



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

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

As I have mentioned before, my mother was a resourceful woman. In 1954 her cousin was about to move to Florida and, having been in the real estate business, he was trying to sell off all of the properties that he owned. She just happened to run into him and he told her of his plans to move once he sold his last piece of property. The last place he had to sell was a huge, rambling old anti-bellum style home with 18 rooms located on four city lots at 915 Willow Street. That place was a fine old home that had been converted to an inn or what we call today, a bed and breakfast. It just so happened, that it had also been my mother's dream home since she was a little girl. She grew up in that same area, on the street that ran along the back side of the property, close to the edge of the city limits. She would walk down the road and dream of living there one day.

She asked her cousin what he would take for it and he realized quickly that he could be relieved of that place, even though he would lose money, he could make her dreams come true and begin to live his dream of living in Florida at the same time. He said, "Sal, if you'll give me \$7,000.00 for it you can have it. She said, "\$6,800.00 and I'll take it". He said that was fine and he would even help her and my Dad secure the mortgage. With that kind of equity financing would be no problem.

That night when my Dad came home from the plant she said, "Nub, I bought us a house!" He about freaked and said, "How can I buy a house with thirty-seven cents in my pocket?" She told him the whole story and sure enough we moved into that big old house. She named it "This Old House" after the song that was popular then. It was too large to furnish right off, so we boys made use of those big old bedrooms upstairs, playing our version of paddle ball with ping pong balls and paddles. But, eventually the numbers came off of the doors, the sinks in each bedroom were removed, and the chimney holes that vented the individual wood stoves in each room were covered with plaster, and bedroom furniture filled our play rooms. The "inn" became our "home" with banisters to slide down, huge swings on each end of the wrap-around front porch to enjoy and a dining room big enough to skate in.

A lot of neat things happened as I grew up in that old place; Mickey Mouse Club, Elvis, the first space launch of a satellite, the JFK saga, and a constant flow of family and "freeloaders" that took unfair advantage of the rooms upstairs and my mother's good cooking.

There was one room upstairs that she had decorated especially well that she designated as the "Pout Room". If you got into trouble or got a whipping, you were sent to the Pout Room to think about the whole ordeal. When you had it "together" and could honestly explain what happened, you could come out and "fess up" to what you had done or you could up there wait until supper and come out then go back.

The Pout Room is where I learned to be alone with my thoughts, and face the reality of who I was, and be responsible for my actions. I learned a lot from those times when I had to face the facts and the consequences.

I still miss that place. That was home. Mom and Dad sold the place to a young couple after I went to college. It was just too much house for them to care for by that time. No other place ever seemed like home to me. I still drive by and check it out when ever I am in my hometown. Bill and Carolyn still live there, and sometimes I'll stop and visit with them in the yard. I always look up at the window of that front right corner bedroom and think of the times I spent in there "thinking things through" and I suppose learning to pray and listen for that "still small voice".

I don't have a Pout Room at my house to retreat to, but I do have a place where I can go when times get tough or trouble comes my way. I have my Heavenly Father that I can turn to, and pour my heart out to. I can cry out to Him and He hears my cry. I can ask His direction and He freely gives it. I can whine and he will comfort me. He helps me "think things through". And sometimes He gives me the "spanking" I need as He admonishes me to do the right thing. He is my hiding place.....my Pout Room!

Psalms 32:7 confirms that

"You are my hiding place;
You will protect me from trouble
and surround me with songs of deliverance."

And that's....The Gospel Truth!!

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