

A Friend that Sticks Closer Than a Brother

Often folks who've read a good many of my misadventures are inclined to ask, "How do you remember all that?" Well, truth be told, I often don't, or I try not to. It's just I'm constantly reminded of my checkered past by my knuckleheaded brother Heath! Heath won't let me live anything down. He's always telling something new on me at work. He usually gets big laughs too. I just try to take it in stride, because when he's through, I go write it all down. With his elephant like memory, I'm hoping to have fresh material on myself for years.

Recently he's been on me about that time at Wendy's. A while back we had stopped there for lunch when I suddenly realized I'd forgotten my wallet. "Oh, how convenient," Heath remarked. I turned beet red, and my swelling pride almost compelled me to stomp off to the car. Only my hunger constrained me. Heath yanked a wrinkled five dollar bill from his wallet along with three ones. "This ought to cover us. I guess..." he huffed, shaking his head at me. Since certain details of what happened next always seem to be conveniently forgotten by the plaintiff, which shall henceforth be referred to as Knucklehead Heath, I shall take it upon myself to exonerate my good name.

After the initial joint and binding financial offer was accepted, we continued to confer about other unrelated topics until our turn to order. Therefore, I submit it's perfectly conceivable that I'd forgotten all about our monetary restrictions by the time the lady asked, "Can I take your order?" Witnesses will testify that after briefly glancing up at the menu, I spoke the following words without the slightest intention of malice, "Give me a double with cheese combo." Admittedly, I did add, "Oh... and biggie size it."

I was quickly alerted to my gross over-orderazation by a sudden burning sensation penetrating the back of my skull. I turned to find Heath's eyes stabbing me like flames! Under such obvious duress I began to suffer from what I will refer to as "SSS", or "Sudden Stupidity Syndrome", for I sheepishly added, "Oh, and whatever he wants."

Heath stood there dumbfounded, which in my opinion isn't all that big of a stretch. I alertly made a quick escape to the drink fountain. With the scant change now left at his disposal, Heath subsequently ordered from the value menu. Needless to say he wasn't too happy. I could hardly enjoy my meal over the growling of his stomach.

But anyway- Despite the pending law suit, the teasing, bickering, fighting and eye gouging, deep down I really love Heath. Sure, we may have grown up fighting like two bull sharks in a 55 gallon drum, but I'll tell you this, we've faced many a challenge in this life together, and few gifts the Lord has given me equal the relationship I have with my little brother. He's always been there to talk to, to lean on, and to cry out to in Wendy's. We're like twins, born six years apart.

Many folks wonder why Heath would allow me to poke such fun at him in these stories. Well, I'll tell you. It's because he's my fellow warrior, gladly willing to play the fool for Christ's sake, if it might take you even one step closer to discovering the treasure we've both found in Jesus. (...and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

Proverbs 18:24 KJV)

Whatever you do, please don't tell that Knucklehead I said all those gooey things. He'll be telling off on me at work.

- Guy Sheffield 1-17-07