

The
KINGDOM
Chronicles

The
HONEY DO
List

by Steven G. Kennard

The Kingdom Chronicles

Short Stories of Life and Love

In the Kingdom

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The Honey-do List

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In the Kingdom of Heaven
may there never be a
HONEY - DO List.

Just Another Day Somewhere in the Kingdom

(Lessons in Grace)

ife in the Kingdom is never dull, even in our little corner of the Kingdom. In our day to day living we can always find reasons to be thankful, and learn lessons that will stick with us for a lifetime. Life's lessons can come easy, or they can come hard. The way we learn a life lesson just might depend on the attitude of our heart at the time. For it is the heart that skews our perspective of the events in our life, and the ones that are about to unfold.



hen I was in the military one of the things you learned was how to get a particular job done. If you didn't have the right tools for the job then adapt, be creative, improvise, but by all means get it done. I forgot all those lessons after I got out of the military, I was finally free and doing my own thing ... and then I got married. My little corner of the Kingdom changed forever.

In the military my Drill Sargent yelled and yelled and then he screamed at us and yes it stuck in our heads and off we would go to get "err" done. Now it took several years of marriage before I realized that the women have their ways also. They tell you nicely, and then tell you again, but with attitude. Then a month later out of frustration they write it down and post it on all the doors, the refrigerator, your computer screen and everywhere they think you will see it. If that doesn't work they staple it to your forehead. They give this a name ... "The Honey-do list."

Every married man knows about the honey-do list. What she is telling you with such a list is to "Please deal with these things for me." Some of the things ... well most of the things are well within your grasp. We too often just need a little motivation like my Drill Sargent used to say to all of us, "MOVE IT, MOVE

IT, MOVE IT” ... that seemed to work too. Then there are times when it’s smarter, faster and healthier to just hire someone to do the things on the list for you.

This following story was originally my response to an email from a friend who was seeking advice as to whether he should hire a plumber, or try to do the work himself. Here was my response to him and maybe good words of advice to everyone else also.

THE HONEY-DO LIST

"The art of being wise is the art of knowing what to overlook."

Williams James



few years ago there was a lightning storm in our area that knocked out the lights in our house. We called the electric company and they came out and said the problem was the electrical line between the house and the transformer, so it was up to us to get it fixed ourselves. In the meantime, the electrical company laid down a temporary line so that we could have power. My wife Kathy told me she knew an electrician from work who did jobs on the side, so we had him come over and look at the problem for us. He told us we needed to run a new line and bury it two feet deep. He gave us a price of \$150.00 to dig the trench, or we could save the money and do the digging ourselves. Any time the words "save money, do it yourself" are mentioned, beware. Well, Kathy quickly offered my services, stating that I could do the job quickly and I needed the exercise.

During that time, my mother was visiting from out of town and she also agreed that I should dig the trench and that I needed the exercise. My fate was sealed. The next night I started digging the trench and with a pat on the back from my wife and a few cookies for quick energy, I jumped into action.

It was going to be so easy, one shovel wide and two feet deep. Within three feet I ran into a cable TV line but I determined it was an old line, so I should keep going. The trench was supposed to be as straight as possible but this new cable discovery caused me to make a slightly curved trench. Dirt was flying and I

was making real progress. "More cookies," I yelled as I made my way to the back fence. I started to notice that some more cable was coming up with every shovel full of dirt I flung. Again I turned the trench in another direction, trying to avoid this cable. My mother came out and announced that her favorite TV program had just gone black and the TV had stopped working. I pretended not to have a clue as to why figuring that I didn't have to worry about that cable any more.

Kathy brought out more cookies and offered encouragement. The back yard was looking like a scene from the movie Money Pit, but did I care? I was saving \$150.00. After a little bit more digging, my eldest daughter came out to tell me that she had been talking to her boyfriend when all of a sudden the line went dead. I quickly announced that I thought the phones were out all over the neighborhood and then I made another curve in my trench. As I dug, I kept hitting a pipe about two feet down, and it seemed to be going in the same direction as was I. What a coincidence! About that time I called Kathy back out to see the evidence and asked her to call (using the neighbor's phone) the electrician about the pipe I kept hitting.

After about 15 minutes she came back to tell me that the electrician thought the pipe was the old electrical pipe and if so, then we didn't need to dig the trench after all. By this time I had no TV, no phone and lots of piles of dirt from a very crooked trench.

The electrician also told Kathy that all I needed to do was dig a hole by the transformer and find out where the pipe connected to it. So, no problem, I thought I could dig the hole quickly, right? Two hours later I was in a hole up to my chest when the shovel decided to break, "Thank God" I said. I was tired and hurting from all the piles of dirt I had created which were now mixed with various pieces of cables. It was at this point that my mother came out and offered to pay the money and let someone else finish the job. I had already found the spot where the pipe intersected the transformer, however, so the job was finished and it was time to quit.

We suffered through the rest of the week with no TV and no phone but we eventually got everything fixed and working again. Sometime during the next two weeks I noticed a bump had formed in my belly button. It didn't hurt so I figured it would just go away after a while. Two weeks passed and the bump did

not go away, It got bigger a type of Mount Everest was now sticking out of my stomach where there use to be a belly button.

Then one night my stomach started to hurt and my newly formed Mount Everest was the cause of it. I knew I was going to have to go to the emergency room, so I got my wife and we drove to the hospital. Eventually I taken to the back and was looked at by a doctor.

The first thing I told him was, "Do not touch my belly button, it hurts REALLY BAD." By now Mount Everest was sticking straight out of my stomach. Like the true professional that he wasn't, the doctor touched it anyway. After they got me off the floor and back on the table, he decided I needed a shot of Demerol for pain. That was the last thing I remembered for a while. My blood pressure dropped to 80 over 40 and I remember yelling, "MEDIC, MEDIC!" (I think I was having a Vietnam flashback). The doctor then announced that he thought I was allergic to Demerol. Wow, a real Sherlock Holmes moment for this medical professional.

The next day I underwent surgery for a strangulated umbilical hernia that I had developed by digging a trench in order to save \$150.00. By the time I paid the extra charges to the phone company (they had to run new lines), to the cable TV company for a new cable to the house, replaced the shovel and paid our deductibles for the two days in the hospital and emergency room, I calculated that we really didn't save any money. By the way, the genius doctor sewed up my belly button and now what use to be a lent filled tribute to the fact I was born was now AWOL forever. End of story!

Here is my advice ... unless you are a plumber, don't do the work yourself. Pay the real plumber and let your wife give him the cookies.

Sometimes it seems like you can never get enough grace. I have said many times under my breath, Lord help my temper, help my attitude, help my thoughts and most of all help my mouth to stay quiet. There are times when God gives us just a little extra grace to make it through a crisis.

THE END