Has Anyone Seen My Marbles?

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Whenever a week goes by without any hitches, I have learned that something somewhere is wrong.

I have lived long enough to realize that problems are a part of life. Most of mine were created by me. I guess I'm a great creator in that regard. I don't think there is any reward for that kind of creativity.

The Gracious Mistress of the Parsonage is exceptionally educated in this area of my mistakes. She could receive the Nobel Peace Prize. She can recognize one of my mistakes two days before it even happens. I don't know how she does that and probably never will find out.

Whenever I screw something up, she always responds, "Have you lost your marbles?"

Initially, I didn't know I had marbles, nor did I understand what marbles were. But as I grew as a husband, I began to understand what she meant by marbles. I didn't know I had as many marbles as I had lost over the last 20 years.

One morning last week, I got up before The Gracious Mistress of the Parsonage and went out and got my coffee, I saw the kitties out on the porch looking in, so I opened the door, and they came marching in. What a great time they had together. As I was going to feed them, I heard a familiar voice down the hallway, "Have you lost your marbles? Get those cats out of here."

Of course, I didn't have to get the cats out because they ran for fear when they saw her coming down the hallway. I just stood there looking at the floor, trying to find my missing marbles.

Life has ups and downs, and I'm unsure which is better or worse. But throughout my life, I have never been helped in any situation by my marbles. How do my marbles help me in my everyday life? After all, my life has not changed much during these years of losing my marbles.

If I had more appreciation for my marbles, maybe, just maybe, I would not be getting in as much trouble with The Gracious Mistress of the Parsonage. Her obsession with marbles is beyond my ability to comprehend.

If I still have one or two marbles left maybe I could figure out how I can get back at her.

We had a doctor's appointment last week, so she drove her Sissy Van, and I sat over on the passenger side. It's hard for me to get in and out of that Sissy Van, but it saves me gas money for my truck.

As we were going down the street, I looked at her and said, "Have you lost your marbles? You missed the street we were supposed to turn on."

Inside I was laughing hilariously, but she did not share in that. She just looked at me and flashed one of her quirky smiles.

I sure do like it when a plan comes together.

One morning this week, I got up rather late and walked out to the living room in my pajamas. The Gracious Mistress of the Parsonage looked at me and said, "Have you lost your marbles? We have a breakfast appointment in about 10 minutes across town."

I had no idea, or at least I forgot about it, and maybe she was right; I did lose my marbles on this one.

I was thinking recently about how my life would change if I had all the marbles I lost. So what would my life be like at that point?

The other day as she was coming in the front door from a shopping trip I said to her, "Have you lost your marbles?"

Looking at me strangely, she said, "What are you talking about?"

Smiling back at her, I said, "Nothing, I just wanted to know if you had all your marbles together."

She didn't think that was funny and scowled at me and took the shopping bag into the kitchen.

If anybody has marbles, I think she does. So my question is simply, what is she doing with all those marbles?

I think I have one or two marbles left, and I was thinking of a plan for her birthday. I've been putting a lot of thought into it, and I'm almost done with the thinking aspect and about ready to put it all together.

I was in Wal-Mart the other day, and walking down one of the isles, I saw something that got my attention. There on the shelf were bags of marbles. It was the first time I ever saw marbles for sale. When I saw them, it gave me an idea. So I bought a bag of marbles.

This year I plan to give her a special birthday gift. It will be a box filled with marbles, wrapped in red paper with a lovely bow on the top.

When she opens it, I expect she will say, "Have you lost your marbles?" I will respond, "No, my dear, I found your marbles."

I could not help but think of a Bible verse in Isaiah 55:8-9, "*For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.*"

God has never lost His "marbles." God shares His thoughts with us in the word of God.

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