

The **TURBO** **Charger**

Phone: (503) 625-1867 • Fax: (503) 625-2699 • email: admin@turboleadershipsystems.com

Issue 67

To our clients and friends

November 24, 2005

Thanks—Living

Guest Columnist



Rev. Barry Dennis,
Pastor-Celebration
Church, Poet,
Musician

*Thanks—living in
the passageway to
paradise*

September 9 1620 - Day 1

It truly is a new day. For today we are at Sea. Finally on our way to the new land. As always, I tucked my children in tonight, but this time on the Mayflower, huddled close together. They asked a lot of questions about the new land. I told them everything I know which really isn't very much, but I told them it was beautiful and that "we will be free." They said, "It sounds like Paradise, Dad!"

I said, "Ya, it does" and with that we started a new nighttime routine as I pulled the covers up, kissed them on their forehead and said, "see you in paradise."

October 30 - Day 51

It was beginning to feel as though this trip would never end. Last night, as always, I pulled the covers up and said, "See you in Paradise." Jacob whispered, "Daddy, are we really going to get there some day?" We will Jacob, we will. I said.

Well today was someday, we heard the greatest sound we could ever imagine. The words screaming from the top of the mast "Land ho, Land ho." We couldn't believe our eyes... really. I turned to my beloved wife. "Do you see what I see?"

No words, just a look and a tear. We embraced and then picked the children up so they could see over the rail. Little Suzy said, "is that it daddy, are we there?"

"Yes dear, we made it"

"Its beautiful" she said, as we slowly drew near. "It's paradise."

October 31 - Day 52

We all fell down on our knees as we stepped off the Mayflower. It seemed an appropriate moment to give thanks, and pray.

And, the truth is, the ground seemed to sway back and forth, even more then the Sea for several days after our arrival while we adjusted to solid ground again. It's very humbling. WE decided that whenever someone stumbled from sea legs it was just god's way of reminding us to be humble, to stay grounded, and to give thanks for our many blessings.

November 24

Although I've had quit a cough the last few days, today I hardly noticed because today was truly the most splendid celebration I have ever partaken in. And not just us, but nearly a hundred Indians of the Wam pan o ag Nation joined us. Little Suzy was very taken by their colorful clothes. And their was laughter when they arrived with their arms full of corn, deer and fowl for the feast for there was no place to put it. Our cup truly runneth over! We are blessed.

Please forward this to friends, co-workers, customers or relatives who you feel might enjoy it.

To unsubscribe, please e-mail us at admin@turboleadershipsystems.com