

# FIVE MINUTES WITH TOM MOOTY

Column 2217

## "FUSSING AT ME FOR DOING GOOD"

Unless you have been living under a rock somewhere on the back side of Frogpond, Tennessee; you have heard about my critters.

Well, actually, they were not mine, *per se*; they belong to the entire neighborhood (or so they have been led to believe); but they do inhabit the northern regions of the oaks on which "Miss 'Nita" and I paid the taxes for many years.

They should appreciate us more!

I tried to keep their water supply fresh and ample; but sometimes, things happen, you know; and I don't "git 'r done" as rapidly as they seem to think I should.

So; (that is called deep background in the journalism business) I was out at the spigot to charge up the hose to fill up their fountain; and a little guy was up in the gnarly old dogwood looking down at me doing good work - and fussing at me!

There I was, minding his business, doing his thing, performing his patronage, accommodating his accommodation, furthering his furtherance, achieving his assistance, looking after his largesse, and he has the unmitigated gall to fuss at me (and probably cuss at me) for not doing it right, or fast enough, or whatever his little brain told him was incorrect.

He was all alone up there - that little guy. Obviously, he was one of the new kids on the block; or he would have known that I was one of the few friendlies left in his future.

I hope he learned his lesson; or I am certain his demise came rather quickly!

They tell me that dying of thirst is extremely painful! How do you like them apples, little guy?

Did you ever get fussed at for doing good stuff? I am not asking if you ever get fussed at for doing bad stuff - that is a foregone conclusion - as well you should. I remember at least one time when Fred Marvin and Josephine Celeste fussed at me for doing bad (I think there may have been one other time, but memory fades, you know).

But I do vividly recollect many multitudinous occurrences when Freddy ("The Big Ugly") and Bobby ("The Music Man") got fussed at for horrible acts of manifest evil. Many of them! Yep, that's my story, and I'm sticking to it.

No; what I mean is getting fussed at for doing good stuff. Sometimes, misunderstandings happen and the referee sees the second blow and not the first one that started it all. Sometimes, the teacher sees you and not little Johnny being - well, little Johnny - and you get the trip to the principal's office. These things happen; but what does the Bible mean when it says:

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are you, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you" (Matthew 5:10-12).

My dear Christian friend, this world is not your home; you're just passing through; and sometimes you rub the fur and ruffle the feathers the wrong way. Sometimes, you feel like "Mr. Woody Ross" in Jonesville, South Carolina's speed trap with "Officer Barney Fife" standing outside your driver's side window with his ticket book needing one more entry to make quota (names changed to protect the guilty).

I think the verses are self-explanatory! Sometimes, you get fussed at for doing what is right because "everybody else" is doing wrong. Just be glad you are

being fussed at for doing RIGHT - and be assured that God knows all and remembers all!

Kids have enormous peer pressure to get away with as much as principals, police, parents, preachers, and other authority figures cannot possibly see.

Employees have enormous pressure to slack off and get by with bare bones minimum while demanding more pay and benefits.

Even Christians have these pressures! But please remember, when we (who know the truth about God and His Grace and Mercy) slack off and quit telling people that the "bridge is out", eternity can be in the balance for that next person! Think of that! Eternity! Think of a never ending, perpetual, continual, endless, infinite future without God and no hope of ever having His forgiveness; because - well - because we got tired of getting fussed at for doing right!

*These columns are written for the Wednesday and Weekend Editions of the Newport Plain Talk by Tom Mooty, Sr. Pastor of Newport's West End Baptist Church; and all comments should be sent to [tommooty15@gmail.com](mailto:tommooty15@gmail.com) or P.O. Box 851, Newport.*