

“I’m Late, I’m Busy!”  
(Scout Sunday, Super Bowl Sunday)  
Mark 1:29-39  
February 5, 2006  
By Rebecca Enney

Pastor Ed is standing at the door, as pastors are wont to do, to shake the hand of the worshippers as they leave after church. Mr. Potato Head is a little impatient to move up through the line so he can shake the pastor’s hand and then leave in a hurry. You see, he has a million things to do today!

On the way home from church, he has to go to the supermarket to purchase the food for the Super Bowl Party they were having at their home tonight. He and his wife are having about 25 of his employees over from the Potato Bun Factory to watch the game.

And after the supermarket he has to drive Haman to his Tiger Cub Scout meeting by 2:00. And then he has to visit his mother (that’s the Mrs. Potato Head that wears the hearing aid and lives at the Retirement Home, not the Mrs. Potato Head that is his wife) and fill her bird feeder.

Then he has to pick Haman up from Tiger Scouts and then he has to wash his Terrible Towel because this morning on the way to church Polly got sick in the car and Mrs. Potato Head, his wife, used the Terrible Towel to clean things up and Mr. Potato Head got a bit angry about that and they got a little loud in the car and they had to turn around and take Polly home and now he has to get that towel smelling good again.

And after that Mr. Potato Head, believe it or not, hopes to have 45 minutes before everyone arrives to sit down at the computer and finish up his report for work tomorrow about the advisability of using reconstituted potatoes in their work force.

Finally, it is Mr. Potato Head’s turn to shake Pastor Ed’s hand. Pastor Ed was prepared to say “Go Steelers” but before he could get the words started Mr. Potato Head said “I’M LATE! I’M LATE! FOR A VERY IMPORTANT DATE! NO TIME TO SAY HELLO, GOODBYE. I’M LATE! I’M LATE! I’M LATE!”



And off he and Haman went, out the door, literally running to the car.

Some days are just like that . . . just SO BUSY that there is hardly a moment to think . . . hardly a moment to consider God . . . hardly a moment to pray.

I'm thinking that was the kind of day we just heard described for Jesus in today's gospel lesson. Jesus went to the synagogue, where he spoke with much wisdom. Then He went to Simon's home, where he healed Simon's mother-in-law. Then they had their meal. Then everyone gathered to hear Jesus speak. And then, by now the sun has gone down, they brought sick people to him for him to heal. That lasted until well after bedtime! Jesus must have been very weary. When could Jesus find time to consider God, His Father? When could Jesus find time to pray?

“Early in the morning, while it was still very dark, Jesus got up and went for a walk to a quiet place where he prayed.”

No matter how busy Jesus' days were, he started them with prayer, even when it meant getting up VERY early. And He prayed in between times of being busy throughout the day. And I expect Jesus also prayed at bedtime.

Maybe, Mr. Potato Head should take some time to pray. Maybe we all should. Because that is the example Jesus gave us, even when he had a million things to do that day. THE END