

FIVE MINUTES WITH TOM MOOTY

(Col # 2148)

"WHAT A BIG TIME BUMMER!"

In my short life of eighty years; and in my short ministry of fifty six years; I have heard of some pretty spectacular legal wrangling (otherwise known as trials) for this accused person or that one. I must confess, I have heard of or watched as the "ugly American" comes leaking out of otherwise sane and normal persons; but the thought of one of these spectacular trials just brings out the worst.

I heard of one such trial in Orlando, Florida some time ago; and it was the hottest ticket in town; I mean, it was hotter than Mickey and his entire group out on the outskirts.

People stood in line, camped in line, ate in line, watched television in line, slapped backs in line, and told lies in line to grab one of the few available seats in the balcony for the day's "show". I mean, some of those "ugly Americans" were like those misfits who wait in line for the newest offering from one of the fast food "diners, drive ins, and dives" in their television commercials.

I sat back in my chair and watched those discontented, dissatisfied, long tongued, rubber-necking dissidents literally run over each other when the gates opened, or the whistle blew, or the white smoke rose from the stack (or whatever signal they were given).

One unfortunate lady was shoved down, stepped over, and stomped on by that herd of "someday I gotta get a life" hooligans. Fights broke out and words were spoken in their inhuman and inhumane haste to grab a seat.

Actually, this sort of trial goes on in most every courthouse in every county seat in every state at some time or another; but this one was "made for television" and was served up a la carte with a side order of "OJ".

"Get outta my way, old lady! You're in my way with that wheelchair, old man!"

Yessir, those are the kind of people I have looked forward to being with since I spent most of the night on the shores of the Suez Canal at midnight, trying to catch a bus into Egypt! (But that's column fodder for another time).

Anyway, I watched as they pushed and pulled and shoved and shook their miserable way toward the door, exerting their determined and aggressive perseverance to attain the prize - of - of - of what exactly? Oh yes, getting one of the few seats in the balcony to watch the "show".

The thing is; after all of that effort; after all that drive and determination to propel themselves into an empty seat (or one that was occupied if he/she was smaller); after all that senseless effort and meaningless endeavor; I watched in delight as the judge came out and announced that "court would be in recess until day after tomorrow".

Say what?

I gave up my tickets to Mickey's House for this? I could have been pushing and shoving my way through the crowds to ride the teacups or gulp an overpriced coke; and I extended my stay in that overpriced motel for another day for - for - for this!

Bummer! Big time bummer!

Hope you enjoy your trip back home; and by the way, the lady you stepped over and stomped on is gonna be all right; just in case you were wondering!

Isn't that exactly like the world?

I mean, isn't that just the way the devil delights in treating people?

He delight is to build you up with great expectations; then let you listen for that big "whooshing" sound as the air gets let out of your sails. It is as one preacher said, "All the devil's apples have worms in them".

I've been walking this way a long, long time; and I cannot begin to tell you all the life stories I have been told (and experienced a few myself) when the devil has dangled a treat in front that soon turned into a trick.

Are you better off today because you are following the empty paths of ole "Slew Foot"? Maybe? Ok, how about tomorrow? What will happen tomorrow when the plans you have made all fall through because the judge recesses the meeting? Than what will you do? Do you really think - I mean REALLY think that the devil is your friend? Do you really believe he cares one little bit for and about you?

He will leave you laying there like those impatient ingrates left that lady lying there!

Don't know how to get out of that mess you have made of your life? I do; and I will share!