

## Skit - Cheese Puffs

Stewardship 2014

I think of myself as an o.k. guy, generous with my time. Always had a lot of friends. No better or no worse than anyone else. Same as most of you I guess. I was very lucky to get a job right out of college in a field that I love. Been there 17 years now. Married my high school sweetheart. Married 19 years. Got two boys. Live in a pretty good neighborhood. Got two cars and a nice home. And just like a lot of you I have problems. Sometimes I don't know how to talk to my wife or I don't know how to communicate with my kids. Nothing new, same old story. But there's always been this one thing -this... I don't know, missing piece I guess. You ever get that? That sense of... lacking in your life. It's haunted me for a long time. It's like that feeling you get when you're driving on a long trip and you keep thinking - did I lock that front door? You know the feeling? It's been bugging me so much lately that I've been thinking about getting professional help - you know, get to the bottom of it - did I hate my mother or resent my father - that sort of thing.

Then I'm going thru the mail today and I get this. It's my tax return. Anyway, I open it and I just stare at it for a long time. I made seventy-eight thousand dollars last year. Seventy-eight thousand dollars. Do you know how much I gave to charities? Two hundred and forty-three dollars and fifty-eight cents. I spent four times that amount on business dinners and lunches. Four times that amount. Just to eat.

I just feel sick. Is that who I am? An o.k. guy whose legacy is going out to dinner and playing golf? What does this say about me? My character? This, all of this, the house, the cars, how long are they going to last? How long am I gonna last? Have I done anything in my life that will remain as a testament to my character?

Two hundred, forty-three dollars and fifty-eight cents. You know how sometimes when you feel empty, you mistake it for being hungry, and you fill up on cheese puffs and you end up feeling stuffed and empty? That's what I feel like right now. Like I've filled our house with cheese puffs and I could have been feeding the world steak. I don't know if this is all that's missing in my life. I can't imagine that all my problems aren't suddenly going to vanish if I start being generous with my money. I'm sure I'll still have times when I won't understand my wife and I'll never understand my kid's taste in music... but that sense of lacking, that's got to go. I'm not saying that I'm going to give away all my earthly possessions and live on a farm in Nepal.

I'm sure I'll still spend way too much on business dinners - but I've got to change something. Maybe if I change this one thing, then other things in my life will be better, fuller. At least I'll stop wasting all that money on cheese puffs.