

The Blessings of Love Bugs
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Love bug blessings. That's an oxymoron if I ever heard one. Like jumbo shrimp or good grief, the words seem contradictory to each other. Some blessings are easy to acknowledge. For instance, I feel blessed with the sacrifices and freedoms we have received from those who have served or are serving in the armed forces. That makes sense. It's right and proper. I celebrate that we are honoring them this weekend. But I have trouble celebrating and finding blessings in the love bug explosion that invaded us these last couple of weeks. Love bugs are not what comes to mind when I count my many blessings and name them one by one.

But we are told in the Scriptures to give God thanks for everything, so I began wracking my brain for love bug blessings. I found that there are some blessings if you look hard enough. First, love bugs don't bite. Praise God for that! Other blessings: Love bugs encourage me to wash my truck more often. Love bugs bring all of us together with a common nemesis. Love bugs increase on-the-road comradeship (if I convoy behind that truck, it will take out most of the love bugs). Love bugs increase my prayer life (Good Lord, where did all these love bugs come from?) Love bugs help me deal with statistics (with all of these hundreds of thousands of love bugs being smashed, surely there will be less in the future!) Love bugs only live 3-4 days, less if they fly near a road. Love bug season helps us appreciate even more the 10+ months that we don't have to deal with them.

In my search for love bug blessings, I was reminded of the story of Granny G, who never said anything bad about anyone or anything. Several guys decided to tease her and challenged, "Granny, what do you have to say about the devil?" Granny answered, "That rascal certainly gets around!"

Attitude can make a world of difference in how we respond to the daily challenges we encounter, and we can always find some positive in the negative we come across – even love bugs! That's a life lesson worth embracing. Having said all this, there is still a part of me that wants to ask, "Noah, why couldn't you have swatted those mosquitoes and squashed those love bugs?"