

Sermon God is nicer than Frieda

I attended Platte Valley Academy all four years of high school. I worked on the dairy all of those years. Milking time was 4:30 to 6:30 then breakfast at 7AM. Occasionally we had equipment malfunction (it was usually the alarm clock) and we would be late for breakfast. Frieda's house was near the cafeteria. She would see us walking dejectedly away and would open the window and call, "You boys get ready for school then come back here and eat. You can't work like that and then go to school without your breakfast." She usually fed us waffles with strawberries and whipped cream. Some people have ask if we were not late often on purpose, but when you knew Frieda the way we knew Frieda you wouldn't take advantage of her even when you knew you could. If some kid tried it, they would have to deal with the rest of us, "You don't treat Frieda that way."

Another time I did something stupid and my girl friend broke up with me. If you want to know what I did, it's none of your business. Anyway another guy in the dorm found out that we were "broke up" and ask my "X" for a date the next Saturday night; something in the gym. I stayed in my room and was the only guest in my private pity party. The next thing I knew Frieda was standing in the doorway of my room and said, "I saw her with him and I didn't see you and guessed you were here hurting." I don't remember what else she said but after more than fifty years I still remember that she was there and that she cared.

It was a different Saturday night and the social function was progressive parties. Each staff family had a different activity and every twenty minutes a whistle would blow and we would go to the next party. Frieda and her husband, Fred, (no joke) had a game that I call "drop the rolled up newspaper and run". The group forms a circle and whoever is "it" runs around the outside of the circle and drops the rolled up newspaper behind someone. That person then picks up the paper and sees how many times they can whack the "it" in the fanny before they get all the way around the circle. Frieda volunteered to be "it" first. She dropped the rolled up newspaper behind me. I was 17 and fast. She was "old", probably in her mid 40's and a little slow. I caught up with her with in a few steps but, for the life of me, I couldn't bring myself to hit that lady. I said, "Frieda I can't hit you." I could have whacked almost anyone else on campus but not Frieda.

When you understand and accept the truth about what God did for you at Calvary you will begin to feel about God the way I felt about Frieda. You will want to abstain even from the appearance of evil.

The book Desire of Ages says, "When we know God as it is our privilege to know Him, our life will be a life of continual obedience. Through an appreciation of the character of Christ, through communion with God, sin will become hateful to us."

Desire of Ages 668

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