

he needs to do something about my praying

If you listened very carefully this morning, I'm sure you heard it. I sure did. I must say I was a bit taken back at the tone used but after all who am I to judge others, so I'll just let that go for now.

You see, I was deep in the passion of my morning prayers when the Heavens opened up and the voice of God quite emphatically spoke to me ... "ALRIGHT, ALREADY, YOU'RE WELCOME! Don't you have some laundry to go work on?"!?"

Well I wasn't very impressed with the tone used, but He is God after all and I'm thinking I better not say anything further about that. He spoke and I got the message and went to start my laundry.

I mean it's not like I was asking him for a new car or something. As I get older, my prayer life pretty much consists of two words – thank you! So maybe I did go a little overboard with it this time ... why are you so good to me why do you bless me so much ... how can I ever live up to all the goodness you bring me ... thank you, thank you, thank you I better stop – I hear the skies rumbling again ... but you get the point.

I am certain that God is meeting with all the Angels as we speak to read them the riot act ... "Ok you guys leave Smith alone for a bit. There are a lot of people with real concerns trying to get through and Andy has all the prayer lines jammed up with his 'thank yous'. Give the blessings a rest already!"

You see, I just got back from a week of working and living with a bunch of teenagers. Sleeping on a classroom floor, eating cafeteria food, working outdoors in the heat 'n humidity of summer building a deck, fence and clearing away a beautiful brick walkway that 'grandpa' built many years ago, may not be the best remedy for a 57 year old man with a doozie of a cold settling into his chest (more about this later when the snot finally leaves me clear with thought). But everybody has their own solutions and I'm confident that should I recover from all this, the medical report will indicate that although the lungs, throat, eyes, head and nose are all shot, my heart is rejuvenated and stronger than ever! I've always said that if you have a strong, positive heart, you can take a lot of snot in the world, and by golly, I'm living proof after this week!

My title is Team Builder and I am handed six kids from all over the country and a work sheet that tells me that we are going to spend the week reclaiming the back yard for a 71 old lady who lives in a part of Saint Louis that encourages innocent people to stay indoors when the sun goes down. Ruth wanted to sit outside on a nice evening and our mission was to make that happen for her.

Common sense was pounding on my shoulder and screaming in my ear “Hey Pal, these kids are counting on you for a good experience and you have no clue what you are doing and you feel like crap! You better start praying for the second coming and quick!!”

The best part of working with youth is their energy. In this situation I had none, but they had plenty. As an adult, the key is to simply direct that energy into a positive path and be there for them whenever those negative road blocks get in the way.

It took us four days, but Ruth now has a wonderful back deck that she can safely sit and enjoy an evening lemon aide. The kids have all gone back to their homes knowing that they are absolutely part of the solution to the problems our world faces. These young adults are truly inspiring for older folks who seem to think young people don't get it. This is one old man who is quick to say, 'Sure they do!'

I'll likely have to forgo work tomorrow and go see if the doctor can give me any hope for the other organs in my body, but at least I know that my heart is good.

As for God, I'm sure He is use to me incessantly saying thank you every time I pray. After all, when you spend a week with young people like I did, there simply is nothing else to say! These are amazing kids that I have been honored to hang with.

Just A Thought