



Remnant
RISING

JAMES B. CORBETT



Remnant
RISING

JAMES B. CORBETT

PRINTED BY
888.473.6870



ACKNOWLEDGMENT

To Susan, my wife, thank you for your support, prayers, and suggestions. Thank you, Glory to God team, Jamie Johnson (Graphics), Wannetta Wagner (editing), for your patience and suggestions. Lanita Boyd, whose many corrections and discussions helped set the tone of Remnant Rising. Artist Wesley Kendall whose painting I purchased in the 1990's was adopted for the cover. Finally, to my son, D.J. Corbett, whose suggestions, opinions and encouragement I respect greatly. To God's Remnant Army we hope this vignette brings you to a place of knowing,

“WHOSE YOU ARE.”

James B. Corbett

INTRODUCTION

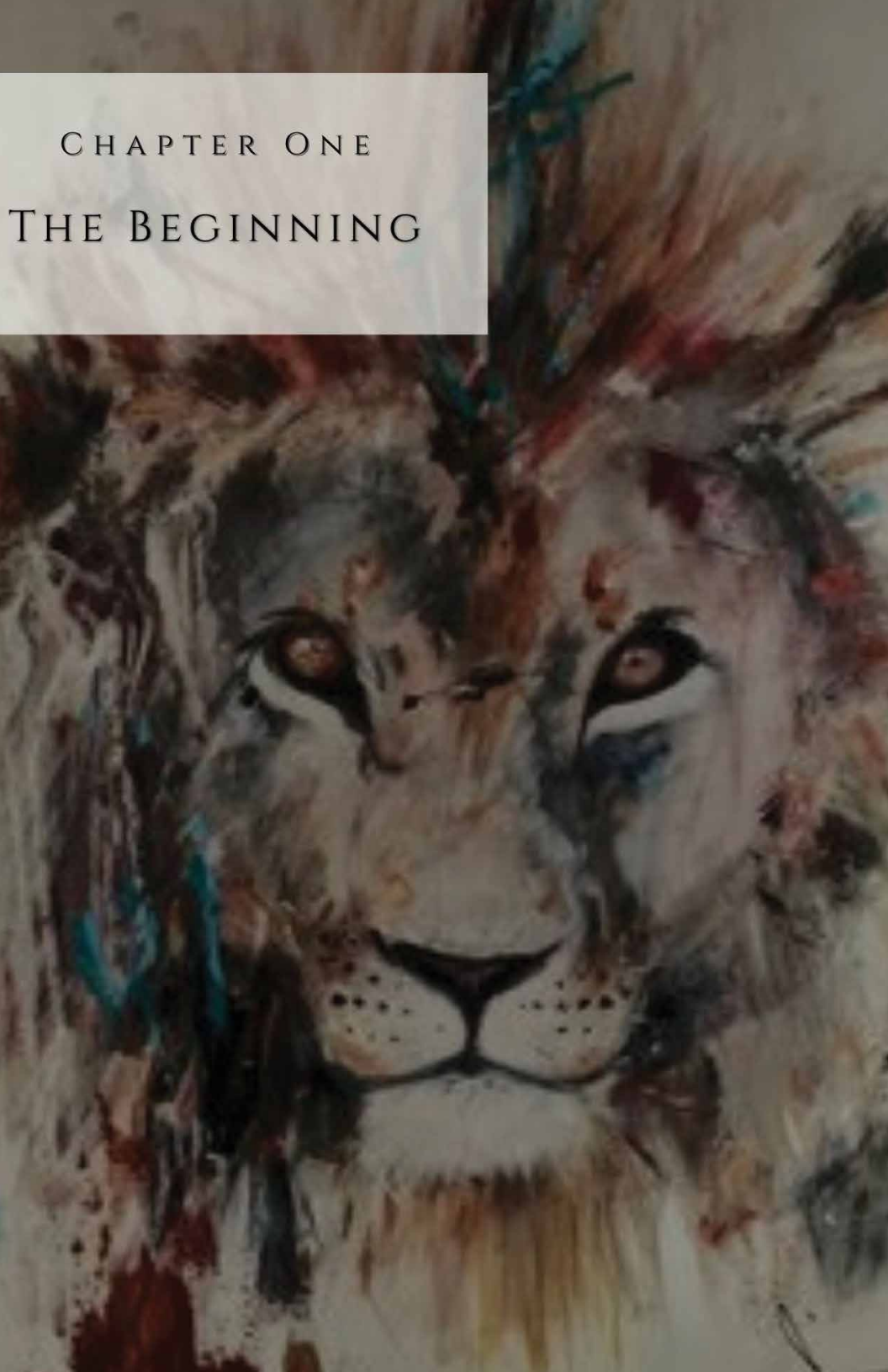
Remnant Rising is an invitation to a movement. The remnant is a recurring theme throughout the Bible. The Anchor Bible Dictionary describes the remnant as “what is left of a community after it undergoes a catastrophe.” This term, remnant, has been on my heart and mind for over five years. However, it wasn’t until the allegorical story of W. D. Know that the remnant came alive. I invite you on this journey now.

REMNANT RISING

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER 1	9
The Beginning	
CHAPTER 2	21
Running the Race	
Decision Poem	
CHAPTER 3	41
Pandemic of the Mind	
Pandemic Poem	
CHAPTER 4	61
Living in Abundance	
CHAPTER 5	77
Death, Life, Decision	
CHAPTER 6	85
The Letter	
Remnant Rising Poem	
Closing	

CHAPTER ONE
THE BEGINNING





THE BEGINNING

W. D. Know's mother was Sally Theresa Wilcox, born in 1936 to a French-Canadian farm family in Ontario, Canada. Sally was a strong, intelligent child of great potential. She dreamed of going to an American university and becoming a teacher for special needs children. No one had ever studied past the eighth grade in the Wilcox clan, but everyone in the family believed Sally could be their first.

Sally also believed that her time would come. She worked diligently toward her goal: planning, saving, dreaming of a day. Sally didn't push or clamor. She believed that her day would come, and she stayed

focused on being ready. In addition to attending school and keeping up with her share of the farm chores, Sally also tutored the community children who needed help with their math and English. These two subjects were Sally's most proficient and became her pathway to being offered a way to study in America.

In 1951 at the age of 15, Sally's father and mother disclosed to her that they had been communicating with relatives in Ireland. These Irish relatives were very successful cattle ranchers who were looking for a community tutor to homeschool their children. This way the children could stay home, helping around the ranch, and still get their schooling at designated times that didn't interfere with their ranch duties. Large families were vital to the management of the family ranch.

The host family agreed to pay Sally's voyage fee, housing, and expenses. Sally would receive a small personal stipend each month for personal use. If Sally agreed to stay as the family tutor for 3½ years, the host family would arrange for her to get

a visa to America and set her up with a host family in Brockton, Massachusetts. The host would find tutoring opportunities for Sally while she applied for admission to Boston College.

Once she was accepted in university, the Irish host family would pay for Sally's first and second year of university tuition, getting her well on her way to her goal with many opportunities in Boston to earn the balance of her tuition. Sally was elated with this news and knew all the sacrifice this was for her parents. Sally was a significant help to them in running their farm. However, her parents wanted their daughter to follow her dream, never holding her back for personal gain.

Much planning was necessary as the host family needed Sally set up and ready for the new school year, which would begin in late August. This only gave them six months to plan, prepare, and arrange the travel to Sally's new life. Sally boarded a ship August 1, 1951, for County Cork, Ireland, and her new life. Everything went well and Sally arrived to a station

wagon full of smiling, Irish Wilcox family-family she had only heard about in Canada.

The Irish hosts were elated with Sally and this relationship. They needed the older children to keep the ranch growing and knew they needed the children to be educated in math and English to stay up with the changing world.

For Sally, this was also a perfect relationship. While a long way from Ontario, Canada, she was not really in all that different of an environment. She was scheduled, sheltered, around family, and never ventured far from the ranch. It was like home in many ways. Sally and the children established a workable routine, and she began to win their confidence and understand their unique needs and anointing.

Sally was gifted with a big heart and a boatload of patience. She loved to find special ways to love the children by validating them in personal ways. She was quickly in her element. She loved her place and the host family loved her.

Three years flew by and on Sally's 18th birthday it began to sink into everyone's mind that Sally would be leaving too soon. The host Wilcox clan was appreciative of all Sally had done. They threw a special birthday party and each family member read a note to her and put it in a gift memory box that was her birthday present. Also in the box was a travel ticket to Boston, Massachusetts, the contact information of the Wilcox family in Brockton, Sally's entry visa, and a deposit voucher for two years tuition to Boston College!

Sally couldn't get past the tears from all the children's thank you notes. She knew her final eight months in Ireland would be invested in training her replacement. What a precious celebration it was! How could anyone have known the difficulties that were to come?

The next day was like all the others—up early, chores, morning studies with the children. Then when they left for the ranch work, Sally began preparing the evening lesson plans and helping Mrs. Wilcox with the house. When the children began directing the cattle

through the barns and milking stations, Sally went out and helped in order for the children to get back to the house and clean up for the evening lesson. Neighbor children were always around to help, and this night was no exception.

One older neighbor boy was the cousin of Sally's host family. He was on the ranch all week earning some extra money. After Sally had gotten all the children back in the house, she began closing the barn doors. When Sally closed the last large door, the cousin was standing behind it. He grabbed her, wrestled her to the ground, and raped her! It was so sudden, so foreign, so out of Sally's orbit. She didn't even know anything, except it was painful and wicked. The cousin just got up and walked out of that barn without so much as a word.

Sally was in shock; she walked to the house, went to her room, and closed her door. After some time, the host mom noticed Sally wasn't with the children in the study room, so she went up to her room to be sure she was all right. Mrs. Wilcox entered the room and

saw in Sally's face that she was totally broken.

She said, "Oh, my dear! What has happened?"

Sally told her everything that the cousin did to her. Mrs. Wilcox and Sally wept together; the host mother was both sad and angry.

Mrs. Wilcox told Mr. Wilcox, and he went to his brother's ranch that very night and confronted the boy. The boy admitted to what he had done. The two Wilcox brothers sat at the dining room table, looking at each other.

"What are we to do with this? The family name is on the line," they said. In that community, the Wilcox family had great influence and favor. The guilty young man was the elder son of his family. He was heir to the family ranching operation. How could any of this matter? Sally had been violated! Justice must be served.

The brothers decided to sleep on it and meet again in the morning before contacting Sally's father in

Ontario. Once Mr. Wilcox returned home, he told Mrs. Wilcox all that had transpired. How could this happen the very next day after Sally's farewell birthday party?

They went up to Sally's room to see how she was doing. Sally was lying in her bed on her side, crying. Mr. Wilcox could not contain his tears. This was so wrong. How could this have happened to such a precious young girl!

Everyone's minds were swirling all night. The Irish Wilcox family name was on the line. Had this young man done this before? Was he capable of doing it again? How could they take care of Sally properly?

Sally was very confused. She was a very well-read individual who certainly knew what rape was. But in the trauma of the moment, she only knew powerlessness. Her young innocent mind and body was powerless with trauma.

The next morning, Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox sat with Sally in her room and asked, "How are you doing physically?"

What does Sally say to that? “Violated!” she said. “For the first time in my life, I feel what I’ve read in numerous articles. Violated.”

“Sally,” Mr. Wilcox replied, “I feel we need to call your father and mother in Ontario and bring them in on this. Are you in agreement with this?”

Sally paused. “May I think about it for an hour or so?” she asked. Then Sally added, “What if I am pregnant?”

That brought a thoughtful pause. “Oh, my!” replied Mrs. Wilcox. “Dad, what if our Sally is pregnant by that monster?”

“Oh! I don’t know what we should do with that,” Mr. Wilcox replied. “Sally, I really feel we need to bring your parents in the loop on this. May I please call them this afternoon?”

“Yes, it’s okay,” Sally replied.

Mr. Wilcox poured a cup of coffee, sat in his office,

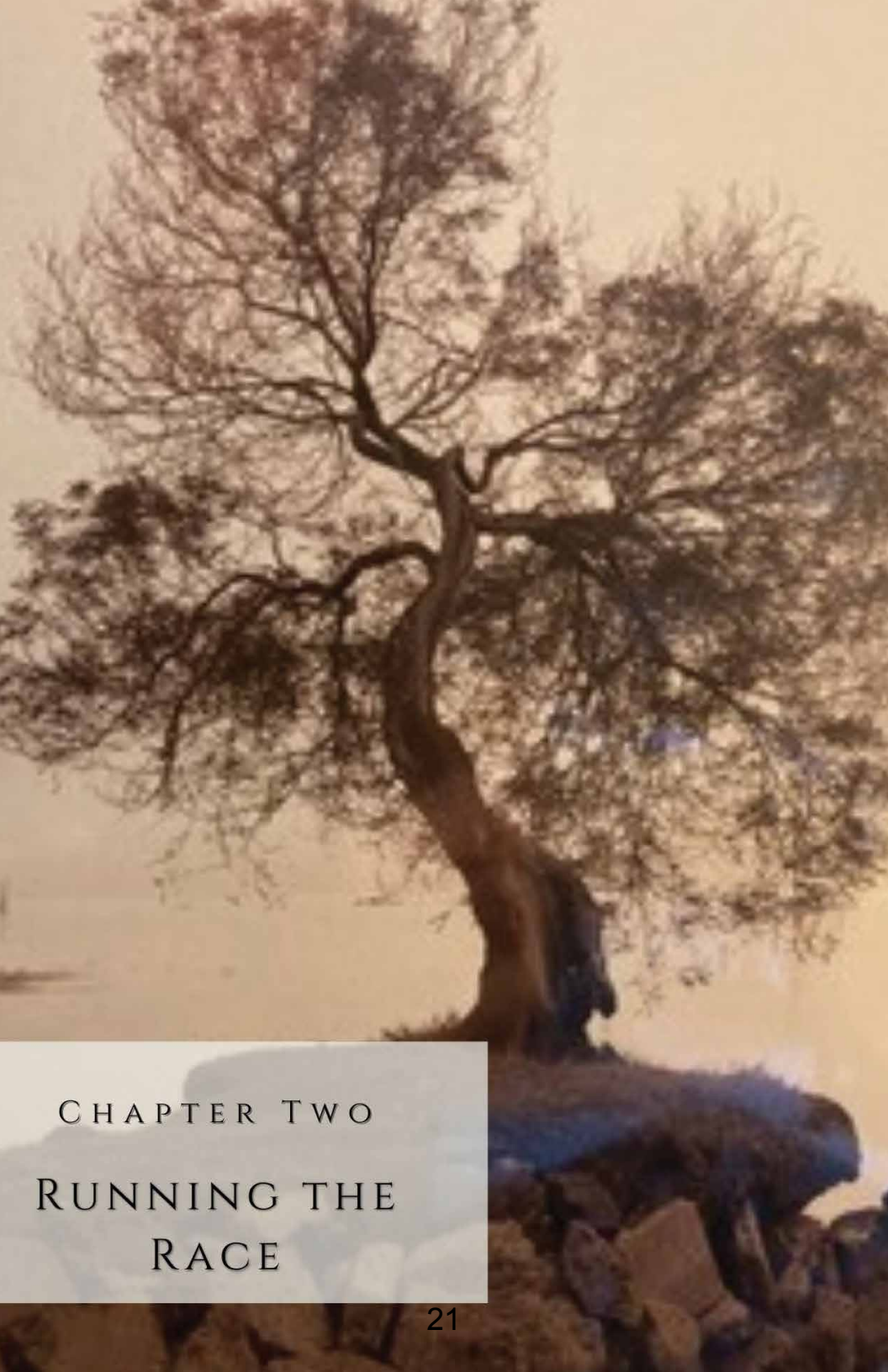
and called Sally's father in Ontario. It was the most painful call of his life, as Sally was a daughter to him as well.

Sally rested the remainder of the day and all the adult parties to this family crisis met all afternoon. They then again called Sally's father with their solution. They would follow the original plan and Sally would go to America to pursue her dream. The boy's family would pay for all the remaining expenses Sally would have, plus pay for all the remainder of her university tuition. The boy would be sent away for counseling and psychiatric care. In return, there would be no legal record of this ever happening!

Mrs. Wilcox said, "Well, that's a nice tidy plan but what if Sally's pregnant? Then what?"

The boy's father said, "We will pay for whatever Sally wants to do. But if she is pregnant, she still gets on that boat to America and tells everyone the father was killed in a ranching accident.

We are willing to pay this issue away, whatever the cost. But Sally must let this tragedy go away!”



CHAPTER TWO
RUNNING THE
RACE



RUNNING THE RACE

It seemed the best solution at the time. Sally was still numb from the entire experience and in denial. The part she liked the best about it was that the boy was sent away and for the final eight months she didn't have to worry about seeing him.

Things slowly moved back to an awkward routine until Sally missed two periods. Mrs. Wilcox insisted they drive to the doctor for an examination and tests. They went some distance to the next county to keep the plan alive. The test was positive, and Sally was doing very well and was healthy.

The long ride home gave Sally time to process this

with Mrs. Wilcox. Sally said, “Mom, I didn’t plan for this child. But something inside my soul keeps telling me what was conceived in sin will live to be a blessing. Is that crazy thinking?”

“No, Sally,” Mrs. Wilcox said. “You follow your soul. This child will be a blessing. My daughter, when you follow God’s leading, he will take you to green pastures.” They talked and remembered countless fond times over Sally’s time with the Irish Wilcox clan. They loved and respected each other a great deal.

As they got close to home, Mrs. Wilcox told Sally how sorry she was that this had happened. She said she would be willing to do anything to erase the burden.

Sally added to her previous thought, saying, “Mom, this child belongs to God. And I have the privilege of caring for it.”

Silence followed for the balance of the journey. After arriving at the house, Sally checked on the children’s evening studies while Mrs. Wilcox informed her husband of the diagnosis. Everyone knew this was a

possible outcome, though hoping it wouldn't be. They were both thinking about how they were going to keep Sally's pregnancy from the children and everyone else.

With a little over four months to go, Sally was feeling very strong. She and Mrs. Wilcox talked often about preparations for the new tutor, who arrived in a month, and how Sally would wear even looser fitting clothing when the pregnancy started to show. Sally kept up with all her duties right up to the week she was to depart. She had good energy with the children, but she was getting to the place where her bump was becoming difficult to hide.

She had an intentional farewell time with each student separately the week of her departure. All that was left to do was call back to the family in Ontario and have her final conversation with her hosts. They agreed to leave for the boat dock the next day before the children awoke. Sally's accommodations were upgraded to provide for private travel quarters for her convenience.

Even through the sadness of leaving and the catastrophe of her pregnancy, in her spirit Sally felt a sense of optimism.

VOYAGE TO AMERICA

Sally was baffled at how excited she was to be fulfilling her dream of going to America. Certainly, her pregnancy wasn't part of the plan, but even so she knew it was going to be a blessing. She thought about how grateful she was that all the host family in Ireland knew the truth, as did her parents in Ontario. She began rehearsing the agreed story that the baby's father was killed in a ranching accident right after the pregnancy. The story included how Sally was accepted to Boston College School of Education, where she hoped to major in special needs studies.

Sally was starting a new life in America. The ship was teeming with activity shortly after Sally was checked in. She was grateful to have arrived early as the porters were available to assist her right away. She was snug and comfortable in her private room, watching the crescendo of activity outside her small window.

In the latter part of the morning, Sally heard a knock

on her door. It was the cabin bursar, asking her if she'd like hot tea and what she would like for lunch. She was taken aback by all this, never having traveled in an upgraded class. She gladly accepted the hot tea and a lunch selection and had a half dozen questions also. It took most of the day to get everyone on board and the cargo loaded.

The bursar couldn't have been more patient. He was a mature veteran of this travel route, assigned to Sally's hallway of rooms all the way. Another gift from the Father of the fatherless, she thought. It was mentioned that once the ship set sail, she could enjoy wonderful sitting areas throughout the main deck. The forecast called for perfect weather all the way on their eight-day journey.

Sally could get plenty of fresh air and an ocean view from the main sitting area, just down the hallway from her room. Sipping her tea and studying the ship blueprint, she knew her first move was to explore her deck as soon as her things were organized. The captain gave three long pulls on the ship's horn, which

indicated they were on their way. Sally readied herself and took off to the observation deck to join everyone, waving farewell to County Cork, Ireland. Sally was full of appreciation, excitement, and nervousness. She sat down to rest her slightly swollen feet and breathe in the fresh air.

THOMAS MICHAEL DALEY APPEARS

Standing right next to Sally's seat was a young Irishman, leaning on his elbows, looking out at the harbor. Thomas turned, noticing Sally sitting with her feet propped up and asked if she needed a cushion. Sally was drawn to Thomas's kind eyes and effervescent personality. She thanked him, but said she was fine.

"Is this your first time in America?" he asked.

Sally replied, "Why, yes! How about you?"

Thomas replied, "Oh, yes, and I plan to stay and build a new life in Boston."

Sally asked, "Have you family there?"

Thomas said, "Yes, my uncle Eddie. He works for the Bostonian Shoe Company. They make the finest dress shoes in the world. He has secured an entry-level position for me. I will start in two weeks. I am over the moon, excited for this opportunity.

“Sally, how about you? Any family in Boston?”

Sally said, “Yes, my cousins will host me as I plan to attend Boston College to study education for special needs children. It’s been a dream my entire adult life. You see, I lost my husband to a ranch accident right after learning of my pregnancy. So I also am coming to Boston to start a new life.”

“What a coincidence!” Thomas replied. “Well, Sally, I hope we can have more of these encouraging talks on our eight-day cruise. But for now, I better go pick out a bunk down below before they are all gone. How about tomorrow morning after breakfast around ten?”

“Okay, Thomas. I’ll see you then.”

Both Sally and Thomas settled into their quarters and after the evening meal fell sound asleep. Sally enjoyed her morning tea and toast before going out early to bask in the beautiful new day. Arriving on the deck around nine, Sally was surprised to see Thomas already there. She found her comfortable chair, not sure if Thomas would want to engage this early.

When Thomas noticed Sally, he came right over, full of energy as though he'd been up for hours. "Happy new day, Sally! How was your night?"

"Very restful," Sally said. "How about you?"

"Great!" Thomas replied. "Sally, I was thinking about how incredibly brave you've been to make this journey with all you've been through. It had to be hard to leave the security of your family so close to your husband's passing and a baby on the way."

Sally was now feeling the weight of keeping falsehoods alive. After a brief pause, Sally thanked Thomas for his thoughtfulness and changed the subject. "Thomas, tell me about your family in Ireland. I'm sure you will miss them."

"Well, my family has farmed our land for many years. We live just outside County Cork to the north. It is very rural; farming and sheepherding are the main ways folks make a living. It's a hard life and even harder to really get ahead. So I asked my father if his brother might help me get a start in Boston like he did. My

uncle was very generous to sponsor me, and I will work hard to make him glad he did. As excited as I am about America, it's hard knowing my absence from the farm will make it harder on the family. Knowing we won't see each other every day is something I just can't think about much right now."

Sally really knew what Thomas meant. She missed not only her Irish host family but also her biological family in Ontario, Canada. Well, Sally thought, for now it's best just to keep that storyline to herself.

Sally and Thomas spent the next few hours sharing hopes, dreams, and expectations of their new life in America. They were so grateful to have host families to anchor their initiation to America. Sally enjoyed her morning talks with Thomas and invested her afternoons in the cabin, journaling and resting. The meals were very nice, and Sally certainly enjoyed not having to clean the dishes!

It didn't take long for Thomas to invite Sally to meet him on the observation deck for tea and cookies

each evening. On the third night of the voyage, Sally journaled a startling statement. I like Thomas, as unrealistic as that is. He has a zeal and heart that reflects stability to me. While any relationship is impossible, it's been nice to have someone with whom to share my dreams.

Thomas, it seemed, was in sync with Sally's observations, but he knew the obvious obstacles.

Sally and Thomas settled into an unspoken and clearly impractical affection for each other. Soon preparations would begin to triage through United States immigrations. As the days ticked away, Thomas and Sally became closer—to the point where Sally felt very uncomfortable with all the half-truths and subject diversions.

On the final full day of sailing ahead of arrival in Boston harbor, Sally told Thomas the entire story, everything: the rape, the family decisions, and her believing it as the best solution.

While Thomas was taken aback, he handled the

news with surprising empathy and Sally was filled with validation. It took her a few moments to respond. She was so thankful that Thomas was understanding that she impulsively hugged him for the first time.

Thomas knew then he did not want to see Sally leave this ship or his life without sharing his feelings. Sally was the cautious planner, Thomas the risk-taking optimist.

Thomas said, “Sally Wilcox, I have fallen in love with you. Can we go on this new life adventure together? I pledge to father this child as my own.”

Sally’s mind was racing. Everything in her wanted to say yes. But it’s so impractical, unplanned. It’s not how I do things, she thought.

Thomas, knowing Sally’s personality, gave her a moment, then said, “Sally, I know this is a lot to take in right now. Let’s sleep on the idea till morning. I’m sure, but I realize you need some time. I’m willing to be patient as long as you know that I’m sure. You are the girl for me. I pledge I will do everything I can

to honor your agreement with your Irish family. I will raise the child as my own without exception.” Thomas kissed Sally on her forehead and asked if they might meet like always in the morning to plan their arrival in Boston later that day.

It was agreed. They would meet early to discuss everything, and they retired to their quarters. Neither of them slept much that last night. Excited, confused, grateful, scared. All rolled up in a new life. Plus love?

Sally kept fighting her feelings and instincts with a practicality sword. The sword was no match for love. God had brought Sally and Thomas together and she knew it. Just as agreeing to the Irish Wilcox story of the baby’s origin was totally impractical, this was over the top!

SALLY SAYS YES

“Thomas Michael Daley,” Sally said, “Yes! Before we go any further, I must say you are the kindest, most courageous, and grateful person I’ve ever had the pleasure to know. Yes, I would be honored to be your wife.”

Thomas jumped to his feet, shouting, “My prayer has been granted!” They hugged, and Thomas put his hand on Sally’s belly softly whispering, “It’s all going to work out. Our new baby will know the love of a mother and a father.” Thomas asked Sally if she needed any help getting her things ready. Sally said, “No, just a bit more time for final packing.” They agreed to meet at the designated departure place 30 minutes early to have a good place in line.

AMERICA, HERE WE COME

Sally and Thomas were at the front of the departure line with all they owned in two bags. They had their immigration documents in hand and huge smiles on their faces. The plan was to work through immigration together, then contact their host families by pay phone once they were released into the country.

Sally and Thomas had all their documents in good order and went through customs and photographic documentation in less than two hours. As they began saying goodbye to the customs officers who were so kind to them, Sally's water broke. The baby decided it was time to say hello to America!

The immigration officers jumped into action and rushed Sally, Thomas, and the baby to the closest Boston hospital. Three hours later, a healthy baby boy, mother, and father were in the recovery area. Sally, Thomas, and everyone near them could not stop smiling.

“What just happened?” Sally said, laughing. “We’d better get a hold of our hosts quickly!”

As Sally laid her head back to rest, in rushed an orderly. Sally was holding her baby boy with Thomas standing over them like a proud papa. The orderly asked in a loud, rude tone. “What’s the baby’s name? I have a birth certificate to complete here. I’m in a rush as we had four babies delivered today.”

Thomas was visibly confused and looked at Sally. The orderly asked again, “What is the baby’s name?”

Thomas looked into Sally’s eyes and knew her thoughts. Thomas turned to the young orderly and said, “We don’t know.”

“What?” the orderly shouted. “Come on, what’s the baby’s name?”

“Sir, we don’t know. We’ve not discussed it.”

So, in haste, the orderly said, “Okay, then, W. D. Know? That’s the baby’s name.” The orderly

walked out of the room as Sally and Thomas's faces expressed silent confusion. What could it stand for? We Don't Know? Wilcox Daley Know?

Thomas looked down at his exhausted wife and son and said, "Don't you worry. We'll get this all worked out in due time. For now, let's just enjoy our moment."

A few days later, Sally and W.D. were settled in with their host family and Thomas had settled as well with his uncle's family. Sally and Thomas went to the justice of the peace in Brockton, Massachusetts, just outside Boston and were married. While they were there, they changed their last name to Know, to match W.D.'s. Thomas was now W. D.'s official father, and the Know family made plans to settle in Brockton near the Bostonian shoe factory, where Thomas was employed.

DECISION POEM

We found ourselves together in this place.

Not knowing who we were, just running the race.

Yet somehow our success defined who we were.

Remnants remembered, all others, a blur!

Then dispersed into life, this group did appear.

Who are we now that the crowd has disappeared?

Now, decades later might we step aside. Long enough to decide, "Whose are we?"

That we might awaken in the bright sunlight, knowing who we were always meant to be.

Taking dominion over "whose we will be!"

JBC

CHAPTER THREE
PANDEMIC OF
THE MIND





AMERICANA

Sally's arrangement with the Irish Wilcox family was proving to be an immense financial blessing. Thomas and Sally had the full support of their American host families. While they were eager to get started on their new married life, they were patient to get settled in college and at the Bostonian shoe company. After a few months, the right apartment was available for lease at a fair price. Thomas saw the sign and stopped by the owner's flat to arrange a time for Sally to come over with him.

During the waiting time, Sally was crafting the "Know family budget" for their first American move

to independence. Sally's agreement with the Irish Wilcox family and her tutoring income would cover all their living expenses. Thomas's salary would go in the bank for a prudent reserve and later to make a down payment on a home. Sally's goal was to save enough to buy a starter house in just four years. Things would all have to go smoothly to realize the family dream. Thomas and Sally worked so well together that they knew it would eventually happen. Their baby boy, W.D. Know, was the happiest, healthiest baby ever born!

He was eating, resting, and growing rapidly. Sally and Thomas traveled by public transportation everywhere they needed to go. Often Sally would pass on offers from her host family to babysit as she enjoyed traveling through Boston college with her baby boy.

By traveling on public transportation, Sally and Thomas eliminated unplanned automobile repair costs. They didn't have to use savings to buy a car and had an American driver who knew where to go.

The American dream was real for Sally and Thomas Know.

Thomas loved his position at the Bostonian Shoe Company. He learned everything he could about the company, its founders, and its vision. Thomas would volunteer at every opportunity to learn a new skill and earn more money for the dream.

Sally loved Boston College. Her professors and school counselors enjoyed working with such a dedicated, mature student. Life was good, W.D. was healthy, and no one knew the “Know story.” It felt like the agreement was holding and the four-year pledge of support to Sally was coming in regularly.

America was bustling with energy and new immigrant blood. The Irish immigrant population was growing in Boston with people hungry to improve their lives. They wanted Americana. Sally and Thomas were no different. They too wanted what was known as Americana, the American dream. Work hard, dream big, live big!

Thomas advanced rapidly at the Bostonian Shoe Company. He was very well thought of by management. So much so that when the sales professional for western Massachusetts retired, they offered the territory to him! Wow, a salary 35% higher than the current one, a company automobile, and an expense account. He would even get a 3% commission on territorial sales volume above minimum amounts to cover his base.

First year projections showed Thomas would easily double his income and keep rising from there. The position required Thomas to travel the territory Monday through Friday. This meant he would be gone several nights each week, working on the accounts. He immediately said, "Yes!"

His boss, however, said, "Thomas, check with your wife, as this does change her life also." This was wisdom from a wise road warrior that Thomas didn't understand at the time. Of course, Sally would love this position, he thought. We'll be able to save more and move up faster.

Thomas agreed and told his boss he would report back Monday morning after discussing this generous offer with Sally over the weekend. Thomas couldn't wait to get home and share the news with Sally.

Sally was very excited to see Thomas so validated. She was thrilled to support him in his career advancement. But Sally needed to add one little item to the weekend bonanza.

“Thomas,” Sally said, “we’ve been married now for almost three years. We are wanting to give W.D. a brother or sister, right?”

“Oh, yes, Sally, it will come. I’m sure of it,” he responded.

“Well, Thomas, you are surely prophetic as I am pregnant. I’m around three months along.”

Thomas was so happy, as was Sally. How could life get any better? The Americana quest was in full flight. The dream was real. Sally was now a junior honor roll student at Boston College School of Education.

She was scheduled to complete her studies and tests six months early. Sally had been tutoring most of the Wilcox children and their friends and had gained the entire community's respect. Her reputation even got her recommended to the Brockton superintendent of schools.

The school board had several conversations about Sally, wanting her to take a lead role in developing the first dedicated curriculum for special needs children in the district. The "track of life" was accelerating for both Sally, Thomas, and W.D.

Baby W. D. Know was three years old, a very healthy congenial child. He seemed content in every environment. Sally started to wonder how the new baby, career, and husband travel was going to work. It was a bit overwhelming, and focus needed to stay on life at hand. Her mental model became, "Each day as it comes."

Thomas was pumped with his new position, stature in the company, income, and new car! He was so

excited he forgot about getting a valid driver's license. When the company insurance agent called to get his license information, he asked for a few days grace and rushed to the county clerk's office. Thomas was in the territory three nights each week, saving Mondays for setting appointments and Fridays for paperwork and follow up.

The retiring sales associate had built a huge clientele that was a big responsibility for Thomas to service. Once the gentleman retired, Thomas was working Saturdays and some Sundays to keep up. All this new opportunity gave way to frustrations at home and in the territory. After a couple of months of nonstop sales on the road and at home, Thomas joined his customers for drinks and dinner on a Thursday night. He was not accustomed to expense account drinking like the others. He woke up that Friday morning in the hotel, with no memory of how he got there.

Sally was frantic as Thomas was always home on Thursday nights. She didn't know what area he was in or really any of the hotels he stayed in. Sally was

sick with worry, but it was late, and she had no idea whom to call.

As she got up from crying at the kitchen table, she noticed blood on the chair. She rushed into the bathroom and began running water in the tub. She knew they had lost their baby! She cleaned up and planned to go first thing in the morning to the hospital for an examination.

Thomas called home as soon as he could shake off the hangover, but there was no answer since Sally had left the house early. Thomas made the three-hour drive home to find Sally sitting in the kitchen with W.D. Thomas had never experienced guilt like that moment when he saw his wife's face. Thomas was broken, remorseful, and told Sally everything. He had not been in America long enough to rationalize his behavior. He was horribly wrong and admitted it, asking for her forgiveness.

Sally then told Thomas they had lost their baby that very night. Sally and Thomas were broken, holding

each other in the kitchen of that little apartment while W.D. just sat in his highchair playing with his blocks. Thomas and Sally both knew the stress and pressure of their American dream had taken their unborn baby. They had done it to themselves; Americana had become their idol.

There, in that little kitchen, they felt the real cost of the dream. Thomas thought back to the boss's comment that this position will change both your lives so ask your wife! Sally thought, *Why have I been in such a hurry? In such a subtle way I've allowed the pats on my back to drive my life.*

The job accomplishment list had become a slave master. Thomas called his boss and asked for an appointment that Monday morning. The boss asked if things were okay. Thomas replied, "Boss, I've learned a painful lesson this week that I must share."

Sally also called her Boston College counselor and her future superintendent, asking for an appointment that morning.

Thomas drove Sally back to her doctor's meeting at the hospital for a complete examination. While Sally was in with the doctors, Thomas hung out with W.D. in the waiting room. W.D. was walking like a pro and as soon as he realized his daddy was staying with him, he walked over to Thomas and hugged his leg as Thomas sat on his chair. When Thomas looked down at W.D.'s eyes locked on him, he noticed a tear going down his son's cheek.

In that moment, Thomas felt the real cost of Americana. He hadn't been one on one with his son since he took the territory. Thomas saw in his son's eyes the intuition of a sage. W.D. knew the pain his mom and dad were feeling. All he knew to do was to hug his daddy. Right then the realization hit Thomas. The cost of Americana was too much. To miss any more of his family's life was unacceptable.

Thomas and W.D. were welcomed into the doctor's examination room with Sally. He told them she was doing well. He didn't see any conditions for alarm. Sally needed a few light days off her feet. He felt she

would make a speedy recovery. Thomas and Sally were overwhelmed with gratitude and went home to their small apartment to rest and discuss the necessary changes before them.

Thomas and Sally rested over the weekend, loving each other and W.D. with uninterrupted time together. No paperwork, planning, or phone calls. Only time, the most valuable investment a family can make. Thomas knew what he had to do. He had met a part of himself he'd never known, a part that surfaced when enough pressure, ego, greed, and money was present. Back in Ireland, Thomas had no status, no money, no performance anxiety. This new life had many hidden costs.

Thomas and Sally knew they didn't possess the knowledge or skill to manage this cost. They decided to change, making changes that would allow for the Know family to develop the necessary skills to manage a life with abundance. *What does that look like* was the theme of the weekend. While loving on W.D., Sally and Thomas got out a legal pad of paper

and many sharpened pencils and began to craft their American dream-not the typical “get all you can at any cost” American dream.

Monday morning found Thomas in his boss’s office at eight o’clock. The boss opened the meeting straight away. “Thomas, what’s going on? Is there a problem?”

Thomas told his boss everything. He repented of letting the company, his family, and himself down. Thomas said, “Boss, I’ve never met this side of my personality. I hope I never do again.”

The boss asked, “What’s the solution, Thomas?”

Thomas replied, “Sir, I need to ask to go back to my old position. I’m not comfortable being away from home in the territory. Of course, I will keep my commitments until you choose my replacement.”

“Thomas, are you sure about this? Maybe you should sleep on it for a few more days.”

“No, boss, we are sure. Sally and I have talked this out. We both have agreed. We’ll work hard but not in positions that hinder our family stability. We are aware of the loss of income. We want to thank you so much for giving us this wonderful opportunity. We learned a valuable lesson these last four months. I’ve never been able to develop the skills to live in abundance. This Americana life looks so beautiful from the outside, but once you’re living it, you’ll begin to experience the real cost of it. Sir, we certainly still want to live in it. We just need to be more intentional at thinking through the real cost of living with it. We are deciding if we possess the skills to handle it. I’ve never entertained on a company expense account. That takes a level of discipline not in my life today. We feel I should re-pay you for the alcohol I consumed that night. I cannot remember how much that was, boss. Please dock my pay when the bill arrives.”

Thomas’s boss was really taken back with Thomas and Sally’s transparency and innocence. He said, “Thomas, we are the most successful shoe company

in America. I lead the highest producing sales organization in the industry, and I review the 104 sales associates in our organization. We have taken this company to increases every year of my 20 years in leadership.

“Thomas, you are the first person that has ever willingly walked away from this lucrative position. I’m not sure you and Sally are making the wisest financial decision. However, you are touching on an issue that has long been on my mind. You see, my sales force generates more sales per associate than any other sales organization of our type in the world. We have witnessed that cost you speak about across the entire team. I would easily estimate 70% of the team has drinking problems. Unfortunately, that same percentage are divorced, or close to it. While gauging quality of life with children and others is difficult, the happiness of my people centers around sales and commissions. That can’t be good.

“Thomas, I’d like to be remembered for more than increasing sales when I retire. How can we have an

impact on the quality of life of our employees and still grow this company? Thomas, how about you consider helping me find ways to do this job well without destroying our sales associates' lives. Would you be willing to consider something like this? We can work out the details once you run this past Sally.” Thomas was blown away and grateful to his boss for not only understanding, but for being incredibly transparent with him. What a rewarding opportunity!

“First, Sally and I need to make sure our priorities are in place,” Thomas said. He and the boss agreed to talk further the next day. They would begin to select candidates for the territory and discuss what Thomas’s new duties might entail.

Sally was on her own adventure. She took advantage of her host families’ open invitation to watch W.D. This gave her the opportunity to give them the news of her miscarriage. Sally then met with her student advisor at Boston College. Sally, like Thomas, was totally transparent, explaining the loss of their unborn child and that the stress of success may have

contributed to the condition. Sally asked for a plan to slow things down to a more manageable pace, perhaps surrendering the accelerated agenda for a lighter workload to complete her studies.

Her advisor was empathetic and willing to work up a new track based on current conditions. The advisor even mentioned a personal story in her life where she also felt led to get her life priorities adjusted. Sally was grateful for her adviser's validation and personal witness. It helped to quench the lingering doubts. To Sally 's surprise, it seemed everyone had similar feelings but didn't take such an intentional approach as the Knows did.

Sally then went to the Brockton superintendent, with whom she was working on the district's curriculum for special needs students. Once again, his response was validating and understanding. They looked at several ways to keep the process going, while plugging Sally into fewer touch points. He even offered a personal story of himself and his wife making a similar decision as their children needed special attention.

That night, Sally and Thomas cleaned up the kitchen together and gave W.D. some special attention before bath and bedtime. They then sat together in the kitchen with their evening tea, reviewing the day. Gratitude, forgiveness, hope, and trust permeated every corner of their conversation. As they shared further, Thomas again asked forgiveness for the prior week's behavior.

Then he made again a statement that really baffled him. "Sally, it was as if I was powerless over the alcohol when the financial limitations were removed! It is just so startling to me to learn how powerless I was once it started. Sally, we are so fortunate to have each other. Thank you for forgiving, thank you for being hopeful, thank you for trusting. Sally, I feel that something more than human power is necessary for us to stand against the subtleties of abundance.

"God has been so good to us. Let's begin each day with intentional gratitude for his goodness over us."

Sally loved the idea of making gratitude the "Know

family daily thought.” Even amid pain and loss, Sally and Thomas felt they had been given an opportunity to bring intentional direction to their American dream. As they prepared for the night’s rest, Thomas told Sally, “We have been given a priceless gift through all of this. Gratitude, forgiveness, hope, and trust will be spiritual protection for our family.”

The Pandemic Poem

The birds are frolicking; the squirrels are chasing their tails. So why, oh man, are you so frail?

Might it be our dependence on our own intellect? As we shudder to realize it has failed.

Well, the birds don't know any better, nor the tails on the squirrels. All they can do is be dependent on you, O Lord!

Why does God's most beloved creation still insist on going it alone?

The gift of the intellect can also deceive one into thinking they are all that they need. How tragic indeed, if allowed to proceed.

JBC



CHAPTER FOUR
LIVING IN
ABUNDANCE



LIVING IN ABUNDANCE

The year was 1958 and the Know family was living a new family focus, a focus directed by gratitude, forgiveness, hope, and trust. No longer would material gain be the primary driver. Both Sally and Thomas felt the protection of this new focus. Sally had such peace, knowing the family had corrected their compass.

Thomas also had this peace, no longer carrying the anvil of more, more, more. He feels as though he can breathe again. They have been blessed, and they are grateful for the four-year start they have had in America. Even through the catastrophe of the rape,

W.D.'s premature arrival, Thomas's awakening to the burden of abundance, and their miscarriage, they have chosen to live in gratitude, forgiveness, hope, and trust.

Sally blossomed in her new pace, which gave her room to breathe, to be more creative, and to enjoy those moments with W.D. and Thomas—moments most of us miss, those with family! Sally received higher grades and more opportunities under this new protective pace. She discovered an incredible gift.

Stress is never worth the perceived reward. The cost is far too high in human capital. Sally learned to find gratitude whenever those stress tapes began to play.

Thomas and his boss found a similar rhythm. Thomas realized that he had been living on a hamster wheel, running after a ball he could never quite catch, but always tried to. Thomas's position created by his boss was new to the company, industry, and sales businesses globally. It took some time to even give it a title.

What Thomas couldn't have known was that the boss had had this idea in mind for a while. The boss grew in the company through the sales side. He personally lived on the road and felt the consequences. While never divorced, his marriage was routine, he admitted during one of their many roundtable discussions. He never took time to really get to know his three children. Even to this day, he rarely sees them or his grandchildren.

One day the boss said, "Thomas, I've paid much more than I've realized to lead this company and become a wealthy man, now that you and I have taken a good inventory of the successful sales associate's life. The pay is great, but you pay with your very soul.

"Thomas, we need to develop a way for our sales team to get their lives back while maintaining a high level of achievement. That, Thomas, is what I want as my legacy: a chief sales officer who developed a "full life sales force" while still growing the company. What do you say, Thomas? Will you join me in this final goal of my career?

“Thomas, I want you to be the sales team’s ‘Life Coach.’ I’ll be their ‘Sales Coach.’ We’ll make it fun, less stressful, and trust the process for production. Thomas, if I’m right,” the boss said, “we may find a happier, less stressed sales team that produces better than expected.”

Thomas had to take a deep breath on that one! He said, “Boss, I see now how you lead every sales category the industry has for growth. Can I share a concept with you? It may help us design our plan.

“Boss, as you know, my wife and I went through a very painful realization a few months ago. We came away with a decision to change the focus of our lives together. We’ve decided to start each day, intentionally grateful, willing to forgive, eternally hopeful, and trusting God for the results. Now, boss, I know there are no sales quotas in this formula. But would you be willing to allow me to develop a ‘life coach protocol’ around these four precepts?”

The boss rolled back in his chair and said, “Thomas,

under one condition.”

“What’s that, boss?”

“You start with me as your first pupil.”

Well, Thomas thought, we might as well tackle the tough one right up front.

Over the next year, Thomas and his boss developed the “Full Life Salesforce Protocol,” testing it all along the way on themselves. Both men witnessed all positive effects with no noticeable negative ones.

As the 1958 sales year was ending, the boss and Thomas felt good about their new approach. They decided rather than have a big announcement about the initiative, it would be rolled out slowly with sales behavior modifications to the team.

The first directive would be to reduce hotel expenses by 60%, meaning learning how to work smarter by phone. The catalog business was really growing, as was the move to large retail malls versus downtown

locations. This decision opened the door for Thomas to coach the 104 sales associates on how to transition their volume to catalog and megamall retail buying groups. The timing was perfect, and the sales team was ahead of the industry with this transition. As such, they had the best locations in every catalog and retail store in the suburban malls. Over the next 10 years, Thomas and the boss crafted sales directives that gave their sales team more time at home with their families and a “no work on weekends” mandate. After the awkwardness wore off, everyone ended up loving the “no work on weekends” mandate. Less driving, dining, and entertaining reduced costs by 25% and sales rose steadily each year.

THE BOSS RETIRES

In 1969 the boss announced that he would retire after the 1970 Christmas sales season. Everyone wanted Thomas to step into the chief sales officer role. During these past ten years Sally had solidified her dream of being a special education advisor to the Brockton district schools. She, like Thomas, kept the family priorities in line.

Gratitude, forgiveness, hope, and trust started each morning in the Know home. Sally and Thomas had two daughters during this time, and W.D. was quickly becoming a fine young man.

Thomas and Sally had some thinking to do around the offer to take over for his boss. They both really felt like they were much more prepared for this round of success, but there was a caution in both. Through the last 10 years, a subtle success had followed them everywhere.

The family started attending a neighborhood church

where they were introduced to others interested in a full life experience. Thomas knew the heavy emphasis on sales in the new role would change his responsibilities. Thomas and Sally simply didn't sense that this opportunity was for them.

Thomas loved his role as a life coach. He could run things past Sally, who had the education in behavioral sciences, which was very helpful. It was decided to stay focused on investing into their son and daughters during these formative years. Thomas knew his skills were best utilized in a support role. He and Sally felt honored that he would be considered for the chief sales officer position, but they were sure it was not the time in their family life to take on this additional stress.

They invited the boss and his wife to their home for dinner, hoping to show their gratitude and share their decision. The boss knew the answer by the very nature of the invitation, but he had never been invited to any employee's home with his wife, so he said, "My wife and I would really enjoy that."

Over the last 10 years, the boss had been implementing all the techniques of the “full life salesforce” in his personal life. His wife slowly noticed his attentiveness and presence around the house more. His intentional interest in her interests and perspective won her affection anew! They would have a date night at the Know family’s home.

The experience was lovely for all. The boss and his wife met the entire family and asked many questions over dinner. W.D., as the eldest child, handled most of the questions. He would include his sisters whenever possible, making it easier for them to be comfortable.

The boss had grown very fond of Thomas and mentioned several times that the founders of the Bostonian shoe company felt the same way. The boss said everyone had noticed a much kinder and more respectful environment since the full life protocol had been introduced. The boss said everyone thanked him. He told them to thank Thomas.

He said, “Thomas, you are highly thought of at this

company. Your position is solid, and your decision will be respected.” What a wonderful compliment! It was so good for young W.D. to hear those kind words about his dad. He wanted to know more about the word *respect*.

After the evening concluded, W.D. asked his dad, “What does ‘respect’ mean in a business?”

Thomas said, “Son, it means they value our decisions and perspective on issues pertaining to the work life environment.”

W.D. was now almost 15 years old and thinking about what his life choices might look like. He asked his father if he would teach him the full life protocol. Thomas and Sally were so excited at their son’s interest that they set Tuesday and Thursday evenings after family dinner for the roundtable conversation of the “Full Life-50” topics introduced over 50 weeks.

Each Tuesday they presented a new thought to ponder. Each Thursday they discussed real life implementation-what it really looks like in a life.

What a wonderful year 1970 was for the Know family! Thomas and Sally were intentionally at a round table with W.D. Thomas was transitioning the new chief sales officer to his role. Sally was the lead advisor of special student care for the Brockton schools. The family was healthy, maturing, and growing deep roots in their spiritual parish.

Thomas and Sally began meeting weekly in a community group where their roundtable knowledge was blossoming. The 70s was a wonderful decade for the Know family of Brockton, Massachusetts.

W.D. favored his mother in every way. He was the planner, very bright and hard-working. W.D. attended Boston College and the School of Medicine. He received his doctorate of psychiatry as the decade closed. The girls were finishing up their studies at Boston College School of Education and would go into teaching.

The early 1980s brought a new chapter into the family. Thomas and Sally were settling into empty nesting.

They began writing white papers to help immigrants and others make wiser choices in Americana. These writings were heavily influenced by biblical lessons and practical human experiences. They solicited the input of W.D., as a psychiatrist, and his sisters, both teachers, obtaining the second-generation perspective of the American dream.

The primary focus of the writing was to help the reader understand the four pillars of protection: gratitude, forgiveness, hope, and trust. In addition, they emphasized the precepts of authority, dominion, and whose they are spiritually. Thomas felt an urgency to review this concept with W.D. prior to publishing the first white paper.


Thomas's urgency to roundtable this concept of "whose you are" with W.D. was a bit out of character. W.D.'s dad never seemed to be in a hurry. For some reason, this topic carried weight with Thomas. They completed the white paper round table on "whose you are" in early February 1981. They were discussing taking on authority or dominion next. Thomas

suggested they take a short break and pick it back up in mid-April, hoping the cold weather would move out. The temperatures in Boston were unusually cold in February 1981. The entire Know clan was diligently going about life, trudging through this winter cold.

One morning, Sally was called at the school district in Brockton. The officer identified himself and informed Sally that her husband, Thomas, was in an automobile accident. He was taken to the Brockton hospital. The officer said, “Mrs. Know, it doesn’t look good. We are outside to take you there right now. Your employer has been informed that you’ll be leaving immediately, so just gather your personal things, and our officers will be in the lobby to drive you.”

A sick feeling consumed Sally. She knew Thomas was gone. In fact, he was gone when they found him in his car. The vehicle hit a patch of black ice and slid headfirst into a traffic intersection. Thomas was 45 years old. They married at 18 and weathered many catastrophes, having love and respect for each other for 27 years.

Sally had known all kinds of pain and sorrow in her life. But this was the worst!



CHAPTER FIVE
DEATH, LIFE,
DECISION



DEATH, LIFE, DECISION

Sally Theresa Know was a widow at 45. While she and Thomas were successful financially, it was the four pillars of protection and her family which walked her through her grief in those early days. Each day, Sally would write down one thing she was grateful for in Thomas. Many mornings, with tears rolling down her cheeks, she couldn't stop at just one. She would daily in her mind go back to the ship where they met. What kind of beautiful man would accept and welcome her situation with such conviction and kindness! Thomas fathered W.D. as his own son, never disclosing the Wilcox clan story to anyone, just as he pledged. Sally felt as if she had been married

to an angel!

Slowly over many months, life moved on, and a widow must decide: Do I move with it or resist it? Sally was encouraged by her children and community to take her time but be intentional about moving forward. Sally knew they were right, but it was hard to face familiarity with a piece missing. Sally's love for her family and the students drove her forward slowly.

W.D. was her anchor. He visited his mom each evening after work, many nights bringing a meal as an excuse to make sure she was eating. One such evening, several months after Thomas passed, W.D. asked his mom if he could start going through some of his dad's office files to start cleaning things out. Sally was fine with that as she hadn't been able to even move any of Thomas's clothing or personal things from the bedroom drawers. W.D. would come over most evenings and go through his father's notes and files. One evening he opened a large legal folder designated "white papers."

Inside were four sub files, titled:

Pillars of Protection (G, F, H, T)

Authority (Luke 10:19)

Dominion (Genesis 1:28)

Whose we are (1 Corinthians 6:19-20)

W.D. was captivated at the depth of his father's study and the details in his notes. These were the "white papers" his dad had hoped to publish as his way of helping the immigrant population assimilate to America.

Throughout his writing, Thomas wrote of his respect for the courage of our immigrant population. W.D. asked his mom if it would be okay with her for him to finish the work with hopes of getting his dad's work published in the end. This way new Irish and other nationalities could benefit from what Sally and Thomas had learned on their personal immigration journey. Sally was delighted and told W.D. to please

do whatever he could to memorialize his father's passion.

A year had gone by since Thomas's passing, and Sally was back to her full work schedule. Her community group members kept her going to activities. Kind as it was, Sally couldn't completely patch the hole in her heart with Thomas not there. She had no interest in dating another man and told anyone who would ask.

Sally and W.D. enjoyed having dinner together, talking through the day. Sally would retire early and W.D. would either stay and study his dad's white papers or go to the gym. W.D. kind of stepped into his dad's role and he didn't date much either. The relationship worked for both of them. W.D. was fascinated at the depth of his father's biblical knowledge and insight. W.D. had heard often from Thomas the importance of 1 Corinthians 6:19-20: "Do you not know that your bodies are temples of the Holy Spirit, who is in you, whom you have received from God? You are not your own; you were bought at a price. Therefore honor God

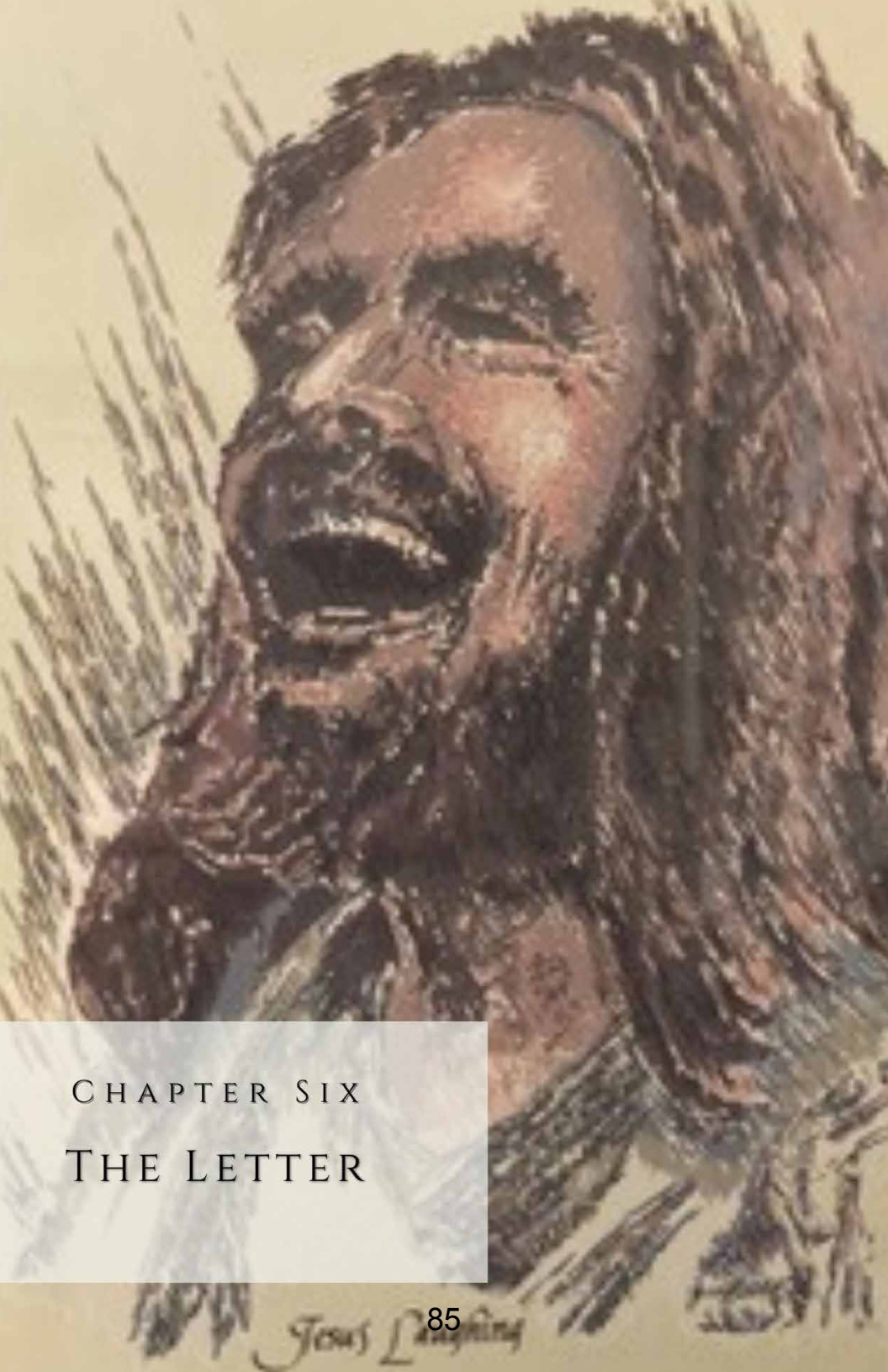
with your bodies.” They felt that that passage settled the question of “Whose you are.” W.D. appreciated this passage as it was so helpful in his professional life as a psychiatrist. While he didn’t comment on biblical matters during professional sessions, W.D. would often note the patient’s underlying issue being compounded through lack of an “identity anchor.” W.D. knew his dad held this scripture like armor for himself, Mom, the children, and all the Irish immigrants. They counseled many in their family home for free.

W.D. took up this same mantel and counseled new immigration referrals on weekends as his way of expressing gratitude. One Friday night in 1991, W.D. called his mom to inform her he was going to stay home and rest. He said he hoped to come by in the morning with their favorite box of glazed donuts, knowing Mom would have a pot of hot coffee brewed and ready to enjoy. He had so many fond memories of cold Saturday mornings with the family still in their PJs, enjoying coffee or cocoa and donuts together. W.D. arrived at his mom’s around eight that morning.

It was unusual not to smell fresh coffee!

W.D. called out for Sally, with no response. He went upstairs to get her up. The bedroom door was open, and Sally was lying on her back, with the blankets neatly pulled under her shoulders, and her hands folded on her stomach. She had this beautiful, peaceful smile. W.D. knew mom was with her man.

W.D. just knelt by her side holding her cold hand, thanking God for the gift of a peaceful transfer. The death certificate read “heart attack,” but everyone knew it was a “broken heart.”



CHAPTER SIX
THE LETTER

Jesus Laughing



THE LETTER

Several days after Sally's funeral. W.D. was given a letter by his oldest sister. She told him their mom had given it to her a few months ago, asking her to keep it for W.D. after she had passed away. W.D.'s sister thought that was a strange request, but set it in a secure place, making sure it was sealed.

W.D. put the letter in his coat pocket and didn't open it for several days. On a cold Saturday morning, W.D. picked up his donuts and black coffee. Sitting at the family kitchen table, he opened his mom's letter titled "The Price" and began reading. Sally disclosed everything to W.D., starting from the beginning:

Her family giving her the opportunity in Ireland, the Wilcox clan, and the plan after the rape. Then W.D.'s mom shared her most intimate memories of meeting Thomas, W.D.'s "earthly father," and how she fought practicality to accept his impetuous offer of marriage. She told how she witnessed Thomas repent readily and completely to change his life. Sally wanted W.D. to know the story of their name and how Thomas again worked it all out for their good.

"Then," Sally wrote, "Thomas wanted you to know that while your biological father paid to keep you out of his life, your heavenly Father paid to have you in his life. Your earthly father loved you beyond his pledge. He was daily grateful; God gave him the privilege to be your dad.

"W.D., Thomas discovered a beautiful gift in the Bible that he always made a point to give you children. It was, as you know, 1 Corinthians 6:19-20, his favorite scripture. Dad would pray daily a prayer of gratitude for not being our own! That you, W.D., would come to know that you were bought at a price-the price of

God's own Son on a cross. That he paid it all to keep you in his presence for eternity."

Sally concluded the letter by saying, "My precious son, while your biological line is certainly eclectic, your love line is clear. Dad and I want you to know "WHOSE you are!" Now, my son, take a wife and enjoy a family as we have, giving them the gift of 1 Corinthians 6:19-20.

All our Love,

Mom & Dad

Thomas's coffee got cold, and it took a while for his eyes to dry. How in the world can a crazy story like that be kept a secret for so long? W.D. contemplated his perspective considering this new revelation. He kept thinking about the white papers his dad left behind. The ones that his mother could not bring herself to complete and publish. W.D. intuitively knew this would be the way to memorialize his love and

respect for his parents—to complete and publish the four papers as a gift to the immigrant population of Boston, the population W.D. and his family had assisted in assimilation to Americana all these years.

W.D. completed the papers, and they were combined in booklet form and given free of charge to every immigrant migrating from Ireland to America. The booklet became so popular a publisher approached W.D. with an offer to print an edited version as a book for everyone. W.D. and his sisters were encouraged by this validation and decided that any financial gain would be given to help immigrant people assimilate into America. The book's influence went deeper than the immigrant population and became a *New York Times* best seller. It went on to help hundreds of thousands of families develop the skills to “live in abundance.”

W.D. was selected as Brockton, Massachusetts, Man of the Year by their Chamber of Commerce. He was asked if they could send a young man over to write an article for their quarterly newsletter. W.D.

was delighted to accommodate. He and the young man met at the family house the next Saturday morning. It was a cold morning in February. W.D. made a pot of hot black coffee and bought a box of glazed donuts. As the young man entered, they sat at the family kitchen table with the familiar aroma of fresh coffee and donuts filling the air. W.D. looked out the window at the snow-covered trees, remembering mom's letter, "The Price."

The young man opened the conversation. "Dr. Know, you've had such a positive impact on our immigrant families! Thank you. What in your life has been the most valuable precept from the white papers book?"

Looking out the window, W.D. paused slightly, then said,

“I know!”

“What is it you know, W.D.?”

“I know WHOse I am!

“DO YOU?”

The End

~

REMNANT RISING

Oh, how magnificent creation will be.
Once they settle, whose they will be
You may be the remnant remaining,
Sustaining the community.
Come, rejoice at all we can be
As kingdom flows through our knees.

JBC

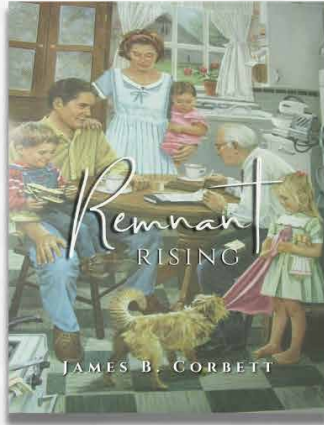
CLOSING COMMENTS

Remnant Rising is an invitation to a remnant army.
Who KNOWS WHOse they are!

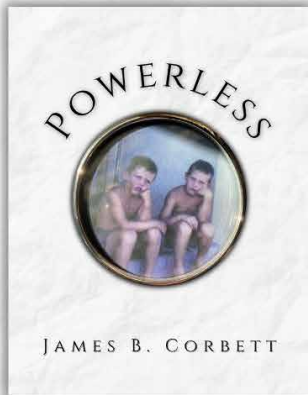
We are not our own and this is not our home.

Are YOU a Remnant Rising?

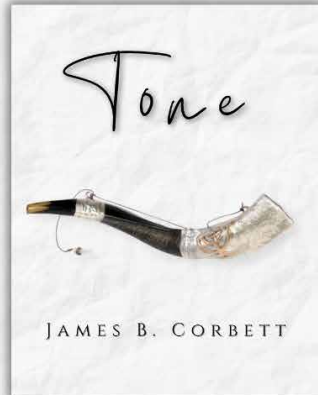
FOR MORE INFORMATION:



gtgim.org/remnantrising



gtgim.org/powerless



gtgim.org/tone

YOUR COMMENTS ARE ALWAYS
WELCOME AT
MEDIA@GTGIM.ORG



OUR POLICY IS LOVE

Remnant
RISING

ISBN 979-8-9867053-2-3

90000>



9 798986 705323