



But in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. -

Matthew 15:9

invaindotheyworshipme.com

I Think Too Much

Perhaps my aunt was right last summer when she told me I needed to stop thinking so much. We got into an argument about what the Bible taught. I was saying things she had never heard before and seemingly didn't want to hear. But I'm not going to talk about my aunt. She is a very sweet lady and I love her dearly. Besides, some of you might know her.

Last week I ran across a short video on Facebook that describes people who think too much. It pretty much summed me up and I shared it on my wall for others to see. Maybe they also think too much or know someone who does.

So, I am a thinker. My mind is always wandering from topic to topic. There is a play (if you want to call it that) that repeats through my mind continually. I have decided to share with you a little of what my thoughts are at the moment. You might find them interesting and some of you might get downright angry with where I end up. You're welcome to your opinion. I have nothing to base what the outcome of this blurb will be except some observations I have made.

Let's start this with a place I worked for half a day when I first moved to Little Rock. I signed up with a temporary agency so I could have an income while I searched for a job. I was sent to a company who needed someone for 2 days to do some intense typing. I had scored well on my typing test so I was sent to do the job.

I found the company in a warehouse complex that was located beside the Arkansas River. The office was located in the front of their space and there was a factory in the back in an area that was originally designed to be a warehouse.

When I arrived I was shown a typewriter and handed a box of file folder labels and 1 sheet of paper with names on them and told to type the names onto the labels. In the office there were two women who worked as secretaries and the boss though I only saw the boss fleetingly. She spent all her time out in the factory and let the office run itself.

I began typing those names onto the labels and watching the two women who worked in the office. After starting me on my task, they got their coffee then sat down at their desks and began gossiping.

I'm sorry to say that I ruined those poor ladies days (and possibly their jobs). About five minutes after I began typing those labels I told them I was finished and ready for the next task. They both sat bolt upright in their seats with large eyes. Clearly they were alarmed. It turned out that they had persuaded their boss they needed someone to come in and type those labels and told her it was a 2 day job. Typing those labels was the only thing they had for me to do. They couldn't find anything else for me to do and told me that I HAD to look busy when the boss walked through.

What was I to do? I sat there all morning pretending to be working and watching those two women who would only work while their boss was walking through the office. The boss was having problems in the factory so she would come into the office only long enough to grab something then head back out into the factory. Those two women were unsupervised and both of them were taking advantage of that.

When I left for lunch I went to a phone and called my boss at the temp agency. She told me she would handle it and not go back. Some time later I was driving by and noticed that building was empty. I wasn't surprised to see they had gone belly-up. But when I thought how those two in the office had persuaded their boss they needed someone for 2 days to type up a sheet of names onto labels I wondered how they got away with that. But I didn't lose any sleep over it because there was more to the story. What I didn't tell you is that the original boss had died and the owner of the company hired the secretary to be his replacement. The former secretary was the boss when I was sent there to type labels. She should have known that there was no need for someone to go in to type 1 sheet of labels and she certainly should have known that it wasn't a two day job.

Perhaps the fault was mine. Those of you who are Seventh-day Adventists will have heard of Dr. Sam Bacchiocchi. When Elkanah was in graduate school we would live in the dorm at Andrews University during the summer while Elkanah

did his summer school thing. I needed something to do so Elkanah went somewhere and arranged an interview for me with Dr. Bacchiocchi who was looking for a typist. When I got to his house he said he didn't have a job available but he invited me down to his basement anyway where his office was located. I found there was another person in there who was busy typing at one of the computers.

Dr. Bacchiocchi sat me down at the other computer and showed me what he wanted done which was to type addresses, then he left the room. Every few minutes he would come look over my shoulder to see what I was doing then leave. I didn't realize what was happening. If I had I would have gotten up and left. While I was there he fired the guy who was working for him then hired me for the summer.

Dr. B had never seen a secretary who could do the things that I could do in the amount of time that I did them. And he turned out to be an excellent job reference for me. He never forgot me either. I worked for him every summer while Elkanah was doing the summer school thing, and after that every time he heard my name he would inform people that I was the absolute best secretary he ever had.

Yes, I was. And I will admit it. But I'll also admit that I had a secret weapon those other secretaries didn't have and Dr. B may have never figured out. He was in the habit of hiring college students who hadn't been in the work force long enough to realize that they were hired to do a job, not to goof off. At the time my typing speed was around 100 and I was old enough to have learned something about work ethics. When I worked I focused on the task that was given to me. That's what I was hired to do. Of course he thought I was wonderful.

Years later I applied for a job at a mental health clinic and I used him for a reference. No, I wasn't a patient there, I was in charge of the medical records and part of the transcription. While working for Dr. B he was praising me over my typing skills and I told him that I knew a lady who could type over 200 WPM. She had competed in national contests and once she was typing away and blew up a typewriter. It couldn't keep up with her. He got confused and thought I was talking about myself. After I was hired at that mental health clinic my boss asked me about the national competition I had been in. I didn't know what she was talking about. She told me that the person I had used for a reference had told her that I had won speed competitions in a national typing contest. I had a little laugh but had to correct her and tell her that he was confused, it wasn't me, it was a friend of mine.

This mental health clinic had an adult day care program. The patients would mostly stay in the back of the building where there was a large room and lots of activities for them, but occasionally one of them would wander to the front of the building and talk with one of us in the office.

One day there were two patients standing at the office window and one of them was wanting to talk about God. She told me that she believed that God was a black man and asked me why we white people insist that he had to be white. I had never thought about that before and answered that I suppose he could be. The other patient spoke up and said that Jesus was a Jew. Neither of us could argue with that and the subject was either changed or I made a quick exit back to my office. That was a subject I didn't want to discuss with them.

Did anyone happen to notice in the headlines several days back that scientists had been able to reconstruct from the remains of what they believe to have been an ancient (Bible times ancient) person, what they believe the person looked like. It made headlines because they believe that person had very dark colored skin. I wish I had read the article and even kept a link to it or a screenshot. All I have to work with is the memory of the headline and memory of the picture they had taken of the reconstructed head.

Now I'm wondering if perhaps that lady at the mental health clinic was correct. Was Jesus a black man? Were humans originally created to have dark skin and those of us who have light colored skin are the anomalies? There is some evidence to support this and that is the behavior of satan. Satan hates Jesus and has worked to make everything about Jesus to be deplorable to us. Now look at the history of the people with dark colored skin. Do I even begin to understand how they have been treated throughout the ages? Or how they are still treated today? No. The deplorable treatment they have received is high evidence that humans were originally created with dark colored skin.

So, here's a question for you. How will you react if you discover that when Jesus comes to rescue his people he turns out to be a black man? Will you be willing to go to heaven with him?

And that's a little insight into the mind of someone who thinks too much. I spend a lot of time trying to solve imaginary problems for imaginary and sometimes real people. As I wrote this I solved why that business in Little Rock went under years ago. I solved the mystery of Dr. B's infamous superwoman secretary. I gave you a little insight into why one of my bosses referred to me as Radar (I didn't tell you about him). And I gave you food for thought about Jesus.

So, now it's time to rest the bean for a moment. My cat looks like she might need some help in taking a nap. Pillow, here comes my head.

Lots of love,

Hannah