

Pigs and Frisbee

When I was just a young fellow of about 9 or 10 years of age they came out with a new toy. It looked like a plate to me, but man could it soar through the sky. It was a Frisbee and mine was green. Nothing fancy, just your basic disc. I practiced throwing it for hours aiming at old cans and trees. I didn't have anyone to play catch with so I hit things with it (all boys like to "hit" things, that's why we break more windows than girls do).

This one particular day I was aiming at an old sign on the side of the barn that my grandfather had nailed up to cover a hole (we still try to cover up holes in our lives with signs, but that is another lesson). I had become quite the marksman and I hit it dead square, but instead of dropping it continued around the side of the barn and into the pig pen.

I never really thought anything of it at the time, after dinner Grandmother would give me the bucket and I would go "slop" the hogs. I was used to going there and standing on the fence as I "slopped" them. They all ran to eat when I called "sooieeeee" real loud and I got to know them all somewhat. What I didn't know was that a few days earlier the sow had a litter. Sows are very protective of their piglets and she was no exception.

Without thinking I jumped right in the pen and sauntered over to my Frisbee and started back to the fence when I hear a "grunt". Fred, one of the farm hands happened to be nearby and saw what was happening. Jumping up on the fence he cried out "*Run to me boy! Run!*", and I did! I had no idea something that big could move that fast. Fred grabbed me by the scruff of the neck and just barely lifted me out of her reach as she slammed her 300 lbs into the fence.

After everything settled down Fred looked down at me and simply said, "*It's a good thing I wuz here or you'd be dead. The good Lord must be a lookin' out for you boy.*" Fred never learned to read or write, but he knew hogs. Later he explained to me that, "*Them sows has got razor sharp teeth and when they has little ones they's powerful dangerous.*"

Little boys don't think about death too much, and the next day the whole thing was forgotten. Looking back though, I see that Fred was right. It was a good thing he was there and cared enough to help me. All around us are folks who are in danger and don't even know it. They have gotten themselves in the "pig pen" of life and don't realize how dangerous it is. We don't have to "preach" at them, but we do need to hold out our hand and offer to help. The scripture says

"My brothers, if any of you should wander from the truth and someone should bring him back, remember this; Whoever turns a sinner from the error of his way will save him from death and cover over a multitude of sins."

James 5:19-20

Fred was right about one other thing also. The good Lord is looking out for me. He is looking out for you too. The question is; are we looking out for those around us?