I am a very blessed woman. I grew up knowing that my grandparents loved me and cared for me greatly. Even though they often lived far away, whenever they got the chance to come home, we kids were priority. I am a sixth generation Seventh-day Adventist on one side, and fourth on the other. Both of my grandfathers were missionaries for the majority of their lives. My parents were playmates in South America when mom was three and dad was five. Adventism runs in my veins.

What really gave richness and meaning to my life was observing how my grandparents put their beliefs into practice in everyday life. I recall my paternal grandparents, on furlough from Switzerland, spending a couple of months in our home. Grandpa, who had lost his voice during a botched surgery in South America, would always whistle a hymn while he did odd chores around our house. Whether it was raking leaves, painting the basement or some other task, I could count on his joyful whistling. Grandma started her day with a very hot cup of Postum and her Bible. Grandpa would thrill us with stories of dangerous missions behind the “Iron Curtain.” Grandpa and Grandma always told me that I was loved and how they longed for the day when we would be in heaven together.

My maternal grandparents were beyond long-suffering with the four rowdy siblings they inherited every summer for a few weeks. Grandpa’s strength was not patience, but he did love us and would let us hang out with him in his big office at the Conference or Union
office. We worshiped the ground he walked on. We often came upon Grandma, kneeling at her bedside, praying for us. I lived with these grandparents my freshman year of academy, and I remember how integral her morning worship was. I saw all of my grandparents in their dealings with others. They were kind. They were generous. They were forgiving. They truly were the “Greatest Generation.”

They are at rest now. We laid my last Grandpa to rest in Jesus just after his 99th birthday, last June. I carry the deep desire to see them again in heaven. I also strive to pass that legacy on to my own children. I have also incorporated into my life time with Jesus. Just Him and me. I am so grateful for the example my grandparents set for me.

Recalibrate

What is the legacy you want to leave behind when you no longer walk this earth?

Who had the greatest impact on your spirituality, and how can you impact those in your sphere of influence?

Feel free to send any thoughts or comments to Jannelle Fazio.

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