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# NEWSLETTER

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Volume 8, Issue 1

AWD News and Other Things of Interest

September & October 1999

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## Finger Pointing

TESTIMONY OF DARRELL SCOTT FATHER OF TWO VICTIMS OF COLUMBINE HIGH SCHOOL SHOOTING LITTLETON, COLORADO BEFORE THE SUBCOMMITTEE ON CRIME HOUSE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1999 2:00 P.M.

2141 RAYBURN HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING

Since the dawn of creation there has been both good and evil in the hearts of men and of women. We all contain the seeds of kindness or the seeds of violence.

The death of my wonderful daughter Rachel Joy Scott, and the deaths of that heroic teacher and the other children who died must not be in vain. Their blood cries out for answers.

The first recorded act of violence was when Cain slew his brother Abel out in the field. The villain was not the club he used. Neither was it the NCA, the National Club Association. The true killer was Cain and the reason for the murder could only be found in Cain's heart.

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## A Baloney Sandwich

*Bob Benson*

Do you remember when they had old-fashioned Sunday School picnics? I do. As I recall, it was back in the "olden days," as my kids say, back before they had air-conditioning.

They said, "We'll all meet at Sycamore Lodge in Shelby Park at 4:30 on Saturday. You bring your supper and we'll furnish the iced tea."

But if you were like me, you came home at the last minute. When you got ready to pack your picnic, all you could find in your refrigerator was one dried up piece of baloney and just enough mustard in the bottom of the jar so that you got it all over your knuckles trying to get to it. And just two slices of stale bread to go with it. So you made your baloney sandwich and wrapped it in an old brown bag and went to the picnic.

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## The Annual Hansford Flippo Family Reunification

Each summer for the past 30 years the children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, and now a herd of great great grandchildren of Hansford Flippo have been meeting to celebrate life, past, present and future. Hansford Flippo was known and affectionately referred to by his kids as Daddy, his grandkids as Granddaddy, and his friends and in-laws as Hamp. Granddaddy was married twice, his first wife Lucy passed away when my mother was only 3 years old. Shortly after Lucy's death, he married Lucille. Lucy dying at such an early age left few members of the family knowing her with the exception of some of the more senior aunts and uncles.

Lucille was the mother and grandmother of the family, and a person couldn't ask for a

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In the days that followed the Columbine tragedy, I was amazed at how quickly fingers began to be pointed at groups such as the NRA.

I am not a member of the NRA. I am not a hunter. I do not even own a gun. I am not here to represent or defend the NRA - because I don't believe that they are responsible for my daughter's death. Therefore I do not believe that they need to be defended. If I believed they had anything to do with Rachel's murder I would be their strongest opponent.

I am here today to declare that Columbine was not just a tragedy - it was a spiritual event that should be forcing us to look at where the real blame lies!

Much of that blame lies here in this room. Much of that blame lies behind the pointing fingers of the accusers themselves.

I wrote a poem just four nights ago that express my feelings best. This was written way before I knew I would be speaking here today.

**Your laws ignore our deepest needs  
Your words are empty air.  
You've stripped away our heritage.  
You've outlawed simple prayer.**

**Now gunshots fill our classrooms.  
And precious children die.  
You seek for answers everywhere.  
And ask the question "WHY"?**

**You regulate restrictive laws.  
Through legislative creed.  
And yet you fail to understand.  
That God is what we need!**

Men and women are three part beings. We all consist of body, soul, and spirit. When we refuse to acknowledge a third part of our makeup, we create a void that allows evil, prejudice and hatred to rush in and wreak havoc.

Spiritual influences were present within our educational systems for most of our nation's history. Many of our major colleges began as theological seminaries. This is a historic fact.

What has happened to us as a nation? We have refused to honor God and in doing so, we open the doors to hatred and violence.

And when something as terrible as Columbine's tragedy occurs-----politicians immediately look for a scapegoat such as the NRA. They immediately seek to pass more restrictive laws that continue to erode away our personal and private liberties.

We do not need more restrictive laws. Eric and Dylan would not have been stopped by metal detectors. No amount of gun laws can stop someone who spends months planning this type of massacre.

The real villain lies within our OWN hearts. Political posturing and restrictive legislation are not the answers.

The young people of our nation hold the key. There is a spiritual awakening taking place that will not be squelched!

We do not need more religion. We do not need more gaudy television evangelists spewing out verbal religious garbage. We do not need more million dollar church buildings built while people with basic needs are being ignored.

We do need a change of heart and a humble acknowledgment that this nation was founded on the principle of simple trust in God.

As my son Craig lay under that table in the school library and saw his two friends murdered before his very eyes, he did not hesitate to pray in school. I defy any law or politician to deny him that right!

I challenge every young person in America and around the world to realize that on April 20, 1999 at Columbine High School---prayer was brought back to our schools. Do not let the many prayers offered by those students be in vain.

Dare to move into the new millennium with a sacred disregard for legislation that violates your conscience and denies your God-given right to communicate with Him.

To those of you who would point your finger at the NRA - I give to you sincere challenge. Dare to examine your own heart before you cast the first stone!

My daughter's death will not be in vain. The young people of this country will not allow that to happen. →

***Good judgment comes from experience and  
some experience comes from bad judgment.***

*Baloney continued from page 1*

When it came time to eat, you sat at the end of the table and spread out your sandwich. But the folks who sat next to you brought a feast. The lady was a good cook, and she worked hard all day to get ready for the picnic. And she had fried chicken, and baked beans, and potato salad, and homemade rolls, and sliced tomatoes, and pickles, and olives, and celery. And two big homemade chocolate pies to top it off. That's what they spread out there next to you while you sat with your baloney sandwich.

But they said to you, "Why don't we just put it all together?"

"No, I couldn't do that. I couldn't even think of it," you murmured in embarrassment, with one eye on the chicken.

"Oh, come on, there's plenty of chicken and plenty of pie and plenty of everything. And we just love baloney sandwiches. Let's just put it all together."

And so you did and there you sat, eating like a king when you came as a pauper.

One day, it dawned on me that God had been saying that sort of thing to me. "Why don't you take what you have and what you are, and I will take what I have and what I am, and we'll share it together." I began to see that when I put what I had and was and am and hope to be with what He is, I stumbled upon the bargain of a lifetime.

I get to thinking sometimes, thinking of me sharing with God. When I think of how little I bring, and how much He brings and invites me to share, I know that I should be shouting to the housetops, but I am so filled with awe and wonder that I can hardly speak. I know I don't have enough love or faith or grace or mercy or wisdom, but He does. He has all of those things in abundance and He says, "Let's just put it all together."

Consecration, denial, sacrifice, commitment and crosses were all kind of hard words to me, until I saw them in the light of sharing. It isn't just a case of me kicking in what I have because God is the biggest kid in the neighborhood and He wants it all for Himself. He is saying, "Everything that I possess is available to you. Everything I am and can be to a person, I will be to you."

When I think about it like that, it really amuses me to see somebody running along through life hanging on to their dumb bag with the stale baloney sandwich in it saying, "God's not going to get my sandwich! No, siree, this is mine!" Did you ever

see somebody like that - so needy- just about half starved to death yet hanging on for dear life. It's not that God needs your sandwich. The fact is, you need His chicken.

Well, go ahead - eat your baloney sandwich, as long as you can. But when you can't stand its tastelessness or drabness any longer; when you get so tired of running your own life by yourself and doing it your way and figuring out all the answers with no one to help; when trying to accumulate, hold, grasp, and keep everything together in your own strength gets to be too big a load; when you begin to realize that by yourself you're never going to fulfill your dreams, I hope you'll remember that it doesn't have to be that way.

You have been invited to something better, you know. You have been invited to share in the very being of God.

2 Peter 1:4 "Through these he has given us his very great and precious promises, so that through them you may participate in the divine nature and escape the corruption in the world caused by evil desires."

*Author - Bob Benson, See You At the House*



## FEAR IN THE ELEVATOR

On a recent weekend in Atlantic City, a woman won a bucketful of quarters at a slot machine. She took a break from the slots for dinner with her husband in the hotel dining room. But first she wanted to stash the quarters in her room. "I'll be right back and we'll go to eat," she told her husband and she carried the coin-laden bucket to the elevator.

As she was about to walk into the elevator she noticed two men already aboard. Both were black. One of them was big ... very big ... an intimidating figure. The woman froze. Her first thought was: These two are going to rob me. Her next thought was: Don't be a bigot, they look like perfectly nice gentlemen. But racial stereotypes are powerful, and fear immobilized her.

She stood and stared at the two men. She felt anxious, flustered, and ashamed. She hoped they didn't read her mind, but knew they surely did; her hesitation about joining them on the elevator was all too obvious. Her face was flushed. She couldn't just stand there, so with a mighty effort of will she picked up one foot and stepped forward and followed with the other foot and was on the elevator. Avoiding eye contact, she turned around stiffly and faced the elevator doors as they closed.

*Continued on page*

better one. She was steady as a rock with a warm and comfortable personality. To know her was to like her, and everyone that knew her couldn't help but love her.

All grandparents have passed on now, along with a daughter who was my mother, Inez, and a son, Jack. However, more descendants are arriving than leaving. The family is in a constant state of growth and has been multiplying. I don't have an exact count, but there is a bunch of us. There were at least 88 folks at this year's reunion, and most of these people were direct descendants of Granddaddy, and there were several kinfolk that didn't make it for one reason or another.

I'm not sure exactly how long, but we have been meeting in Bonham State Park for more than 15 years. The place is very nice, now. The main dining hall is where everyone hangs out and for the past few years has been cooled with refrigerated air. (HALLELUJAH!!) Air-conditioning makes all the difference in the world. Each cabin sleeps as many as 20 people in the old-military-style-bunk beds. These cabins have been fitted with window A/C units which makes life much more comfortable and easier to rest during those hot and humid July nights that East Texas is so famous for.

There isn't a lot of formality connected with the Flippo Family Reunification. There is the slaughter of the piñata, an auction, and lots of food. It's available the entire time for anyone with the energy to crawl to the kitchen. There are also tables loaded with pies, cakes, brownies, cookies and sweet stuff of all kinds. On Saturday afternoon, there is one gigantic Bar-B-Q fit for royalty prepared and planned for by Uncle Darrell. With all the new little cousins in the family, one cousin suggested that we need to have a "PRETTIEST BABY CONTEST," but after careful consideration the idea was dismissed. This reunion is a great event, and is usually held on a weekend in July each year. Everyone meets on Friday at noon and departs sometime Sunday around noon.

It is a time to hang out, eat, play 42, and take a swim at the lake or a walk around the lake. We do more just sitting around, hanging out, and just plain old visiting than any other family I know of. We talk about a myriad of things from our children's children to the price of pork bellies. We give the Democrats harsh criticism as well as the Republicans. Opinions are like noses almost everyone has one, and as the nose needs to smell and breathe, opinions need to be proclaimed and expressed. Most political remarks are

all done in jest, and the fun we have making them is what it's all about.

We older cousins were much too old for the piñata when it arrived, but our kids have had their shot at it. A blindfolded kid with a broom handle or baseball bat swinging wildly in the air is a sight to see. It is a miracle that no one has been killed including the bystanders. With a little imagination, I can hear the sound of that bat or broom handle as it reached speeds near the velocity of sound. You had better pay attention and watch out or you just might get smacked up beside the head which would mean a 911 call and a trip to the ER for stitches. I don't know who had more fun the kids swinging the broom handle or the adult controlling the piñata with the rope. The younger kids are first in line for their try at the Piñata. This is pretty tame in comparison to when the older ones of nine years or older take their turn. The older the kid the more dangerous the game becomes. After the piñata is busted open watch out and grab the bat before the younger kids rush in for the candy. It is only by the Grace of God that no one has been injured (OR KILLED!!) during this event. This is one of His many miracles that He has performed with and for this family.

There has been an auction now for the past two years, and it has successfully raised money that helps pay for some of the expenses. This gives each member of the party an opportunity to contribute something of value and the opportunity to purchase items donated. All monies are applied to the expenses of the reunion. Part of the cost of lodging, food and other expenses are reduced because of this auction. It's great fun to try to outbid your cousins and others during the furious bidding that ensues. This auction is a great way to raise money and have a lot of fun doing it.

One donation this year was a very nice set of hand made knives built by Lonnie Porter. He spent many long hours in labor building the knives that sold for over \$125.00. Knowing that they were created by one of our cousin-in-laws adds to the value. What a nice donation! It is just one of many fantastic items auctioned off. The big money maker this year was a guitar donated by Curt Ryle. The guitar was autographed by several entertainers who are personal acquaintances of Curt. I could go on and on about the articles that were donated, and the money paid for them, but I have only so much space and so much time.

The participants of the reunion party are not limited to the direct descendants of Hansford Flippo. His sisters, nieces, nephews, cousins, their spouses and

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*Elevator: Continued from page 3.*

A second passed, and then another second, and then another. Her fear increased!

The elevator didn't move. Panic consumed her. My God, she thought, I'm trapped and about to be robbed! Her heart plummeted. Perspiration poured from every pore. Then . . . one of the men said, "Hit the floor." Instinct told her: Do what they tell you. The bucket of quarters flew upwards as she threw out her arms and collapsed on the elevator carpet. A shower of coins rained down on her. Take my money and spare me, she prayed.

More seconds passed. She heard one of the men say politely, "Ma'am, if you'll just tell us what floor you're going to, we'll push the button," The one who said it had a little trouble getting the words out. He was trying mightily to hold in a belly laugh.

She lifted her head and looked up at the two men. They reached down to help her up. Confused, she struggled to her feet. "When I told my man here to hit the floor," said the average sized one, "I meant that he should hit the elevator button for our floor. I didn't mean for you to hit the floor, ma'am." He spoke genially. He bit his lip. It was obvious he was having a hard time not laughing.

She thought: My God, what a spectacle I've made of myself. She was too humiliated to speak. She wanted to blurt out an apology, but words failed her. How do you apologize to two perfectly respectable gentlemen for behaving as though they were going to rob you? She didn't know what to say.

The three of them gathered up the strewn quarters and refilled her bucket. When the elevator arrived at her floor they insisted on walking her to her room. She seemed a little unsteady on her feet, and they were afraid she might not make it down the corridor. At her door they bid her a good evening.

As she slipped into her room she could hear them roaring with laughter while they walked back to the elevator. The woman brushed herself off. She pulled herself together and went downstairs for dinner with her husband. The next morning flowers were delivered to her room, a dozen roses.

Attached to EACH rose was a crisp one hundred-dollar bill. The card said: "Thanks for the best laugh we've had in years." It was signed,

Eddie Murphy, and Michael Jordan.

*A TRUE STORY IN ATLANTIC CITY NJ*

*The Author of this piece is Unknown. It came to me via e-mail, and I thought it was hilarious! So I'm passing it on just for you.*

## BLUE LIGHTNING

My son Gilbert was eight years old and had been in Cub Scouts only a short time. During one of his meetings he was handed a sheet of paper, a block of wood and four tires and told to return home and give all to "dad."

That was not an easy task for Gilbert to do. Dad was not receptive to doing things with his son. But Gilbert tried. Dad read the paper and scoffed at the idea of making a pine wood derby car with his young, eager son. The block of wood remained untouched as the weeks passed.

Finally, I stepped in to see if I could figure this all out. The project began. Having no carpentry skills, I decided it would be best if I simply read the directions and let Gilbert do the work. And he did. I read aloud the measurements, the rules of what we could do and what we couldn't do. Within days his block of wood was turning into a pinewood derby car. A little lopsided, but looking great (at least through the eyes of mom).

Gilbert had not seen any of the other kids cars and was feeling pretty proud of his "Blue Lightning," the pride that comes with knowing you did something on your own.

Then the big night came. With his blue pinewood derby in his hand and pride in his heart we headed to the big race. Once there my little one's pride turned to humility. Gilbert's car was obviously the only car made entirely on his own. All the other cars were a father-son partnership, with cool paint jobs and sleek body styles made for speed.

A few of the boys giggled as they looked at Gilbert's lopsided, wobbly and unattractive vehicle. To add to the humility, Gilbert was the only boy without a man at his side. A couple of the boys who were from single parent homes at least had an uncle or grandfather by their side. Gilbert had "mom."

As the race began it was done in elimination fashion. You kept racing as long as you were the winner. One by one the cars raced down the finely sanded ramp. Finally, it was between Gilbert and the sleekest, fastest looking car there.

As the last race was about to begin, my wide-eyed, shy eight-year-old asked if they could stop the race for a minute because he wanted to pray. The race stopped. Gilbert hit his knees clutching his funny looking block of wood between his hands. With a wrinkled brow, he set to converse with his Father. He prayed in earnest for a very long minute and a half. Then

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he stood, a smile on his face and announced, 'Okay, I'm ready.'

As the crowd cheered, a boy named Tommy stood with his father as their car sped down the ramp. Gilbert stood with his Father within his heart and watched his block of wood wobble down the ramp with surprisingly great speed and rushed over the finish line a fraction of a second before Tommy's car. Gilbert leaped into the air with a loud "Thank you" as the crowd roared in approval.

The Scout Master came up to Gilbert with microphone in hand and asked the obvious question, "So you prayed to win, huh, Gilbert?" To which my young son answered, "Oh, no sir. That wouldn't be fair to ask God to help you beat someone else. I just asked Him to make it so I wouldn't cry when I lost."

Children seem to have a wisdom far beyond us. Gilbert didn't ask God to win the race, he didn't ask God to fix the outcome, Gilbert asked God to give him strength in the outcome. When Gilbert first saw the other cars he didn't cry out to God, "No fair, they had a fathers help." No, he went to his Father for Strength.

Perhaps we spend too much of our prayer time asking God to rig the race, to make us number one, or too much time asking God to remove us from the struggle, when we should be seeking God's strength to get through the struggle. "Christ gives me the strength to face anything." (Philippians 4:13)

Gilbert's simple prayer spoke volumes to those present that night. He never doubted that God would indeed answer his request. He didn't pray to win, thus hurt someone else, he prayed that God would supply the grace to lose with dignity. Gilbert, by his stopping the race to speak to his Father, also showed the crowd that he wasn't there without a "dad", but that His Father was most definitely there with him.

Yes, Gilbert walked away a winner that night, with his Father at his side.

*Author Unknown.*



## \*\*\* Birthday Announcement \*\*\*

Ray and Jane Porter are the proud parents of TWINS born 8/18/99. Logan Reid was born @ 2:08 p.m. weighing in @ 5 lbs. and was 18 inches long. His sister, Lindsey Anne was born @ 2:09 p.m. weighing in @ 5 lbs. 1 oz. and also measuring 18 inches. They both have lots of black hair and look like a couple of little dolls. Will write more in a day or two as this has been a

children, and others have made and still make wonderful contributions to this reunion. Any relative of either of the late Grandmothers are always welcome, and everyone considers all of these as full-fledged members of the family.

I enjoy watching the disorganized disorganization of this organization. Everything seems to happen right on time, but how and why this takes place is beyond me. For an example someone wanted to make photographs of the entire group Saturday afternoon. After most everyone was herded outside the disorganization continued. Small groups of people unconcerned about what was going on were just hanging out in different places facing different directions and still chatting. Several different groups of children were every bit as oblivious to what was going on. Some were just sitting and playing in the dirt or running around playing chase. The photographers were standing patiently waiting for the group to fall into place as if everyone knew where to stand and in what order. Somehow everyone was in place and the photographs were taken. I hope to get a copy of one to refresh my memory of a time that seemed to me to be very humorous. Just prior to the slaughter of the Piñata one of the adults of the family was patiently trying to get a flimsy cotton rope over a high tree limb. He had tied a small stick to one end of the rope and had finally gotten it through other tree limbs that were in the way and over the one he was aiming for. The stick was not only to help get the rope up and over the tree limb, but it was to be a weight to help bring the rope end back to where he could reach it and tie it to the piñata. The stick was of such little substance that it was almost without weight, and gravity had little effect on it. The man was patiently trying to loop and flip the rope with little effect. It wasn't coming down easily. He worked and worked and patiently persisted. Now all around him was this small band of little people with dirty little hands and faces, snotty noses, and very bright eyes. Each of these little ones were very focused on this light little stick on the end of that rope high above them. With great anticipation and all the powers within them, they wished for this light little stick on the end of that rope to come down. And it did! And the slaughtering of the piñata game was played. I thought to myself what a wonderful time Norman Rockwell would have had painting a painting of these images.

I am always amazed at how on the last day when everyone is trying to get cleaned up, put up, loaded up, and headed out, and all at the same time, that there never

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seems to be any real direction. But about noon someone gets the Ranger to inspect the grounds. Everyone drives off headed homeward already looking forward to the drive back again next year. It has always been and always will be a very special time.

I could go on and on about my grandparents, aunts & uncles along with my mother and her sisters, brothers and their spouses. They have spent long and hard hours to make this reunion a success for all these years. This is a labor of love that each of them would gladly do again if they had the chance. There have been sacrifices made by so many just to make certain that we kids had an opportunity to know each other. Great times by all have been encountered. It has always been a fun time that included the people our parents grew up with and have loved for all these years. They wanted to help create precious memories that would remain with our descendents and us for generations to come. They fulfilled their goals. They did it, and it is still alive and well. I am already looking forward to next year and the one after that for some more precious memories.

This Family and our annual reunion have been so blessed. I can't think of anyone being seriously injured while there, and there have been no auto accidents getting to or from the reunion with all of us coming so many different directions. God has been good to us, and we are all so very thankful.

Time is something that we have only so much of, and it pays to be still, sit back and take a look around us. A time to watch ourselves, to observe what is going on, and maybe understand a little better how and why we are the way we are. We spend so much time moving near the speed of light that what we do manage to see as we rush along is often so distorted that it rarely makes a whole lot of sense. This reunification gives each of us that attend an opportunity to slow down, watch and listen. We might just catch a glimpse of something wonderful past, present, and future.

My Family Reunification is a HOOT! I highly recommend that you get one going if you don't already have one to attend. If you don't have a family to have a reunion with give me a call you can come with me next year.

*By Grandson #2, AWD editor & chief.*

***Believe it or not! The cruise liner QE2 moves only 6 inches for each gallon of diesel that it burns. ★★***

## Generic Gratefulness

### *What Are We Teaching Our Kids?*

One Thanksgiving a few years ago, over turkey and dressing I decided to quiz my eight-year-old grandson, as grandparents often do on such occasions. I leaned over and said. "Charlie, why did the Pilgrims celebrate the first Thanksgiving?"

Charlie resorted to the obvious answer, as grandchildren often do on such occasions. He said, "They wanted to give thanks."

"And who did the Pilgrims give thanks to?"

The boy's face clouded, and he squirmed a little. "I don't know---I guess they were thanking the Indians," He said. "that's what we learned at school."

I was aghast. Here we were celebrating a major national holiday with deep Christian roots, and my own grandchildren didn't know its significance.

The real Thanksgiving story starts in 1621 in Plymouth Colony, Massachusetts. Life was hard for the Pilgrims setting in the New World, and through the first winter the tiny colony endured severe hunger and privation. Nearly all of them fell sick and half did not survive the winter.

But spring came, the crops were planted, and the first harvest proved bountiful. Governor William Bradford called a special feast to give thanks to the Creator. They celebrated a week, along with one hundred Indians they invited to join them.

Let me make it clear: The Pilgrims did not give thanks to the Indians; they invited the Indians to *join* them in giving thanks to *God*-----the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; the God made known in Jesus Christ.

Days set apart for thanksgiving were a common feature of colonial life. In 1631 in Boston, Massachusetts, a Puritan colony faced starvation when a ship carrying food supplies was delayed. Governor Winthrop declared a day of prayer to God. On the appointed day, right as they were praying, the ship sailed into the harbor. The day of petition was turned into a day of feasting and thanksgiving.

Other thanksgiving days were held in Virginia, Florida, Maine and Texas. One colony wrote into its charter that the day of arrival was to be "kept holy as a day of thanksgiving to Almighty God."

Today we don't hear much about thanking God, even on Thanksgiving Day. The holiday has been secularized; we are urged to conjure up a generic gratefulness directed to nobody in particular.

When I realized my grandson had lost sight of the Christian meaning of Thanksgiving, I knew I'd better

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do some homework. I pulled together information about George Washington, who declared a day of national thanksgiving in 1789. I tracked down literature on Abraham Lincoln, who declared Thanksgiving an annual holiday in 1863.

And I sat down for a good, long talk with Charlie.

As Christian parents we need to make sure we are passing on our religious heritage to our children. We can't rely on the public schools; what they teach may even be a distortion of history----like the hogwash Charlie learned about Thanksgiving.

So, don't assume everyone knows why you are gathering over turkey and cranberry sauce. Make a point of teaching your children and grandchildren that generic gratefulness isn't enough----that Thanksgiving means giving thanks to the one true God.

*By Charles Colson*



*Taken from Burden of truth, By Charles Colson. A great book!*

## Prayer In The Father's House

*By Oswald Chambers*

***"Wist ye not that I must be in My Father's house?" Luke 2:49. R.V.***

Our Lord's childhood was not immature manhood; our Lord's childhood is an eternal fact. Am I a holy innocent child of God by identification with my Lord and Saviour? Do I look upon life as being in my Father's house? Is the Son of God living in His Father's house in me?

The abiding Reality is God. And His order comes through the moments. Am I always in contact with Reality, or do I only pray when things have gone wrong, when there is a disturbance in the moments of my life? I have to learn to identify myself with my Lord in holy communion in ways some of us have not begun to learn as yet. **"I must be about My Father's business."** ----live the moments in My Father's house.

Narrow it down to your individual circumstances---are you so identified with the Lord's life that you are simply a child of God, continually talking to Him and realizing that all things come from His hands? Is the Eternal Child in you living in the Father's house? Are the graces of His ministering life working out through you in your home, in your business, in your domestic circle? Have you been

wondering why you are going through the things you are? It is not that **you** have to go through them, it is because of the relation into which the Son of God has come in His Father's providence in your particular sainthood. Let Him have His way, keep in perfect union with Him.

The vicarious life of your Lord is to become your vital simple life; the way He worked and lived among men must be the way He lives in you.



*This little piece by Oswald Chambers is just one of 365 different pieces from the book "My Utmost For His Highest". These devotionals will jump out at you and inside you if you read them in search of the truth. They are written in a way that will require your utmost attention not only with your mind, but also with your heart.*

"No book except the Bible has influenced my walk with Christ at such deep and maturing levels."

*Richard C. Halverson*

*Chaplain, United States Senate*



## Once a Week

*By Camry Schnauzer Dog Doudney*

I have been living here for over four years now, and I still can't get used to it when the boss comes home after being on the road for 4 days. He comes in once a week and when he arrives I'm in a state within 15 minutes, and stay that way for the 2 to 3 days he is here.

I'm not like the other girls in the house, I'm just a little high strung, the boss says that I'm wound too tight, but I can't help it. He doesn't do anything quietly. When he gets a cup of coffee he makes enough noise to wake the dead, and woe to one of us dogs if we do anything to displease him--- like bark a little. You would think that OUT was the only word the man knew. It makes me tremble. And funny thing is I'm not the least bit afraid of him, I just don't care for his style. But he is the one that adopted me in the first place and he **is** the boss, so I'll just have to make do. The other girls don't seem to mind and ignore him most of the time, I guess I'll have to learn to do the same.



*Your letters, comments and donations are always welcome.*

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