The 3 little pigs and wolf stew

I have always been a speculative person, always wondering, “What if?” Even when I was a child reading books, I would find myself creating a different ending to the story and pondering that ever present question, “What if?” I was always putting happy endings on sad stories. Such as, I did not want to think of the Big Bad Wolf eating any of the Three Little Pigs, so I made up my own story. I had the three pigs eating wolf stew for supper with carrots and potatoes.

For years people have talked, speculated and even prophesied that Jesus was coming back to earth and rapture up his people at a certain time and date.

I remember when I was around 11 years old, I heard a minister say, “I am telling you to get ready, because Jesus is coming in October.” Let me tell you, I fretted, stewed and worried. I prayed for forgiveness of my sins and read my Bible. I just knew that would be the end of the world as we knew it. The month of October passed that year and I breathed a sigh of relief. The world was still standing.

We can speculate all we want, but anyone who reads the Bible knows that not even the angels in Heaven know when Christ is returning.

I also remember Y2K and how some people stocked their pantries, basements and houses to get prepared for the biggest computer shutdown in history. As the minutes clicked towards midnight, I kept a vigil watch and was waiting to see if we lost our power or if the whole world was just going to explode. Midnight passed and I breathed a sigh of relief. The world was still the same. I worried for nothing.

Then, too, sometimes we tend to believe everything the weatherman says. It may look like a big blizzard with a foot of snow is heading our way and I am just like everyone else because I go stock up on food, batteries, and oil for my space heaters. When my own kids were growing up we would listen to the weather report and if they were forecasting snow, the kids would

speculate, “There won’t be any school tomorrow, so we can stay up late.” A lot of times, we wound up with very little snow and sleepy kids the next morning.

I have drove myself into frenzies worrying these certain things. I worry about my kids if I can’t get a hold of them; if I hear an accident report, I immediately think it is probably someone I know; when I see a car closely following me, I immediately think it is a serial killer; when I board an airplane, I believe the man behind me might be a terrorist; if my phone rings and they hang up, I think it may be a stalker; if I see a bright light in the sky, I think it is a UFO; if I hear a noise on the porch at night, I think maybe it could be a grizzly bear rummaging around and if I see anything even move, I think it could be a mouse.

Yes, my life can take turns and twists based on speculation of what, could, or should happen. It is just so easy for me to let my imagination and speculation run away and think all kinds of things, good and bad. Now does this mean I am a worry wart, a speculator, or am I someone with a big imagination?

I may be a little bit of all three, but I prefer to call it, “being prepared.” Right now, we seem to be having a big drought. What if it doesn’t rain all summer? What if everyone’s crops dry up? What if? What if? What if?

Like I said, “I am just getting ready!” Or maybe I should have faith and get out my umbrella!

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The opinions stated are those of the writer, and do not necessarily reflect that of the newspaper.