

A BLAST FROM THE PAST

Something my daughter and I would often do on Saturday mornings when she was younger was to stop into our Brantford Market. I did not usually buy a lot on our visits. Often it was just to buy some meat and a few items like apples, potatoes, or turnip. While we shopped for these items, we also got to enjoy some free samples. There was a pizza place that we always scouted out for whatever sample they were offering that day. We would also make our way over to get a free sample of garlic bread, and then end up at one of the bakeries that often-had nice loaf breads, or other treats to sample.

Our visit to the market would never be complete until we purchased a chocolate swirl cookie on our way out. It must have seemed odd to the vendor at this bakery stall that we would only spend 75 cents on a cookie every week. My daughter looked forward to that cookie and even if we had our fill of samples, she still had room to eat it once she got to the car. It has probably been 4-5 years since the last time my daughter and I bought a chocolate swirl cookie together at the market. She tends to sleep in now on Saturdays and is not awake when I go to the market.

This past Saturday I found myself purchasing some of these cookies even though I did not plan to do so. I was just about to exit the market when the vendor from this bakery came running over to me and said, "I have a package of two chocolate swirl cookies that I just did up. Would you like them for your daughter?" I could not believe she remembered our preference for this kind of cookie after so many years. How could I possibly say "no" to this vendor? I purchased the cookies and quickly realized they have risen in price from the 75 cents we once paid for them. When my daughter got up, I told her the story of what the vendor said. A huge smile came across my daughter's face and it continued as she ate a chocolate swirl cookie after a hiatus of many years. Having this cookie was a "blast from the past" for my daughter that brought her good memories and joy.

It is a real blessing when we receive reminders or "blasts from the past" like we did on Saturday of things that brought us joy. Some of the blessings I was reminded of from this "blast from the past" were:

- the fun we would have whenever we tried free samples at the market,
- critiquing the taste of some new pizza topping or baked item we tried,
- remembering how carefully she would hold the bag with the chocolate swirl cookie in it as she would take it out to the car,
- the memories we both created doing this together,
- and hearing "thanks dad" from the back seat as she was about to bite into her much-anticipated cookie.

These "blasts from our past" not only serve as reminders from our past but also provide us with helpful lessons for our present and future. A big lesson this "blast from the past" reminded me about is that there is still a lot of good in people out there today. That lesson was driven home to me seeing:

- how after so many years this vendor still remembered something that brought my daughter such joy each Saturday at the market,
- and how this vendor went to such efforts to bless us with this "blast from the past" by coming over to me as she did.

This was not the only lesson this "blast from my past" taught me on Saturday. The incident was once again a lesson to me how ***God brings fresh mercies and blessings upon us each day***, and how He makes His presence known to us in very subtle but special ways. A "blast from my past" was not only a reminder for me of past joys, but also a lesson to help me be hopeful in my todays and tomorrows, too. Those two cookies ended up costing me \$1.75 on Saturday, but the blessings and lessons they brought to me and my daughter made it worth every penny, even if we don't use pennies anymore. I pray "a blast from your past" will do the same for you as it has done for me.

Keep safe and God bless,

Pastor Dean