

In search of...



Truth & Right

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Have A Bad Day

I should have known how it was going to be by how it started. I dropped the shampoo in the shower. Then when I got through shaving and doing all the other stuff you do to get ready, I caught my foot in my pants and did a St. Vita's Day dance all over the bathroom floor.

I have to take several pills every morning. I dropped the little plastic cup I had them in and they spilled all over the floor. Even after I found my glasses, I couldn't locate them all.

I bit my lip at breakfast (that means I have three more times to bite it before it gets well). By then I was almost afraid to get the car out of the garage. But I left the house courageously and started for the office. Every light was red. Every truck and pickup in Harris county was not only in front of me, but poking along at a snail's pace. Then when I turned onto Spencer, a lady in front of me, who was putting on her make-up and talking on the cell phone at the same time, swerved in front of me,

almost taking off my front fender. I restrained myself, saying, "What difference does it make?"

By then I knew what it was. "It's a bad day," I thought. They come, you know. They just come. And the more you try to do something with them, the more confusion and chaos you cause. You just have to endure them until you can take some Tylenol PM and go to bed (assuming you don't trip over the bedspread as you get in). But even after you recognize what it is—and you can usually do that pretty early—you still have to endure it.

The phone was ringing when I got to the office. It was a fellow who has decided that I am the world's champion false teacher just because I'm friends with somebody who is friends with somebody who taught error before he died. He kept pushing me for some sort of email debate on the "questions facing the brotherhood today." I was not able to convince him that I had little to do with "the brotherhood," that I was just trying to do my work here and help all of us go to heaven.

That wasn't enough. The conversation got heated. And I got louder and louder because I felt the sting of his ridiculous assertions more and more. I didn't lose my temper, but brother, was I on the edge! I finally took all I could take and

told him off—so much so that after the conversation ended and about 20 minutes had passed, I called him and apologized—not for what I had said, but for the vehemence with which I said it. He responded poorly. It's hard not to get angry again when somebody tells you you're going to hell. Oh well, I did what I could, albeit maybe not with the love and meekness I should have exhibited at the beginning.

But that wasn't the end of the bad day. I went to lunch. I had seen a TV commercial for a new sandwich with low-carbs for \$2.99. It was a special they were running. I ordered it—I thought—asking for the new low-carb pita bread. When I got to the register to pay for my sandwich the lad told me the price was \$4.76. "How come?" I asked. "Because you had the pita bread," he said. "Do you mean that it's \$1.77 for one piece of bread?" I asked, as kindly as I could. "I guess," he said, "that's what the computer says and I have to do it that way." (Isn't it interesting how machines now run our lives instead of our running the machines?)

Well, enough, it didn't get any better. One little bad deal after the other came. My pen ran out of ink. I couldn't find a post-it note. I lost a whole chapter on the computer and never saw it again. It was the

pits, that day was. I once wrote in my journal, "Lord, please don't come today—I don't think I'm ready."

Bad days are part of life. How we handle them is important. Some suggestions? Sure.

Use the bad days for good. Bad days help us. Bad days, if they are reflected upon properly, teach us good stuff. For instance, I got a good dose of humility out of that bad day last week. When I got to thinking about it, I had too much pride in almost every instance. "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall," said the wise man (Prov. 16:18). And "Only by pride cometh contentions" (Prov. 13:10). There are lots of things that we can learn from bad days—that life is short, that we need more knowledge so as to make better choices, that friends are more important than progress, that character is better than money, that excellence is more excellent than success. Bad days teach us good things.

Use the bad days to draw closer to God. When everything is good, when there are no cars in your lane and nobody is on your back about anything, when things are just fine, it's easy to forget God. We dare not. When a bad day comes, we should use it to make sure that when we have a

good one we don't forget who we are, and from whence we are come. Thankfulness can certainly come of out bad days. Prayer is closer when things aren't right. God is more important when we need help. Brethren have a greater value when we're down and out.

Remember, the sun will shine again. "In the day of prosperity, be joyful, but in the day of adversity, consider." Good advice from Solomon, the man who saw life from every angle (Eccles. 7:14). We need to rejoice at all the good things we have. There's a time for that, a time to be glad and enjoy all our blessings. But when things are not good, we need to reflect, ponder, meditate. That's good for us, too. Bad days come, but so do good days. And for those of us who are His children, we have a blessed assurance that the sun will shine again, even if we must endure the most horrible day of all.

Oh, by the way. I sure had a good day the next day. But I doubt I learned as much.

Dee Bowman

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Letter to Philemon

P E Q Y A F T J P H I L E M O N X C Z V
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L S O V S Q U A Y X R Q O E B I H Y T U
Z L H Z R V C C P C G O V R W S L T P Y

- Paul was a Prisoner for Christ Jesus (vs. 9)
- The hearts of the saints were Refreshed through Philemon (vs. 7)
- Paul did not want it to be by Compulsion (vs. 14)
- A runaway Slave was the main concern of the letter
- Onesimus is considered Paul's child in the faith (vs. 10)
- His former master, Philemon, was a Christian
- The letter is also addressed to Apphia, their sister...
- ...and to Archippus, their fellow soldier (vs. 2)
- Paul prayed about the Sharing of their faith (vs. 6)
- He wanted Onesimus accepted back as a Brother (vs. 16)
- Paul was Confident of Philemon's obedience (vs. 21)