

The Library of the Mind

I grasped the heavy door handle and wheezed as I pulled it open. It creaked as did my old body. I walked carefully in with my walker. My body was overwhelmed with sights and smells as I entered the familiar library. I sighed contently as I viewed the musty hall with its adornment of hundreds, even possibly thousands, of books. I was an avid reader when I was younger but now my eyes made it cumbersome to see the faded print. I loved this library and its rust colored curtains and comfy chairs. Best of all were the smooth oak bookshelves lined with a variety of books I had read over the years. I would spend hours here listening to the crackling fire as I poured over numerous stories. But now I was getting old and so was the library.

I shuffled down the room on the clean but cracked wood floor. I sniffed the pleasant odor of books as I smiled and saw old "friends." Some pained me with reminders of their violent tales. Others made me blush as I recalled the romantic stories I used to enjoy. Why had I filled my library with these? I grew thoughtful as I brushed my hands over the textbooks where I had increased my knowledge; then grew ashamed when I saw the book where I had learned *too* much. None of these books would leave the library. I could forget some but they would never leave the Library of my Mind.

My withered eyes brightened when I picked up a thick, worn, leather-bound volume. It was dog-eared and stained from the numerous times I had read this precious book. The volume was filled with epic battles, heroic people, middle-eastern history, prophecies, truth, love stories, and the greatest love story of all time. I sighed when I closed the cover and saw the gold embossed letters spelling the words, The Holy Bible. I gently and reverently placed it down and promised myself that I wouldn't forget these Words as long as my ragged breaths

still came. How often had it been a solace in hard times? How often had it taught me lessons I needed to hear? My sweet mother had homeschooled me on this book. It was my education and my light, and still is. My eyes watered to think that children aren't even taught the basic facts of the Bible in school and how they are missing the greatest Book of all.

I wandered further down and chuckled as I remembered the first line of a favorite book which was about "Mr. Bilbo Baggins eleventy-first birthday." Something about the mystery and excitement of The Lord of the Rings, had made me a fan. The battle of good against evil was one of my many reasons. It fascinated and stimulated me. It showed me how to write well.

Nearby was The Pilgrim's Progress. When I read this book with its old English it had been more difficult than any other book I had read before; but I kept at it. This story challenged my mind and soul in its spiritual applications. John Bunyan, the author of this famous book, had an amazing testimony: he had written this life-impacting book in prison for being a Christian. His book is full of analogies of our spiritual life in a relation to a physical one. It presented many convicting truths to my heart.

I laughed to realize that these have been some of the three most popular books for a long, long time. They are so rich I could read them over and over again and still gain some new and hidden treasure. If only every student would read them.

As I dragged myself back to the door and looked around me one last time, I realized that everyone can fill the Library of their Minds with many choices. What I filled mine with couldn't be undone, but you have a choice to be careful and diligent to only fill your Library with "whatever is noble, whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, [and] whatever is admirable..."