

Space Ray Pathfinders

#6 – Help Me!

Something was wrong, and it needed to be dealt with right away.

Gramps had begun this week's rocket flavored lesson to the 10 or so preteen boys and girls. Each member of the SPACE RAY PATHFINDERS CLUB was like a cherished member of his own family. When any of the youth turned very sad and possibly tears were on the way, it was time to break out the red handkerchief.

Every clubber knew that when their silver-haired leader put that red handkerchief part way into his shirt pocket, it meant, “stay away, don't interrupt, I'm busy, (and most of all,) pray that I use the right words with a Godly heart.”

As Gramps had all the clubbers begin their MARS MATTERS project at one end of the Operations Bay, he noticed Bonnie's face had turned very sad and took immediate action. Quietly, Gramps invited Bonnie to follow him to a quiet corner of the OB club room where there were two chairs, near a well-used blackboard. By the time they both sat in the chairs, Gramps had put his red handkerchief part way into his pocket. That red flag silently gave its warning to the other clubbers that snuck a peek in that direction.

Gramps softly spoke to Bonnie, “Bonnie, I have to tell you that right now my heart hurts. It hurts because I think your heart is hurting now too. It'll soften my hurting heart if you'll give me some idea why you are sad. Will you tell me, if I promise to keep it a secret? I know what. Lets tell Jesus we're both hurting and we want to tell Him why, and what we should do.” The silver-haired club leader led them both in prayer.

“Well, Gramps. I'm no good to nobody.” “Well Bonnie. That's a pretty powerful statement. I know you did most of the lettering on the side of our club rocket, so why do you feel you're no good?” “Gramps, mama always told me since I didn't work very hard in school, I would be no good to nobody. And then all your stories and lessons seemed to be about man astronauts... well, I'm a girl and NASA doesn't want any girl training to be an astronaut – it must be a BOYS ONLY thing. See, Gramps? I'm no good to

nobody.” The heart cries from Gramps to Heaven's throne of grace screamed HELP ME! His first thought was to tell Bonnie, “I've been there – done that.” There were those many weeks that he felt God had no more use for him and his worn out body, with shaky fingers and shaky memory. There were those tears hidden by bedtime covers that spelled out, “I'm used up, worn out, no good to nobody.”

“Bonnie. God made man and put him in the garden of Eden. But God decided the man needed help. So God made a woman for Adam. Bonnie, the Bible says the woman was to be a HELPMEEET to Adam.” Gramps wrote the word HELPMEEET on the blackboard. Then he erased the ET on the end. Bonnie, I like to think that Eve was an answer to Adam's unspoken request, HELP ME. But here's the really cool thing about a helpmeet person. They are able to do things well that you're not so good at. I guess it's like two pieces of a puzzle that fit together helping the other – they are different and neither one is better than the other.”

“I gotta tell you, Bonnie, there are women astronauts, and really good ones. One I know of, was even the Commander of the International Space Station. Oh! the little rockets on the side of a missile that keep it on path... well the very best ones were designed by Yvonne Brill. I think it's so neat that whenever a space capsule lands here on Earth or have landed on Mars, the high speed parachutes were designed, by... you guessed it, a girl. The woman parachute designer's name is Anita Sengupta. God knows who to go to, when He needs a real helpmeet to complete the team of humans designed to honor Him and apply all His heaven-sent gifts to us.”

The clubbers saw Gramps pull out his red handkerchief and blot a tear on Bonnie's face.

Help meets are good with red warning flags and touching the hearts of others with God's love and comfort. Want to read a true love story, you'll never forget? Read the Bible book of Ruth. Want to see how one woman, in the face terrible danger, saved the lives of a whole nation of men, women, and children? Read the Bible book of Esther.