

# FIVE MINUTES WITH TOM MOOTY

(Column Number 2234)

## "THE SHIVERING STEEPLE"

All Right all you FiveMinuteVillers out there in the world; let's continue with our continuing saga of the "Shaking Steeple", or, to establish another file on my VIC 20, "The Shivering Steeple".

One of the distinguishing points of "pert 'near" any church building is its steeple. I'm not really sure where and when that tradition started; but I betcha my friend, Ed Walker III, has a newspaper clipping from an obscure newspaper somewhere in the world that carried the story of the first one!

So, when the building committee sat down with the building experts and the building engineers; we reviewed the plans to put a great big ole steeple on the "front" of the building (which is really the "back" of the auditorium; but that's column fodder for another day.

Anyway! When we sat down, we saw the plans that had to be formulated to provide a firm base for such a tall structure; and we all smiled and nodded knowingly that things "wuz gonna be ok".

It was anchored with huge bolts firmly embedded in massive beams resting on enormous superstructure that went all the way down through a load bearing wall to the foundation.

Time marches on; as they say; and I do not know who "they" are; but I betcha my friend Ed Walker III has a newspaper clipping of "they" holding a news conference back in "the day" about something

earth shaking! I don't know when "the day" was, but I betcha . . . well, you know!

Anyway! The "winds" of time came and went, years came and went, almost four decades came and went; winters and summers came and went for thirty eight years; and then, that phone call, that e-mail, that personal visit about which I spoke last time happened; and we were in trouble with our steeple that was on the verge of going "to grandma's house"; "drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweed"; you know, all those cliché's.

The steeple on our church was rocking to and fro, backward and forward, left and right. I mean - big time rocking. It was going to come apart from together, and wipe out everything in its thirty-foot wide path.

Time to call our intrepid chief "stuff fixer", Zan Taylor; who climbed up through the hole in the roof into the nether land of "Steepleville". Mind you, the wind was blowing and rain was coming sideways; and my man was inside the steeple.

Three of the four bolts upon which we had depended for lo these many years had worked their way out of the anchor position in the steeple structure and were as useless as I feel sometimes.

Now, let me conclude this installment of the continuing saga with the way The Lord led in the work that Zan was going to do with our three flagpoles which were beginning to lean with the constant westerly winds. He had gotten some ropes and a particular device, known as a "come-along" (what we lovingly called a "grey mare" down at the power company; because it could kick your teeth out if you treated it wrong).

He jacked the flag poles back into position with the "come-along" and then - now what? What to do with this "come-along"? "Are we ever going to need this again?"

We agreed that "he might"; and put it away in his tool room/supply closet/custodial & maintenance office; to await "a rainy day".

And that "rainy day" came - in spades - on that day last winter. And that "come-along" that we didn't know we needed stepped up to the plate right on time. God is good! He led all the way, every step of the way; in our buying what we didn't really need at the time; but had it when we did really need it - big time!

You might not know you need The Lord Jesus The Christ; but, trust me, you will someday! It's better to trust Him now; than to call out to Him when it is too late! Don't wait, dear reader, please don't wait!

Don't know how? I do; and I will share!

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