

The Meyer Minute for August 5, 2022

A tip-of-the hat to plumbers! Roy, Earl, Norman, Dale H., Kirt, Charlie... They've bailed Diane and me out over the years.

For some time water had been dripping under our kitchen sink. It aggravated Diane, who likes things neat, so I, the caring husband said, "Put some towels down there." You guys relate? But now that I'm retired, I couldn't come up with any excuses. Well, I could but I do have a smidge of integrity. So, Tuesday I slid under the sink on my back and figured out that the whole faucet fixture needed to be changed. Wednesday, I slid under the sink on my back and took out the old fixture. No cussin'! Yesterday I slide under the sink on my back and put in the new fixture. Not much, but, yes, some 'cussin.' A few years ago, I asked another plumber, my urologist, how in heaven's name he chose his medical specialty. I don't remember his answer, but I've asked the same question to our plumbers. Do you like being on the floor wrapped around a toilet? Are you double-jointed? Did I mention sliding my 6'2", 205-pound body under the sink?

Parish pastors and professors perform an invaluable mission in the church, but they wouldn't get as much done without plumbers, electricians, HVAC, and all the other people behind the scenes. This morning, after some Ibuprofen last night, I share this prayer. "O God, you have bound us together in this bundle of life; give us grace to understand how our lives depend on the courage, the industry, the honesty and integrity of our fellow men; that we may be mindful of their needs, grateful for their faithfulness, and faithful in our responsibilities to them; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. (Reinhold Niebuhr, in "For All the Saints," IV, 284).

The first plumber I ever met was Uncle Harold Meyer. Back when you used to visit relatives on Sunday afternoon, we'd sometimes visit Uncle Harold, Aunt Mae, and cousin Shirley. I can still see their white frame house in Orland Park, with Uncle Harold's shop/business behind the house. He was an unforgettable person, had what we call the "Meyer humor." When I get to heaven, Lord willing, I'm going to thank Uncle Harold and the others who've helped us out. When that day comes, no plumbing around the Crystal Sea, for the former things will have passed away (Revelation 4:6; 21:4).