

## Being Thankful and Following God's Lead



The thing I hate about writing this article every week is that I have to reveal more and more of myself to you. That just isn't natural for me. I don't like sharing personal thoughts and feelings. It makes me feel vulnerable. And, even if I don't write about myself, you end up learning quite a bit about me anyway, if you read between the lines.

So, I'm thinking that I should be writing about being thankful this week. Of course I'm thankful for all the usual things. My wife, family, friends, good health, material goods, a great job. I'm thankful for God and His many blessings in my life.

A friend from my old community asked me the other day if I was feeling like this was my home now, or if I still felt like that was my home. My answer was that I feel kind of homeless. I left a place where I lived for 20 years. My four kids all graduated from there. Most of my friends live there. I felt at home there. You can't replace all that in just a few short months. In spite of that, I'm thankful that I am here. For reasons I don't totally understand, and maybe never will in this life, God led me here.

Betty and I prayed for months that God would lead us where He wanted us to go. We also prayed that we would go where He led us! That can be a scary prayer. Sometimes you think, "Okay God, I will go anywhere You want me to go, but just don't get too crazy. No third world countries. No inner city, crime-infested places. I'll need running water, electricity, a good solid roof over my head, and a list of other creature comforts." Oh yes, we did have an actual written list. *By the way, St. Columbkille in Papillion, Nebraska was not on that list.* In fact, I remember the first time I saw the position advertised. I immediately dismissed it. I wasn't interested in living in the city and being the principal of a city school. I didn't need to ask God if it was right for me. The lesson I learned there was that God knows best, and I shouldn't jump to conclusions. The other lesson I learned is that God wants only good things for me. And being here is a very good thing for me.

But you know, the most important things in my life aren't the things at all. It's the people in my life that are most important. Gosh, why didn't I realize that years ago? I guess I didn't realize it until some of them started moving away or dying. That's when most of us start missing them and wishing we had spent a little more time with them, been a little kinder, repaired some of the hurts. While, it may be too late to do that with some, there are still a lot of people in this world that I love and respect. It's not too late with them!

So, to my wife and kids, my grandkids and my mom, and all the rest of my family and friends, "I love you all! Happy Thanksgiving! See you soon!"

Yours in Christ,  
Jim Makey, Principal