Be Careful What You Pray For, You Might Get It! *By Tom McGill*

This story begins six years ago. While watching a news show on TV concerning the damage a hurricane had done in Puerto Rico, I noticed some of the kids were playing baseball. They had something taped up to resemble a baseball and broken tree limbs for a bat. I thought to myself, "We can do better than this."

This summer, Gustavo and Ruth Maita, our church's missionaries were here for a short visit. The following morning, Sunday, at a time when Pr. Brooks and I are usually the only two people in the church, Pastor came into the Narthex and began to talk about the mission work that the Maita's are doing. I mentioned that I would like to help get some baseball equipment because of what I had seen on TV. He told me to talk with Robert McElfatrick because of his discussion about baseball with Gustavo.

Now it wasn't merely a thought I had, but a group of three of us. And thanks for a very good gift from Carol Walton, we had a solid start collecting used equipment. After that, things began to slow.

Monday, August 11, I got a phone call from an old classmate of mine. I told him I hoped we would get enough equipment that it would require me to take a loan to pay the freight to Puerto Rico.

That evening as I closed out my daily devotional with prayer, I asked for help. In my prayer I told God that He planted the picture of the kid using the tree limb as a bat, He is the one that kept the picture in my memory, and He's the one who set up the conversation between Pastor and me on



Sunday morning. With my age I no longer have the stamina, my mind is not as sharp as it was and I don't have the contacts that I used to have. He was going to have to take control.

The next day, August 12, I was in the chair at the dentist. I got a phone call that went to voice mail. When I got back home, I checked the voice message. The call was from a person that I had already asked for help with the project.

He told me to come to his office. There in his office, one of his friends had delivered a glove, nine quality aluminum bats and fifty-three baseballs. Many more gifts like this and the one from Carol Walton and I may just have to take out a loan to pay the freight!

A Thought from Tom McGill

The summer that I got out of the army an older man (who had played minor league baseball) and I umpired baseball games at the local prison.

Fast forward about 20 years and our family (all of us) were visiting my parents. I went for a walk with my nephew. We passed my umpiring partner sitting under a tree in his yard. At the end of our discussion he said to me, "I always liked you and hope you'll live forever, but don't ever grow old."

Another twenty years for so passed and I had just finishing a cryptoquote in the newspaper. "One does not quit playing because one gets old; one gets old because he quits playing."

A couple of weeks ago, I read someone's thought for the day. "When we finish school we will continue to have long hours and long days, but the years will be short; so we must put as much love, joy, happiness and enthusiasm in each of the long hours and days that the shorter years will allow."

