



Thanksgiving Blessings

The story I'm about to tell is entirely true. The people living this story are not of my immediate family, but close enough that I was privileged to watch it unfold.

Two brothers grew up in western North Carolina. They hunted, fished, and played as brothers do. When they became adults the younger joined the Air Force and made it his career. After retirement, he settled in Cape Cod where he was employed by the airport. He married and brought up his children in the northern region. As a boy, he was saved and baptized. He always professed his belief in Christ. However, because of the demand of working on Sunday, his church attendance was minimal.

The older brother remained in western North Carolina, married and brought up his children locally. His children were in church from infancy. They became Christians early in life and church became the focus of their life.

Thanksgiving celebration became an exciting time for both families. The northern family would come south for the holiday. The brothers hunted, fished, and enjoyed time together. As they were about the same age, the cousins played and got to know and love each other. On Sunday, the little NC girls insisted their cousin attend church with them. The little Cape Cod girl balked at the idea saying she had nothing to wear. No problem, she was told. The southern cousins gave her the choice of their dresses. They then styled her hair while she objected every step of the way.

Years passed. The cousins of both families grew up, married and had their own children. As time passed, the Air Force brother became sick and passed away. His oldest daughter had worked at the airport with him for several years. She was devastated by the loss of her dad.

Several days after the funeral, she called her cousin. She began telling how much she missed her father. Then she talked about memories of Thanksgivings spent together and the times they attended church together. Finally, in a broken voice she said, "I want to know how to be saved. I know my day was a Christian and I want what he had." So the local lady explained the plan of salvation and the northern lady accepted Christ by phone.

I realize this is lengthy but I felt it had to be told. God is good. Time may pass but He doesn't forget our work of faith and labor of love and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ. (1 Thess. 1:3)

As we give thanks this year, may we remember that the size of the turkey on the table is not the most important part of Thanksgiving.

