



Theme artwork by  
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Lent at Lakeside:  
My Heart as Sanctuary  
My Life as Prayer  
Devotion for Wednesday,  
February 28, 2018

**From a Simpler Time and Place**  
By Bill Hoyle (and excerpts from poem by unknown author)

A little house with three bedrooms,  
One bathroom and one car on the street  
A mower that you had to push  
To make the grass look neat.

In the kitchen on the wall  
We had one phone,  
And no need for recording things,  
Someone was always home.

We only had a living room  
Where we would congregate,  
Unless it was at mealtime  
In the kitchen where we ate.

We had no need for family rooms  
Or extra rooms to dine,  
When meeting as a family  
Those two rooms would work out fine.

We only had one TV set  
And channels maybe two,  
But always there was one of them  
With something worth the view.

For snacks we had potato chips  
That tasted like a chip,  
And if you wanted flavor  
There was Lipton's onion dip.

Store bought snacks were rare because  
My mother liked to cook,  
And nothing can compare to snacks  
In Betty Crocker's book.

Weekends were for family trips  
Or staying home to play,  
We all did things together  
Even go to church to pray.

When we did our weekend trips  
Depending on the weather,  
No one stayed at home because  
We liked to be together.

Sometimes we would separate  
To do things on our own,  
But we knew where the others were  
Without our own cell phone.

Then there were the movies  
With your favorite movie star,  
And nothing can compare  
To watching movies in your car.

Then there were the picnics  
At the peak of summer season,  
Pack a lunch and find some trees  
And never need a reason.

Get a baseball game together  
With all the friends you know,  
Have real action playing ball,  
And no game video.

Remember going to the store  
And shopping casually,  
And when you went to pay for it  
You used your own money.

Nothing that you had to swipe  
Or punch in some amount,  
Remember when the cashier person  
Had to really count.

The milkman used to go  
From door to door to door,  
And it was just a few cents more  
Than going to the store.

There was a time when mailed letters  
Came right to your own front door,  
Without a lot of junk mail ads  
Sent out by every store.

The mailman knew each house by name  
And knew where it was sent,  
There was not loads of mail addressed  
To "present occupant."

There was a time when just one glance  
Was all it would take,  
And you would know the kind of car  
The model and the make.

They didn't look like turtles  
Trying to squeeze out every mile,  
They were steamlined, white walls, fins  
And really had some style.

One time the music that you played  
Whenever you would jive,  
Was from a vinyl, big-holed record  
Called a forty-five.

The record player had a post  
To keep them all in line,  
And then the records would drop down  
And play one at a time.

Oh sure, we had our problems then  
Just like we do today,  
And always we were striving  
Trying for a better way.

Oh, the simple life we lived  
Still seems like so much fun,  
How can you explain a game  
Just kick the can and run.

Life then seemed much easier  
Slower in some ways,  
I love the new technology  
But I sure do miss those days.

So time moves on and so do we  
And nothing stays the same,  
But I sure love to reminisce  
And walk down memory lane.

Yes, I'm from a simpler, slower time  
A different time and place,  
But not so very different from this place,  
Still full of God's abundant grace.

### **Ecclesiastes 3:1-8**

There is a time for everything,  
    a season for every activity under heaven:  
A time to be born and a time to die,  
    a time to plant and a time to harvest,  
A time to kill and a time to heal,  
    a time to tear down and a time to rebuild,  
A time to cry and a time to laugh,  
    a time to grieve and a time to dance,  
A time to scatter stones and a time to gather stones,  
    a time to embrace and a time to turn away,  
A time to search and a time to lose,  
    a time to keep and a time to throw away,  
A time to tear and a time to mend,  
    a time to be silent and a time to speak up,  
A time to love and a time to hate,  
    a time for war and a time for peace.

### **Prayer:**

Loving God, help us to embrace our past, and faithfully anticipate the future.  
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage for the living of these days. Amen.