

What's So Special About Today?

What I Learned From My Son's Life



By
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**In memory of Shane Hayes Hackbart
April 23, 1994-October 15, 2008**

This is dedicated to the memory of my wonderful, unique, beautiful blessing from Adonai, my son, Shane. It broke my heart to lose him so early in his life. Even now it is a daily struggle. The name Shane in Hebrew means "God is merciful". I pray He will be merciful to me and heal this broken heart and bring joy and peace back into my life. I pray that you will find some wisdom and inspiration in the words written here.



Shane's High School Freshman Photo
Fall 2008

Foreword

Written by Bailey Foster (age 15)

Knowing Shane affected my life--It was a journey; not a bad one, but a good one. It was a good one from the beginning to the end. I did not consider him to be a friend or a best friend but I considered him to be a brother to me and he would be the only one that I would consider a brother. When I first met Shane, I was thinking, "WOW, he acts just like me, all serious and funny at the same time." I loved spending time with him. When Shane died I did not feel anything, no crying, not any thing. You know why I did not cry? It is because I knew where he was, Heaven. So what would be the point of crying? Yes, I will always miss and think of the memories we had together but I will always know where he has gone. There's something I sometimes say when I write: Life = Death But Death = Life, and that means the life on this world is death but when we die as Christians we will enter a world of life, a world called Zion or Heaven if you prefer. You can look at Shane's death many ways but I see it one way. He is in a better place now, a place where death is not allowed, a place where crying is not allowed, a place where we, our generation will be one day, Heaven.

You know I always thought we would die as old men, me and him, but that's just a fantasy. It's not my decision to make the future a "no death of friends zone" but His, God. If God wanted him to die then it was for a purpose in this world. My life was not affected at all because I knew where he was going to. The only thing I was sad about was not going to his funeral. I did not want to face the truth that my best friend, my brother, was dead. I wished that he was still alive. I blamed God for what happened then I just stopped and prayed for my death because I would miss him, but if I died what about my mom and dad, what about my friends? It affected me little by little until finally you could see some new scars on my arms. I told God I would make a deal with you. I said, "If you bring him back then you can take me." No response. Please, God! Please! Bring my brother back and take me instead!" But it never happened. Nothing happened. I was willing to die, to take the place of a friend, a brother but it never happened. So I wrote a poem called "Shane", which describes everything that I have felt since his death.

Shane

11/09/08

By- Bailey Foster

There's a pain in my heart that I have realized today.
It comes from a very close friend which died the other day.
The pain is growing.
I'm getting depressed and this is bad because I may be dead someday.
His name was Shane.
He was very close to me in fact I knew him for 7 years to be.
But I must stay strong, I must stay God strong.
For I know that God will lead me the right way.
I may be sad today, tomorrow, and maybe a year but I know with God's help I will get through
it till the end of days.
This is how I express myself when I get sad and depressed.
I know this may not be much but this is not for your reading it is for my friend.
I will always remember how he changed my life.
Shane, this is for you buddy.
I want you to know that you were my friend, my brother.
I love you and I always will forever and ever.

I will always remember you in my heart and though some treated your death with happiness; there were many who mourned for you.

See you again brother, see you in HEAVEN.

How I will live my life now--To always live it to the fullest because it is true, you do not know what will happen tomorrow or the days after that. It only says to enjoy it and prepare for it because it's just around the corner. It will take you like a thief in the night. That's why I am always so happy at my school because I know that it will happen when I least expect it to happen. If I am going then I am going with the best day ever, a happy day.

Written by Teron Jones (age 14)

Knowing Shane has affected my life and the life of my family in many different ways. One way is the laughter he brought to our lives. It would produce joy, even to this day.

When they told us that Shane had died I thought that they were talking about a different kid. I never thought that Shane would be careless enough to have this happen to him. It devastated me, my family, and all my other friends.

When this happened I decided to change certain aspects of my social life towards others and try to help other people. Because of this I have had more confidence and somewhat more trust to other people.



Shane & Teron (4th Grade)

Written by Chandler Worthy (age 14)

Seems like yesterday Shane and I were arguing about who had the best toys, or who had the most girls. I won. He would always make me laugh. Like when we were on the cruise. Every chance Shane and I got, we would sneak off from everyone to find a girl we saw the first day. When we got signed up for camp we saw the girl there. Every day we would get in her group.

What happened to Shane affected my life--It showed me that life should not be taken lightly. I pray every night for my family and my life because I can't take losing someone close to me again. Because of what happened to Shane--I will live life to its fullest and keep a relationship with God. Because when we (Shane and I) meet up in heaven again we are going to cause some trouble.

Written by Taylor Kirkland (age 14)

It's been several months since Shane passed away, and I'm still trying to learn to live with it. We did everything together. Doing off-the-wall random things is what we enjoyed best. Like the New Years Eve we got "drunk" off of non-alcoholic apple cider. We ALWAYS had a good time together. Even through the good, bad and down right funny. I feel like he is still watching us all every day. Let us not forget the times we shared with Shane. He taught me what being and having a best friend was all about. We often joked how we were brothers with different Mothers and Fathers.



Shane and Taylor New Year's Eve 2008

I question often: of all the people to be taken why did it have to be Shane? People say things happen for a reason, and I've yet to find the reason why. Part of healing will be to figure it out. He was a true joy to have in my life. I would trade anything to have him back here with us. I've had to make a lot of adjustments in my life, and it will never be the same. I planned my life with him in it. We would graduate high school, be roommates, marry best friends and be neighbors. Our children would grow up to be friends too. Where do I go from here? Right now, I'm not sure, just taking it one day at a time. I do know he's in a better place and that I have to live my life so that one day I can be in that better place with him. I'm sure we will be "roomies" there. Let us not forget the times we all shared with Shane. It can be painful but at the same time, you got to smile when he crosses your mind. Losing him has taught me to remember to NEVER take anyone for granted. Treat every day like it's your last.

God bless you <3

Written by Rachel Ridgeway (age 14)

Knowing Shane was one of the best experiences of my life. I feel it was a privilege and an honor to call him my friend. Shane was so funny and always fun to be around. He was my sunshine on a cloudy day and a rainbow when it rained.

Shane's death was devastating to me because he was the best friend anyone could ask for! The impact of his death for me was that at first I was so mad that it could happen. Then I was sad and I missed talking with him. Now I realize that Shane would want me to be happy, so that's what helped me through the hard days and tough times. Shane's death also made me appreciate life and my family more. The decision I made about how to live my life is to be like Shane, to enjoy life and live it to the fullest, and treasure what I have at this moment because I might not have it the next.

One of my most favorite memories of our time together was in summer camp. The trip that day was to Dixieland Fun Park. I made him ride the Spider with me nine times until he said he felt sick and could not ride anymore! It was one of the best days ever and I will never forget him. Shane & Rachel - best friends forever!!!!

I know now that Shane is in God's care and I will see him again and God has given me comfort in knowing that. This is the verse from the Bible that I thought to be helpful for my sorrow at the loss of my long time friend, Shane Hackbart.

~~~~ God's Promise ~~~~ "In this you greatly rejoice, though now for a little while, if need be, you have been grieved by various trials, that the genuineness of your faith, being much more precious than gold that perishes, though it is tested by fire, may be found to praise, honor, and glory at the revelation of Jesus Christ." (1 Peter 1:6-7)

Written by Kookie Henry (age 14)

Shane opened my mind up to a new style. Just looking at and being around him let me know that looking different had nothing to do with who you are inside. He may not have known it, but he was a pretty influential person. He got me into the greatness of bands that mainstream listeners don't listen to. Shane brought the true randomness out in me, and I learned.

After the accident, Shane was everywhere, MySpace, Temple, my phone... I knew all those things would go away. I was tired of my old girly style, so I completely transitioned to keep his memory alive. Some people would say I wasn't being true to myself. Not true. I always had a thing with the "Punk! Emo! Gothic!" style as Shane called it.

When Shane passed away, I realized that if you have something to say to somebody, you'd better tell them, because you might not see them the next day. There are so many things I want to tell Shane, show him. Every time I think about him, I always think, "Man, if I could have him back for five minutes...."

I just miss his face, his hair, his Emo-clothes, his smell, and his randomness... I kept hearing from people that I was one of the only people at Temple he felt comfortable with. His calm aura was just great to be around. I really hate that it had to be him to go.

Because of what happened to Shane--I'll always remember that I'm not invincible, and I'm not Ricky-Bobby (Ha ha ha, Shane!). My friends are very important to me. To have lost Shane I felt like I lost a part of myself, and the rest of the dead weight is praying for me to waste away. But I know Shane (no matter how ridiculously cold he wanted to look) wouldn't want that. I hold my friends even closer to my heart, just in case they go away like Shane. They go to heaven happy with how close they were to me.

I'll forever miss you, Shane. ♥

# What's So Special About Today?

## What Happened to Shane



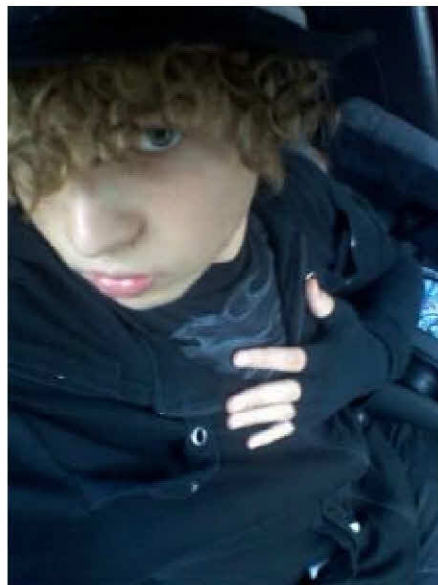
Proverbs 27:1 says “Don’t boast about tomorrow for you don’t know what the day may bring.” This is actually a well known statement to most of us as it has been interpreted as “Tomorrow is not promised”. A statement you’ve probably heard at least once in your life but never really took to heart.

Imagine this; you’re a 14 year-old boy. It’s your first year in public high school. You’ve out grown those awkward years.

You’ve got blonde curly hair, blue eyes, popular with the girls and consider yourself to be pretty “hot”. You’ve got your own unique style. You never follow the crowd. The crowd follows you. The future’s bright. You’re having the time of your life doing one of your favorite things – riding your dirt bike at a construction site, no helmet, the wind blowing through your curly locks.

It’s getting late. Time to head back to Grandma’s house. Mom will be waiting to take you home.

Then.... no consciousness, no heart beat, no breath, life has left your body and left you where? No more tomorrow, no more dirt bike, no more iPod, no more guitars, no more “smexy” clothes, no more “smexy” hair and no more giggling girls hanging on my every word and waiting to see what antics you will come up with next. There goes that soccer dream. No more hugs and kisses with girls, no more concerts and dances, no college, no falling in love, getting married and having children, no tomorrow.



I can't really testify to the "girls hanging on his every word" thing, but I've definitely read a lot about him from the girls he knew. Yes. This 14 year old boy was my son, my beautiful, unique gift from Adonai, my Shane. He was my only child.

Did he know that tomorrow was not promised to him? Maybe. He once asked me what I would do if he died. I told him I didn't want to talk about that. As a mother, I considered that my worst nightmare. But what he did know was his Savior. Yes, that kid with the tight black jeans, black shirt, black jacket, black hat, black whatever, was saved. So, though there will be no more earthly things for him, there is life ever lasting with our Lord and Savior. There will be hugs and kisses from Granddaddy, Big Daddy, Big Momma, Momma Wyatt, Grandma Vera and tons of other relatives and friends who have gone on to heaven before him, including two unborn siblings neither of us had the chance to know in this life.



This kid that some people thought of as Emo, actually witnessed to friends and relatives about a belief in Yeshua/Jesus. FYI, he didn't accept labels, so he would tell you that he was not emo. His style was his own. Shane was an extraordinary person.

### **Strength and Love**

I must tell you that at Shane's age, I was a mediocre Christian. I was raised in the Episcopal Church. I was in church with my parents pretty much every Sunday morning. I was even a member of the Youth Vestry in the Church, but I was just going through the motions.

My mom and I are very strong people. We never really knew it until my mom's mother, Big Momma, passed away in December of 1984. We were the two people who never cried in front of anyone else, the ones who took charge to keep everything from spinning out of control. It was the first time we had ever experienced death so close on my mom's side of the family. My father's mother, Grandma Vera, had passed away several years before and was several years older than Big Momma. Grandma Vera was in poor health and her passing was expected. Big Momma's passing was unexpected.



It was very stressful on the entire family. It was then that we realized that you never know what day could be your last here on this earth. So we started saying “I love you” a lot and even now we say it. Shane and I would say it even when we were mad as all get out with each other. That is one regret I don’t have, because we were always telling each other “love ya”.



Shane & His Mom

Big Momma was the glue that held the family together. We were always getting together at her and Big Daddy’s house for cook outs and holiday dinners.

My Big Daddy loved to cook. But when Big Momma passed away, he didn’t seem to have it in him to continue those family celebrations. We’ve been floundering ever since. I wanted very much to establish family traditions for Shane so that he could experience the joy of family that I did. I was able to establish a few things here and there, nothing like what I grew up with, but Shane was appreciative and proud of his family. And that was a good thing.

Still I would describe myself at the point when Big Momma passed, spiritually as lukewarm. Adonai says we are to be hot or cold for him, but lukewarm, He spits out. In other words, He would rather have us be for Him or against Him, than to not make a decision to go either way.

### **Awakened in California - On My Knees in Georgia**

In 1988 my career took me to the Los Angeles area. I had a blast hanging out at the beaches, playing beach volley ball, riding my bike on the strand, and going to beach parties. But I also began to become keenly aware of my lack of spirituality. My focus was clearing up. I could see the areas of my life that needed work. I was still having a blast because I could do things I enjoyed without betraying my commitment to Adonai.



In 1991 I met Shane’s father. In 1992, we were married. I wanted children very much. I was 39 years old when Shane was born. He was born two days before our second anniversary. I had one miscarriage before him and one when he was about a year old. So Shane has two siblings in heaven with him and I will be glad to be with them when I get there.

I felt so blessed to have him. And he grew more beautiful everyday. It was really a shame that Shane had to grow up an only child. But he was such a blessing I can't complain. Not that he didn't have brothers and a least one sister. Shane's father had been married before and had other children. Shane met one of his brothers when he was about 3, but his greatest joy came from being discovered by his sister, Sarah, and brother, Michael, who live in New York. They found him through his "MySpace" page and he loved talking and writing to them. We were planning to take a trip to New York so that Shane could actually see them someday. Unfortunately, Shane passed away before that happened.

In 1995 I moved back to Griffin, GA, bringing Shane with me. Shane was almost a year old. His father joined us in Griffin a short time later, but in 1999 his father and I were divorced. The last time Shane saw his father was about the time he turned 4 years old in 1998. From that point on it was Shane and me, but we were not alone. Here in Georgia we had tons of relatives and friends to help us through pretty much anything.

Like me, Shane was raised in the church. However, it was not the Episcopal Church. I chose to leave the Episcopal Church, because my awakening to my new found spirituality would not allow me to tolerate many of the emerging practices and policies of the church. So some time after we moved back to Griffin from Long Beach, CA, Shane and I became members of a wonderful non-denominational church. It was originally called New Covenant and later it became Church on Fire.

Shane's spiritual growth was different from mine. He was no angel but he seemed much more aware of his spirituality at an earlier age. He would say the most amazing inspiring things to people. Many times it would be to adults. I didn't know where it was coming from. It could be because Shane attended Christian private schools for many years or it could have been that Adonai used him to witness to people and he was being obedient to it. He was talking to people about Yeshua. Not in the screaming on the street corner way, but in his quiet and gentle way. A very close family member does not believe in Yeshua. Shane would not leave him alone about it. He finally asked me to tell Shane to stop talking to him about Yeshua every time he saw him.

Shane spent a lot of time with his maternal grandfather. Shane was Daddy's little buddy, running around town with him all the time. Some years after we moved back to Georgia, Daddy began to experience the early stages of Alzheimer's. His twin brother had a more advanced stage of it and he eventually ended up in a nursing home. My Daddy watched as his brother got worse and further away every day. He knew that that was the way he was going and in a moment of depression and desperation he took his own life.

Shane and I were out of town when it happened. Shane was in utter disbelief. It wasn't until he saw the body in the coffin and touched it that the reality hit. But by this time I was spiritually on my knees. Adonai had brought me there with Daddy's passing. This was June of 2002.



Shane (age 2) & His Granddaddy

This is difficult to explain. No one has the right to take their own life because it is given by Adonai and it belongs to Him. But I believe that at the point when Daddy took his own life he was in a state of insanity. I prayed and stood in the gap for him that day and I believe Adonai forgave him for what he did.

I told Shane that what he saw and touched in that coffin was only the shells that use to contain the mind and spirit of the grandfather he knew and loved, that Daddy was happy and whole in Heaven and that we would see him again someday. That was enough to satisfy Shane and allow him to heal from the loss.

### **Shane's Passion and Faith**

While living in Long Beach, CA I would wake up to a Christian talk radio program. The program was about Christian Jews. That seemed like a foreign concept to me at first. But then I realized that the first Christians were Jews.

Around the Christmas Holidays of 2003, Church on Fire hosted a class by a woman who was a Christian Jew. The technical term is Messianic Jew. A Messianic Jew is a Jew who believes in the Jewish Messiah, Yeshua. This woke up something in me and I started searching for a Messianic congregation. I found one in Fayetteville, GA, called Hope of Israel. The congregation moved to Jonesboro, GA. It later suffered some hard times because of a split in the congregation and finally dissolved. It was such a shame. This small congregation was like a family for Shane and me.



Shane and I eventually found at Beth Adonai, in Tucker, GA. We attended the congregation on a regular basis and became members of the congregation less than a month before Shane passed away.

As an active teen at Beth Adonai, Shane was able to attend a Dare to Share event in downtown Atlanta. The teens had a wonderful moving experience at the event. They were given assignments to do, involving the development of faith and witnessing to others. One of their assignments was to call two people and witness to them. The one person on Shane's mind was his best friend, Taylor. So he was one of the people Shane called.

Knowing what he knew, Shane did not want to think of any of the people he loved perishing in Hell. He knew he had an obligation to try to reach them.



Shane & Taylor

There were times when he would tell me that he tried to talk to someone about being saved and they brushed him off. Of course this was disappointing for him. He would feel like a failure. I would have to remind him that he had at least tried and that Adonai was pleased with that. The rest was on the person to accept or reject his witness. Yes, Shane was passionate for Yeshua, and he was a fun loving 14 year-old boy.



Spring Soccer Season 2008

Shane loved playing soccer. I said playing not practicing. He hated practicing soccer. He believed he was such a great player and he was pretty good, but not good enough to play professionally. He had a mean slide kick. It was awesome. He could slide into the ball, kicking it away from the player that had it, without touching the player and pop right back up to his feet. He toyed with the idea of being a professional soccer player, but he knew that the wrong injury could put one out of a job.

He loved to make people laugh. He thought he was such a comedian. He wanted to be an actor, but he was too shy to really go after it. When he went to public high school he was able to get into a drama class. They were going to put on some plays and he would have finally gotten a chance to do some real acting. He never got to do a play, but he did play the grim reaper at a school pep rally. He had a blast doing it and the kids thought he was pretty good.



Grandma, Shane, & Mom  
Cruise February 2008

He loved going to movies and the skating rink, traveling, going on cruises, listening to his iPod, and playing games, on or off the computer. He was even a beta tester for a one of his online games.

He loved scaring people. When he was home before me and I would come through the garage, he would listen for the garage door and run to the front hallway and stand against the wall between the front door and the garage door or get into the coat closet and wait for me to come through the door. He would jump out and yell. I would look at him or not and calmly say “Hi, Shane”. Sometimes when I would be in my bathroom, brushing my teeth or washing my face, I would see his reflection in the mirror as he slipped into my room and hid in my closet or under my bed. He would jump out and try to scare me. He managed to scare me at least once, but not very often. He did the same things to his Grandma but she was on to him too, so he never could get her.

One of my cousins moved in with my Mom and it never occurred to us to tell her about the scaring thing. We forgot because we were so use to it. So he would get her every time. She said once he hid under the dining room table and when she passed through the dining room he jumped out and scared her half to death.

Yeah, he definitely was having fun wherever he could find it. But he wasn't perfect. When he was younger, he used to get into fights with kids at school. I used to say to him, “You have be a friend to make a friend”. I can't take credit for the saying. I think I got it from my cousin, who happens to be Shane's Godmother. I told him he needed to learn to use his words to defend him self, not his fists.

Maybe that's why he started watching “Yo Momma”. He started picking up all kinds of come backs and using them, especially at school. Eventually, his mouth started to get him into trouble, as I told him it would, and it earned three days of in-school suspension. Those of us who knew him, know that he had a quick wit.

Unlike me, who had decided on a career and college at the age of 12, Shane, at the age of 14, really had no idea what he wanted to do for a living and I was always on him about it. I would tell him to keep his grades up so that when he did decide what he wanted to do, he would have choices. He did very well at times and at other times not so well. His grades were on a roller coaster ride.

It is estimated that there were some where between 700 to 900 people at Shane's funeral. It was hard to get an accurate count, but at least two of the chapels at the funeral home were filled to capacity with people standing in the hallway and outside the building. This 14 year old boy had impacted that many lives in a very good way. A teacher from one of Shane's old schools wrote “there were even college students there who had come home just for the occasion”.

I have heard and read stories of how popular this high school freshman was. Was Adonai drawing people to this young boy to show them that “saved” can come in unexpected packages and be full of fun and joy? Have you ever wondered how many people will attend your funeral, how many lives you will impact and in what ways? These may be questions worth asking.

### **Putting on the Armor of Adonai**

Shane passed away on October 15, 2008, hours after being hit by a sports utility vehicle (SUV) while riding his dirt bike. We live in the city so when Shane first got the dirt bike he was riding in our yard and the neighbor’s yard. He was fully equipped with helmet, goggles, gloves, and chest protector. My mom, on the other hand, lives outside the city limits, with larger areas to ride in. So we packed up the bike and gear and took it to my mom’s house. Shane would gear up and go out riding his bike. One day he mentioned to me that the kids in the neighborhood were making fun of him because of the gear. They said he looked like something out of Star Wars. It bothered him. So little by little he stopped wearing the gear to the point that on the day he was hit by the SUV, he was wearing none of his gear. It is surprising, knowing Shane’s personality, that he would let the “Star Wars” comment bother him. But maybe it was more about the rebel in him that liked feeling the wind in his hair.

I don’t know if wearing the gear would have saved his life. The newspaper report said that he suffered head and chest injuries. The question does bother me at times. I think to myself, “If I had paid more attention to that fact, would he still be alive?” But Adonai is more powerful than I am. It was Shane’s time to leave this world. If Adonai had intended it any other way, Shane would still be here.

That doesn’t mean that you shouldn’t wear your bike gear, thinking Adonai will protect you. I advise anyone riding a motorcycle of any size to get the gear and wear it. We are not to tempt the hand of Adonai.



In the same way when we put on the armor of our Adonai, by accepting Yeshua as Lord and Savior and becoming part of His priesthood, we must never take it off. Some of us accept the armor but little by little take it off because of things and people that cause us to turn aside from the way we know we should go.

## On My Face before Adonai

So, some six years and three and half months after Daddy's passing, Shane passed away. I truly believe Shane and Daddy are back together again in heaven. And with his passing Adonai has put me on my face. Broken and empty, where can I go but to my Lord? I was and am living a mother's worst nightmare, the loss of a child, the loss of her only child. Why?

It is said that Adonai does not give us more than we can bear. I am a strong person, but many days I wish for insanity, something to take the pain away.



It is also said that what doesn't kill us makes us stronger. I didn't die so maybe it made me stronger. People often comment that when they talk to me about what happened to Shane that I'm ministering to them and bringing them comfort. If they are comforted, it is not me. It's Adonai in me that brings comfort. If Adonai wants to use me to bear witness to the strength we can find in Him, that's alright by me. But I also know that the prayers of many saints are holding me up. When people tell me they are praying for me I am grateful, because prayer is a powerful thing and we should never cease to pray for one another.

I know it would be wrong to be angry with Adonai. I know that Adonai does not make mistakes, that nothing that happens to us is a surprise to Adonai. So I have to believe that no matter how insane it seems to me, it is in His hands. He is still in control.

But I was a mother without a purpose. For so many years life had been about making a way for Shane and me together, preparing Shane to take care of himself, for a future, and for a family. That was all gone. I felt like it had all been a waste of time. What was I going to do with myself now? Why was I still here when so much of me left this world with Shane?

I know you have read or heard it said in the Bible that Adonai spoke to people. Understand that Adonai still speaks to people. In my lifetime, He has spoken to me audibly many times. When I tell people that, they give me such a look or word of surprise. I don't know if it's them or me; whether they've never heard Him or they don't believe He talks to me. Whatever the case, believe Adonai speaks. And yes, He did speak to me on the night that Shane passed away. He was answering the questions, "How could you allow this" and "Why did you do this?" before I could barely form the questions in my head.

There is no magic formula I can give you as to when He speaks to you. It could be in moments of utter desperation or in the simple moments. The trick is to listen and recognize His voice. It's not so much the sound of His voice but the feel of his voice, and yes, sometimes He will tell you things you don't want to hear when you are asking for His guidance.

In my state of mind I don't think that I was consciously asking but desperately in need of an answer. I realized that I was still here because Adonai was not through with me yet. But then the question was, what did He need from me?

### **The Commission**

Adonai placed it on my heart to pray for the young people in my life. I have their names written down in a journal to remind me to pray for them everyday. One day I heard Him say "preach". Who me? Did I hear that right? Then one night I was attending my nephew's high school high choir program. While I was sitting there, I started to imagine what I would say to all these young people if I had the opportunity to speak to them. This was the same high school Shane attended, so many of them knew him.

Then it came to me. What I needed to do was to tell young people that tomorrow is not promised to them. You have to prepare yourself today for the possibility of tomorrow. James 4:13 and 14 says, "Now listen, you who say, "Today or tomorrow we will go to such-and-such a city, stay there a year trading and make a profit"! You don't even know if you will be alive tomorrow! For all you are is a mist that appears for a little while and then disappears". Wow! Can you imagine that, a mist that appears for a little while? The threads of life can sometimes be very thin. Tomorrow is not promised.

James 4:15 through 17 continues "Instead, you ought to say, "If Adonai wants it to happen, we will live" to do this or that. But as it is, in your arrogance you boast. All such boasting is evil. So then, anyone who knows the right thing to do and fails to do it is committing a sin."

We must keep in mind that there are those of us who while not young in years are young in spirit. So I say to both the young in years and the young in spirit, "Tomorrow is not promised to you". We are here, now, today. We must make a decision today to set things right. We must do the right things today--to be kind to others, to accept those who may seem a little different from the rest, to bring joy and laughter to others, to be generous with hugs and smiles and words of "I love you", to enjoy what we have to the fullest, to give our hearts to Yeshua, to accept the salvation He offers, to follow His path right through Heaven's gate to the foot of His throne.



Drawing Courtesy of  
Nicholas Peterson, Son  
of a Dear Friend

**This is not the end.**