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Sunday School Times

# The Fisherman Who Mumbled

***Stuff For Today***

• Wait, Wait, Let Me Guess!

• Where’s Waldo?

* Chicken and the Library
* Mumbling Fisherman

Published almost weekly, but more like…..whenever, so get used to it, OK?

**By Mr. Lyle (mrlyle1@gmail.com**

So, after several days of this strange behavior, I asked him why. He admitted to me that a radio personality named Paul Harvey had been telling the same joke all week long but never gave the punch line. He really wanted to know the punch line of that joke, and my combine had the only working radio!

 Well, Paul Harvey finally gave the punch line and my boss then could tell me the entire joke. It is one of the best I’ve ever heard, and I still use it to this day as a Sunday School lesson.

 It is all about a fisherman who did an amazing job of catching fish on very cold mornings. No one else seemed able to land anything, but he was doing incredibly well. When all of the other fishermen asked him his secret, he just mumbled. This went on for days. Finally they could take it no longer and the empty handed fishermen demanded of the successful man to know his secret.

 He slowly leaned over, removed something from his mouth, and then very distinctly said “The secret is to keep the worms warm.”

 We are called to share the Gospel with others. Jesus called it fishing for men. You have to have the right “bait”. Are you willing to do what is necessary to “keep the worms warm?”

 ***Matthew 28;19-20***

 ***19 Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: 20 Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.***

 When I was in High School, I had an incredible summer job. I worked for a custom wheat harvesting crew. You see, in the plains states, wheat ripens as early as May in the South, and as the summer progresses, the wheat crop ripens later the farther North you travel.

 This unique feature allows custom wheat harvesting crews to travel all through the summer, following the ripening and cutting the wheat with large combines.

 Typically we started in southern Oklahoma in mid May, and followed the process all the way to northern Montana by Mid August. It was 3 months of brutally hard work, 100 hours a week many times, very little if any time off, but excellent pay!

 Because it was important for the farmer to get his wheat harvested in a very short time, we traveled with as many as 10 combines, 10 large trucks, and 4 travel campers to sleep in. Meals were brought out to the field, and we were relieved by someone of our combine driving responsibilities just long enough to eat—the machines never stopped running! We traded drivers on the go.

 I noticed one week that the owner was relieving me each day at exactly 12:00. That was odd

**Running the Race**



**The Chicken in the Library**

 A chicken marches into the library, walks up to the library desk, and says: “Book, book, BOOK!”

 The librarian hands over a couple of slim children’s paperbacks, and watches the chicken as it leaves the library, walks across the street, through a field, and disappears down the hill.

 The next day, the chicken is back. And walks right up to the librarian, drops the books on her desk, and says, “Book, Book, BOOK, BOOK!” The librarian hands over a few books and again watches the chicken drag them away.

 The next day, the chicken comes for a third time. Drops the books on the desk, and says, “Book, Book, Book, BOOK!!”

 This time, once the chicken is out the door, the librarian follows — across the street, through a field, and down the hill to a small pond.

 On a rock on the edge of the pond is the biggest frog the librarian has ever seen. The chicken walks up to the frog, drops the book on the pond’s edge, and says, “Book, Book, Book!”

 The frog hops over, uses the front leg to push through the pile, and says: “Read it, read it, read it…”

**God Always Knows!**



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