

# The Lanier County News

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# Opinion & Viewpoint

## Lessons learned from well pumps

Last week we looked at lawn mowers to see what we could learn from them. Often times the plain ole ordinary things in life can teach us things if we will only look for them. Let's look this week at well pumps and see what they will teach us.

Several years ago during a heavy rain storm lightning hit my well pump. In fact, during a short period of months my pump was knocked out twice before I realized that it was not grounded properly.

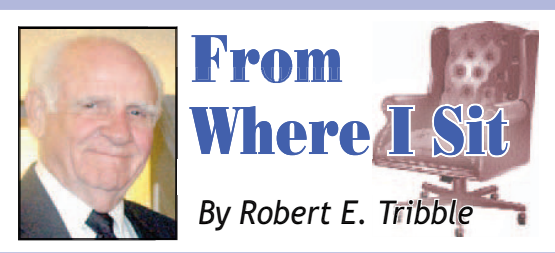
There are several things we can learn from well pumps about living our lives. We all know that well pumps provide water (H-2-O), and that water is a life giving substance necessary for the preservation of life. Most of us also know that the church pumps water, the living water, and that if water, both physical or spiritual, is denied to man for a long enough period of time he will die from thirst.

The second thing we can learn from well pumps is that outside forces can stop the pump from pumping. Lightning caused the power surge in my pump that stopped it from pumping. There are also power surges in some churches that prevent them from pumping the living water. Sometimes churches have a sudden power surge that might last for six months or so and then it dies away. You see, power surges will cause pump motors to burn up, but a steady flow of current will allow a motor to run and run and run without burning up. Now don't get me wrong. I believe that the power of God still "surges" on the scene to per-

form miracles and salvation, but the power that we must be plugged into to live our lives victoriously every day is His "sustaining" power. Surging power alone will burn up the pump.

After the lightning had done its thing to my pump's motor, I took it to an electrician to have it checked. He plugged the motor into a power source and it began to buzz. Buzzing is all it did until he began to turn the shaft with his hand. Suddenly my motor kicked into high gear and began to run. My first thought was that my motor wasn't burned up after all, until the electrician told me that the starting coil was burned up. There's another similarity between my pump and some church folks. Their starting coils have been burned out by power surges, but if you can get them started they will kick into high gear and run again.

The next similarity was seen when I put the new motor on the old pump. Apparently I bumped the shaft seals on the pump, or the old seals could not stand the increased pressure of the new motor, so when I turned the motor on, water went everywhere but in the tank. The comparison is this: A new motor on an old pump blows the seals! If you don't believe that happens in some churches just watch a back sliding church try to do something spiritual. Some of its members will blow their seals and the church will look like "Old Faithful" The Geysier. "We ain't never done it that way before." "We're not qualified to do



**From Where I Sit**  
By Robert E. Tribble

that." "We don't need anything like that in our church." And friends, that is usually the problem, it's "our" church instead of God's church, and it's "our" plan instead of God's plan. This causes our seals to blow and the living water to go everywhere except where it is needed.

Finally, the sad part about all of this is the conclusion to the whole matter. When the pump tears up what we have is water in the well but not a drop in the house. The wells of God's salvation never run dry, but if we are not living a life that glorifies God then we cannot share His life giving substance with anybody. You see, the only way His water can be pumped to others is by the life they see us living, not by what we say.

There are some things we can learn from our well pumps. I trust your well pump has not lost its prime.

Stay tuned one more week and we will see what we can learn from a Bouquet of Roses.

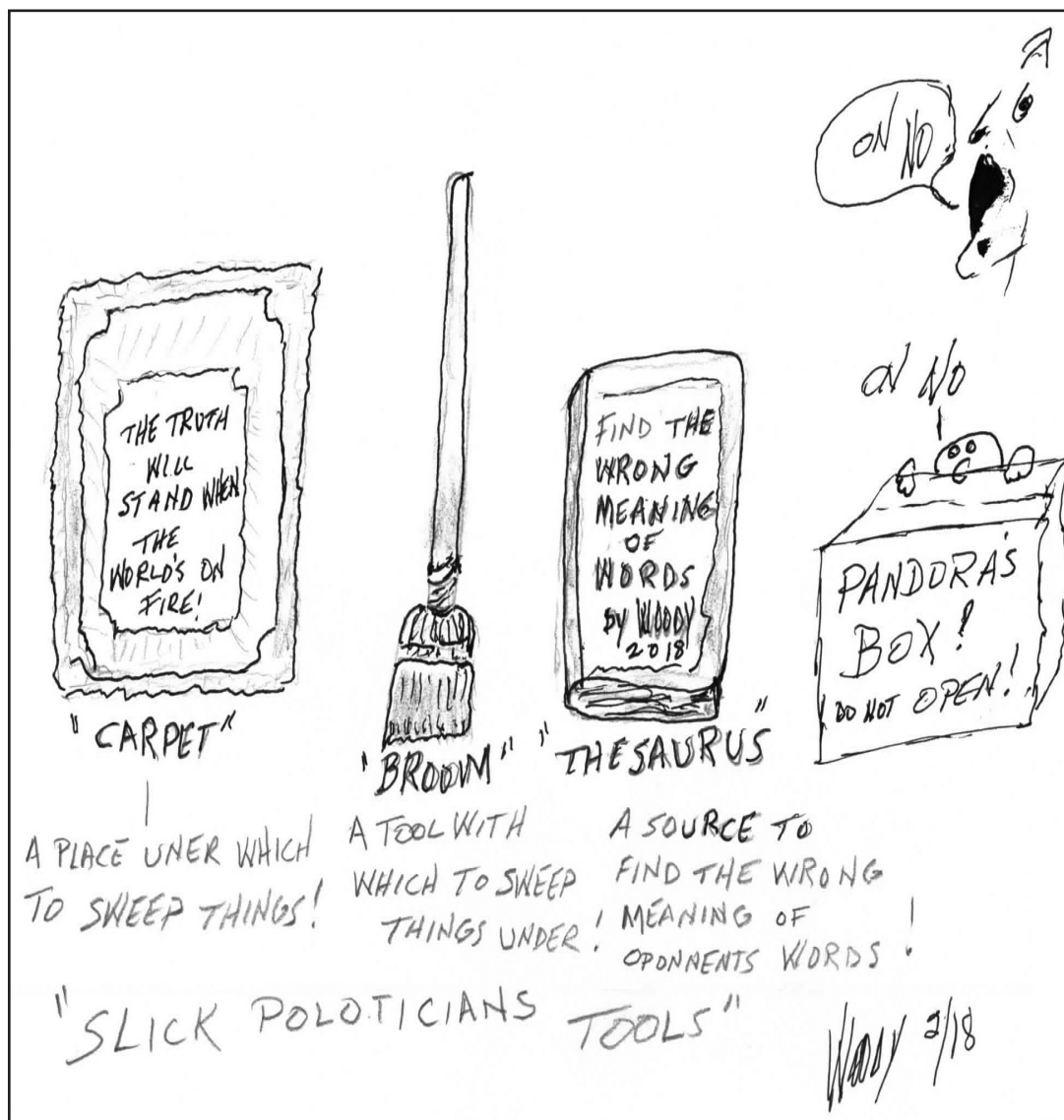
## Cagle Grams

By James H. Cagle

### The Watchman Who Was Sleeping

Murderous waves come crashing loudly,  
Roaring up the steep cliff wall,  
Driving down to meet the coral,  
Amidst what sounds like siren calls.  
Circling 'round to gain momentum,  
With monstrous force, to bruise and rip  
On the bones of former victims,  
This man struggling within its grip.  
The sea foams with hideous laughter,  
As if possessed with demonic joy;  
Beating, battering, unrelenting,  
This soul like a worthless toy.  
He calls out for one to save him,  
But mocking winds drown his cry;  
On the rocks, his ship is keeling,  
On his mind a mystery lies.

Where's the lighthouse he remembers,  
That once shone upon this shore,  
Guiding him beyond this peril,  
To safe harbor and the moor?  
Hope is lost as death looms nearer  
To make his bed in a watery grave;  
Merciless waves seize their captive  
As the ocean takes her prey.  
But ere he's pulled beneath the tempest,  
Moonlight bathes the rocky bluff,  
And what he saw struck him with horror,  
As his trusting heart is cuffed.  
For there he saw the lighthouse towering  
As before, on stormy nights;  
But now, in Stygian darkness,  
Gazes pitiless on his plight.  
While the sea lifts high its victim  
To crush his life in rocky fjord,  
He screams words at his betrayer  
That only God in heaven records.  
"Curse and curse the worthless lighthouse,  
Strong, but dark, amidst the storm,  
And the keeper sleeping in it,  
By whose neglect, to hell I'm borne."  
Last, the ocean takes the plaintiff  
And holds him 'til his struggles cease,  
Then hands him through eternity's door,  
From where there is no release.  
The sailor is another witness,  
Passing on through endless night,  
That the watchman who was sleeping  
Is guilty of soul-damning slight.



**EDITOR'S NOTE** - Opinions expressed in letters to the editor, editorial cartoons, and columns do not necessarily reflect the opinion of the newspaper staff. We do, however, support freedom of speech as provided in the First Amendment of the United States Constitution. We welcome written responses that are not libelous to any letter or column.

## Offending myself

Have you ever offended yourself? Ever done, said or thought something and your immediate reaction was a mixture of shock and anger?

Sitting at my desk last week, my phone started making noise. Why really doesn't matter. The point is my cell phone was making noise.

Just so you know, I turn my cell phone off after it makes any kind of noise more than a few times. How many times it can make noise before it gets turned off depends on my mood. Some days even the sound of it sliding into a pocket is enough to make me pull it back out and turn it off.

So that day I stared at the phone. Incoming call.

"Why don't they just send me a text message?" I thought to myself.

I was immediately offended, horrified, enraged and aghast. I just wanted someone to send me a text message instead of calling! Me. The guy who hates text messages so much I had the feature turned off on my last phone. I'd have it turned off with this phone if the company would do it.

I considered calling 911 to report myself as a dangerous maniac on the loose. Then I remembered the dispatchers at 911 know me. Instead of sending help, they'd just hang up and block me.

I still hate text messages. Mostly because I hate the tiny keyboard that I have to use to bang out a message. Mostly because I hate having to send a message to someone rather than speak to them. Mostly because I hate telephones and talk-

## Baker's Dozen

By Ben Baker



ing to people on them. Mostly because if you really need to tell me something, come talk to me.

I also hate text messages because of the way it tries to correct my spelling and grammar. Some people call this feature Auto Correct. When you try to type that on a smartphone screen, it changes to Auto Cat Rectal.

You can visit websites that show messages where Auto Cat Rectal got involved and created some rib-busting funny changes. Some of these "corrected" messages cannot be printed in a family publication.

Auto Cat Rectal never changes my messages to be something entertaining. Instead, it becomes something that looks like a non-native English speaker high on acid and a fifth of cheap whisky would say.

I try to type "Just call me already!" and it comes out "Justice calligraphy meet all reading, yo."

So send me a text if you must. If you get a reply that makes no sense whatsoever, it was me. Then, come see me because I've turned my phone off.



**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**  
Please submit letters to:  
**Editor • Lanier County News**  
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