

DOWN HOME: And for an encore, clean the garage

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We have done the unthinkable.

Well, unthinkable to me, anyway.

Joanna, the brains of our outfit, however, has been thinking the unthinkable for quite awhile. My wife pays attention to trends and outcomes and scenarios. Plus, she loves me and wants what's best for me.

So, we sold our house. And we agreed to buy a new one, which makes sense unless living in a washing-machine box under the overpass becomes the next home "thing."

The primary reason we're moving is because Jo loves me and doesn't want me to drive 28 miles one-way through Dallas traffic to work and back any more. The secondary reason we're moving is because Jo lives with me and is sick of listening to me whine about driving 28 miles one-way through Dallas traffic to work and back.

When we began to consider the previously unthinkable, we looked at three geographical options.

Option A is a section of Dallas immediately southeast of the Baptist

Standard office. It's so close to work I could go home for lunch. But we would have to pay a gazillion dollars for a house not much bigger than a washing-machine box.

Option B is a lovely section of Dallas, with stately decades-old trees, winding lanes and great homes. We couldn't find any good reason not to move over there.

Option C is just a little south and possibly a smidge west of where we've lived in Lewisville for almost 11 years. The big difference is we could get away from Interstate 35 and simultaneously shorten and simplify my daily drive to work.

A few Sundays ago, while passing the offering plate, Jo mouthed to me, "We've got to talk after church." We've been married and loved each other so long that she didn't need to say what she said on the way to the car: "I can't leave our friends here."

We knew we would love churches near our potential Option A and Option B homes. But, as Jo said, "We've invested more than 10 years in these friendships, and you can't walk away from that."

She's right, of course. Church is about many things. But the vitality and urgency of the friendships and spirit of community that embrace us when we're part of a fellowship of faith we call church is profound.

So, we're moving. But only a few miles away. It's far enough to cut my commute tremendously, but not so far that we need to find another church family. The appropriate theological response to this development is clear and unambiguous: "Hooray."

But back to the unthinkable. After our friend Andy helped us find a buyer for our home, I realized why I'd refused to think about ever moving away: The attic.

For almost 11 years, our attic has been the Dead Sea of our home. Stuff flowed in; nothing flowed out. Until a couple of Saturdays ago, when we spent hours working up there. Thirty-nine gallons of sweat and a rafter-conk on the head later, we had hauled about half our stuff out of there. Now, I can't wait to take on the garage.

I must be crazy from the heat.

— *Marv Knox*

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