



and that's... **The Gospel Truth!!** with Pat Corn

a brief message of encouragement to make your day just a little bit brighter

This is the time of the year that seems to always usher in a sense of urgency in our lives. "Where in the world has the year gone?", we ask ourselves. November and December are the "home stretch" and quite often we feel as though we have to wrap up all the resolutions we made eleven months ago, or we have failed to accomplish all that we had planned and projected. That scenario creates an unrealistic pressure that is completely unnecessary. I'm thankful that I don't have those thoughts anymore. I figure if I plan and project more than I can possibly do, I know I'll never reach the goal anyway. I still manage to put in about seventy hours a week anyway! Some issues just aren't that important. I don't try to "keep up with the Jones' "anymore. They moved away years ago!

November harbors the perfect holiday to reflect on the most important issues of the year; Thanksgiving, my favorite holiday of all. If you are a regular reader of "and that's...The Gospel Truth" you have probably figured out that I am a hopeless romantic and a terminal nostalgic. It's just my nature. There are so many great memories that warm my heart. The fall of the year and Thanksgiving just seems to bring them to my remembrance even more.

However some of the "important" issues like the UT Football, the World Series, the elections, the Super Bowl, the CMA awards, People magazine's "50 Most Handsome Men" (Gee whiz, I must have been #51...??.. Or they just missed me again I suppose, who really knows??), the Grammy's, the Oscars, The Tony's and on and on....All of these "important" events will fade from the memories of the majority of the population in the not too distant future, but nothing fades the memories from my childhood at 915 Willow Street..

At our house, Thanksgiving meant a couple of things. The first was that we'd get to eat our Thanksgiving dinner from the Corn dishes that my mother kept displayed in the cupboard in the dining room. These dishes are shaped like ears of corn and were for very special occasions only. I still have that set of dishes and, although I haven't carried on that tradition, they are a treasure to me. And secondly, lots of fun was to be had with my cousins. We'd play football and capture the flag until we had to go in to eat, and then start right back as soon as we were finished.

In our big old house there was a dining room large enough to skate in. At least it seemed that large to a young boy like me. On Thanksgiving the place would be filled with cousins, aunts, uncles, and anyone else Mom invited out of the kindness of her heart. It was so exciting to see all the food she prepared stretched out on three long tables set end to end. Oh how the smells wafted through that big old house during the night as the turkey slowly baked in the oven. Thanksgiving morning brought the fun of Mom making her pies and it was well worth the wait to get to "lick the bowl" or the beaters from the mixer. My ears still ring with the sweetness of those chocolate and lemon pies and the pumpkin pies so thick you could turn them upside down with no damaging result at all.

The turkey would be carved with a special set of engraved knives, with deer antler handles, that were a gift to my mother from my oldest cousin Bobby. He brought them to her when he returned from Germany where he was stationed in the Army. I was never allowed to get near them. The knife was razor sharp.

When everyone sat down to the table, I seem to always get to be the one to give thanks to the Lord for our meal. "God is great, God is good, let us thank him for our food, Amen", was the only offering that I had been taught. Childishly poetic, yet it was quite empty in an atmosphere of such abundance. Now, as I

look back, I realize how much I really did have to be thankful for. Our family was like most any family with it's share of strife and life but, all in all, growing up a Corn boy was a blessing. And hey, I got to lick the bowl!

Thanksgivings these days don't include quite the "spread" we had back then, but they do contain a dynamic that I didn't realize in the days of my childhood. Thanksgiving today means more to me than any other holiday because of one person. Jesus Christ. If it weren't for Him my life would be a total wreck. I can't imagine being without Him. He has proven time and time again that He is everything that he said he would be to me and for me. He's more than wonderful and for that, I am truly thankful.

The words to the great Sandi Patti song "More Than Wonderful" says it all for me...

"He promised us
That He would be a counselor
A mighty God, and a Prince of Peace
He promised us
That He would be a Father
And He would love us with a love
That would not cease

Well, I tried Him
And I found His promises are true
He's ev'rything that He said that He would be
The finest words I know
Could not begin to tell
Just what Jesus
Really means to me

For He's more wonderful
Than my mind can conceive
He's more wonderful
Than my heart can believe
He goes beyond my highest hopes
And fondest dreams
He's ev'rything
That my soul ever longed for
Ev'rything that He promised
And so much more
He's more than amazing
More than marvelous
More than miraculous could ever be
He's more than wonderful
That's what Jesus is to me

I stand amazed
Just to think that this King of glory
Would come to live
Within the heart of man
And I marvel just to know
He really loves me
When I think of who He is
And who I am

Not a Thanksgiving goes by that a dear Christian brother doesn't call and thank me for loving him when he was unlovable. That call means the world to me every year and it always brings tears to my eyes. I wish that I could call Jesus and tell Him the same thing.....Oh! I can!!! Everyday!!

"Thank you Jesus for loving me when I am unlovable."

I wish you all a very Happy Thanksgiving!!

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Your comments or questions are always welcome. Email them to: patcorn@maizeone.com

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