

Why Buy Books?

They're everywhere. Pick one up in the coffee shop. Download one online. Sometimes I think they're going to take over the world. With so many writers and so many stories, how could the world possibly need another one? Can I really make a difference? As I walked the aisles of my favorite bookstore, these thoughts were bouncing around in my brain. All the while, more stories were burning inside me, fighting to get out.



Even while gazing at all the lovely tomes, my heart desired them. I wanted to take several home and read them and then place them lovingly on my overcrowded shelves. Someday I'll dust them or take them out to a neighborhood secondhand bookstore and pass them on to the next reader. Except for the ones that hold that special place in my heart. I know I can never part with them. They must be read again...and again.

I know that others feel the same way I do, as they roam through those hallowed aisles, sniffing the air for a great story. And oh, the joy of finding one, tucked away in between Hemingway and Hinkleberry.

But no greater joy, of course, than finding one inside your heart. And when you have it all out on paper and you know beyond a doubt that it is worthy, that is ecstasy. How can we sit on that? How can we not share it? There is a scripture in the Bible that says, "No one lights a lamp and puts it in a place where it will be hidden, or under a bowl. Instead he puts it on its stand, so that those who come in may see the light," Luke 11:33.

So why buy books? For the sheer joy of owning them. To turn clean pages and make marks and fold corners wherever...and whenever you wish. And when you're all finished, you can store it on a shelf, or pass it on. You decide. But by all means buy.