

Remember when you were a child at Thanksgiving? What a great time it was. I remember all the work it took to prepare the feast. It seemed we always had guests. Thank the good Lord for guests. Because of them, my mom would make up all the fixin's. We would start several days in advance to gather the items needed. Then on the day before the main event, she would make all the deserts and cookies, vegetables and breads. Then early in the morning on Thanksgiving Day, the buttered down turkey would enter the heated vault for basting. My Dad would then take over the task of watching, testing and keeping the turkey moist. Then the time would come, the guests would arrive and the turkey would make its grand appearance. Everyone would take their seat and the Thanksgiving grace and blessing was shared. Then my Father would stand up and carve off slices of turkey. Soon everyone would be served and the eating commenced. It wouldn't be long then that we would delight into the desert area and thereafter the kids would go outside to play as the adults reclined in the living room. Oh what a glorious day.

Nowdays the tradition continues but for some it's a trip to Denny's or Cracker Barrel, and mom's run off to sales called Black Friday to fight over TV's and toys. It's not the same as I remembered. But the fellowship is still ablaze and families do see one another again.

The interesting thing about it all was the preparation for such a great time. I believe that the best part of Thanksgiving is the care and love that goes into it. The people who make it happen, who see it for what it really is: A time of thanks for so much. Thank-you God for life, family, friends, faith and love. There is so much God has given us and I hope and pray that on Thursday, you rediscover His love in your home. Have a great Thanksgiving and God bless you!

Pastor Art