

“My Very Busy Week”

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By Marianne Brock

A while ago, Mrs. Enney asked me if I would tell the Children’s Story today so that she could go camping with some of her friends from Trinity Lutheran Church for the weekend. I said “Sure!” because Mrs. Enney is my friend and I like to tell stories and I knew that I could get my face on the big screen and that’s almost like being on television!

Now, you should know that telling the Children’s Story at Trinity Lutheran Church is a Really Big Deal. You can’t just walk up here and talk about whatever you want, you know. You have to read the lessons for the day, and you have to think about what God is trying to tell us, and you have to organize your thoughts and be able to share them in the allotted time. You also have to have some kind of fancy giveaway at the end. Most people don’t realize that it’s a lot of work!

But Mrs. Enney is my friend, and she asked me to tell the story. So here I am.

The problem is that I am a Very Busy Person. It may not look like it when you see me on Sunday mornings, but I have a LOT to do, and this week was even busier than most. Last Sunday, after worship at Trinity Lutheran Church, I had to go to Camp Nawakwa, where we were having a special worship service to open the Summer Camping Season. The lector for the day was unable to be there, so not only did I have to help set up the worship space and make sure that we had bread and wine for communion, and tell people how to move the chairs (because the people who DID set up the chairs for us, lined them up in such a way that we were all facing the WRONG DIRECTION!), I also had to read the lesson... and it was the one about God creating the world in six days and resting on the seventh... and that’s a loooooong lesson. After worship, there was a picnic and lots of people to visit and then I had to clean up and go home and by the time I got home, it was almost time to pick up my boys from YG and then I came home and watched CSI, because it’s ALWAYS on, and I went to bed. And I remember thinking, “Maybe tomorrow I can work on my Children’s Story.”

On Monday, my friend Adam came to my house in the morning for our carpool. We went to work and came home a little bit early because I needed to make supper for my family before running off to Harrisburg for a meeting. There were five people there to lead the meeting, some really good oatmeal raisin cookies, and that was about it. Nobody showed up for the meeting. We ate some cookies, wondered how long we should wait, and eventually decided to go home. When I got home, I worked for a little while on some stuff for summer camp, watched CSI, because it’s always on, and went to bed, KNOWING in my heart that TOMORROW, I would work on the Children’s Story.

On Tuesday, I came home early and realized that I didn’t have anything planned for supper. So, instead of working on the Children’s Story, I looked through a cookbook and planned a fabulous meal and went to grocery store with Pastor Brock. While we were at the store, I told him that I was getting a little worried about the Children’s Story for Sunday. I was running out of time to write it. Do you know what he said? He said, “I’m out of waffles. I’ll meet you in the Dairy Aisle.” By the time we got home from the store, I had to leave for band practice in 35 minutes. We had scrambled eggs for supper. After band, I had some snacks with my friends and then I went home and helped Benjamin finish up a project for school, and watched CSI, because it’s always on, and went to bed. I hadn’t done anything about writing the Children’s Story.

Wednesday wasn't any better. On Wednesday night, I went to my final Interactive Bible study. We've been studying the Gospel of John for five and a half years and we finally finished! I even got to read the very last verse – which is quite an honor. Our teachers made two kinds of cake and homemade ice cream with strawberries, so our class time ran a little late. Then I had to talk with some friends in the parking lot, because that's what I do. Mrs. Enney walked by, and she said, "Are you doing okay with the Children's Story for Sunday? It's really important, you know." "Oh, I know," I told her, "Don't you worry. I've got it all under control."

But of course, you and I know that I really didn't have it all under control. I hadn't had time to do any thinking about the Children's Story. And time was running out! I was starting to panic a little bit. What if I couldn't think of anything to say? What if the lessons were so hard to understand that I wouldn't be able to make sense of them at all? Would the children notice if I just said, "Jesus loves you. The end," and gave them a blank piece of paper and sent them back to their seats???? I was getting very worried, and Mrs. Enney should have been worried too.

So, I did the sensible thing and went home and watched CSI, because it's always on, and went to bed.

On Thursday, I did not write a Children's Story. I'm not really sure what I did instead, except for using the food that I bought on Tuesday to make supper, and I did some serious worrying about having not written the Children's Story. And I watched CSI, because it's always on, and I went to bed.

Friday was a Very Busy Day. I picked up the fabulous new t-shirts for Camp Nawakwa, and then I picked up my friend Adam for carpool, and then we went to the print shop to pick up a lot of papers. I told Adam that he needed to drive because I had to work on my Children's Story, which of course, I didn't do because we had to stop at the coffee shop and then I couldn't write and drink my delicious hot beverage. At work, it was Pizza Friday, so that took up the rest of my morning, and in the afternoon, there was a training time for the Office Olympics. (I didn't do very well in the Chocolate Toss.) I had to leave early because my family had made plans to go see Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skulls. After that, I had to go to the grocery store to get food for supper, and Evan had to get a haircut, and Pastor Brock came back to church, and by the time I got home, I was exhausted. All I wanted to do was collapse. But I knew that I still had to write a Children's Story. Time had nearly run out. Almost a WHOLE WEEK had gone by and I hadn't done something that I promised Mrs. Enney that I would do. I was getting really worried. So, I watched three episodes of CSI, because, as you know, it's always on, and I went to bed.

Saturday was the day. I woke up knowing that I would write a Children's story. I just had to. Today was tomorrow, yesterday. Time was up! So... I loaded Evan into the car and we drove to the airport to meet a young woman who is coming here from Thailand to work at Camp Nawakwa. On the way to the airport, I got a call that she had missed her flight. So I went to the airport anyway to let all the people who were meeting her know that she would be coming later. Then I came here to church to see what was up with the Global Missions Event -- which was Very Cool, by the way -- and Mr. Bonsall gave me some really good lunch, and I saw a lot of friends, and then I went to camp. I printed out the lessons for today and put them in my pocket so that I could work on my Children's Story.

I lifeguarded at the pool for a couple of hours and some crazy kids were actually in that water even though it was 57 degrees! I visited with the different families who were staying in camp this weekend. I told them that I needed to write a Children's Story, that it wasn't even started, and that I had promised Mrs. Enney that I would do it, and that I was getting very worried about the whole thing.

What if I couldn't think of ANYTHING to say? My friend Ron told me that that would NEVER happen...

By the time I got home, I had just enough time to make a very quick supper for my children before going to Adam's house to have some cookies and milk before going out for supper. When we were finished with supper, Pastor Brock and I had to go to Target, because we were out of dog food. On the way home, I was telling him that I was now Officially Worried about this whole Children's Story thing. I hadn't read the lessons. I didn't have any interesting anecdotes or embarrassing pictures from my childhood. I hadn't even thought about a coloring page to hand out when I was finished! What ever would I do!?!?!?! I really needed one more day!

Pastor Brock said, "When you get home, sit quietly and read the lessons. Read the scriptures more than one time. Pray about the words. Think about what they mean for us. Think about what God is trying to tell you."

So, when I got home, I watched Law and Order and went to bed. Apparently, CSI is NOT always on, as I had previously thought.

This morning I was awakened at 5:30 by the sound of a cat hacking up a hairball. I cleaned that up and went downstairs to make coffee. While the coffee was brewing I went outside with my fabulous dog, Cyril. While Cyril was chasing squirrels, I sat on the back porch and read today's lessons. Jesus said, "Do not worry about what you will eat or what you will drink or what you will wear. You will not add one day to your life by worrying about what will happen tomorrow. Take care of the things that are important today and God will provide you with all that you need."

I thought back over my Very Busy Week. God had indeed provided me with all I needed. All week long, I had enough to eat and drink, and I had a warm house, and people who love me. I saw a lot of friends this week – a lot of my Trinity Friends – and I had cookies two times. My friend Adam from the carpool made me laugh and my friends from Bible Study made me think. My camp work was interesting and exciting, and my time with the Faith X band is more fun than you can possibly imagine. I like helping my children with their homework because we all learn about the world when we work together. Going to the airport and watching all the people there and visiting the Global Missions Event made me think about all of the people in all the world and how Jesus came to earth to show everyone how much God loves us. Throughout the entire week, God's love was being revealed to me through people and events and I kept missing it because I was frittering away my time worrying about the Children's Story and the possibility of it not happening.

And watching CSI. Because it's always on.

I had indeed had a very busy week, and I never did get a chance to write a Children's Story. I hope you don't mind.

The end.