

“Gone in a Single Morning”



Last night I saw it. I was coming home. A large Caterpillar trackhoe was parked very close, shutdown, and waiting at the back of the house. That thing was parked too close to be normal. I looked again, over my left shoulder, at the house. It was a beautiful two-story brick home well-appointed

with carefully landscaped grounds—it seemed a lovely home that anyone would be grateful to have. Well, I sort of put it out of my mind.

This morning, I woke up at about 5:00am and went out for a run, just about 20 minutes before sunrise. I didn't think about it, but about an hour into that run I was on my return leg coming home and happened to come right past that house. I turned the corner just in time to see the long boom and claw on the trackhoe reach up above the roof, out, and demolish the entire front section of that gorgeous home. The claws came down over the front entryway of the home, and it collapsed into the rubble that was the rest of the house under the tracks of that mechanical beast.

I stood there for a moment. I stopped running and watched. And then I kept going. I felt a strange, sad feeling. What a beautiful home! I imagined, in my mind, the family or families that might have lived, loved, and felt joy and made memories there—and now it was gone—both the home and the family. Gone. The potential joy and security of that home is no more.



I thought of the weeks, months, and even years that it had taken to build that home and create those beautiful grounds, and it was gone in a single destructive morning. I later

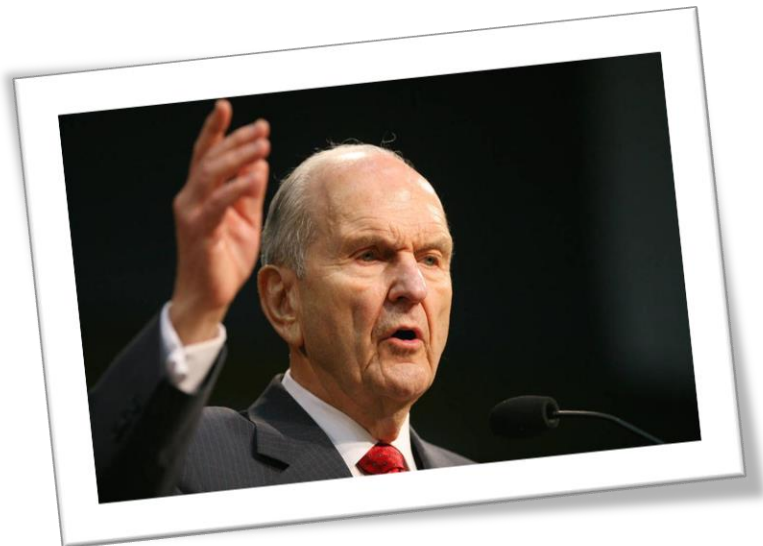
went back, this afternoon. All that was left was a hole and a pile of broken concrete. I know that it was necessary for the onward march of human progress. Those machines are marvelous; they are cool to watch. But to me, it still felt sad.

I reflected throughout the day how that home literally is like our homes figuratively. Evil destructive forces stand ready, waiting and watching. At the first opportunity they attack, usually from behind when and where we least expect it, and in a single moment of choice can destroy a loving family that took decades to build. And all that is left in their wake is an emotional crater and the shattered rubble of human hearts.

President Nelson taught the women of the Church in October 2020 Conference, “As

turmoil rages around *us*, we need to create places where we are safe, both physically and spiritually. When your home becomes a personal sanctuary of faith—where the Spirit resides—your home becomes the first line of defense.”

And so, of course, where is it that the Evil One can maximize the most misery for the least effort—in our homes, the attack on our homes. *Gone, all gone, in a single morning!*



Source:

Russell M. Nelson October 2020 General Conference, General Women's Session
<https://www.churchofjesuschrist.org/study/general-conference/2020/10/37nelson?lang=eng>

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