

Anecdotes by Papi

I'LL JUST WRITE YOU ANOTHER CHECK!

I recently shared a little story entitled “Humble as an Old Hound Dog” that took place thirty five years ago in Orlando Florida at an establishment called Mectron INC at which I was an employee. This little narrative took place about two weeks after the other one. Moreover be advised that some things are known to run in triplet; therefore, there will be one more forthcoming and hopefully interesting tale that was associated with Mectron and the exercise of faith.

My immediate supervisor was previously mentioned by his first name “Charlie.” Charlie was a blessing to my wife and me when I first began my employment stint there as a welder. I got there on a Friday and consequently my first paycheck reflected the wages of a single day only. Charlie offered me a small personal loan until I could get a full paycheck and I graciously accepted his kind generosity.

Now here is where the tale actually gets roots. Charlie got a little extra work for me on a particular weekend and “Precious” and I certainly needed the additional income it provided. Oh . . . you may as well know . . . “Precious” was my first adoring nickname for my wife; that is what I called her when we first got married. The extra job was easy enough; it involved a simple welding procedure and took a mere two days.

A somewhat wealthy individual had some balconies protruding over lower areas of his stylish home that he was sealing so rain water could not leak through. Metal sheets were put down and all the seams were welded and sealed by your’s truly. The plan was to later pour lightweight concrete on top and cover the concrete with green outdoor carpet. When I finished the project the homeowner was no where around so I went home and returned later with my wife to get paid. No problem – besides I was anxious to show her where I had been working.

The man didn't ask me what he owed me and instead simply wrote a personal two party check. I was a little disappointed. Honestly I said that only to say this "I was a lot disappointed." He had rewarded me with minimum wage and I have never had to work for minimum wage in my entire life, nonetheless, I said nothing. Humility is something that has to be practiced to be perfected and I suppose I was practicing.

When I returned to that classic ole' automobile mentioned in "Humble as an Old Hound Dog" I placed the check in the Bible that was always on the dashboard when I traveled in my "Travelall." It wasn't necessarily placed in a specific place but only where the casual lift of pages had provided. My wife and I got home and neither of us could find the check that had just a few minutes earlier been placed in the Bible that remains in my possession today. It is the same Bible that was instrumental in the sequence of miracles that had released me from the state penitentiary just a few months prior. I checked and she checked, she checked and I checked; we both checked again to no avail and we are both fairly good checkers!

The Bible was fanned and shook; flipped and leafed through repeatedly and the check simply could not be found! I placed it in the Bible and knew I had done so. My wife watched me place it there and when it was absolutely missing she couldn't fathom why. Remember beloved we didn't have a great deal of money and naturally we were counting on it.

Monday morning was uneventful until Charlie ventured through with a little inquisitiveness concerning how my weekend had gone. I did not tell him about the check until he asked me "Well ... did Mr. So-and-so treat you right this weekend?" The man was more incensed than I had been; he said "that isn't even what you make here" and continued with "the least he could have done was to pay you time and a half of what you make here!" "Give me the check, I'll tell him he didn't do you right!" Ok ... just one problem. Then I told him the whole scenario concerning the missing check. Of course he encouraged me to go look again on break, which I did and still didn't find the check.

At the end of the day I was summoned to Mr. So-and-so's office; it was just a few steps away from my work area because Mr. So-and-so was not only the owner of the stylish home on which I worked he was the owner of the business as well. He said "Charlie tells me I didn't treat you right for the work you did for me." "Give me the check and I'll make amends." You guessed it! I was forced to tell the story of the missing check once again because Charlie had not shared it with him and

now I was concerned that if I could not produce the missing check he may not write me another one.

“I’ll just write you another check!”

I thanked him for his consideration that Charlie had obviously facilitated, and after spending so much time in his office after work, once again, I was the last one to leave that familiar parking lot. As I pulled out of my parking place I reached and placed the check in that same Bible.

Beloved, to this very day and beyond, when I become fortunate in standing before the King, will I never cease to be amazed concerning the placement of that second check. I laid it **PRECISELY** on top of the first check. When it seems in forlorn times that you may have been forgotten and mistreated then I say from personal experience, “Wait upon the Lord.” Had I chosen to take any other course than the one wherein humility was being practiced, I firmly believe the outcome would have been just another disgruntled, unhappy, uneventful episode that would have only been remembered with remorse. I of course returned the first check but I’m not at all sure Mr. So-and-so actually believed the account. To him ... it probably didn’t matter just as it will not matter to some who read this tale of reminiscence concerning the Grace of the Almighty Creator. Nevertheless what accompanies all of these tales of faith is the element of truth. This truth I place in fear before My Father as praise offering unto Him. My praise for the providence by which He has kept me all these days still astounds carnal minds. I placed the offering before him to be blessed that I may in turn place it before you in offering of love.

This question is asked in scripture: “Is anything too hard for God?” Naw He said, “The workman is worthy of his hire” and “touch not my anointed and do my prophets no harm.” The Lord looks out for His children and has said elsewhere “I love them that love me.” And when it becomes necessary he will orchestrate an unfathomable course of events that will not make any sense until looked back upon in retrospect regarding divinity; and he will cause someone to be forced to say “I’ll just write you another check!”

Papi
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