

Reflections on a Door

Just as we will experience a certain number of heartbeats during our lifetimes, we will experience a certain number of doors. Whether they limit, expand, or bless our lives is up to which ones we choose to open and which ones we leave closed.

Look at the door nearest to you as you read these words. A den door, a bedroom door, a front door, a church door. A door to the place where you work. A door to the school where you are a student or employee. They all have a part to play in your life, and in the life of countless other people.

The attitude with which you approach that door will determine what happens on the other side of it. If you are nervous or are not looking for good results, it will be a bad experience. If you go through the door with high expectations and do your best, it will be a blessing.

I think of the sights, sounds and smells of the schools I have attended over the years, and their sizes, and the places they led have made me who I am today.

In kindergarten, I have great memories of scuppernong grapevines and yellow jackets, and not wanting to go back in for teaching.

In elementary school, I learned to read and write. I learned about standing in line and not being the only focus of the person in charge.

I remember the principal's office and always wanted to enter that door on good terms, for there was a very large paddle which awaited bad behavior. I sometimes wonder if that paddle was still hanging there, or if appropriate consequences awaited every misbehaving student, if schools would be safer and more productive today.

In middle school, there were doors which led to a classroom where only one subject was taught, and groups of people moved from classroom to classroom for teaching. There were doors to the playground where I learned about games, and how being chosen or not chosen for teams made me feel.

The doors in high school were much smaller, as I was over six feet tall by that time. The teachers who cared and wanted me to become successful, I remember. Those who were just going through the motions, opening doors of learning daily, or were known as the mean ones, I remember as well. Thankfully I never had any mean ones, and even the one who banged me on the head when I was reading in class was very nice.

I remember riding a school bus a few times, and the doors which swung open to take me to school were an intimidating and welcome sight each time. Those doors take millions of kids to school and back home each day. Even though buses have changed a great deal since the 1960s, the doors are essentially the same.

I remember the imposing doors of college which sometimes stretched minds so they could think greater thoughts. I also remember classrooms where professors were so full of knowledge that they mistakenly did not leave room for God.

In seminary, I learned about the greatest door in existence, Jesus Christ who told us about doors to eternity. We explored what it really means when Jesus says the words, "ask and it shall be given, seek and you will find, knock and the door will be opened to you."

I am praying that the students of America will walk through doors of adventure and learning which will make us proud when they grow up to set the pace for the future. I am praying that teachers, even though banned from group prayer and mentioning God, will be able to pass on Christian values which teach humility, forgiveness, and hope eternal to kids who desperately need direction.

I am praying that administrators and employees will utilize doors of opportunity to show and model care and fairness for teachers and students. I am praying that school boards will find doors of vision which grow greatness and prosperity for our nation.

Doors of faith can help people find that God has plans which will never change. Doors which God wants us to open can bring unity, hope, and eternal life.

Doors which the Devil wants us to open present thoughts which should never be thought, actions which should never be taken, steps which should never be mounted. Immorality, criminal behavior, and belittling others are doors which should be slammed shut, if they ever open even a crack.

In "Gone With the Wind," Scarlett O'Hara show us how to slam a door.

"Oh, he was detestable! She swung round on her heel and marched into the house. She grabbed hold of the door to shut it with a bang, but the hook which held it open was too heavy for her. She struggled with it, panting.

"May I help you?" he asked.

Feeling that she would burst a blood vessel if she stayed another minute, she stormed up the stairs. And as she reached the upper floor, she heard him obligingly slam the door for her." ~ Margaret Mitchell

Let's slam the doors to things which cause pain and death, and open wide the doors which lead to healing and life. Walk through the door of the right church, home or school to do these things, and our world will be full of hope.