I can find to do today." There are two million things to do—most of them scattered around on the floor.

Last Saturday was Hang Pictures Day. I doubt if anyone, anyplace, has as many things stored in picture frames as we do. Certificates, diplomas, awards, prizes, locks of baby hair, needlepoint, slogans and "quaint sayings," yellowed newspaper clippings, pictures of famous people, pictures of people whose names I've forgotten, pictures of the children, pictures of me when I was thin and had hair. In fact, one reason we bought the bigger house was for more wall space.

So Saturday it was time to hang pictures. Or at least to hang picture frames, some of which contain pictures.

Things went well until we got to the framed dust jackets of my books. I wanted to put them in the front hall. Jackie suggested the utility room. We had a brief discussion accompanied by white knuckles and clenched teeth, after which we reached a compromise. I put the dust jackets in the utility room.

Next came famous persons I have worked with. I



BUCKSHOT

JAMIE

BUCKINGHAM



insisted that my desire to hang them in the front hall was *not* egotism. No, I did not want to impress visitors. I just like to be reminded of my old friends . . . so I could pray for them. Jackie nodded, smiled. She seemed to think my prayers were much purer in the utility room than in the front hall.

Then she pointed to the artistically framed sheepskins. "Do hanging these diplomas on the wall make you feel educated," she asked innocently, "or just important?"

I felt like the man who received a button for being humble and then had it taken away because he wore it.

I guess it all depends on my depth of security. Is it "in Christ"? Is my BA (Born Again) degree really all I need? If so, why all this stuff in frames?

So, we compromised. The diplomas are in a trunk in the attic. And Corrie ten Boom, Kathryn Kuhlman and Pat Robertson smile at us from over the washing machine.