

Love is a Crushed Crystal Geyser Water Bottle

My dad tried to teach that kind of love through his example. He was careful to establish procedures and ensure that we were following them, which smoothed the path for the next guy. He did the unusu-

What is "love?" Is it putting a hand-wash sink near the Deli Café, for customers who want to eat there to be able to wash their hands without walking across the store to the restrooms?

It might be what my dad advised to us: "Keep your tools sharpened," which meant what? Always be ready to do the best job you can, for the sake of those around you. Be ready to do your part, to help, to support.

So what does a crushed Crystal Geyser bottle have to do with it? Please let me explain.

Years ago, we at the store and at our home switched to using bottled water in our coffeemakers, so that the heavy mineral content of the tap water wouldn't ruin the coffeemakers so quickly. For years I spent much time cleaning the Bunn coffeepots with white vinegar to dissolve the hardened minerals that clogged the coffeemaker.

Bottled water solved that issue. The plastic bottles are recyclable, and unlike almost all the other brands of bottled water, like Arrowhead or Sparkletts, Crystal Geyser uses a clear, lightweight plastic with ribs in the plastic that give it enough strength to carry the 8lbs that a gallon of water weighs.

We have always crushed the bottles in order to fit more in the container we use to take to the recycler, which then creates fewer trips across the parking lot for some poor soul who has to wait up to an hour, depending on what's happening at the time. The bottles can be crushed either by stomping on them, which flattens them, or by crushing them vertically with your hands and placing the cap back on it to keep it airtight and relatively flat.

Why does it matter? Because it's a sensible and logical thing to do; it saves time and space; and it demonstrates awareness and care to do things that help others or to make things work more smoothly. It's a kind of Love! But so many people live with their heads down and refuse or miss the lesson.

Breakrooms like ours are fertile fields for such moral/spiritual lessons like the above. Another is how often we find the dregs of someone's soup cup poured into the drain, with the solids (noodles, veggies, etc.) left in the just strainer. Or torn, empty packages just left on the breakroom table.

Why do these things bug me so much? Because it is sloppy and lazy and is inconsiderate of the person who ends up having to clean it up. Who do these slobbs think is supposed to clean up after them? **How about thinking of others enough to make their jobs lighter? That would be love.**

Is "love" too strong a word for these silly examples? No, I don't think so. We've been trained to think of love as sexual love, as we are constantly groomed by TV commercials and shows and the cultural atmosphere we breathe. Then for many, "love" can refer to the affection we feel for friends or pets. And it can refer to our love for our families.

Somewhere along the line we have sidelined this other most important kind of love, that of doing what's best for the other, even or especially at the cost of our own convenience or comfort or even our life!

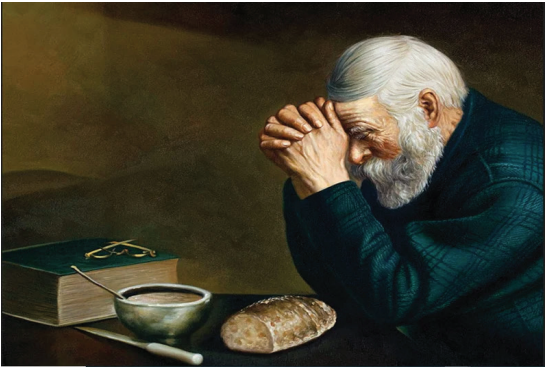
al, the opinions of grocery and hardware "professionals" be damned. If it made sense to serve the customers better, making their lives easier even in tiny ways, then he would do it. An example is the hand-wash sink mentioned above.

He kept up his Civil Engineer's license current with the State of California in case he might need it. He learned and practiced refrigeration maintenance to save the store thousands of dollars over the years. And his actual tools were kept organized and sharp, literally, until he had to give access to others who weren't as careful.

Keeping our tools sharp also means keeping our minds sharp, constantly practicing good habits of thinking and never stopping learning, improving, and growing our skills. **The aim is to be available to help at all times, to support others in their endeavors, and to do our own jobs well so as not to burden others with our own slobery or lack of preparation. That is a kind of love!**

Some of us who have been involved (for over 50 years!) with this mission of service (to God and you) that is this store, are challenged as our bodies decline with age. Each medical issue that pops up and is resolved seems to be followed by another, and another, and more. Do we just retire to our houses, gardens, and pets, and let our minds and bodies become blobs of nothing, or do we care (love) enough to continue to serve God and our neighbors that we fight the decline and do whatever it takes to keep going? That is an issue of love:

- Love for God – what do YOU want, Abba



Father?

- Love for others – how best can we serve others as You will?
- Love for ourselves – caring to keep ourselves in shape for the sakes of those around us.

The Greeks were smart enough to have separate words for the different kinds of love. The English language has come to use the one word "love" for many meanings and has become corrupted so that we confuse "love" with sex, or affection, or pleasure in trinkets and things.

A good synonym for "love" is the phrase "care and concern" – to do right by God, to do the best for our neighbor, what helps them grow, or to practice good habits in the little stuff like water bottles so that we do right in the big stuff.

Yes, it all boils down to the water bottle. And then doing right by your husband or wife

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Oh No! Piece Of Ear Shot Off Trump Begins to Grow Into Second Trump



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BUTLER, PA — Terrifying new reports indicate that a piece of Trump's ear that had been shot off during Saturday's assassination attempt has begun growing into a second Trump.

"We did not recover the missing part of Trump's ear," said Butler County Sheriff Michael Supe. "A mistake that may have doomed us all. Now, our scientists tell us it has begun growing into a second version of Trump that will soon threaten the town."

"God, forgive me," he whispered. Authorities have reportedly evacuated a ten-square-mile area as they prepare for the worst. "We believe it began life as a tiny blob, but has since grown to the size of a beach ball," said Dr. Trevor Hallen, a biochemist working for the FBI. "It is learning human speech at a rapid rate."

The unholy creation, which sources speculate feeds on raw patriotism, was last seen headed northeast on Evans City Rd. Authorities have advised townspeople to stay in their homes.

According to witnesses, the horrendous blob was heard saying, "All I want is to be loved."

Dr. Hallen continued, "If my models are correct, it will soon be ten stories tall and consume the entire eastern seaboard."

"We are all going to die." However, in defiance of scientific models, the blob stopped growing at a modest 6 feet 3 inches, becoming nearly indistinguishable from the real Trump, the only difference being that the double is not missing a piece of its ear.

At publishing time, Trump had named the second Trump his top campaign advisor.

From The Babylon Bee



or friend, even if it means offending him or her. And then caring to do right in your job, in your driving on the freeway, in shopping and encounters with strangers. **Finally, the ultimate: caring to love and obey God our Father, who placed in us the capacity to love in all ways, especially to love Him.**

Linda Gammel

On The Lighter Side of Serious Stuff . . . from the Web

