

From the Home Front

Thoughtful Reflections
From
The CHIEF Toter, Carl Cornwell
SUMMER 2011

Brains and Reins

My wife tells me all the time how much joy I bring to her life. Well, the joy she brings me is that she serves me well in so many ways. I proclaim to her quite frequently: "We're in this thing together." She helps me much in staying on track. Because I'm color-blind she coordinates my clothes. When I get frustrated she's there with an encouraging word, and all the time is fervent in prayer. She is my true love and help meet; meeting me where I need help (and I need a lot of help, all the time!) She's the organizer and I'm the servant, but we have fun submitting to each other's giftings. She packs the luggage, while I maintain and drive our vehicle. She compliments my award-winning, "flower-look-alike" salads, and I enjoy her "Honey-Nutters." (her no-bake cookies) We enjoy life together and work well as a team. She thinks of projects to do. She plans them, and we do them together. She is the brains in this operation, however, I'm the reins. Life is full and good!

Horns and Halos

As I've thought about the battle I have between my flesh and my spirit, it reminds me of the battle between the devil and a saint. Many examples of Old Testament and New Testament times can be told of how God turned horns into halos. By reading the illustrations of the lives of people who God knew He could use, once their lives were submitted to Him, those horns were turned into halos. In my particular case I wore horns long before I gave them up for halos. As one who was not brought up in a godly home, it took many years of my locking horns with life before I realized Who I needed, and it was my godly wife who pointed out the way to me. From the beginning I saw a specialness about her. Sometimes I even imagined seeing a saintly halo hovering about her head, which told a compelling story to me. So I made a commitment to the Lord and He turned that awful set of horns I wore into his wonderful halos I can claim as my own. I thank Him for His faithfulness and long-suffering.

Privileged Possessions

In my life of 75 years, the Lord has really been dealing with my soul regarding possessions. Due to my father's alcoholism, I grew up in an impoverished home. My family lived with just the basics. As a result my three siblings and I would look for other people's throwaways, such as old bikes or fishing tackles; old tires or buckets. As result of the lack, I determined once I grew up and got on my own that I would work hard and buy anything I so desired. Throughout the years I have learned a great deal about possessions, as well as about myself. I have learned that is I have to be ever so mindful or I can easily become a "pack-rat." At this particular point in my life I begun giving away or selling my stuff so I can give the money to my favorite foreign missions ministry. The possessions I now claim as "privileged" are my Bible and my radio; my Bible because it gives me a sense of security; my radio so I can listen to excellent biblical teachings. I do feel so privileged.