

## THANKSGIVING

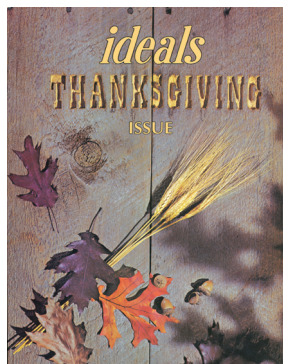
Thanksgiving (the day of observance) is just around the corner, about two weeks away as you read this. Only yesterday July was cooking us, and this morning, August was turning into September. Unbelievable! The world is spinning around my life's merry-go-round so fast that it's all a blur.

On the new "fast-time," I find I do not dare to put things off a few days or a week, because before I even realize it, that few days or week have come and gone, along with some critical deadline. Or all of a sudden I have only one or two days left to get some report done or turn in a critical order in to the wholesaler.

I'm sure no one else has this problem. All of you out there have everything in your lives running smooth as silk, on time, no delays, right? Yeah, right.

So back to Thanksgiving. Whoosh! There it went! No, wait! Grab it quick! Ha! Caught ya just in time. It didn't get by me yet. So I have time to be thankful with you.

A few weeks ago, Kathryn, the more or less silent partner in this commentary space, found a treasure at an estate sale. She found a trove of old "Ideals" books



(or magazines?) that someone had collected. She brought them home and showed them to me, and what a flood of memories they created, streaming straight out of my childhood.

These magazines are Americana at its best, or worst if you are a Leftist of today. I remember wanting to buy them but could only afford them once in a while. They are beautifully printed, with glossy photos for covers, and heavy paper covered with colorful print inside. Much is poetry, much is nostalgic, and much focuses on our common



and (at that time) assumed heritage based on God's abundant blessings on this nation. Can you imagine how foreign that seems in 2019? How almost dangerous or at least bigoted in the eyes of many?

"Ideals" reminds me of my great-aunt's house in Indianapolis, Indiana, where I spent my early teens as my dad attended Christian Theological Seminary and served as minister in two churches. Aunt Ruth was Grandpa Gommel's sister and lived in an older, genteel

enclave called Woodruff Place, an early form of gated community. In the 1960's, when we lived there, it was still genteel, but the residents were not rich.

Aunt Ruth's house was not big in width or depth, and sat in a small yard, but it was three stories high, with a steep wooden staircase between floors. On the landing of the second story was an old Victrola wind-up record player. On the third story was an attic-like room in which there was a model train setup.

The rather large extended family would gather on Thanksgiving or Christmas (or both), the men talking issues or watching football, the women in the kitchen fixing dinner, and we kids running all over the place, up and down the stairs, in and out of the house. By the end of the day, we were so stuffed we could barely move.

As our reality of today seems so much darker than it was back then, it's time we resist the flood of an-

ger, hatred, deception and corruption we see swamping our nation. We can hold high the light of the Spirit of God, with our feet planted firmly in His Truth. If enough of us resist the darkness and light our lamps, with God's strength, we can defeat the darkness!

A 1976 Thanksgiving Ideals that Kathryn brought to share printed an excerpt of Abraham Lincoln's Thanksgiving Proclamation from October 3, 1863, when the Civil War was raging, with death and destruction all around. His comments are relevant to what we face as a nation today.

*Linda Gommel*

## ON THE LIGHTER SIDE

*From the Web.*

## THANKSGIVING WEATHER REPORT

Turkeys will thaw in the morning, then warm in the oven to an afternoon high near 190 F. The kitchen will turn hot and humid, and if you bother the cook, be ready for a severe squall or cold shoulder. Dur-



ing the late afternoon and evening, the cold front of a knife will slice through the turkey, causing an accumulation of one to two inches on plates. Mashed potatoes will drift across one side while cranberry sauce creates slippery spots on the other. Please pass the gravy. A weight watch and indigestion warning have been issued for the entire area, with increased stuffiness around the beltway. During the evening, the turkey will diminish and taper off to leftovers, dropping to a low of 34 F in the refrigerator. Looking ahead to Friday and Saturday, high pressure to eat sandwiches will be established. Flurries of leftovers can be expected both days with a 50 percent chance of scattered soup late in the day. We expect a warming trend where soup develops. By early next week, eating pressure will be low as the only wish left will be the bone.

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## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

### L.V. School Board Meeting

Thursday, Nov. 14, starts at 5:30PM.  
At the Alternative Education Center,  
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Every Tuesday except December  
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## ON THE PORCHES AT THE STORE

**SAT, SUN & WED, Nov. 16,**  
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e-mail address: Market.Hardware@  
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### LIMITS & MULTIPLE PRICING

Please, unless otherwise indicated, **ON AD ITEMS NO MORE THAN 6 TOTAL** (including all flavors or varieties) **OF ANY ITEM, PER FAMILY, DURING THE AD PERIOD, AT THE SALE PRICE**, except in produce and meat, which are limited to normal retail quantities, or which carry limits specifically stated. Sorry, we must reserve the right to further limit or refuse sales.

**ON MULTIPLE PRICING**, when purchasing items in quantities more or less than the multiple stated, the register is built automatically to charge the "each" price times the quantity. (Example: Price of item is 3/\$1. The price of: one = 34¢, two = 68¢, three = \$1, four = \$1.34, five = \$1.68, six = \$2.00).

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The year that is drawing towards its close, has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies. To these bounties, which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the source from which they come, others have been added, which are of so extraordinary a nature, that they cannot fail to penetrate and soften even the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever watchful providence of Almighty God. In the midst of a civil war of unequalled magnitude and severity . . . peace has been preserved with all nations, order has been maintained, the laws have been respected and obeyed, and harmony has prevailed everywhere except in the theatre of military conflict . . .

No human counsel hath devised nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the most high God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy.

It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently and gratefully acknowledged as with one heart and one voice by the whole American people. I do therefore invite my fellow citizens in every part of the United States, and also those who are at sea and those who are sojourning in foreign lands, to set apart and observe the last Thursday of November next as a day of thanksgiving and praise to our beneficent Father who dwelleth in the Heavens.

*A. Lincoln*