

## FIVE MINUTES WITH TOM MOOTY

*(Column Number 2136)*

### "THANK YOU"

Some say potahtoe, some say potato; some say tomahtoe, some say tomato; and them that's right say "tater" and "mater".

But I digress!

You don't mind a little digression now and then, do you?

So, last night, I had a thought about material for a column. I thought it was a good thought; but, silly me, I didn't immediately grab my ever-present Willie Green Print Shop scratch pad and Manes Funeral Home pencil and write it down.

Bummer! Big time, major league bummer!

So I am stumbling around in the bedroom, trying to find my glasses (I don't wear them unless I want to see), fumbling around in the file system of my mind trying to remember "that thought for The Column of all columns", making up the bed, trying to adjust the "My Pillow Mattress Topper", walking around feeling under the covers for those pesky, run away, glasses (that I don't really need unless - well you know).

Now, I know you dignified folks don't ever go through this; but - well, you know!

Walk around, feel the covers, look for a "bump" in the sheet, find those glasses so you can think of "that thought" about a great column. Not here! Maybe, in the bathroom! Where else have I been since taking them off?

Gotta be here somewhere! Go around the bed to the other side, next to the wall and check! Pray! God knows where they are! "Lord, help me find them, please".

Look down! Right beside your size 11-D foot! Don't move! There they are; one inch or less from where you are standing!

"Thank You, Lord". "Thank You for all the little things that we need every hour"; in addition to the big stuff every now and then".

Like the man said, "One day on a ventilator costs more money than I will ever see; and I have been breathing God's air every second for eighty years for free, I have never thanked Him for it".

God, have mercy on us when we begin to think we are purty good; when You have been our constant Companion for all of our life here on earth, and nine months before that, taking care of our breathing and heart beating, and stuff and things about which we have no idea how complicated it all is!

Yessir; Thanksgiving is a whole heap of a lot more than one day out of  $365\frac{1}{4}$ ; and, Lord, I thank You for a lifetime of Your Love and Care when I didn't even know You were anywhere around - and yet, there You were; and there You are!

Lord, please forgive us when we forget "Who", and "What", and "Where", and "When", and "Why" you are!

When I drove in to the office this morning, I saw the words, "Give Thanks" spotlighted on the outside front wall of the Church; and "Yes; Lord, That is what I do! Thank You!"

*Tom Mooty serves Newport's West End Baptist Church as its "Senior Pastor"; actually its "Very, Very, Very Senior Pastor". He is entering his thirty-fifth cumulative year in three terms at this church and his fifty-seventh year in the Ministry. The "Five Minute Column" was begun by request 1970; and has appeared in "The Cocke County Banner" and "The Morgan County News" in addition to "The Newport Plain Talk". Unsigned letters and anonymous contacts are routinely deleted; but you can contact Mooty with comments.*