

I've never been an epiphany person. I wish God would smack me with a stick, or blind me with a light, or speak to me clearly in a dream, then explain how it all works clearly and concisely, then maybe tell me what my job is and how to do it. Simple steps would help, numbered for order, maybe, and very precise. Tell me when I stray and pat me on the back when I'm in line. It hasn't happened. I grew up with the stories in Baptist Sunday School. "Red and yellow, black and white, they are precious in His sight, Jesus loves the little children of the world." I believed that and still do. The teachers and preachers did a good job of telling the stories and that makes all the difference. Our family of three joined Grace in 1980 when the building was a double-wide trailer. Our family grew to five. GPC was good at telling the stories to us. We faced some challenges, common business or family stuff, including scary medical challenges with two of our children. We always knew and felt support from our Grace family. Sometimes the church strayed and sometimes we did. Through it all, the support was, and is, there for the taking. I can walk into the building, or connect on the phone or via Zoom, and know I will find love, empathy, and concern. That's a huge gift. We must keep telling the stories.

Tom Brooks