

Looking Out The Window

Loving Father, it seems at times there is nothing to do. Looking out the window there are vehicles going by, cars and vans and the occasional heavy lorry; all looking busy, going somewhere with something to do, but not for me. The best I can do is look out the window at other people's going's on wondering if there will be somewhere for me to go when another day comes round. There has not been much to write home about today. Just looking out the window cannot even be classed as a hobby or an interest as people would say it was a waste of time; having nothing to do *is* a waste of time. Switching on the TV in the hope of finding something interesting to watch is not much use either, as, with all the hundreds of channels to choose from, nothing really appeals so, in the end, you give up and switch it off.

Looking out the window once more for something to do and there is just one lonely car going by; going somewhere. It is dark now so you cannot even tax your brain working out what make of vehicle that is and even, if you are lucky, the model. You can tell the year by reading the number plate so that is cheating unless it is a personalized plate in which case you are back to guessing its age. Bit like the man at the fair who was good at telling people how old they were by looking at and weighing them. I wonder how many people would like to be weighed in public now or whether his old scales would handle some of the modern 'goods' he might be asked to have a go at. If only I had something worthwhile to 'have a go at.' If I was really lucky I might even have a reason to go out in the car. I could even visit a friend rather than just talking on the phone; it is much better to have a face to face chat or even, if the funds permit, to go and have something to eat together. We may talk about people we knew years ago who are no longer with us; good friends when we were younger who have passed on – gone into the Light some might say. One day we will go into the Light but, in the meantime, while we are waiting, we just look out the window trying to think of something to do. There is so much that *could* be done if we only had the interest: books to read, music to listen to and there is that audio book got out of the Library the other day. One thing we *will* have to go out for is to take it back; might even have got to listen to some of it before having to do that.

Someone in a car goes round the roundabout and then goes back down the road they came from; I wonder why they do that? Maybe they changed their mind and decided to do something else. It would be good to have something to do in the first place, let alone change your mind.

Somebody said you come into this world with a plan of what you intended to do before you 'died' and went home again. Blow me, I cannot think of anything to do so I have little idea of what I planned to do. I am also advised that my Spirit Guides, whoever they are, are supposed to make sure that I get to doing the things I came to do. Well, if this is what I am supposed to be doing I don't think much of it. It is not my idea of coming into an earth life with supposed things to do and end up just looking out the window! Maybe tomorrow they, whoever 'they' are, will get their act together and I can stop looking out the window and have something useful and, maybe, interesting to do.

God bless; Amen.