

September 27, 2020

Scott's Thoughts



"The memory of the righteous is a blessing, but the name of the wicked will rot."
(Proverbs 10:7, ESV)

I read a book this past week and in the mist of reading it, I toured the museum in Blackwell. The two together reminded me of some things way back in my memory. The book was titled "The Home Place." It is a story about a family and where they live.

As a child Mom and Dad would, from time to time, tell the family we are going "Down Home" this weekend. That, to us, meant New Haven, IL. Compared to New Haven, Newkirk is a Metropolis. I remember there was a little store in town, a Funeral home and one church building that had a rotation schedule with several different preachers of various backgrounds officiating their various religious services. There was also a school just across the street from my Aunt's house. There were chickens in most every yard and only few streets were paved.

The book got me thinking about my roots and one of the exhibits in the museum stirred my emotions. Three rooms in the museum are set up as they would have been many years ago. It was just like walking into my aunt's place "Down Home." The rooms were small and the furniture was old. The wood burning stove in the kitchen brought back memories, but the white cupboard took me back to her kitchen in my mind. I was watching her make homemade rolls and the

world's best pecan pie. How she could cook such wonderful meals in that little kitchen for so many people is beyond me. She had nothing prepackaged or frozen and no microwave. But everything was served piping hot and it was fabulous.

I remember listening to the adults talk and at the time it didn't make much sense to me. The phrase "bottom land" meant nothing to a child raised in the city (we didn't even have a garden). There was also talk of the "Bonus Money for the Veterans." My Aunt and Uncle got \$600.00 Bonus Money and built their little house with it. At that time, I had no idea what a veteran was. But I did know my Uncle Jerry was one of them, so was my father. I just didn't know what the term meant.

I'm glad I had those experiences as a child. It just warms my heart to think of those times. It makes me wonder what my children's memories will be when they are my age. I hope my grandchildren have wonderful memories of Grammy and Pappy and the little town of Newkirk, OK where Grammy and Pappy live. I hope their memories are rich with love of family, country and especially God.

Memories are good but "This world is not my home I'm just a passing through my treasures are laid up somewhere beyond the blue."

Thanks for listening and keep on shining.
—Scott