

One Thing You Can Do That Will Endure Forever

Several months ago she showed me a picture of teacups, so we started gathering these for the wedding.

I pulled out my grandma's teacups from the basement; cousin Kayla filled a few boxes from the thrift shop; and my mom got on a stepladder to pull hers down from the top cabinet. Into the dishwasher they all went, on the China setting. After that my preacher man, the investigator, turned them all over to see where they were made.

A cousin took this sweet picture of the teacup she sipped from at the wedding, and it just so happened, out of all that porcelain, she chose this set.

That's my great grandma's teacup, my mom said, breathless.

There were little touches of family all through the wedding—the earrings Earl gave to my mother-in-law years ago, a borrowed necklace from Aunt Karyn, and that yellow flower pattern on cup and saucer.

A legacy of family is here, I told my momma.

More than jewels and dishes, there was a set of grandparents teaching Jesus to their kids decades ago. My mom and dad teaching Jesus to us. Me and that preacher man teaching Jesus to our kids.

And then my daughter stood at the altar, and I held it together during a heart squeezing moment in the ceremony (*I will not cry, I will not cry*) when that young man walked our girl to the Lord's supper table, tenderly put his left arm around her waist, and opened his Bible with his right hand. We couldn't hear him, but we could see.

We could see him there, teaching Jesus to her and setting the table for one more generation to know the love of God. Someday my grandkids?

(Lord, have mercy. At least let me get the linens washed and returned to the church first.)

So I ask you, **if one fragile teacup can last from one woman to another to another to another, how much more our love for God?**

*Know therefore that the Lord your God is God; he is the faithful God, keeping his covenant of love to a thousand generations of those who love him and keep his commands.
(Deuteronomy 7:9)*

There's something you can do this very day that will endure.

Fear God. Love him.

And someday your great, great, great granddaughter will enjoy the beauty of what you have left for her.

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