

## **NOBODY EVER GAVE ME AN OLD COMPUTER!**

When one starts to record their life's story, one can wonder who would really be interested in reading or hearing it. Life is precious to each of us, and no matter who we are there is something special about our very being. Jesus spoke of life as being a pathway ([Matthew 7:13-14 \[NKJV\]](#)).<sup>1</sup> One way is to do our own thing, and the other is to follow the Lord's way. Herein, are the ingredients of what makes our own life interesting. The pathway we choose affects everything that we do.

People evoke many thoughts when we merely look at them. For example, one may be in a waiting room observing those who are coming or going. Other than a nod of the head or a brief remark, we really have no contact with them. Nonetheless, we will quickly form an opinion - a first impression. As I write my bio it is my hope that the eventual few readers - if any - will come to know more about me - what makes me tick so to speak. Maybe there will be something in these pages that will favorably affect the peruser.

Through the window of the one room school house, I see a young girl sitting at the desk arduously twisting the pencil to form the intricate curlicues on the letters as she was performing her penmanship lessons. At times there was a need to make a series of circles each advancing further to the right thus resembling the uncoiling of a roll of wire. This exercise developed the free motion of the hand enabling the writer to achieve the necessary mastery of the written word so as to be able to write one's lessons in a recognizable manner. I was that scholar. I did not achieve the full intent of the course

When I graduated from high school, a friend loaned me a book on typing. I borrowed my aunt's manual typewriter, and spent many hours of the next few weeks conquering the keyboard. I was not honed to perfection, but it would help me in my search for fruitful employment. Some years later having fallen short of attaining affluence, I noted an ad for a used typewriter. A phone call revealed the address and time to view this instrument. I arrived at the archaic abode, and was ushered into the living room by the venerable matriarch. Among the many relics of the antediluvian period was a heavy typewriter of the vintage of the thirties. It had seen its day, but the price was, well to put it bluntly - cheap. I handed the old lady five dollars, and she smiled a toothless grin. I sensed she remembered that there was one born every minute, and that I was that fool.

Many years slipped by, and I was now in possession of a meager inheritance. To me it was like finding the pirate's trove. I was able to purchase a portable electric typewriter. It didn't begin

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<sup>1</sup> I don't know what Bible translation Mom used while she was writing this. I do know her last Bible was a New King James Version (NKJV).

to compare to the beauties that I used in my years of office work, but those were theirs and this was mine.

"Mother, you ought to have a word processor," my daughter enthused. Ever being the penurious bargain hunter, I watched the sales until finding the word processor that I now am using. I was amazed at all that this little machine would do for me. It would move text, delete, append other text, and on and on. It would print everything without a mistake, and was such an improvement from that pencil that I used as a child.

Soon everyone was talking computer. In the deep recesses of my mind, I was doing battle. Should I really buy a computer? Good ones are expensive you know. You would be better off trying out a used one first, I reasoned. It would be foolish to pay a lot of money for something you didn't need only to learn that it was not the one that you should have bought. What would I do? More and more people would say to me, "I have a nice computer that my friend gave to me, because they wanted a new and better one". I began to mention around that I could use an old computer just to get a sense of what I might really need. One person even suggested that she was going to give me her computer unless her niece wanted it. I guess her niece wanted it. *Nobody ever gave me an old computer!*

As I rely on my word processor, I do not want to give the impression as I write this that everybody and everything in my family was rosy. I have chosen to focus on the positive things, rather than the negative. There were some family squabbles, disagreements, and relational difficulties during my childhood and adult years. As we view other people and other situations, this seems to be a normal part of life. The expression, "so what else is new" has become a part of our idiom. I want to impart to my readers a light hearted narrative of what life was like in one person's life in the rural twentieth century.

I have chosen to write topically instead of chronologically. Some aspect will be longer than others will, but none will cover everything possible under that heading. I want to say now that life is a precious gift from God for now and for all eternity. I thank the Lord for this special blessing, and for the opportunity to have Christ in my life so that I may be with him throughout all eternity.