

Things started out great. I had attended the Veterans' Day program at the High School and intended to make the pep rally, but I went at the regular time, not play off – drive a long way – time. You get the picture. I missed the pep rally. I caught up with the girls and at least got to say hello and wish them well before they headed off for the game. While there I discovered that Caitlyn had a mishap with her tights. I headed out to the game. On the drive I decided I could do Caitlyn a favor and pick up a new pair of tights. Easier said than done. After the fifth store I got the idea that this good deed might not come to pass. After the seventh store I knew it wouldn't. My search had gone cold and so had the temperature.

I checked in with Caitlyn and asked if she had something other than her uniform and coverup sweats. She said no and I thought well not a total failure, after all I had a Franklin Lion Sweatshirt/hoodie in my car (of course it was quite old and totally not the right shade of green, but it would keep her warm). I could still be helpful by giving her something warm to wear.

I arrived at the game and discovered they had not yet arrived. Not knowing where they would be, I sat at the 50-yard line. It wasn't long before I saw them filling up the stands at the 20 and realized they would not be down on the field except for half time. If I wanted to watch her twirl, I would need to move closer to the band. So, I did. That's when she told me that the band had stopped somewhere and she saw a black hoodie and since it was black out day, and she loved the hoodie and needed one, she picked it up on her way in. She would not need my hoodie after all. Anyone who knows me, knows I like to be helpful – Oh well. At half time I found a different way to keep her warm as I purchased hot chocolate for her and me and Evelyn.

The new seat ended up behind an older couple. She was wrapped up in her shawl. He was sitting beside her with his hands wrapped in the edge of the shawl. Clearly, they had not been expecting this drop in temp. As the temps continued downward, eventually settling at 56 degrees. I noticed the man shivering. I offered my hoodie for him to wrap his hands in. But it wasn't long that even that was insufficient. By this time, we had struck up quite a bit of conversation. So, feeling a bit more familiar, I suggested that he put the hoodie on and place his hands in the pockets. That way both he and his hands would be warm. It fit him perfectly.

We discovered that they were there cheering on a relative. They lived near my daughter Jenn's house. I totally enjoyed the conversation. When I went to leave, I told the man that I would like him to keep the hoodie and thanked God when they agreed to keep it. When I got to my car, I thanked God for the opportunity to help someone. And I was struck by the irony that while the help I had intended to offer was not needed, there was another opportunity to serve.

When the time of harvesting had come Jesus looked out at the field ripe and ready for picking and spoke these words. *"The harvest is plentiful, but the laborers are few; therefore, pray earnestly to the Lord of the harvest to send out laborers into his harvest.* Matthew 9:35-38.

There is a lot of good to be done, a lot of need, and a lot of people with whom to share the Good News. Small acts of kindness are an expression of love and when done for the right reason, they can be an expression of the Goodness of God. I hope you will look around and see what kind of things you could do to be a doer of the Word. Because as it says in James Chapter 2 *"But be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. "For if any be a hearer of the Word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: For he beholds himself, and goes his way, and straightway forgets what manner of man he was."* The truth is that being a helper is how I live out being a doer of the Word. Sometimes, the person involves turns down the help, some might even be startled by the help, and I dare say my kids might use the word "annoyed" by the help. But by and large, people are grateful – thankful. Look, being a helper is how I live out being a doer of the Word. How do you do it?

Better yet, when was the last time you were a doer of the Word? It's a great way to be reminded of who you are, and to whom you belong.