

BUS CAPTAINS

On the eighth day, God looked down on his planned paradise, at what he'd created for man, his wife and children, for their enjoyment and for his pleasure, but they did as all men do. They had made a mess of things; SO GOD MADE A BUS CAPTAIN.

GOD said, "I need someone willing to be hated by the devil, complacent church attendees satisfied with empty pews and Sunday school rooms", SO GOD MADE A BUS CAPTAIN.

God said, "I need someone tough enough to be cursed at, spat on, unappreciated, hated, scorned and maligned", SO GOD MADE A BUS CAPTAIN.

He needed someone to give up every Saturday of fishing, hunting and picnicking and give themselves to the downtrodden helpless and hopeless of their city, SO GOD MADE A BUS CAPTAIN.

He needed someone that was wise as a serpent, bold as a lion, strong as acid, and tough as nails, to storm the gates of every hell-hole in their city against the advice of friends and family, SO GOD MADE A BUS CAPTAIN.

He needed someone as harmless as a dove, who'd throw a ball with an eight year old boy on Saturday outreach, a boy who's dad is in jail, who's mom is stoned and passed out on the couch from a hard night with strange men and bad drugs, SO GOD MADE A BUS CAPTAIN.

He needed someone that would work a job all day, spend time with their family, make sure the bills are all paid-then get in their car, drive thru the city and scout new areas to knock on doors and get new bus riders for Sunday morning, SO GOD MADE A BUS CAPTAIN.

He needed someone that would hold a sleeping two-year old on their lap on the way home from Sunday school, break up a fight between two ten-year old boys, smile at a 12 year-old girl; a girl who wore the only dress she has to impress you enough so you'd think she has promise enough to keep giving her a ride to church, even though her other brothers and sisters are unruly profane and out of control, SO GOD MADE A BUS CAPTAIN.

He needed someone who'd be an expert in psychology, psychiatry, physics, history, character study, neck tie knot-tying, shoe lacing, diaper changing, career choices, diesel mechanics, balloon-tying, corny jokes, and altar working, SO GOD MADE A BUS CAPTAIN.

He needed someone who'd always be overlooked, overworked, overspent, under-rested, underfed, full of strong coffee, and happy to give up their Sunday afternoon- between-service naps, SO GOD MADE A BUS CAPTAIN.

He needed someone who'd spend their time, tears and money year after year, on a child who could walk away at any minute and never answer your phone again, as though they never existed, and them not take it personal, SO GOD MADE A BUS CAPTAIN.

He needed someone, who'd choose between having enough money to go to a nice restaurant this week or buying doughnuts or pizza for their bus, choose the pizza party over the restaurant, SO GOD MADE A BUS CAPTAIN.

He needed someone who'd smile and then sigh, when their children say, "I wanna spend my life doing just what mom and dad does, I wanna be a bus captain as well", SO GOD MADE A BUS CAPTAIN.

Pastor Tony Spell