

A Special Journey

Our journey from Thanksgiving Day to Sunday was special. Not because of the turkey and dressing and pumpkin pie, although there was plenty of that. Not because of the miles traveled from Cleveland to Nashville to Cookeville and back home again, although there were about 500 of them, and the mountains were scenic, as usual. Not even because of the weather, although, on all days, the sun was shining, temperatures reached the 60s, and the sky was as blue as I can ever remember.

The long weekend trip was exceptional because of the people encountered along the way. First and foremost, the time spent with Lola and other members of our family is always a blessing. But here are some others whose paths we crossed:

- A cook in a tea room, her legs propped up, resting from the fatigue of laboring in the kitchen, her face aglow from the smiles on the faces of guests who had enjoyed her meal.
- A gentleman dressed neatly in a suit for the holiday, his prosthetic hands extending beneath his sleeves, happy that he still had acceptable bodily functions despite the disease or accident that had deprived him of the natural ends of his arms.
- An elderly woman pushing a walker through a crowded hotel hallway, her face beaming in the company of grandchildren and great-grandchildren, grateful for the years that had allowed her to know them.
- A family from Mississippi, getting ready to return home so that their son could play in the state high school football championship game, proud of his health and his leadership on an 11-1 team.
- A truck driver, whose work had been curtailed because of the economy, rejoicing in the news that fulltime work would begin again in January, allowing him to support his wife and two daughters.
- A restaurant waitress, eager to share her faith and her spirit of the season, through her songs at the piano in a crowded hotel lobby.
- A veteran bus driver, energizing a capacity crowd with her humor and laughter.
- A family, dressed for worship, as they gathered with fellow believers in a convention hall.

These were some fellow travelers along the road of life for four days in November. Did each of them have an attitude of gratitude just because it was the Thanksgiving weekend? Not these folks. Their behavior reflects their zest for living. They are appreciative for their blessings – any day, any week.

What about you – on this week?

– Beecher Hunter