



Come with me to a 3rd grade classroom:

A nine-year-old kid is sitting at his desk and all of a sudden, there is a puddle between his feet and the fronts of his pants are all wet. He thinks his heart is going to stop because he cannot possibly imagine how this has happened. It has never happened before and he knows that, when the boys find out, he will never hear the end of it. When the girls find out, they will never speak to him again, as long as he lives. The boy knows his heart is going to stop; he puts his head down and prays this prayer, *"Dear God, this is an emergency. I need your help right now! And five minutes from now will not do."*

He looks up from his prayer, and here comes the teacher with a look in her eyes that says he has been discovered. As the teacher gets closer to him, a classmate, named Susie, is carrying a goldfish bowl that is filled to the brim with water. Susie trips in front of the teacher and inexplicably dumps the entire bowl of water into the boy's lap. The boy pretends to be angry, but all the while is saying, *"Thank you, Jesus! Thank you, my sweet Jesus!"*

Now all of a sudden, instead of being the object of ridicule, the boy is the object of sympathy. The teacher rushes him downstairs and gives him gym shorts to put on while his pants dry out. All the other children are on their hands and knees cleaning up around his desk. The sympathy is wonderful. BUT, as life would have it, the ridicule that should have been his, is now transferred to someone else-- Susie.

She tries to help, but they tell her to get out.

"Haven't you already done enough, you klutz!"

Finally, at the end of the day, as they are waiting for the bus, the boy walks over to Susie and whispers, *"You did that on purpose, didn't you?"*

Susie whispers back,

"I wet my pants once, too."

May God help us see the opportunities that are always around us to do good. Remember...just going to church does not make us a Christian any more than standing in a garage makes us a car. Each and everyone one of us is going through tough times, each in our own way. Be ready to be God's instrument for 'good.' We are His hands and feet.

*Keep the faith, my friend. Keep the faith!
Sincerely and in Him...fr.t.*