



Wonderful Memories

By Sister Yvette Cherry

November 13, 2021

Scripture for Mediation

“Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all ye lands. Serve the LORD with gladness: come before his presence with singing. Know ye that the LORD he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name. For the LORD is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.”

Psalms 100:1-5

30 Day Gratitude Journal:

Write about a book that you are thankful for other than the Bible.

30 Day Gratitude Challenge:

Leave a kind note for someone.

Prayer Concentration:

Pray a prayer for widows and widowers.

Prayer of Gratitude

Lord, thank You for precious and wonderful gift of memory. Thank you for the joys of the past that continues to encourage in the present. Let help me remember and appreciate the fact that every moment and situation is a memory in the making. In Jesus name we pray, amen.

Observation

When I think back on my younger years, I can honestly share some wonderful memories. I was the baby girl of our family, and my Special Place was 1009 Broad Avenue, Greensboro, North Carolina. There was always someone visiting our home, making many good times with family and friends. We had company to stop in on any day of the week. I enjoyed children who were my age and adults too. There were certain adults who became aunts and uncles to me.

I was taught at a young age how to entertain in the home. I would run right behind my mother setting the table for our coming guests. It was not strange to see many of my parents' friends in the yard and on the front porch. There were times when our basement was full of people hanging out listening to music. I'm so thankful for my parents teaching me how to open my home to others.

It was nothing for me to run over to neighbors' houses without announcing that I was coming to visit. There were times I would have my friends sit in other neighbors' driveways. We would check out the nice cars going down the street and shout out who would own the car. I can remember leaving our street with a group of friends. We would walk about eight blocks to the area park to watch the boys play basketball. We did not have to worry about anyone attacking us. I am truly grateful for the fond memories.

Questions to Ponder

1. What childhood memory do you cherish the most? How do those precious and wonderful memories motivate you today? How do you allow those memories to live in others?
