



Times Remembered Betty A. Young
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Pa's Prayers

As I have mentioned before, I have many of my parents' and grandparents' pictures, letters, magazines and newspaper clippings from years ago. My Grandmother

Garrett was notorious for clipping articles from the newspapers and magazines. While I was rummaging through some of the clippings I came across a story I just had to share. The title is:

Pa's Prayers

One autumn, after a very scanty harvest, when times were very hard, and sickness had come to the poorly paid pastor's church, his flock was determined to meet at his house and offer prayers for the speedy recovery of the sick ones, and for material blessings upon the pastor's family.

Deacon Jones's absence from the meeting caused a little comment, as he "warn't much given to pra'r meeting," as he used to put it.

It was Thanksgiving Eve, and the first one the pastor's children could remember when there had not been preparations for an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner,

with pies and puddings, nuts and raisins, and a big turkey with all the "fixings."

In the most solemn part of the prayer meeting, there was a loud knock at the door; and when it was opened, a stout farm boy was there.

"What do you want, boy?" asked the elder, who opened the door. "I've brought Pa's prayers," replied the boy. "Brought Pa's prayers? What do you mean?" "Yep, brought Pa's prayers; an' they're out in the wagon. Just help me, and we'll get 'em in." Much to the elder's surprise, "Pa's prayers, (and they were from Deacon Jones), consisted of potatoes, flour, bacon, corn meal, turnips, apples warm clothing and a lot of jellies for the sick ones.

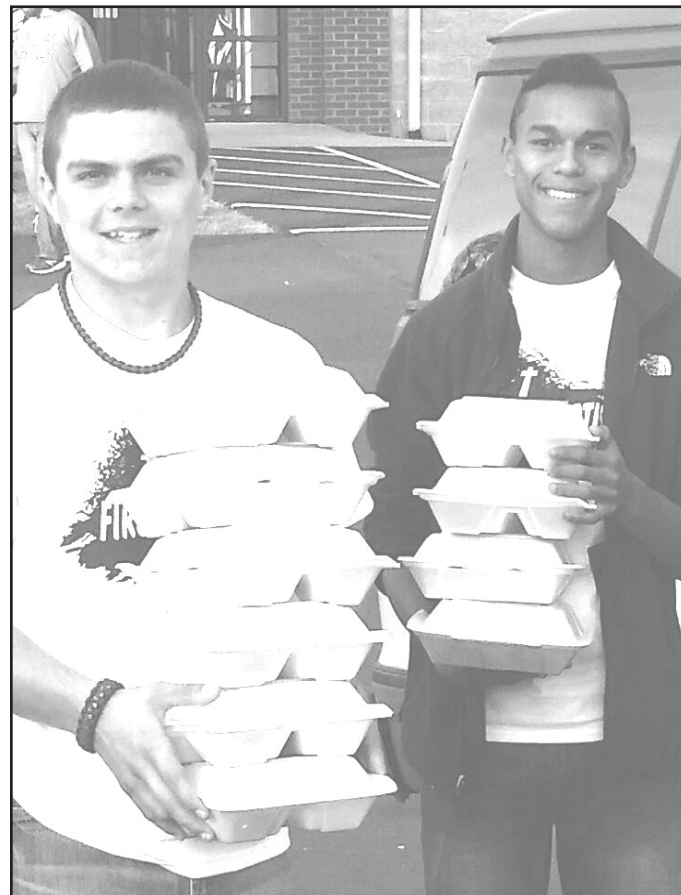
The prayer meeting adjourned in short order, and such was the great rejoicing in the pastor's family at the thought of a plentiful dinner,

not only for Thanksgiving, but for days to come, that the lack of the usual turkey was almost forgotten. And it was thus that "Pa's prayers" served the purpose of Thanksgiving dinner.

A PRAISE REPORT

Our church, Calvary Baptist, hosted our first ever community Thanksgiving dinner on Sunday, November 15. First Baptist Church partnered with us to serve approximately 300 people last night. The youth from Calvary and First Baptist also delivered meals to the Irvine Nursing Home and shut-ins. There are more testimonies and pictures on Calvary's Facebook page.

It was a joy to prepare and serve turkey and all the trimmings to everyone who attended. The dinner was a huge success and we hope to serve again next year to more people. God Bless!



Youth from Calvary Baptist Church deliver meals for Calvary's Thanksgiving dinner.

Lady Autumn

There are no words to quite express, the beauty of fall. No poet's pen, artist's brush, can ever catch Lady Autumn at her best.

Flaming reds, wondrous gold, tender bits of green; paths ablaze of bright with autumn's changing scene. Scarlet sage abounds. The humblest field where golden rods are found.

Across the hills are adorned with purple splendor, crimson flaming hills majestically shall stand for all the world to capture her rare beauty of majestic Lady Autumn.

Misty dawns bring glory of the Harvest Moon, slow fading roses. The mellow sun seems to shed the light of blessing over us all.

Chimney smoke and fire to knock fall's cool, crisp air, off these old bones. Woods of russet, bronze and scarlet; leaves that ever tint of golden hours.

With winter night and summer past, nature in her brightest garments clothed in beauty at last.

Phase of life for me would be Autumn mood, rich with blessing of peace and quietude for God's mercies, glad and grateful for having no doubts nor fears. May we all walk with our beloved in the Autumn years.

I love all four seasons, that come and go. I enjoy all their beauty they have to offer. With God's hands, like the master artist he is, he paints all seasons with a magic brush.

With Spring he brings rainbows, with summer after storms you get beautiful pink, orange sunsets against the gray sky.

Winter you get pure white snow with ice crystals that sparkle like diamonds. In Fall you get artists that bring us a masterpiece. Master artist dips his paint brush in liquid gold, spreads bright yellow and oranges. Also, scarlet, burgundy, galaxy of reds. He leaves us just enough green to linger to spring. The forest becomes a landscape of beauty that captures our eyes and heart and leaves us breath taken.

Find time to take long walks in sweet woodlands near a creek bed where water flows so pure and free. Go back to the mountain, in the country, to hills and hollows. Find last asters in bloom, feel cool Fall's crisp breeze against your face.

Silver mist, opal rose amethyst, incense drifts balsamic scent of pine and fir, there's nothing like traveling back home in memory or mind of our childhood.

I always go back to the mountains, back home where my heart and soul feel at peace, back to Brush Mountain, Kentucky, where I was raised. I feel so close to all things I feel so close to my Daddy and younger brother when I go back to the old home place. See, they're gone on to be with God now.

I still feel their presence abiding their. I see them in so many things. Our family is all we'll ever have; when they're gone, all you'll have is treasured memories. I was truly blessed to have so many years with them, with ones I hold so dearly to my heart. I loved and respected them so much.

My Daddy loved Autumn. It was his favorite time of the year. He loved mountains. Going home years ago was like this; loved ones used to be waiting to greet you at the old weathered house, young faces pressed against the window pane.

Lamp light glowing in the kitchen, chimney smoke filters through the cool, crisp air. All the love we had for each other.

Looking back on the old barn and fields, the harvest. Pumpkins outline banks; the hay bales, Indian corn, silver moonlight, the pathway at night. Songs of whipper wills; family and neighbors sitting out on the old country porch; laughter of children, jumping in big piles of leaves.

The brisk, cold wind chills; the memory of the pathway leads back home where my heart dwells. Lady Autumn at her peak is the most beautiful time of the year, with her Royal colors, enjoy orange maples; bright, yellow poplars; rusty browns and bronzes and galaxy reds.

Take special time out with loved ones, family and friends. Take a country drive. Visit roadside fruit stands, apple baskets re full, pumpkins. Harvest was great. Indian corn, fodder, hay bales. Plenty to see.

Paint a picture, write a poem, take a photograph in your mind. You will treasure it a lifetime. Only God can give you such a masterpiece, with the season of Autumn.

The scarlet beauty, when hills come alive right before your eyes. We are truly blessed to see Lady Autumn at her best. Take time out to enjoy this time of year. It will leave you breathless.

It's good to find your way back home, now and then. Make a lifetime of treasured memories that you holed in your heart forever. Lady Autumn, when she comes on the scene, leaves you breath taking, wanting more; the season of beauty.

God bless: by Frieda Holliman



Bob Young serves gravy at Calvary Baptist's Thanksgiving dinner.

BIBLE TRIVIA
by Wilson Casey

1. Which book of the Bible mentions the word "thanksgiving" the most times at eight? Genesis, Nehemiah, Psalms, Isaiah
2. From Leviticus 22, a sacrifice of thanksgiving is most meaningful when it is ... ? Sincere, Often, At your own will, Extravagant
3. What items of food and drink did Jesus give thanks for at the Last Sup-

per? Figs/water, Bread/wine, Fishes/nectar, Honey/milk

4. In 1 Thessalonians 5:18, "In every thing give thanks: for this is the ___ of God?" Power, Will, Gratitude, Travail

5. Where was Jonah when he prayed with the voice of thanksgiving? Fish's belly, Aboard ship, In the wilderness, Mountaintop

6. Whose thanksgiving is expressed in Philippians 4:10-20? Paul, John the Baptist, James, David

Answers on bottom of Page 13

Wilson Casey's mainstream UFO book, "Swamp Gas & High Hopes 101," is now available from TouchPointPress.com

Seeds of Hope



Once, before going into battle, Alexander the Great began making elaborate preparations for a large military operation. He was so uncertain about the outcome of the battle that he gave away his personal possessions. One of his men went to him in protest and said, "Sir, you are giving away everything you have!"

"Everything," said Alexander, "but hope." Overwhelmed with sickness and facing death, David cried out, "My hope is in You! Save me from all my transgressions!" He realized that in spite of his vast wealth and power he was bankrupt and powerless over his life. He could do nothing to save himself. But when David came to

the end of all that he had, he found himself at the beginning of what God had - the power to deliver him. "Save me," he cried, "from all my transgressions." His entire life must have passed before his eyes, frightened him into a sense of reality and left him in a state of despair and hopelessness.

This verse contains one of life's most important messages. David, and each one of us, need to be "saved from our transgressions." Most of us recognize that fact. Knowing and facing that fact, however, is not enough. We must also accept the fact that life is beyond our control - not only our health but the number of days God will grant us. Like David we must be prepared to face death and judgment.

God used sickness, fear and aging to get David's attention to face death. His seeking knows no limits.

PS-088 Nov. 18, 2015

THE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE

For what profit is it to a man if he gains the whole world, and loses his own soul? Or what will a man give in exchange for his soul?

MATTHEW 16:26

Detail of "Tete de Femme" by Pablo Picasso (1965)

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