

Scott's Thoughts

November 23, 2025



“Behold, children are a heritage from the Lord, the fruit of the womb a reward. Like arrows in the hand of a warrior are the children of one’s youth. Blessed is the man who fills his quiver with them! He shall not be put to shame when he speaks with his enemies in the gate.” (Psalm 127:3–5, ESV)

November has always been a good month for Ava and me. Thanksgiving is in November. Ava and I got married fifty-five years ago today, November 20, 1970. Our first child was born in November, and she has been a delight since day one. Each of these is special in its own way.

Thanksgiving existed for many years before we had married or had children. Each of our families had their own traditions for Thanksgiving. Our first Thanksgiving was not much because getting married, moving, renting an apartment, and setting up housekeeping on military pay didn’t leave much. But we didn’t starve. Our big splurge that first Thanksgiving was not on food, it was on making a phone call home to each of our families.

Our wedding day was, of course, a complete change for both of us. Not only were we now going to live together, I was in the Navy, so we moved eight hundred miles away from family that night. The distance from our family did make the adjustment to marriage harder. Our parents were not just around the corner for us to be able to ask advice, and at that time long-distance phone calls were expensive. So, we had to depend on each other from day one. It really helped us form the bond that has carried us all these years. The

adjustment was difficult, but I really feel it was one of the best things we ever did.

Yvonne made us parents! I think Ava was more ready to become a mother than I was to become a father because Yvonne changed our lives completely. Gone were the carefree days of making snap decisions to go somewhere on a whim. Even going to visit with grandparents or friends for an afternoon or evening was a major undertaking, and that was just twenty-five miles away at the most. There would be two more daughters in the following years, but their births just seemed like a small adjustment compared to the first child.

Fifty-five years have passed with a swiftness that has seen both joy and sorrow, hardship and ease. From this vantage point it is easier to remember the joys than the sorrows, and the ease more than the hardship because each of them has molded us into a unit. We are not perfect, still working on that. But I know today, that without question, my second greatest joy in this life is my precious wife, Ava. This year, 2025 has been a difficult year for her, but at this time she seems to be past the worst of it. Cancer changes your life. It is a word that brings fear no matter what form it takes and she has faced it with a great attitude and continues to do so.

My prayer for you this Thanksgiving is that your quiver is full and your joy is overflowing. That the God of heaven and all that He has to offer blesses your lives on this Thanksgiving Day.

“Therefore a man shall leave his father and his mother and hold fast to his wife, and they shall become one flesh.” (Genesis 2:24, ESV)

Thanks for listening and keep on shining

—Scott