

**A Word from Jawn**  
**February 2, 2021**

I lived in a small, story-and-a-half house in Walkerton during the 1960's. We were a family of five: my Mom, Dad, my two younger siblings and I. My Mother, recalling how modest the house was, would remark: ***“We did a lot of living in such a small space!”***. I agree with Mom and I specifically remember that we did a lot of that ‘living’ and ‘growing-up’, around the kitchen table.

What stands out in my memories is the Toaster. It always sat on the table. It was a GE, stainless-steel, two-slice affair. Keep in mind, those were the days that you could take your electric appliances back to the local store and get things like the toasting-element replaced for about a dollar. The old GE saw a number of those replacements. One thing that could not be replaced was the ‘popper-upper’. One day, it just quit . Now, you didn’t throw a good toaster out, just because it would not ‘pop-up’ anymore. No Sir! You went out and found a small rock and used it to hold the down-button in the toasting position and then, just before smoke began to curl up, you popped out the stone. Presto! Toast! You had to pay attention. You could not take your eyes off the process. Loaf after loaf went through that Toaster. It was always there, ready to serve.

I remember one day a Family friend dropped in and as he walked into the kitchen, he said with a chuckle: ***“All is well with the Kolohon family! The Toaster is on the table!”***. I can remember my nose being out of joint, because I thought he was making fun of my family. I grew to realize that, in fact, it was a compliment. All **was** well. The Toaster on the table said so!

Our Creator, even in days like these, sets my Table with many gifts. Sometimes, they are so familiar, I can easily overlook them. There are likely other ‘Toasters’ in my life that I simply take for granted, but speak to me all the same: ***“All is well!”***.

I must look with more intention for this Grace.  
In Jesus’ name . . . Peace.