

Days In November

By John F. Hall

I will start with a song written by Jack Nitzsche, Buffy Sainte-Marie, and Will Jennings, called, "Up Where We Belong." These are most of their lyrics: "Who knows what tomorrow brings, in a world few hearts survive. All I know is how I feel when it's real. I keep it alive. The road is long, there are mountains in our way. But we climb a step everyday. Love lifts us up where we belong, where the



eagles cry on a mountain high. Love lifts us up where we belong, far from the world below, up where the clear winds blow. Some hang on to used to be, live their lives looking back. All we have is the here and now, all our lives, out there to find. Time goes by, no need to cry. Life's you and I alive."

On the 9th of November, my day started at 6:30 in the morning. I drove the short distance to the church that I attend. I use a cane to steady my balance, as I walk from my car to the church door. Once inside, I push the church's transport chair over to the church door, and I sit in the transport chair. It does not have hand rims, that are attached to the outside rear wheels of a wheelchair. Those hand rims allow the person to self-propel the wheelchair forward. I just use my feet to move the transport chair forward. I welcome the church members and visitors, as they come in for the church service.

Marijohn and Kris Kristofferson wrote the song called, "One Day at a Time." It was a top 20 country music hit in 1974, and it won the Dove Award for the Song of the Year in 1975. These are their lyrics: "I'm only human I'm just a man. Help me believe in what I could be and all that I am. Show me the stairway, I have to climb. Lord, for my sake teach me to take one day at a time. One day at a time sweet Jesus, that's all I'm asking from You, just give me the strength to do everyday what I have to do. Yesterday's gone sweet Jesus and tomorrow may never be mine. Lord, help me today show me the way, one day at a time. Do You remember when You walked among men? Well, Jesus, You know if You're looking below it's worse now than then, pushing and shouting crowding my mind. So for my sake teach me to take one day at a time. One day at a time sweet Jesus, that's all I'm asking from You. Give me the strength to do everyday what I have to do. Yesterday's gone sweet Jesus, and tomorrow may never be mine. Lord, help me today show me the way, one day at a time."

When it is about time for the church service to start, I will use my feet to move the transport chair, to my place behind the choir, at the back of the church. On my way there, I will give Pastor Jergin a copy of my latest story. Near the end of the church service, Pastor Jergin asked the veterans to come forward to be recognized.

One of my fellow ushers, who knew that I was a veteran, asked if he could push me to the front of the church. I said, "yes." After the recognition, another fellow usher, and fellow Army veteran, then pushed me back to my place behind the choir. After the church service, Pastor Jergin greeted me, as I was leaving the church. I slowly walked to my car, and drove home.

Patience Allison Hartbauer wrote the poem, "A Whole New Day." These are her words: "A whole new day confronts me now with challenges to meet. I will go forth in faith today without depression or defeat. My Lord is here beside me as I forge ahead with utmost optimism on each new path I tread. I will not let confusion reign nor allow my faith to quell, for I shall lean upon my Lord assured that all goes well. This whole new day holds promises to conquer and achieve. I cannot fail nor foster fear when I continue to believe. God will provide the strength I need in all adversity; I will embrace this blessed day. God gave this day to me."

The ninth of November is my wife, Paula's birthday. My son, John and his wife, Lori, came for a birthday supper at my house. They prepared tocos with Paula and Paula's sister, Marsha. My son brought two birthday cakes, and nine Mexican sombreros. My son wanted everyone to have a Mexican hat, for Paula's birthday celebration. My grandchildren: Andrea, Heather, and John-John, drove up from Tennessee. Sister-in-law, Marsha and her husband Roger Garner, came from next door. They all came to celebrate Paula's 79" birthday. I prayed the grace for the meal. Before the grandchildren drove back to Tennessee, I gave them a gift and a copy of my recent story. In Psalm, Chapter 28, Verse 7, are these words: "The Lord is my strength and my shield, in Whom my heart trusted and found help. So my heart rejoices; with my song I praise my God."

Francis Wolfe wrote the poem, "Don't Think of Tomorrow." These are her words: "Don't think of tomorrow, just live day by day; rely on God's promise, don't turn Him away. Believe that He will help you, whatever you may need. His love is unending, trust Him to succeed. His eyes are upon you, His ears hear your call; His hands will direct you, with His strength you won't fall. Don't think of tomorrow, just live day by day, and walk in His footprints each step of the way."

The 11" of November is Veteran's Day. I received a text from Jason Crisp, a friend and fellow Army veteran, and from his daughter, Alexis. They wished me a Happy Veteran's Day. Billy Ray Cyrus and Cindy Cyrus wrote the song, "Some Gave All." These are most of their lyrics: "I knew a man, called him Sandy Cane. Few folks even knew his name. But a hero yes he was. He left a boy came back a man. Still many just don't understand, about the reason's we are free."

"I can't forget the look in his eyes, or the tears he cried as he said these words to me, all gave some and some gave all. Some stood through the red, white, and blue. And some had to fall, and if you ever think of me, think of all your liberties, and recall some gave all. Now Sandy Cane is no longer here, but his words are oh so clear. As they echo throughout our land. For all his friends who gave us all, who stood the ground and took the fall, to help their fellow man. Love your country live with pride, and don't forget those who died. America, can't you see? And if you ever think of me, think of all your liberties, and recall, some gave all..."

On the 13th of November, Paula I made the drive to Fort Campbell, to pick up medicine from the Army pharmacy. On the way, we stopped at Staton's Framing in Hopkinsville, to have a frame made. Paula's

sister, Marsha Garner, made an embroidery that has the name, "Jansen." She made it for our granddaughter, Andrea. She married Andrew Jansen, and they both work in the Emergency Room at Saint Thomas Hospital West in Nashville, Tennessee. I told Andrea that I would have it mounted, with the matting color that she wanted. In the framing shop, I showed Steven Kinnard a picture of Andrea in her green sweater. Steven and I looked at the mattings. I selected a matting that nearly matched the color of the sweater that Andrea was wearing. Steven is a fellow Christian Fraternity Brother.

In previous stories, I shared stories about the careers and job that I've held. I over looked one career. I am a notary public. As a public officer, and by law, I can validate signatures, administer oaths, and affirmations. I have a notary seal, and a self-inking stamp that includes my name, my Commission number, and the date that my four-year Commission expires. I'm undecided if I should file for another four-year term. My Commission expires June 28, 2026. That is one day before my 81% birthday. I've never charged for my services, and I declined to work for a notary company. I put my notary seal, and my self-inking stamp, on my desk under the staircase. I'll show my seal and stamp on this page. When you receive this story, you can say, like the lyric in an old rock and roll song, that my story was signed, stamped, and delivered to you. I will end this November story with a poem by Regina Wieneck called, "One Day at a Time." These are her words: "When the dawn is breaking, we have to make a choice: follow in God's footsteps or heed the tempter's voice. Daily we face battles — who could discern the end? From morning until sunset, our time is in God's hand. Let's make decisions wisely, long is the coming night; filled with regret and weeping 'til breaking morning light."

John F. Hall

*Read other stories by John F. Hall and others at: <http://www.ajlambert.com>

J

