

# CLASSIC STATE OF MIND

## A Word About ... Inventories

Hi. I'm Ken Jones and this is a Classic State of Mind, with a Word about: 'Inventories'

Man, I don't know about you, but I've got more stuff than I know what to do with. Recently, in fact, a couple of guys who had mercy on my disorganized life came over and worked for two solid days, sorting, throwing away, stacking, and boxing up what could only be described as 'stuff' in my shop. Now, my 'stuff' is organized. I don't have an official 'inventory' of it all, because, well ... it's still just 'stuff.' And, I mean, who takes an inventory of 'stuff?'

I hate to think about the work I'm leaving undone when I leave this world: Somebody — probably my kids — will have to haul away all my stuff. They won't want it. Oh, they may keep a plaque on my wall or some of my books; maybe one of my fishing' rods, or some sentimental something that holds fond memories for them.

But if I was a betting' man, I'd guess that most of my 'stuff' is going to be dumped or trashed and yard-saled into oblivion when I'm gone.

I read a great story by Joshua Liebman the other day. He wrote about a young man who thought he had really arrived at a mature place in his life, who had decided to draw up an inventory or a catalogue of what he thought would be the components of 'good life.' He thought he was being incredibly insightful by *not* listing on *his* 'inventory of a successful life' what other men might include on their lists: he didn't include properties he might own or would like to own. Instead, he listed what he thought were 'essentials' — things like health, love, beauty. But he also included things like riches, and fame, together with several other minor ingredients in what he thought were perfect proportions. When his inventory was completed, he proudly showed it to a wise elder and mentor of his. He said to the old man, "Here is my inventory for a successful and fulfilled life. If I could have all these things, my life would be truly wonderful."

The old man read the list and said, "Well. Your inventory is understandable. Who would not want a life of health, and love, and beauty. Who in this world does not want some degree of power, or riches, or fame. One thing, though, that you left off your inventory. One thing that will never be achieved by accumulating the stuff on your list. A three- syllable phrase: Peace of Mind.

What the wise old man was saying, was pay attention to that 'inventory' of what you think is important. Because there's a huge price to pay for the 'stuff' of life.

Dietrich Bonhoeffer said that what he described as 'fettters' bind us to our possessions and our aspirations, and end up being 'cares of life' themselves. In other words, the stuff I hang on to or long for, or gather up and store in boxes ... ends up being nothing more than boxes and boxes of 'care' and 'concern' and worry.

No. Peace of mind can't be found in any of the boxes of stuff I've got stored, no matter how well I try to manage them or organize them or inventory them. Peace of mind isn't about an inventory and accounting of all my stuff. It's a daily recognition; a determined counting ... on Him.

“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.”

I'm Ken Jones, and that's a Classic State of Mind. If you'd like a copy of today's thought, you can visit our website: [ClassicStateOfMind.com](http://ClassicStateOfMind.com) and download it there. It's free. And if you enjoy Classic State of Mind, invite a friend to listen, hear on [kvip](http://kvip). And drop us an email. I'd love to hear from you. You can reach me at [kenjones@classicstateofmind.com](mailto:kenjones@classicstateofmind.com). Thanks for listening.