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Sunday School Times

***Stuff For Today***

• Introducing: Bob the Square!

• Almost Biblical

• Stories, a movie and a picture. How could it get any better than that?

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

Welcome to the Sixth and Seventh Grade Sunday School. Today will be your chance to get to know your teacher for this coming year.

Each week we will begin each class time by reading together the most important part of any newspaper—the comics.

Today, Mr. Lyle will share with the class an amazing documentary movie about his Olympic diving career many years ago.

When the applause has died down, he will probably regale you with a story or two from his past—just to help you understand him a little bit better. The first one is entitled:

**How I Got My CB Handle**

In 1972, Mr. Lyle got a summer job working for a custom wheat harvesting crew. The day after school let out for the summer, he would leave to work with a great crew of boys his age, cutting wheat for farmers in Oklahoma, Kansas, and all of the states northward, all the way to the Canadian border. Each week, as the wheat ripened further North, they would load up their equipment and “follow the harvest”. It was hard work, always under pressure to get the crops harvested as quickly as possible.

One year, when wheat harvest was over, he was asked to stay on and help with silage harvest until school started the first of September. This was an even faster paced harvest time with even more pressure, but the pay was excellent and so he stayed on. His job was to drive a large truck in the field, following a silage cutter as it chopped the corn stalks into small pieces and threw them into the truck bed. Once loaded in this manner with 20 tons of silage, his responsibility was to get to the feedlot as quickly as possible, unload, and return to repeat the process over and over again through the entire day.

One evening, just as the sun was about to set, he had to follow behind the silage cutter as it opened up a path into a new field. To follow one of these machines into the field in this way was an unforgettable experience. Imagine yourself in the driver’s seat. All you can see in front of you is a towering silage cutter that you are literally bumping up against with your big wooden bumper. The twin exhausts from the 671 horsepower Detroit diesel motor that powers the cutter are bellowing in your ears, and I mean BELLOWING!!!!! To your left and right you can see nothing but 16 foot tall green corn stalks flapping up against your rear view mirrors. All the while, chopped corn is streaming over the top of your cab and into the bed of the truck—with stray bits of corn and corn juice dribbling all over your windshield. You blindly push along behind the cutter until you finally reach the end of the field, turn around and then follow along beside the cutter as he finishes filling the truck. Then you are off to the feedlot to deliver your load.

That particular day, as luck would have it, he had opened up the field multiple times in this way. Typically he would carry a one gallon iced water jug with him at all times—for drinking, or course, but also to have an extra bit of water to throw on his windshield to clean it off nicely in situations such as this. But his water jug was now empty, and the pressure of getting to the feedlot and back was pushing him to just move on. So, reluctantly, and with a bit of poor judgment typical of a 16 year old young man, he pointed his truck into the western setting sun and headed for the feedlot.

The reddish dirt country roads of western Kansas were dry and 40 tons of heavily loaded truck barreling along created quite a cloud of dust behind. The sun was blinding as it set onto the horizon, and corn juice obscured most of his windshield view, but he resolutely continued careening along at 65 miles per hour into the western sun.

As he passed by one of the few farm houses on this road, he thought he felt some odd bumps as he flew by the driveway entrance, but a look in the rear view mirror gave him no view of what was behind him, so he continued on, but with a nagging question, “What had caused the odd bumps he felt?”

(Continued on page 2)

**Almost Biblical…**

**But Not**

Go to the ant, though sluggard, consider his ways. He rises early in the morning and goes about his tasks of gathering and storing. His back is strong for his work and he marches on with no commander, an army of one. He stores enough for the winter and his future is secure. At the end of the day, his labors have been fruitful. He rises to an high point at the setting of the sun and holds the weight for all to see. He is magnificent, excelling in wisdom, first among the creatures of the earth. But alas, he is still an ant, and I firmly step upon him with resolve and he is no more.

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All good newspapers have comics, and so it is with this one. Each week look forward to a new and exciting look into the extraordinary life of Bob the Square, as seen through the slightly warped reality present in the mind of Mr. Lyle.

## The Too Dimensional Life of Bob the Square

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

# So, Who Is Mr. Lyle, Really?