

Nothing's Promised

### **“Nothing’s promised.”**

This was Russell Wilson's statement in his December, 2020 [video](#) honoring Kobe and Gigi Bryant, as he shared his thoughts on their tragic passing.

### **“Nothing’s promised.”**

How quickly that phrase became very real, and quite personal, for our family the first week of January, 2020. Imagine an event so horrific that you would think it could only happen in a movie; instead we learned our beloved next door neighbor, 92 year old Dr. [William Marshall](#), was murdered in his home. He was an amazing man whom we loved like family, and who, only a few days earlier, had sent us a text with a picture of the significant snowfall we had received back home while Nikki and I had been out of town on vacation.

I will never forget the moment as I worked from home that morning. As I looked into our front yard through the office window, all I could see was a sea of police cars. Quickly, I wrapped up my call as I heard Nikki crying outside my door. Immediately, I came out to see what was going on; when I found her in tears, scared, and she was saying, “I think something happened to Dr. Marshall. Go next door to see what’s happened.”

My first thought was, “I don’t know what is going on, but by the sheer number of police cars, it couldn’t be good.” As I walked next door, I had already begun to play out a story in my mind. Maybe his wife, Nancy, whom he had been the primary care giver had passed away. She was pretty much immobile, and he had lovingly taken care of her ever since we had moved to the neighborhood a few years earlier. While sad, this wouldn’t have been all that surprising. As my mind snapped back into the present moment, I walked up and introduced myself to the officer. I explained that I was the neighbor next door, and that Nikki and I were concerned for what was happening. Hoping there was a logical answer with the positive ending, my heart sunk when he shared the news, “Dr. Marshall is dead and there are clear signs of foul play...”

### **“Nothing’s promised.”**

Last year, almost one year to the day of that horrible experience, my aunt, [Kim LeHew](#), at the young age of 56, lost her 6-year battle with cancer. Full of love and energy most of her life, she was one of the most positive individuals I had ever known. She was an inspiration to many, and certainly a role model for me in many ways. I will never forget a comment she shared with me 18 years earlier at my father’s funeral; she shared that she had asked him for advice just before he, too, lost his battle with cancer. She had gone on to explain that he told her to simply “**love others**, especially your daughter”. A simple message about what really matters in life. She certainly had taken that advice to heart.

Now two years removed from losing Dr. Marshall, and a year gone by since my aunt’s passing, I still reflect on that advice. Love others, whatever that looks like for you. Maybe you give your kids an extra hug when you tuck them in tonight. Maybe you tell someone you love them. The message here is don’t wait. The time is now. **Nothing’s promised.**

**INTENTIONAL LIVING CALL TO ACTION:** Do something this week to show your love for others.