

Whatever Happened On The Yellow Brick Road?

by Steve Higginbotham

Times sure do change. Stop and think of the changes that have been occurring in the past 100 years. There have probably been more changes during this period of time than in the rest of human history combined. While I don't consider myself to be "old," I can say I grew up during a time prior to microwave ovens, VCR's, computers, and even something as "simple" as a hand-held calculator.

Now that you have the setting for my childhood, allow me to share one of my experiences. Once a year, one of the network television stations would air the movie, "The Wizard of Oz." My memory of that movie goes something like this:

- Dorothy is a young girl living on a Kansas farm.
- A tornado comes and lifts Dorothy and her house away to the land of Oz.
- Her house lands on the Wicked Witch of the East.
- Dorothy starts skipping on the yellow brick road.
- Then the Wicked Witch of the West melts.
- Dorothy meets the Wizard of Oz and ends up safely back in Kansas with her family.

Well now, if you know the story of the Wizard of Oz, the above summary is missing quite a large portion of the movie. The part that is missing is the middle part. You see, I have a memory of how the movie began and how it ended, but I don't have a memory of anything in-between. Do you know why? Because the one time of the year when the Wizard of Oz came on television was Sunday evening, and that's when my family went to worship.

Consequently, I'd see the beginning of the movie, go to church services, then return home in time to see the end. There were no VCR's or DVR's to record it so I could watch it later. If you missed it, you missed it. Next chance to watch it would be the following year. So I literally grew up having never seen the Wizard of Oz. It was as an adult that I finally discovered what happened between the "skipping" and the "melting."

Here is my point. Although I would have really liked to have been able to see the entire movie as a child, I wouldn't trade my memory of "having no memory" of this movie for the world. It stands as a testimony to the faith, priorities, and direction of my family.

Looking back, I'm glad my memory of the Wizard of Oz is what it is. I'm certainly glad that my memory is not of "skipping" church to watch Dorothy "skip" her way through Oz. This is just one of many experiences from my childhood that demonstrated the priorities of our family. Friends, are you creating memories in your homes that reflect your godly priorities and which will burn into the memory of your children, or grandchildren? If not, get busy and create some memories!