

father and sister and brother. Thank you for our homes and food and our clothes. Thank you for the trees and flowers and animals and birds and the winter time and the summer time. Oh God, bless all the little children and make them better when they are sick. Thank you for the sunshine and rain and for the snow and the lovely skies. Thank you for the fields and mountains and make me a good little girl. For Jesus sake, Amen."

It is a (strange thing) but true, that this attitude of gratitude was natural--that she should give thanks for these wonderful things of God.

This 145 Psalm is a hymn of praise.

Verse 1, "I will extol Thee, my God and King." That is, I will lift Thee up.

Verse 2, "Everyday will I bless Thee," which speaks of continually standing before God and praising His name.

Verse 3, "Great is the Lord" which speaks about His greatness that is unsearchable.

Verse 4, "One generation shall praise Thy works to another", that is that this is something which we need to pass on.

Verse 6, "And men shall speake of Thy might," that is the plagues wrought in Egypt, the overthrow of Pharaoh; the memory of His great goodness should be told and retold, the tale of

Trusted Nelson has built 30 Graham & others on porch in service
"CELEBRATING THE GOODNESS OF GOD" Psalm 145: 1-10
held in the White House - something in on the move -
Introduction: *read to you -*
we had to thank him first
How ungrateful can one person be? *90 yrs old this week* (Winston Churchill) had

a favorite story on ingratitude. "A British sailor on leave was strolling in the park near the ^{7cms}Thames River in London. Hearing cries for help, he ran to the river and saw that a small boy had fallen in. The sailor jumped into the water and brought the boy safely ashore. In the confusion that followed the sailor slipped away from the crowd. When he returned to the same spot a few days later, a woman approached him.

"Are you the sailor who pulled my boy from the water two days ago?" "Yes, lady, I am."

Looking hard at him the lady said, "What did you do with his hat?" *Smith High Lady District Champion -*
Wrestling - 4 - known in District now & day
Now this story was copied from the Home Life Magazine and *How many show us how to carry the ball -* illustrates a lack of appreciation for the great blessings of *Notions fumble that ball no give back* our Heavenly Father that He gives us from time to time.

A wonderful man of God by the name of J. Pressley Barrett said that he was taught a good lesson which he never forgot. His wife was a devote, Christian woman and as a minister of the Gospel he was trying to live a real Christian life. One morning his wife called him to breakfast and asked him to come in to family prayers. In response to her saintly plea for the morning prayers, he said rather abruptly, "My dear, I have not time for

prayer this morning."

She said not a word, but he saw that she was grieved. He explained to her that a man was waiting for him to do a bit of plowing and he had to hurry. He was not a farmer, but was living on the outskirts of town and had a vacant lot that he wished to plow for cultivation. Hurridly, eating a bit of breakfast without the usual family prayer, the man that he was going with proceeded to take the horse to the plot of ground to be plowed. When they reached the lot and were ready to put the plow into the soil, the horse, which was a spirited animal and not accustomed to the plow--started when the word "Go" was given; but the resistance of the plow suddenly surprised her. She threw all of her power into the effort and suddenly went across the lot at a rapid gate.

When about half-way across the lot, the plow struck a stump and broke the beam short into two pieces.

His first thought was, "Now I have time to pray." He was sharply rebuked under his own folly and taught a lesson; this he has never forgotten to this day. When a Christian man has not time to pray, he should look out, for in some such way the Lord may give him time in a way not expected.

In the same way, I would like to express it, that when we are too busy to give thanks or celebrate the goodness of

God we may expect some hardship along the pathway of life.

We usually think of the Puritans who settled New England as a sort of sour, gloomy set of people, but we need to remember that they were the bunch who suffered and started this Thanksgiving business. They had much they could have been gloomy about--in the first five months of their stay in the new world half their number died and were buried by night in unmarked graves so the Indians would not know that their numbers were so depleted. They suffered every conceivable hardship, but they made a harvest of 21 acres of corn in the fall of 1621 and they had Thanksgiving. A little procession lead by Governor William Bradford marched triumphantly through the cornfields singing, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, the world and all that dwell therein."

Instead of a fast of sadness, those Puritans held a feast of gladness, and their gladness stemmed out of their gratitude to God. They celebrated the goodness of God. Gratitude is one of the simplest virtues of childhood which is so easy to lose as you grow older. Jesus said, "Except you become as a little child or as little children..." and perhaps one way that this needs to be applied is in Thanksgiving.

Someone has recorded the prayer of Thanksgiving given by a little girl of eight. "Thank you for our mother and for our

Second, by living in this attitude of praise, prayer, and thanksgiving the soul arrives at the place where it recognizes and celebrates the goodness of God in all circumstances, even in times of sorrow, affliction, and temptation.

By living third in the center of God's will and having His essential smile upon the soul daily, his hope in immortality becomes a sure hope of heaven as if he were there already. Therefore he calls to mind these wonderful things that God has prepared for him.

Thus, we may link the Old Testament with the New Testament and find a celebrating of God's goodness real. How are we going to celebrate the goodness of God? How can it be done by people like you? I am going to suggest three ways: first, by counting our blessings, second by remembering the blessings and how they were received, and third, by receiving the blessings spiritually.

I. We celebrate the goodness of God by counting our blessings.

Counting our blessings! First, not in a material count. Lots of people could count their shares of stocks; some could count their cars; some could count up the deposits in the bank. Not as the rich man in the parable that Jesus told in Luke 12: 16-21 who finally said, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years." He had counted all of his material things.

I came across the story of Sadie Virginia Smithson. It is

all mercies and songs of Thy righteousness shall sing hymns of praise.

Verse 8, "The Lord is great and full of compassion."

Verse 9, "The Lord is good to all that is He makes the sun to shine and rise upon the evil and the good; He sends the rain on the just and the unjust."

Verse 10, "All our works shall praise Thee."

Therefore in these verses we have a feeling of the greatness and goodness of God which calls for: in verse 2 that we shall continually bless Him everyday and this shall be forever and done in a great and good spirit for His power, for His holiness, for His goodness and all of His works shall praise Him. The various elements, that I will praise Thy name--the name of God shall stand out, and they will bless His name. The object of all high praise is none other than God. It is not a man, and He confesses that God rules over all. Here is a fixed resolve, four times, in these two opening verses that we find the words "I will", and so again in verse 5 and 6. If we feel happy when we sing praise easily, but if we do not thus feel, then praise falters and dies. This must be everyday; not only on the bright days, but on the dark days. Praise like prayer must be a habit, a constant practice, or else we will fall

short.

These first few verses talk about the greatness of God. Verses 7-16 talk about the tender mercies of God that are celebrated. In verse 17 it talks about His wonderful righteousness.

These verses here could well be linked with I Thessalonians 5:16 and 18 where Paul says, "Rejoice evermore; pray without ceasing; in everything give thanks."

First he rejoices evermore, as the Psalmists says, "I will praise; the very foundation is first that he has confessed and rectified every sin and misdoing that was in his power to reach.

Second, as far as lies in his power, he is clean and right and in love, so to speak, with every soul on earth.

Third, he is saved, sanctified, and walking in every ray of light that God has ever shown upon his soul from the day he was converted on up to the present moment.

Fourth, he is clear in his present experience; as the noon-day sun, there is not a shadow between him and his Maker, and he is glad to risk all of his presence that he might make another prayer and praise God.

Fifth, as far as lies in his power, he has cleaned his

skirts from the blood of all mankind by warning the wicked, by instructing the ignorant, but praying with the penitent, by visiting the sick, the widows and orphans, and by living a Godly life. Hence he is ready to meet to meet Him at the judgment bar.

Sixth, he sees God everywhere and in everything, in life's darkest days his joy continues to flow.

He prays without ceasing; his soul is weened from the created things so as to touch the grace of God; there is a stream of prayer, praise, and thanksgiving. Such holy souls are often misunderstood by carnal friends and counted peculiar, dull spirited, unentertaining.

In everything give thanks. All complaining and fault finding comes to an end and nature puts on the garb of praise. The hills and the valleys smile; the trees clap their hands and the birds sing; the brooks wind on their way; all lift up their voices in praise.

The source of his giving thanks is as the Psalmists--first the root and cause of all complaints and fault finding and fretting is from the heart. There is not an element within the whole domain of the soul but he says is in perfect harmony with the will of God now.

I've always wondered about you. You seem to be so completely and thoroughly happy. You are a happy man, aren't you?"

"Oh," he said, "my life is full of happiness." Then he said that he began to probe for his secret and finally he gave me a most significant phrase, so significant that I find it makes a fitting title for happiness and the secret of his life being full of happiness. He had learned to practice the attitude of gratitude.

That phrase he said was not one that is out of reach, but he said that Bill Stidger told how he lived. When he woke in the morning he would give thanks to God that he could wake up; he would tell the Lord that he was grateful for a delicious night's sleep. He said that he remembered the phrase "a delicious night's sleep"--isn't that wonderful. Then he said that he would give thanks to the Lord for his wife and his children; and he concluded that he gave thanks because he had work to do, that he had friends and opportunities. He just ran over his world in his mind, practicing the attitude of gratitude. He said that he had never forgotten that phrase. I hope that other people will not because here is the secret of happiness. I think that is what the Psalmist had in mind here when he was talking about celebrating the goodness of God.

Dale Carnegie set down and deliberately imagined that he had lost everything--his business, his resources, his job, his

a thrilling one. I would like to tell it to you. Sadie lived in Johnson Falls, Virginia just prior to I World War. She was a drab little woman and an unknown seamstress, the daughter of a livery stable owner. She grew up unaccepted in the town's social circle, and her absorbing ambition was to be accepted as a member of the Laurel Falls. She saved her money for a trip to Europe and was sure that on her return she would be asked to lecture on her trip and even join the ranks of this society. Her visit took place about the time of the outbreak of the war, and she was caught in Belgium. An Army officer offered to drive her to Paris so that she might make her way back to the port, catch her ship, and come home. In the course of the trip, they became lost and ended up on a battlefield. Sadie heard a young soldier, wounded and lying in the shadows, calling for water. Before she knew what she was doing, Sadie was out helping. She found a spring and brought water to the man and to others. She made bandages from her skirt and bound up wounds. She worked all through the long night. With the first glimmer of dawn an ambulance drew up, a young medical officer saw her and shouted, "Who are you? What in thunder are you doing here?" To this Sadie replied, "I am Sadie Virginia Smithson and I have been holding Hell back all night."

On the boat going home, a friend said to Sadie, "Well, the Laurel Society will be glad to have you now." Sadie looked

puzzled, then she said, "You don't understand. I've been face to face with war and death and Hell and God. I don't really think any of those things matter much now." "What does matter," asked the friend. "Nothing," said Sadie, "except God and love and doing things for folks."

Yes, (thanksgiving will lead) you to the highest life--a life of sharing with those about you, a time when you will cease to count your blessings in the material only.

Second, you will not count your (blessings for yourself). I think the parable in Luke 18:18-23, the Rich Young Rule--he sets us thinking. He had riches, good character, good position, good ambitions. All of these might exhalt a man and make him think about himself. Why did he want eternal life? Was he trying to secure an insurance policy for eternal life and after-death? Did Jesus try to break the shell around this man and expose his truesself? If so, Jesus failed. No counting of the blessings in this manner will ever celebrate the goodness of God. (Let us name some of the blessings of God which belong to the essential you.

Think of your capacity for beauty; you can see it; you can appreciate it; you can create it.

Think about your capacity for truth. You can discover it; you can appreciate it; you can apply it.

Goodness--you can see it; you can admire it and attain to it by some degree.

Think about your capacity to love and be loved. A man might count all such blessings belonging to his essential nature and in doing so fall short of celebrating the goodness of God.

Third, let a Christian count his blessings and he might begin with his capacity for thanksgiving with someone to thank. Someone is not a good word; God is the word. A Christian is thankful that he can thank God.

Make a list of the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ which a Christian enjoys--release from guilt and fear and deliverance from sin, forgiveness, your capacity to forgive, peace which passeth understanding, a quiet spirit, comforting heart, a sweet spirit, a courageous spirit. As you unfold these capacities for knowledge, beauty, goodness and love, you will discover that you are counting the blessings of the essential person instead of the goodness of God. It does not yet appear what we shall be. Count your blessings! Your blessings are numerous.

Norman Vincent Peale told a story about William L. Skidger, a preacher and friend of his. He said that they met one day and were partaking of some oyster stew together. He said, "Bill,

It is the sin of the Israelites who reproach Moses in the wilderness and blame him for their bad situation.

It is the sin of the nine Jews who did not return to give thanks to the one who cured them of leprosy.

Incidentally, the story of Jesus and the ten lepers is sadly significant of human nature in every time. Hurrying along the highway of obedience it happens. ("Man alive," it happened; dear God, I'm healed--I'm clean. Look at my hands; they are clean. And Yours; all of us! Then it's true, O God, it's true." The hurried walk broke into a run and people about the village gapped and stared wide-eyed at them as they went shouting like mad men. Then one of the ten stopped to think; he turned around and looked back along the road. He saw Jesus still standing there where He had first spoken to them. For all his eagerness to get to the priests to pronounce him clean and pure, he retraced his steps. As the meaning and the glory of it all really dawned on him he came back to Jesus and dropped on his knees and thanked Him.

Only one of their number came back and thanked Jesus in sincere gratitude for cleansing him and making him whole again.

"Where are the other nine," Jesus asked.

If this is the average of thankful and thoughtful men, then it must be one in ten or (ten per cent) and something consid-

friends, his family and how terrible was the feeling. Then he reminded himself that in fact he still had

Think of it! You are capable of doing things. Isn't it a great thing to be able to get out of bed, dress yourself, and feel well and go on and do a job. It is something for which we ought to give fervent thanks to God. There are those who do not have it and cannot enjoy what you enjoy in that way.

The Pilgrims were real people, real men. The following spring only 53 of the 120 remained alive. Husbands had buried their wives; wives had buried their husbands and parents their children. In this wilderness, half of the surviving 53 were children. There was one Pilgrim who had stayed behind in London and kept supplies for this colony. This man came back and discovered the hardships that these others had suffered under. He would talk to people about living at ease and search their hearts as to whether or not they were grateful for the blessings of God. It is not by might nor by power, but by my spirit sayeth the Lord of host," so let us be thankful for our personal blessings; let us be thankful for our country; let us be thankful for Almighty God and what he does for us.

To say "Thank-you" to God is good; to know that we shall never be able to thank Him enough is better. Our tongues of exultation as the multitude of the waves of the ocean come in

would never be sufficient to thank Him.

C. G. K. Chereston tells us that in his youth he was confused, not knowing what to do with his life nor what to make of it. He said that he was in a funny state of mind and hung on to the remains of religion by (one thin thread of thanks)

At some time or another and in our dangers every man, every woman has perhaps held on to live by one thin thread binding them to God and to the great beyond and that which is eternal.

How marvelous it is in everything we can give thanks. Paul urges his friends "For this is the will of God; it is a poor heart that never rejoices" so an old Proverb says. But Paul goes further and says, "Always give thanks to God for all things"

He urged the saints at Ephesus to do this; they had every reason in the world to be gloomy; their outlook should have been one of distressing, things were bad. He talked to them and said "Redeem the time for the days are evil; make up for all that is bad by realizing that God's plan in everything is there by understanding the will of God and doing it. Sing and make a melody in your heart to the Lord. Thanks be to God," he exclaims in the first letter to the Corinthians, "who giveth us the victory." In the second letter to these same people he seems to shout, "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift."

Paul never takes anything for granted, but always in

gratitude his gladness and his gratitude flow like a spring.

As we are to count our blessings in celebrating God's goodness, we need to think "Whatsoever things are true or honest or just or pure or lovely or of good report" Paul claims "if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things." In other words, busy your brain with all that is best and beautiful in life. This ~~is~~ self for self discipline which deserves far more attention than it often receives. To think is one of the highest faculties and noblest of all the God given human facilities; this is also one of the most neglected. It is like an unplowed field in humanity. The power to think would move us on to do good and rescue us from sin and idleness.

I think the word think and thank stem from the same root, for it is as we think about life that we soon find ourselves moved to thank the God in whom we live and move and have our being. Being truly thankful we suddenly discover what should have been obvious to us all along; it is a thankful heart.

Thanklessness is like a knife--it cuts; it results from Thoughtlessness. How often we are guilty of the most grievous sins because we didn't think. Thus, with our self excusing shrug of the shoulder we never consider why we didn't think. Thoughtlessness is this sin. It is the sin of the chief butler who leaves Joseph in prison for years.

are dependent upon God for the sun, the showers; we are dependent upon others for material inheritance and for other values. The things which belong to us are all capacities and possibilities for fulfillment. They have been given unto us. Paul talks about the gratitude which he has in his heart; the great things that he holds within his heart also. Ananias took him and showed him great things, this, of course, was a fitting phrase, and God's message was clear. I want to show you what great things you must do! It would have made a bid for his mind; it would have appealed to him; it may even have mastered and captured him, but he said, "I will show you what great things you must do" and Paul certainly thought that he was great already. He did not say that to Paul; He said, "I will show you how great things you must suffer for my name's sake" and that did it. It touched Paul to the quick and he shivered in his soul. We find that he was in complete surrender. He was put in prison; he was betrayed; he was ship wrecked; he was sick, misunderstood, and on and on. Every Christian sometimes give thanks for some thing, but who among us gives thanks at all times for all things. We can find little room when we have sickness, sorrow, suffering, but Paul was glad and grateful for the opportunity which he said, "I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. Love suffereth long; and if we suffer we shall also reign with Him He tells us." He was a man of genuine

ably less than that.

This tells the tragic tale of the thoughtlessness and the thanklessness in the world today. "But where are the other nine." Have you ever stopped to thank anybody for doing something? Have you ever stopped to thank God? What has happened to the Ninety per cent of those who have been healed and helped? We have been blessed in many ways, but how many stop to think and return to God's house to give thanks for His great miracles and His mercies?

We think about the grounds they had for gratitude--how wonderful! One day some men were talking to David MacClennan and a man said, "I am grateful for Mrs. Wendt, an old school teacher who went out of her way 30 years ago to introduce me to poetry and so on." A listener asked, "Does Mrs. Wendt know that she has made such a rich, rewarding contribution to your life?" "I'm afraid not," he answered; "I've never taken the trouble to tell her." "Then why don't you write to her," he said. The letter was forwarded and the note reached him back in return. There was a feeble, scribbled lines of an old woman. It began, "My dear Willie;" That in itself was enough to warm his heart-- here he was a fellow of fifty--fat and balding--being addressed affectionately as "Willie". He read on, "I can't tell you how much your note meant to me. I am in my (eighties), living alone in a small room, cooking my own meals, lonely, and like the last

leaf of fall lingering behind. You will be interested to know that I taught school for fifty years and yours is the first note of appreciation I have ever received. It came to me on a blue, cold morning and it cheered me as nothing has in years."

Thank God, there are still a few in life who in an attitude of gratitude appreciate the small triumphs of lonely, old ladies and others. A word of gratitude filled with grateful appreciation now and then would make all the difference to a huge hosts of human beings whose daily rounds are largely drudgery.

It helps folks wonderfully, when days are dull, and times are weary, when duties are difficult, to know that somebody, somewhere, somehow appreciates.

The Devil is said once to have put all his implements up for sale and among them was a sharp, wedged tool. The price was marked on it as the highest price. When he was asked about it, the Devil replied that it was the most valuable tool; it was the (weapon of ingratitude). With that he went on to explain how he could easily break into the minds and hearts of men and make a mess of their lives. We can all do very well without the attitude of ingratitude.

Even God is gladdened by gratitude for it confirms our faith in Him. Gratitude is like love--it never fails. While the vision of God and Jesus Christ is belief for our attitude,

it is our response to His grace as well as our salvation to the love of God in Christ Jesus to be thankful. By His grace, we are what we are, for better and not for worse.

Our gratitude should also abound at the (gratitude of the cross.) He cures and cleanses us and we need to thank him. Think on these things Paul tells us, who was himself a master thinker. Out beyond that--these things above, beneath, and in his heart, he could find much to be thankful for. In our bulletin last week, there was the story of a preacher who went to visit with a loved one who had gone to live in a remote community. Beyond telephones, electricity, and running water this lady lived. He said that he knocked on the door and it took Miss Fannie Radcliffe a little while to answer the door. She walked on a crutch because of arthritis; but her face beamed as she opened the door and invited him into the old-fashioned parlor. She started a fire in the fireplace and soon they were talking about Thanksgiving. Miss Fannie mentioned one thing for which she was thankful. The preacher tells us that he never forgot what that was. He said that he had heard about a lot of things before and since, but it brightened his life when she said "I am thankful for a thankful heart."

II. Remember these blessings were given.

As we celebrate the goodness of God, remember that the things which belong to our circumstances are given to us. We

a real person--his Sunday School teacher, his superintendent of boyhood days. He felt that he had missed them. From the bedroom he went to his study and there where he had worked and made many editorials he knew that when he walked out of that room he said good-bye to the old house forever. He said that in the living room he knelt on the bare floor and thanked God for all He had been pleased to do for me, with me, and through me as His servant. He thanked Him for the many blessings He had sent to him and his in that house, and then he committed his life and all that he had to Him and asked Him to choose his paths and order his steps to make his life in the future more fruitful and be to His glory. Then he rose from his knees and bid the old house farewell, locked the door, and was gone. These moments he would never forget for in them he had seen the life as he had lived it. There were many things to regret, but there were many blessings through which to be thankful. The memories of many joys which had been shared together. There is an evil prophesy of the future of that soul for the earthly home

character, and most unbelievable in the world according to the world's standards as he lifts us, praises and with thanksgiving even in jail. In everything he gave thanks. The church today suffers mightily for the lack of men and women who are willing to arise and give thanks for all things. "In everything," Paul urges us, "give thanks for this is the will of God."

III In the last place I come to discuss with you the great truth if we are to celebrate the goodness of God (we must take our blessings seriously.) Blessings are serious.

Blessings are judgement. You judge yourself by what period you set when you count your blessings. Do you count your blessings in the material things only? Do you count your blessings in the things that are essential to yourself or as a child of God?

We take our blessings seriously when we accept them as stewards. We also pass judgement upon ourselves and use them only for self and we become like a parasite. We need to accept these as a trusteeship, as something that we can share with others. We can take our blessings and help others to receive blessings and to transfer these as treasures to heaven. Thus if we take our blessings seriously, we will share them with other people. We can say, "Thanks be to God who in Christ always leads us in triumphant ways and through us spreads the

Celebrating the Goodness of God upon the Nation
So. Wash - July 6, 69 P.M. WARI, Nov 26, 72
(Thanksgiving)
So. Wash - Nov. 29, 64 P.M. WXRI

knowledge of him everywhere." Years ago a ship was wrecked at a storm at sea. A young college student named Edward Spencer managed to save 17 of the drowning passengers. As they carried him, he kept repeating, "Did I do my best?" "Do you think I did my best?" This is a true story!

Around four years later, the great evangelist R. A. Tory was telling this story to a large audience in Los Angeles. Someone called out, "Dr. Tory, the man you are talking about is here today." "Wonderful," replied Dr. Tory; "won't you please come to the platform?" Amid the loud applause, Edward Spencer, now an old, white haired man came slowly forward.

After talking to this heroic life saver for a few moments, Dr. Tory asked him, "Is there anything outstanding that you remember about this experience?" "Yes," replied Spencer sadly, "I remember this. That out of the 17 people I saved, (not one ever thanked me.)"

I wonder in your heart if that is the case and condition? Will you not try to be thankful? Ask yourself if you are as thankful as you should be? Are you thankful enough? Are you thankful enough to God for after all, He saved you? A preacher by the name of Barrett was moving in 1891, December 31. He lived in Raleigh, North Carolina. He had lived there for many many years. He had struggled with desperate circumstances. In that city, all of his children had grown up, some of them had

VI

died, and he had many, many experiences which he could never forget. Upon moving that last day in the year, all of his furniture had been taken away and the house was empty. His wife and baby were the only ones left and they had gone to the train and departed for a new home in the city of Norfolk, Virginia. In a few moments he said that he had to follow them, but he could not go until he had taken one more look within. Memories flooded his mind--the ties of the years and the residents were pulling at my heart; he felt everyone of them keenly. No other family had occupied the house for they had built it and put their many hopes into it. He went into the parlor--there were no unhappy recollections of the days which were past; there had been many happy gatherings. He went into the dining room where so many delightful associations with friends and family had been held; then to the bedroom where there most of the family had stood face to face with eternity. He remembered so well when for hours he had expected every moment to be his last. He thought of going into the presence of the judge of all the earth and seeing Jesus, the angels, and the city of God. He thought of the dear ones who had gone before him and whom he was expecting to meet there. When he began to recover and realize that most likely his time to go had not come, there was real joy at the thought of getting well again. There was also a sense of loss in not meeting with the loved ones who had gone on so long ago. As he thought of the faces he should have seen, there ~~was~~ ^{was} each one