

## Sunday Morning Rush

Sunday mornings were a little crazy around our place when I was a kid growing up. First of all, things kicked in about an hour earlier than most other days. That meant that we were headed out to the barn around five o'clock instead of six. I remember the struggle of crawling out of bed in that old Indiana farmhouse in the winter. There was no heat upstairs except for whatever floated up through a little twelve by twelve-inch register in the floor. It was freezing to say the least. We had giant feather beds that lay on top of all the blankets and comforters that we owned. I remember three of us boys sleeping in one bed in our long johns and wool socks and stocking caps when it was really cold. So, when morning came it was pure torture to crawl out of that cocoon. I always laid out my clothes right on my chair by the bed ready to go for the morning. When my alarm went off, I would jump out of bed, grab my clothes and head downstairs as fast as my little legs could carry me. When I got downstairs, I would hurry over to one of the hot water radiators and put on my clothes. There wasn't any forced air heat just those hot water radiators that weren't all that efficient to say the least.

Then it was out to the entrance room to put on overalls, coats and boots. We all had certain chores to do outside and in the barn each day. Sometimes we worked together with a brother and sometimes alone. It was always a comfort to step into the warm barn and turn on the lights. The cows were usually mostly all laying down and chewing their cud. The cats were piled up in the corner to keep warm, and they would wake up and start stretching when the lights went on. There were always a couple baby calves in the pen lying in the fluffy yellow straw as well.

A couple of us would help bring the milking machines into the barn and hook them up while my Dad began to prep the first four cow's udders for milking. Once the milking was started, off we all went to get our chores done while Dad milked. Sunday mornings meant we had to keep moving to get everything fed, watered and cared for because we never missed Sunday School and Church. We lived about twenty miles from our church, so we had to account for travel time as well. I always like Sunday morning breakfast because that was the only morning of the week that we got to eat cold cereal. We thought that was a great treat. I still remember when I began dating my wife and seeing about ten boxes of cereal on top of the family fridge and thinking, "wow, I have never seen that much cereal in my life!"

Anyway, church was a priority, and we all knew it and to this day it still is for our families. At our church back then the teachers and pastors talked about how important it was that we have a relationship with Jesus and not just practice religion. Jesus said some pretty sobering words himself about this in Matthew 7. He is telling the people that God wants us to know Him by walking and talking with Him daily, not just believing that He exists, being a good person or practicing religion. Jesus said these words in verses 21-23 of chapter 7 *"Not everyone who says to me, 'Lord, Lord,' will enter the kingdom of heaven, but the one who does the will of my Father who is in heaven. On that day many will say to me, 'Lord, Lord, did we not prophesy in your name, and cast out demons in your name, and do many mighty works in your name?' And then will I declare to them, 'I never knew you; depart from me, you workers of lawlessness.'* How does Jesus get to know us you ask? He puts the ball in our court. It's our job to receive Him into our hearts and then learn about Him by reading the Bible. Then we talk to Him and walk with

Him each day. If we develop a relationship with Him, we will hear Him say one day, “*well done good and faithful servant, enter into your inheritance*”. Until next week, God bless.