

July 3, 2007

This has been a long, wet month. Now I know what cabin fever is. Just about the time you think you can go outside and do something, it starts raining again. Can't even cut the grass. The range and roads have taken a beating, but we have been able to keep up with it pretty well. Yesterday, it rained three (3) inches in about 20 minutes. It was so heavy that I could not see 50 yards away. After the rain, Tx. Alline and I went down to the range gate to see what the small stream that goes under the road looked like. We could not get there. A full stream of water was coming out of the 32 inch culvert and the water was still about a foot above the roadway. The road is put in pretty solidly, so not much damage was done to it. Never saw that much water here in so short a time. Hope I never see it again. We did get the rest of the pasture at the long range planted in Bermuda grass though we had to do it while it was raining lightly. It is starting to come up real nice now.

Just read this story and thought you might enjoy it. It's called "Country Funeral".

As a young preacher, I was asked by the local funeral director to hold a grave-side service for a homeless man, with no family or friends. The funeral was to be held at a country cemetery way back in the country, and this man would be the first to be laid to rest there.

As I was not familiar with the backwoods area, I became lost and being a typical man did not stop for directions. I arrived an hour late. I saw the backhoe and the crew, who was eating lunch, but the hearse was nowhere in sight. I apologized to the workers for my tardiness, and stepped to the side of the open grave, where I saw the vault lid already in place. I assured the workers I would not hold them up for long, but this was the proper thing to do.

The workers gathered around, still eating their lunch. I poured out my heart and soul. As I preached the workers began to say "Amen", "Praise the Lord", and "Glory"! I preached and I preached and I preached like I'd never preached before: from Genesis all the way to Revelation.

I closed the lengthy service and walked to my car.

As I was opening the door and taking off my coat, I overheard one of the workers saying to another, "I ain't never seen nothing like that before, and I've been putting in septic tanks for twenty years.

Remember, you can feel pretty successful if you started with nothing and still have some of it left.

Justa Hand