

on Valentine's day and once for no special reason, bought me these ear rings.

"Mom, whose glasses are these? Can I have them?", Lori asked. "No," I answered with watery eyes, "they were Grandpa's."

It's amazing how memories can bring on surprises in us. Holding the glasses, I felt the pain again. Pain that I thought I've lost.

Dad died ten years ago, but there I sat, crying and cradling that cold metal frame as if it were worth a brick of gold. With both sadness and joy I said in my heart, "I miss you Daddy, I still miss you."

Looking at the colored gems, I was ten years old again. Suddenly, I felt secure and warm as a child living free of worries. How I wish I could return. However, for the moment, at least I could hold this and capture the love from that time which now bathes in my memory.

As I now remember the three items in the box, I think of how little value they are to the world. But how they mean so much to me that I would not sell them to the highest bidder.

Why? Because they are more than what

they appear to be. They are important because the lives they represent and what they symbolize continue to live within me. Each object had a part of teaching and making me who I am today.

This is what Steering magazine is about. This is the celebration of not only our anniversary, but our journey together thus far.

God has provided us a box, the magazine, to which we each contribute. Whether as a reader or writer, we share our lives and help to shape the lives of others. There are sad memories in our pages, between the lines there may be painful lessons to be learned, but there are also times of joy.

Steering exists because we want to live to our greatest potential for God who has given us life. In order to accomplish this, we must depend on each other. We must work to collect valuable treasures that cannot decay, but will increase in value, even till the end of time.

For what we possess is an eternal gift. What we have been given is the opportunity to touch each other's destiny, to affect a soul beyond the limits of life on earth. 

接棒人

／吳炯（阿根廷）

不 流情的歲月，比跑信的更快，轉眼間「導向」已跑完了十個年頭。

八年來「導向」成了我的良朋密友，每當接到它，首先貪婪地要看「滌然信箱」和末段一篇「總編輯的話」。

尤其在「滌然信箱」來自五湖四海肢體和朋友在他們身上或周圍環境裡發生各式各樣的事向編輯發問，感謝主，滌然姊，主給你那麼豐富和廣博的知識和人情世故，更要緊的是毫不牽強又不是唱高調的而是實實際際的引人到主的面前來解決一切難題，來自於活水的泉源使許多心田貧瘠的人得到了滋潤。

知道滌然姊身體欠佳，但靠主的恩典堅守崗位，站在文字工作的第一線為主打了美好的勝仗。

看過幾遍滌然姊寫的「主的忠僕史祈生」一書，心裡感到非常惋惜，主這麼早接他去了，是的，兩頭點的蠟燭是不會長久的，故我衷心盼望滌然姊為主要保重身體，勞逸結合，另外也盼望你培養一批接棒人，如摩西培養約書亞一樣，但約書亞確忽略了這一點，沒有一個得力的人來接他的棒，以至以色列民就開始放肆，叩拜別神，惹耶和華發怒，開始了士師時代。

最後希望「導向」永存不朽，直到主來的日子！ 