



The
Piscataway
Piscator



"Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men" (Matt. 4:19, NASB).

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Too Busy for God

Brother John had made a dozen calls in a wide territory trying to sell insurance. The day was hot, traffic was heavy, and he barely made it home in time to take a quick shower, grab a bite to eat, and get to the meeting. He had hoped to have time to check his boat, as he planned to leave the next morning for a vacation, and he was somewhat irked at having to lose that two hours of cool evening time. But, he taught the adult men's class, and he just had to make one service of the meeting before leaving town.

Sister Jane works downtown, and had to ask the boss to let her off a bit early so she could get her hair fixed. She barely got home in time to heat a few T.V. dinners for the children. She took a cup of coffee to her room and dressed while they were eating. She only saw them briefly, to argue with the boy about the credit card he wanted to use for his "date" that night, and to "have it out" with the girl about the weird-o costume she wanted to wear. (The girl got her way.) By now, Jane had a terrific headache, and only went to the meeting because John insisted he should not go alone.

The girl finally got her eyes "on" and kept her parents waiting in the car while she changed beads five or six times, trying to make up her mind. They had to race to the church building, and the girl pouted all the way about her brother getting the car and not having to go to church, and he was only two years older, etc.

They barely made it on time, were late by the clock, but the song-leader was late in starting. He had tarried in the parking lot trying to make a car deal with another member and had to make his song selections under last-minute pressure. Oh well, he could think the car-deal over more fully after the preaching started.

The local preacher had been out all day selling mutual fund certificates and was peeved that his wife had forgotten to tell him he was supposed to pick up old sister Jones. Such failures hurt his public image. But his wife taught school and had a parent-teacher meeting that afternoon; and had barely gotten home in time to freshen up a bit and get to the meeting. She had misplaced the hurriedly taken note about sister Jones, and anyhow, "that was in his department, it was not her job."

So, they sang a few songs, and called on someone for prayer; then the local preacher welcomed a few visitors, made the usual apologies for the small percentage of members present, "of course, we have had some sickness," and the visiting evangelist took the floor and looked at his targets. A small crowd of tired, business-harried people, "up-tight" and preoccupied with scores of problems, all of them material. He must capture their attention, focus it upon unfamiliar subjects, lead them to reason and draw conclusions that, put into practice, would change their whole lives.

These are not BAD people, they do show some interest by their presence, and a few will listen, meditate, and study, and God will dwell in them. BUT MOST OF US ARE TOO BUSY FOR GOD!! --- Robert Turner, via "Thought for Today," Jefferson David Tant, 11-3-21

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