

A Brick for the Jaguar

I ran across this story recently; its author is unknown, and I can't vouch for its authenticity. But, in any case, its message is clear.

Years ago, a young and very successful executive named Josh was traveling down a Chicago neighborhood street. He was going a bit too fast in his sleek, black, 12-cylinder Jaguar XKE, which was only two months old.

He was watching for kids darting out from between parked cars and slowed down when he thought he saw something. As his car passed, no child ran out, but a brick sailed out and – whump! – it smashed into the Jag's shiny black side door. Josh slammed on the brakes, shoved the gear shift into reverse, and tires madly spun the Jaguar back to the spot from where the brick had come.

Josh jumped out of the car, grabbed a young boy and pushed him against a parked car. He shouted at the child, "What was that all about and who are you? Just what the heck are you doing?"

Building up a head of steam, he went on to shout, "That's my new Jag, and that brick you threw is gonna cost you a lot of money. Why did you throw it?"

"Please, Mister, please," the boy said. "I'm sorry! I didn't know what else to do! I threw the brick because no one else would stop!"

Tears were dripping down the boy's chin as he pointed around the parked car. "It's my brother, Mister," he said. "He rolled off the curb and fell out of his wheelchair, and I can't lift him up." Sobbing, the boy asked the executive, "Would you please help me get him back into his wheelchair? He's hurt and he's too heavy for me."

Moved beyond words, the young executive tried desperately to swallow the rapidly swelling lump in his throat. Straining, he lifted the young man back into the wheelchair, took out his handkerchief and wiped the scrapes and cuts, checking to see that everything was going to be okay. He then watched the younger brother push his sibling down the sidewalk toward their home.

For Josh, it was a long walk back to the sleek, black, shiny 12-cylinder Jaguar XKE – a long, and slow walk. As long as he kept the car, he never fixed the side door of the Jaguar. It was a visible reminder not to go through life so fast that someone has to throw a brick at him to get his attention.

God addresses us in the Holy Bible. It is His love letter to us. The message, boiled down, is to love Him and others. He whispers it in our souls and speaks it to our hearts. Sometimes, when we aren't listening, He has to throw a brick at us.

That's the story. And therein is the lesson for us in Life Care and Century Park. Bricks come at us. They are a part of life. Some are hard and some are soft.

But by the profession we have chosen, it's obvious that we are paying attention to the needs of others.

Give, and it will be given to you. Good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over, will be put into your lap. For with the measure you use it will be measured back to you (Luke 6:38 ESV).