

This Thanksgiving 2023

Sixty years ago, on November 22, 1963, our President John Fitzgerald Kennedy was shot while in a motorcade in Dallas, Texas. Shortly thereafter, he was pronounced dead.

The shock was horrendous to the nation and to me personally. I was 14, a sophomore in high school, and it was late in our school day. We were in music class, and were interrupted by a crackling coming over the PA as the office piped a radio station to the whole school, to include us in this event of greatest significance.

We changed classes as usual, so that I went to my next class, English, where we continued listening. This was one of those moments I will never forget, when the man on the radio said, "Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States, John F. Kennedy, is dead."

Talk about SHOCK! All of a sudden, I and probably most Americans turned into an instant fan of President Kennedy, reading everything I could, collecting pictures, and watching every minute of his funeral.

After watching that funeral, I wrote the poem printed here. I don't pretend that it's a great poem, but it was an outpouring of my 14-year-old grief for the Kennedys and for the nation.

Maybe this was the turning point for our nation, when our downhill slide became steeper. The edge of the cliff we're heading for is clearly within sight now. We are in deepest trouble for abandoning God's (Spirit), morality, and His Natural Law, and have possibly travelled so far down the slippery slope to degradation that there is no turning back.

How does this make us thankful, on this Thanksgiving? Thankful that we have eyes that see and ears that hear what God is showing and telling us. Thankful that we are His and don't have to worry about the cliff we're approaching. Thankful for His Spirit and Truth to protect us in this world!

A Miracle in the Israeli War

Why possibly do you put a story from the Israeli war into this Thanksgiving commentary page, you might ask. Once you read it, you will know the answer to that.

The spirit of thankfulness is strong in the little story. There are some bright spots, especially where YOU are involved, Father God!! *LG*

A Miracle in the Israeli War 11/2/2023

From Amir Tsarfati's Telegram channel, the testimony of a reserve soldier in the Israeli army.

"It's been a few weeks, but I have some time now and I wanted to write about a miracle that happened to me during those first few days of hell.

My unit was called in on Shabbat (Saturday) morning.

No official emergency call, no paperwork sent, no official order, nothing. Our brigade commander saw that the South needed a battalion to respond ASAP, and he told us to come in. I quickly got my gear together, said goodbye to my wife, and ran to the car. Some hours later we boarded humvees and headed straight to the Israeli border community of Kfar Aza.

Our weapons had been handed to us on the spot. We had never shot them, didn't have time to clean them, we had no idea if they worked and the sights definitely weren't zeroed in. The weapons in the reserve units are notorious for being unreliable and usually don't even shoot properly before a good clean, or in some cases, a visit to the armory. That's how we went in to combat.



We walked into the village and were engaged by terrorists within the first few minutes. Minutes later, we encountered one hiding in a bush with an AK-47, waiting to ambush us.

My rifle worked perfectly, firing every shot, cycling every round, hitting what I was aiming at. Not a single jam. I thanked God for giving me a rifle that worked right without delay. After three days of fighting, I had learned to rely on my rifle completely.

On Tuesday night we finished clearing Kfar Aza, were switched out by another battalion, and were sent up to a base so we could rest, shower, and finally clean and check our weapons. We went to the range. Immediately, my gun jammed. Another round, another jam. And another. They

were getting worse. I had to take out the pliers on my utility knife to clear them.

We ended up having to take the gun to the armory so all the internal parts could be replaced. The gun basically needed a total rebuild from the inside. The gun just didn't work. It was a broken rifle, and it was broken from the moment it was handed to me on Shabbat morning. But for me, in those few days in Kfar Aza, it had worked to perfection. So we could do what we needed to do.

I heard similar stories from many other soldiers in our battalion. I look forward to the day where I can stand in my synagogue on Shabbat and express my immense gratitude for this miracle and the countless others that God performed for us."

The Funeral

By Linda Gommel,
English 3, P.6, December 6, 1963

It is a very solemn day, cold and windy;
The crowds are silent; there are no smiles.
The word is passed, they crane their necks
To see the dark, black limousines crawl by
Carrying the brave, the sad, the mourners.
They move at a snail pace, as if to say,
"We don't want to witness this terrible day:
Why did it happen to us, to the nation?"
They creep up the hill, approaching the Capitol
Where everyone is ready, each holding his breath
Awaiting the arrival of the dread, black moment.
The Brave One arises, a brother at each aide.
With courage they enter the bleak, gloomy hall
To honor again their dead. With bravado
They leave, keeping countenance while
viewed by millions,
Into that air of hushed tenseness--the bands,
the guards,
And in the center the flag-draped caisson
Pulled by six prancing white horses, lead by one,
All oblivious to the tragedy, oblivious to their task
Of taking the Mourned One to his final rest.
The caisson is burdened, the cars again are filled.
The bands play, the guards begin to march,
The strains of funeral songs echo o'er the silent throngs
All the while there is the tramp, tramp of feet,
The steady roll of drums, the muffled clomp of
horses' hoofs.

To the White House march the bands, the guards;
To the White House rolls the caisson, bearing its load;
To the White House prances Black Jack, the
Riderless Horse
Nervous and jumpy, as if to tell the multitudes,
"I don't like my symbolism--it's not his wish.
The Mourned won't walk the earth nor ride me again;
He will ride our thoughts, our thinking,
His strife, his noble cause, will be eternal."
The slow, black cars file by, bearing the brave,
the mourning.
At the White House the snake halts for the Brave
One to stand,
A brother at each side, to follow the horse.
Many statesmen join, they, too become mourners.
And so the procession proceeds.
Again the tramp of feet, the rolling of drums
The bands, the guards, the caisson, the mourners.
All sound ceases as they stop before the cathedral;
The Mourned One is blessed, the mass begins.
The beautiful chants roll over the congregation,
And though in Latin, their meaning is sensed.
An 'oration of the Mourned One is read as each listens
Cherishing and preserving each meaningful syllable.
The procession then moves on, with the incessant
tramp, tramp
The roll of drums, the bands, the guards, and
the caisson.

They come to the memorial of a great man
One who strove for like ideals to those of the
Mourned One.
Many want to ponder about the great one and
the Mourned One
But still the snake proceeds, on to the destiny of
the Mourned One.
It crosses the bridge; entering the Quiet Place,
the cemetery.
The guards carry the Mourned One to his final rest
Where he can sigh and sleep in peace, rid of
his burdens.
The flag-draped casket is lowered, the Mourn-
ed One is blessed.
With reverence colors are presented to the
Brave One
Who lights the eternal torch, the fire of his heart,
And looking into the torch, we hear what he
might say,
"Do not mourn for I am at peace, through with
life's struggle--
But, Oh America, be colorblind, and work for peace.
If you do not remember me, remember my ide-
als, my goals.

Ask not what your country can do for you, Ask what you can do for your country."

Lucerne Valley Christmas tree Lighting

December 2, 6 p.m.
FREE EVENT

Come join us for our Annual Lighting of the Tree on Strawberry Hill!
MUSIC • HOT DRINKS • VENDORS • SNACKS
31420 State Highway 18, Lucerne Valley

Lucerne Valley Residents: HOUSEHOLD HAZARDOUS WASTE COLLECTION

December 2, 2023
9 a.m. to 12 p.m.



Behind Lucerne Valley Fire Station
33269 Old Womans Spring Rd
(Enter through gate on Ladera Rd)

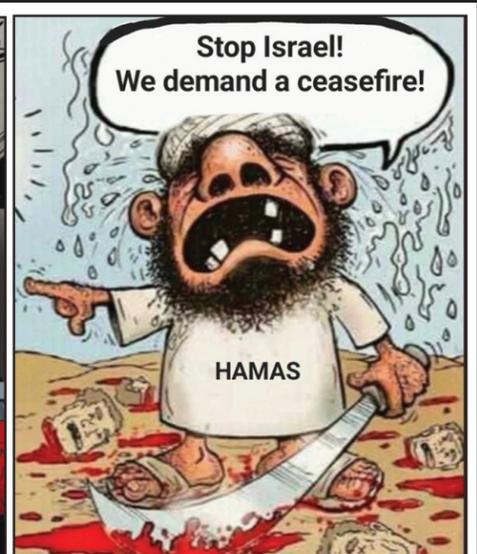
CAN ONLY TAKE:

- Antifreeze
- Batteries
- Fluorescents
- Medical Needles
- Latex and Oil based paint
- All Electronic Wastes (E-Waste)
- Oil and Filters (max. 5 gal. containers)



NO TRASH - NOTHING ELSE

Serious Stuff . . . from the Web



Stop the illegal occupation.
Support the oppressed Arab people.



- Land already occupied by Zionists
- Land remaining for Arabs/Muslims