



What's YOUR Time Worth?

A man came home from work late again, tired and irritated, to find his young son waiting for him at the door.

"Daddy, may I ask you a question?"

"Yeah, sure, what is it?" replied the man.

"Daddy, how much money do you make an hour?"

"That's none of your business. What makes you ask such a thing" the man said angrily.

"I just want to know. Please tell me, how much do you make an hour?" pleaded the little boy.

"If you must know, I make £20.00 an hour."

"Oh," the little boy replied, head bowed. Looking up, he said, "Daddy, may I borrow £10.00 please?"

The father was furious. "If the only reason you wanted to know how much money I make is just so you can borrow some to buy a silly toy or some other nonsense, then you march yourself straight to your room. You don't need any more toys! Go play with the ones you already have. I work long, hard hours everyday and don't have time for this."

The little boy quietly went to his room and shut the door. The man sat down and started to get even madder about the little boy's questioning. How dare he ask such questions only to get some money. After an hour or so, the man had calmed own, and started to think he may have been a little hard on his son. Maybe there was something he really needed to buy with that \$10.00 and he really didn't ask for money very often.

The man went to the door of the little boy's room and opened the door. His son was laying on the bed.

"Are you asleep son?" he asked.

"No daddy, I'm awake," replied the boy.

"I've been thinking, maybe I was too hard on you earlier," said the man "It's been a long day and I took my aggravation out on you. Here's that £10.00 you asked for."

The little boy sat straight up, beaming. "OH, thank you daddy" he yelled. Then, reaching under his pillow, he pulled out some more crumpled up bills.

The man, seeing that the boy already had money, started to get angry again.

The little boy slowly counted out his money, then looked up at the man.

"Why did you want more money if you already had some?" the father grumbled.

"Because I didn't have enough, but now I do," the little boy replied.

"Daddy, I have £20.00 now. Can I buy an hour of your time?"

The STRUGGLE!



A little boy was spending his Saturday morning playing in his sandbox. He had with him his box of cars and trucks, his plastic pail, and a shiny, red plastic shovel.

In the process of creating roads and tunnels in the soft sand, he discovered a large rock in the middle of the sandbox. The boy dug around the rock, managing to dislodge it from the dirt. With no little bit of struggle, he pushed and nudged the rock across the sandbox by using his feet. (He was a very small boy and the rock was very

large.) When the boy got the rock to the edge of the sandbox, however, he found that he couldn't roll it up and over the little wall.

Determined, the little boy shoved, pushed, and pried, but every time he thought he had made some progress, the rock tipped and then fell back into the sandbox. The little boy grunted, struggled, pushed, & shoved; but his only reward was to have the rock roll back, smashing his chubby fingers. Finally he burst into tears of frustration.

All this time the boy's father watched from his living room window as the drama unfolded. At the moment the tears fell, a large shadow fell across the boy and the sandbox. It was the boy's father. Gently but firmly he said, "Son, why didn't you use all the strength that you had available? Defeated, the boy sobbed back, "But I did, Daddy, I did! I used all the strength that I had!"

"No, son," corrected the father kindly. "You didn't use all the

strength you had." You didn't ask me." With that the father reached down, picked up the rock, and removed it from the sandbox.

Do you have "rocks" in your life that need to be removed?

Are you discovering that you don't have what it takes to lift them? There is One who is always available to us and willing to give us the strength we need.

Isn't it funny how we try so hard to do things ourselves. Sadly, many adults who have been Christians for years are trying to do everything themselves and only turning to God as a last resort. God loves you, and wants to be your first resort.

**“Casting all your
care upon him; for
he careth for you.”
1 Peter 5:7**