The Holiday Season Brings Thanks and Thankfulness

By Chaplain John South

The history books usually credit the first official Thanksgiving to Abraham Lincoln, who proclaimed the fourth Thursday of November as such back in 1863. But recent studies indicate that George Washington proclaimed a National Day of Thanksgiving on October 3, 1789. It was in honor of the new Constitution and was celebrated November 1799 and forgotten until Lincoln’s proclamation 74 years later!

The original Thanksgiving Day, of course, grew out of the gratitude of the Pilgrim Fathers for God’s provision for them in the new land. They were grateful for their new freedom, new home, and a harvest to sustain them through the winter.

Thanksgiving is a profound reminder of why we should be thankful and to “stop and reflect on why you and I are thankful today.” America is free because of the men and women who defend it everyday, on a foreign soil or on the streets of Phoenix. Men and women who “walk the point” against any evil that might want to harm us.

Gratitude

Gratitude unlocks the fullness of life.
It turns what we have into enough, and more. It turns denial into acceptance, chaos to order, confusion to clarity. It can turn a meal into a feast, a house into a home, a stranger into a friend. Gratitude makes sense of our past, brings peace for today, and creates a vision for tomorrow.

Melody Beattie
I have had the privilege of knowing Nick most of my life. We grew up in the same small community, attended the same small school, and the same small church. My first memories of Nick revolve around our weekly Sunday school classes when I would be blessed with the sounds of him and his best friend Darian singing the alphabet in a single burp. I think my mom may have even been our Sunday school teacher. She likes to tell me the story about how she narrowly saved the church from fire after finding Nick and Darian near the altar lighting every Hail Mary candle in sight.

But I never really “knew” Nick until seventeen years ago when I just happened to sit by this cocky, smart-aleck kid in a high school Geometry class. I wasn’t exactly head over heels at this point, in fact, he kind of annoyed me. But within weeks, I could tell he had set his sights on me, as he frequently complemented me on my 80’s hairstyle, telling me how much he loved my frizzy locks of red, and I found myself mesmerized by his beautiful permed mullet.

Yes, Nick was a charmer, even back then, and though I was once offended by his candid personality, before long, I found this boy incredibly irresistible. Throughout our life together, I would enjoy watching this dual personality in action. I marveled at how easily Nick could insult and complement someone all at the same time, and how much he LOVED to get a rise out of his closest friends, and how incredibly unabashed he was about speaking his mind. It is that sense of humor, that infuriating yet lovable combination, that I will miss most of all.

We experienced many seasons together throughout our 12 years of marriage...the spring times of passionate lovers, the summers of comfortable friends, the autumns of old routines, and the winters of illness and pain. Though I cherish the springs and summers, I find my courage now in the strengths I gained during our winters. It was during this time that I saw Nick for the man he truly was, the one stripped of his health but not of his heroism. I saw his determination; lived his fight. As scared as he was, Nick knew with absolute certainty that he would live to see brighter days. He knew one day he would again speed down the streets of Phoenix in his patrol car, wrestle with his boys, and hold his wife. He knew that as sure as winter was long and cold, so too would spring be full of new beginnings and the beauty of life.

More than any other time, I will cherish our last spring together... the last few months of life lived to its fullest, of giving thanks for the chance to rediscover each other and our children and for the smallest acts of just “being.”

I do not mourn for Nick’s life because how he lived his life, not how he died, was what made him a hero. He lived without apology, with complete comfort in his sense of self, and with an undeniable love for his family. No, I do not mourn for his life, I mourn for my own... for my own loss of a part of myself, for all the ways in which I will miss him, and his touch, and his smell, and his beautiful, beautiful smile. But mostly, I mourn for all the memories our sons never had the chance to make, and for the father with whom they had such little time.

I like to imagine Nick as the angel who keeps the rest of the angels in line... as the son who finally has the chance to crack jokes with his own father and once again feel the warm embrace of his mother. I know he is loving us from afar, and I am so very thankful that I had the chance to share his life and create two new beautiful lives with him. May you rest in peace my beloved and may your spirit live on in every life you touched.
I Am The Man

I have been where you fear to be
I have seen what you fear to see
I have done what you fear to do
All these things I have done for you

I am the man you lean upon
The man you cast your scorn upon
The man you bring your troubles to
All these men I've been for you

The man you ask to stand apart
The man you feel should have no heart
The man you call the man in blue
But I'm just a man, just like you

And through the years I've come to see
That I am not what you ask of me
So take this badge, take this gun
Will you take it? -- Will anyone?

And when you watch a person die
And hear a battered baby cry
Then do you think that you can be
All these things you ask of me?

Bob Venus

This poem is dedicated to the men and women of the Phoenix Police Department by Chaplain John South.
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