



Monday Musing: August 12<sup>th</sup>, 2024.  
Antiques...

Last Saturday was the Antique Fair in Orono in Clarington. It was huge! So many vendors, shops, tents and stalls were set up on the main street and buildings with antiques welcomed visitors. The event was packed. And then, of course, there were the hot dog vendors too.

There were old radios, washtubs, chairs, bottles, pictures and frames, dishes, vases, glassware, crystal, silverware, Royal Doulton and other figurines, and more. It was splendid. I always have a great time rummaging through the old treasures recognizing that these old things once were someone's cherished possessions.

And when I'm there I generally buy a plate or bowl. Last Saturday, I bought a vase and a small pitcher. I'm pleased with my purchases. And oh, how I love such things.

I'm not sure how it got started in me to love old stuff. Perhaps it was when I was a child. At the cottage each summer for vacation, the family would go to the old hardware and 'antique store' in Victoria Harbour up near Midland. We spent a lot of hours in those places. My Mom and Dad, my grandparents, my brothers and I would go up and down the aisles looking at old tools, screws, saws, hammers...it was fun. We often called it 'the old antique joint.' With affection, of course.

I really love the beauty of the designs and colours of old bowls and vases. And I do realize, as many of you do too, that the next generation isn't that interested in these old things. They take up space. They don't go in the dishwasher or the microwave. They don't fit into the fast living that is today's scene. Yet, years ago, we saved for, bought, collected and enjoyed our treasures. Some we cherish because of the gifts they were, the memories they instilled.

I recognize that one day my kids will have to unload these treasures of mine. So be it. Till then, I'll continue to enjoy them, to use them, and display them, especially when the kids are home, because using them creates memories, just as they hold memories for me too. Just maybe, my kids will come to cherish a few of these pieces and they'll think of me when I'm long gone. They might remember 'Mom' using expensive crystal goblets for a glass of milk or orange juice, and Depression Era green bowls for my morning yogurt. Or that big, bright flowery bowl for Doritos, or even my Nan's cups and saucers when I'm feeling low. If I were to unload these treasures now, I will be giving up the opportunity to enjoy their beauty that gives me delight and the memories that make me smile. They just can't stay in the cupboard or boxes packed away for safety, either.

So for a while longer, I'm hanging onto my antique treasures, maybe buying a few more, now and then. How about you?

Like the old bibles I have kicking around the house, I enjoy old things. And ya know, I'm sure my kids will one day pick up and decide to keep my working bibles, that is the ones filled with notes, scribbles, turned down pages, stuffed with bookmarks. They'll likely hang onto the bible they bought me for a gift a few years ago, and some books we have shared too. They know even now how much my bibles mean to me. And whether they believe, or not, I think they'll hold onto them. Memories. You know. Like cups and saucers. And vases. Memories of conversations, of childhood prayers before bed, of songs sung too.

May we each treasure the stories we tell that are remembered through the things that are symbols of years past, and gifts cherished, and memories made. May we realize that some of these old 'antiqueee' things will be part of the future that will link to a time long past, our time, and with love.

Peace always,

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Prayer

For what was, what is and what will be,  
May memories be cherished with the treasures of their times.  
May the love shared always fill our hearts with warmth  
For what was, what is and what will be.  
Amen.

Scripture

I Kings 2:10-12, 3:3-14	David dies. Solomon, his son, prays.
Psalms 111	The awe of God is the beginning of wisdom.
Ephesians 5:15-20	With thanksgiving, sing psalms, hymns and spiritual songs.
John 6:51-58	Whoever eats my bread has eternal life.

TR Question (Theological Reflection)

Where is God in the growing body of knowledge that science has, is, and will always be discovering about our world? How do you describe the experience of God in the bread and the cup of communion?