This is to the very dear ones with whom I share my THOUGHTS every month; some of whom have been reading them for, I guess, 15 or 20 years.  It has not been a small thing to me to be sharing my thoughts with you.  It has been life-giving to me, as has knowing each one of you that I send them to.  It has been a blessing.

This month because of my stroke I'm kind of foggy minded, and have not been writing my thoughts down for the month, so I'll just share a word with you.

Everything has been uphill since the stroke.  Getting out of bed, walking around using a walker, keeping my mind clear, bathing, shampooing and shaving, everything is uphill.  And it's a blessing to understand that as the Lord made his way to the cross, everything was uphill.  Of course, he had help when Joseph of Arimathea was plucked out of the crowd to carry it for him, and I have that in my dear family and medical personnel day by day.

Dr. Keith Hood in Corpus Christi threatened last month to cut my pay when my THOUGHTS went out a little late. That would be impossible to do, because my pay has been of eternal value

But besides a little foggy mindedness, I have a little weakness in my left arm and left leg. which has been recovering.

But I want to say that, as has been suggested by others, the blessings that I'm getting from the love of others--phone calls, letters, emails, blessings of being cared for by family and friends--are surpassing the problems of the stroke. So I'm counting my blessings.

I'll say that life is good and I sing to the Lord often.  Although I'm only 90, life may be getting toward an end.  If it is, I don't want to be melodramatic, and I don't want to drag it out, but that's all up to the Lord.  But I thank every one of you for your part in encouraging me over these years.  This has been a tough year for a lot of people, with the COVID virus and other things.  Of course, this year early the Lord took Nancy, and I praise him for that. She had looked forward to going home with him for years, particularly as her dementia had increased, and so he took her.  And my prayer had been for years that I would be left here with her, taking care of her in her decline until the Lord got her out of her body.  And he did that.

Now I'm here the recipient of my sons, who have stuck with me through my uphill battle, and have been great reasons for my rejoicing.  So I would hope to each one of you, the same type of family love that I'm benefiting from.

It's the season, so I'll wish you a happy new year.  Since the Prince of Pease is with you, and you with him, the year will be a good one.  May you have your share of uphill.

             In Christ,

              Bob

        Dr. Bob Eckert