

JULIE'S STORY-GLIMPSES OF GOD IN EVERYDAY LIFE

Shots!!!



IT ONLY HURTS A LITTLE!

SCRIPTURE STUDY

Colossians 3:12-17
Matthew 18:21-35
Romans 12:10

PRAYER FOCUS

Dear Jesus,
Help me to handle the hurts I
experience from others by
extending them forgiveness.

In Jesus' Name,
Amen

THE DOCTOR IS IN!

Dr. Pharo was my debonair pediatrician. No, he was not Egyptian royalty, but he was pretty cool. The good doctor had dark, wavy “Brillcreamed” hair, a toothy grin and a starched white coat that could stand up by itself. Although Dr. Pharo’s office was chock-full of blocks, choo-choo trains and “Highlights” magazines, every kid knew the brutal truth: behind those brightly-colored doors lurked a nurse with a shot. An unwitting toddler would lumber through the “Magic Kingdom” entrance, and moments later the waiting room rocked with blood-curdling shrieks. Adults think shots are innocuous little pin pricks, but children know the truth. They are evil, giant metal cylinders designed to inflict terror in their hearts and torture to their pink pudgy behinds. I don’t know why grown-ups got to roll up their sleeves and receive dignified little pin pricks. As a child, the drill was always the same. Bend over, moon the nurse and get mercilessly stabbed by a gloating grown-up.

Dr. Pharo swaggered into the examining room as I sat perched on a freezing, tissue-covered table in my underwear. I always wondered why a patient had to meet his doctor dressed in underwear or a tiny hospital gown with the back blowing in the breeze. I believe it is part of the art of physician-intimidation. He grinned like I would be excited to see him. “How’s my little trooper today?” he chirped. Before I could answer, he gagged me with a tongue depressor and poked me vigorously in the tummy. “A few too many Oreos, huh?” the doc smirked. I was full of Twinkies and it was none of his business! “Let’s look in those little ears...” He poked and prodded. “Wow, you could grow flowers in that earwax.” I was incensed. Mom had tried to stick a soapy Q-tip in my ear holes occasionally, but to no avail. I hollered “Eeewww, gross!” It felt like a wet willy. I reasoned that my mousy brown locks would cover my ears anyway. After the ear check, Dr. Pharo pressed his icy stethoscope to my chest and declared me “fit as a fiddle,” but with one exception. “Time for your boosters,” he chirped. Doctors knew how to play “good cop, bad cop.” The docs got to be chummy with all their little patients, and the nurses did the all the stabbing.

Nurse Sears was definitely a hottie. She sported a form-fitting white dress, white nylons, and white leather wedgies. Nurses in my day dressed for their job, not like the nurses now who schlub around in Hawaiian-print scrubs and frayed-white Keds. Nurse Sear had her perfectly-coiffed-French twist glamorously poised at the nape of her neck. She had the same line for every trembling toddler perched on the examining table. “This will hurt me more than it does you,” she said. Liar!!! That little comment was code for “you’re not going to be a cry-baby when I poke you with this needle, are you?” I made no promises. She didn’t fool me. I knew the drill. The Bugs Bunny band-aid and the green lollipop didn’t make it all better. A shot was a shot. I had a drawer full of lollipops and tootsie rolls and I would trade them all in for one less inoculation. Thus ended my ordeal with Dr. Pharo. For the record, I later learned that Dr. Pharo and Nurse Sears ran off to Bermuda together where he now plays ukulele in a reggae band.

My next “shot” came while I was innocently day-dreaming my way through mind-numbing multiplication tables. Cindy Bell, my sworn third-grade enemy, poked me in the shoulder with a freshly-sharpened number two pencil. I retaliated with a swift kick to her ankle. Cindy hollered at the top of her lungs, hobbled to the front of the class, and tattled to the teacher. The next thing I knew, I was standing with my nose in the corner between the door and the blackboard. To add to my humiliation gloating, grubby boys pelted me with spit wads. When Mrs. Jamison turned her back, Cindy swatted me in the rear with an eraser full of chalk dust. The boys poked fun at my dusty bottom all day. Lana Rouse, my best bud, set the record straight with Mrs. Jamison. Cindy was sent to the principal’s office for a lesson in “good citizenship” and was forced to clap erasers for a week. Justice was served.

Dodge ball “shots” were even more painful than nurse shots. Buzzy Elsdorf lobbed a giant dodge ball at my Frito-filled belly just after lunch. To Buzzy’s surprise, undigested Fritos, Cheese Whiz and chocolate milk decorated the gym floor. Mr. Dorfman, the gym teacher, punished Buzzy by making him mop up the mess. Truth be told, I earned Buzzy’s wrath. I “shot” his little sister Penny on the playground the day before. Prissy Penny was in second grade, and she was definitely too big for her britches. She pranced around the halls in her eyelet pinafore and checkered hair-bow making catty remarks to anyone who would listen. She taunted me relentlessly with nicknames like “tubby Julie,” “poochy Julie” and “chubbette Tacker.” I finally had enough. I pounced on Penny in the damp Bermuda grass and tickled her ‘til she peed. Penny was mortified. Soon after the tickle incident, Buzzy retaliated with his shot. I deserved it.

Buzzy and I traded shots for some time. Once he shoved me in his locker to impress his buddies. I gave him a mustache with permanent marker when he snored through social studies. Our shots escalated to all-out “war of the sexes.” The bad blood lasted through Easter break.

“Shots” are never fun to get and seldom fun to give. I believe grace and forgiveness would be a great band-aid for the “shots” of life.

- Read Colossians 3:12-17. Paul gives practical tips on how to “clothe” ourselves in virtues that bless and impart grace to others. Have you ever been “shot and wounded” by someone? How did you respond? How can you respond with grace and humility in the future?
- Read Matthew 18:21-35. Peter asked how many times we should forgive someone who has hurt us continually? Paraphrase the parable. The debt we owe God is in the billions of dollars. The hurt we have received is a small pittance. List some ways you have experienced forgiveness from God in your life. List some people you need to forgive.
- Romans 12:10 talks about commitment to others. How do you show devotion to those you love? How can you love them through the tough times, when they receive “shots” in their lives?