

## What Goes Up Must Come Down

Sometimes I'm afraid to look in the dictionary under 'bonehead'... worried what picture they might be running of me now. I wish I could say I was just born a bona fide buffoon, but truth is I had to work my way up through the ranks like everybody else; although I may have excelled at it more than most.

Most of my problems used to stem from my rebellious attitude. Boy was I mischievous. Like the time I decided to swipe my dad's compound bow and began shooting his arrows straight up into the air. I was just a firing away when my little brother showed up.

"What cha doing?" he asked with a big snagged toothed grin. (Batman had Robin, Inspector Cousteau had Kato; I was stuck with this toe-headed little Heath.)

"What does it look like dummy?" I replied, "I'm shooting arrows up'n the sky." Glancing heavenward I took two steps back and added, "You might want to hold still."

About that time an arrow slapped the ground between us, burying six inches into the hard packed earth. Little Heath high tailed it towards the house in a hurry.

"What's the matter," I called, "You scaaaared?"

After a distance he wheeled around, arms overhead, "You got any more up there?"

"Naw dummy," I huffed, "I'm only shooting em' one at a time."

He squinted warily and moseyed back over, "Can I try?"

Well I knew enough about safety matters to know that just wouldn't do, but I offered to let him sit in with me as I launched a few. Notching another arrow, I carefully considered the wind speed and let it fly. It quickly zoomed out of sight. Meanwhile, I explained to Heath how you could usually pick it back up upon re-entry, if you didn't get distracted. He looked up in time to see it barreling back down and tore off like a screaming hyena. Naturally, that gave me great pleasure. It reminded me of that time some well meaning kin folks gave us a set of yard darts without providing any adult supervision.

Well it didn't take long for the field to start resembling a huge pin cushion, and if I'd have been as good at calculating probabilities as I was at wind speed, I'd have quit right there. But noooo.... I kept at it until Heath came up hurt, and commenced bleeding all over the place. It was just after I let go of the perfect shot. I looked over and noticed he'd starred up into the sun and lost his visual on the bogey. "Run Dummy," I yelled, but he couldn't hear me over his own screaming. Not wanting to get into trouble, I ran over and shoved him out of the way. The arrow missed him by a good foot and a half, but he got up bawling like newborn calf in a hail storm; whining because he skinned his little knee. Then, of course, he ran off to tell on me. It's hard finding a good sidekick these days.

As usual, I got into big trouble. I had to listen to a long speech about how a big brother is supposed to be protective and all. Don't push him down... Yada yada yada... Like I didn't know all that stuff! Parents just don't realize; accidents happen.

Somehow, by the mercies of God, Heath and I went on to miraculously survive our days as the Dufus Duo, although we still suffer many scars from our checkered pasts. And let me say for the record, "Don't try stupid stunts like this at home!"

Heath and I both have kids of our own now, and can you believe they're always whining that we're too protective? WELL YEAH!!! We're trying to keep them rookies for a reason. Heath and I were trained professionals in our day; the nitwit elite, running at the top of our game. We want our kids to have a chance in life. They need to stick to safer ways to finding their thrills, like hockey, or sky diving and such.

I also want my children to know that every arrow of rebellion you shoot towards God will one day come back down on your head. God says of the man bending his bow towards evil, (*His wrongdoing will come back to him, and his violent behaviour will come down on his head.* **Psalms 7:16** BBE) Rebellion is a serious matter to Jesus. It's much better to stay on target with God's ways so you can look towards heaven without flinching.

But anyway- It's been quite a while now since I've graced the cover of the 'Ignoramus Weekly', but I'd be shocked if I didn't get a call from them one day concerning their lifetime achievement award.

-Guy Sheffield 3-20-07