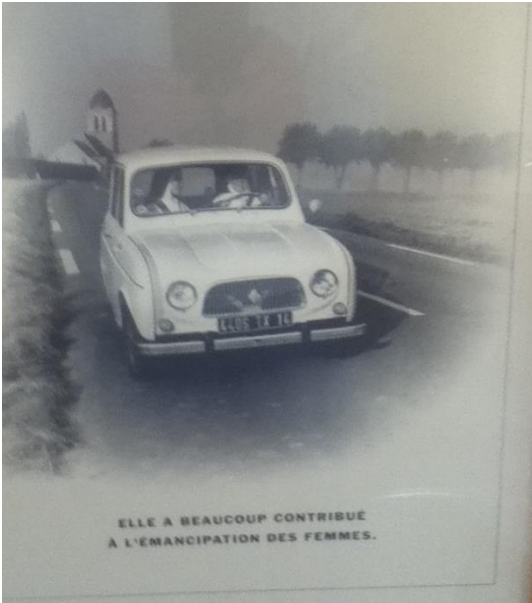


They are not recyclable



If the emancipation of women means freeing a woman so that she can go to work then our 'Quatre L' did provide that rather dubious freedom. A strong, individual, and often objectionable, personality entered our lives such that a love - hate relationship rapidly developed. The 'shake - rattle and roll' journey in the stress of rush hour traffic became a daily test of faith - 'these things are indeed sent to try us'.

The first question of the day was - 'will she start?' - the next question was - 'will she stop?' - the engine would bravely continue running with a sort of panting noise even after the key had been removed.

So the 'Quatre L' submerged herself into the family and the love - hate relationship was replaced by challenged understanding; - to have arrived had a sense of victory.



The day came when the law would no longer allow grace for her passionate little heart and she had to go to her resting place. To our joy, this loved one was recycled into the kennel for the large guard dog which patrolled the site; faithfully she continued to serve. But what of all those folk who have been a trial in our lives, testing our patience and ability to forgive way past our limits? Are they God's mirror to reveal our own weaknesses? Or - are we to pronounce judgement on their lives and declare - they are beyond grace? But remember - they are not recyclable.