

A Word From the Publisher

How thankful I am for these last several days of fall weather. We opened up the windows in our home and were able to enjoy the soft breeze in the day and coolness in the night. It certainly was a welcome change for the extreme hot temperatures we've had this summer. Although I'm certain our warm weather is not over, I'll certainly take a refresher of God's blessings when they come. It's easy to complain about our hot weather but that's why we chose to live in Florida. We are so blessed. It only takes one look at the local news to see wildfires out of control, hurricanes, etc. Thank you Jesus, for protecting us!

This morning, as I reached for one of the pillows from our bed, I grabbed my little stuffed animal dog that resembles our little deceased dachshund Ally. It made me smile. Like all family pets, Ally was a special little dog that we dearly loved. She was spoiled rotten, of course, and sometimes a trouble maker, however she loved me unconditionally. Even when I had to discipline her for running through the neighborhood or out in the woods, she would still come right back to me and cuddle with me. Our granddaughters each have little stuffed animals that they cling to each night when they sleep. Having that little furry thing can sometimes bring all the security in the world to a child and sometimes to us adults, too. When I was a child, I was a thumb sucker. Oh, I know it drove my parents insane. I can even remember doing it so I know I was pretty old when I finally gave up the habit. Along with my thumb, I wrapped a piece of one of Daddy's shirts tightly around my forefinger. The shirt was kind of silky, a blue and gold Rambler coaching shirt that somehow I got from Daddy. I carried that shirt around everywhere and of course, slept tightly with it in my grip. I know Mama first starting taking

it away from me during the day to try to break the habit and that was tough. One good thing, I was always ready to go to bed to get my comfort and security.

I think we all long to have that sense of security to hold something close and be held close. Security can be found in many things but there is only one source of true security...Jesus Christ. This has been a year of doubt and fear through all of us. Not only have we dealt with the changes that the pandemic has brought, life itself has brought so much heartache. So many people have had to deal with death under normal conditions but there have also been so many tragic deaths right here in our community. My heart aches for the pain so many are going through, my family included. I can only pray that these families have the assurance that they will see their loved ones again in Heaven. Only God can give the comfort and peace to endure.

As I've shared before, these 'days' have been difficult to navigate through, not only with our business but also in our personal lives. Trying to watch the news can be overwhelming. Again, the only peace I can find is through Jesus Christ my Savior. As each new day begins, I am reminded of God's promise to never leave me. I'm also reminded that it is not me but through Him that I put one foot in front of the other. God is almighty and He never changes...like I do. If you haven't placed your trust in Jesus, you need to. This is the only way to find peace. I share this special verse hopefully to encourage you as it does me! *"I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me."* Philippians 4:13

Have a blessed week!

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