

## The Most Important Question of Your Life...

If you died tonight, do you **KNOW** if you'd go to heaven?

### The Easy Steps to **KNOW** for Sure:

== A == Acknowledge you are a sinner

ALL have sinned and come short of the glory of God. Romans 3:23

== B == Believe the shed Blood of Jesus Christ is the only way to be saved.

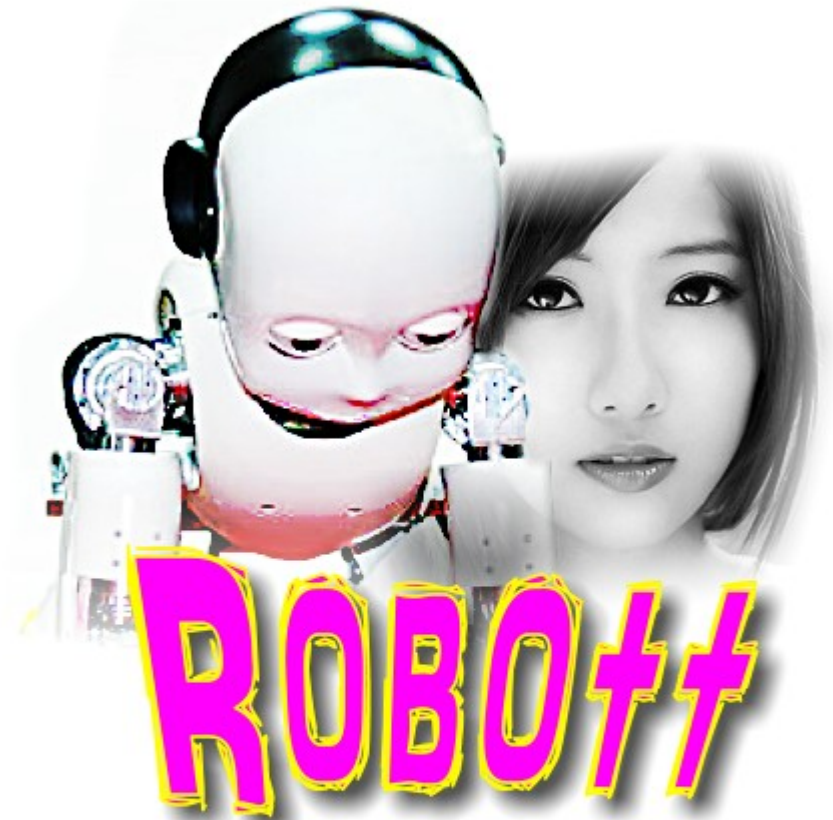
The wages of sin is death\* but the **GIFT** of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. Romans 6:23

== C == Confess to God you know you are a sinner and call upon Him to come into your heart.

For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. Romans 10:13

## Comfort of the Scriptures

For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope. Romans 15:4



# WHY?!

Eduventure  
Leader Guide

## An Eduventure

by  
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This resource is provided 'as is' and meant to show some alternative low-budget methods to be a part of the Bible's Great Commission to all Christians.

Its author, websites, and publishers shall be held blameless for any harm – physical or intellectual, real or imaginary by the reading or construction mentioned on these pages.

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about the difference of the tear stain and this piece of technology that looked like a person. He really hadn't thought the whole story through before he started typing it. But the more he thought about it, the more it really bothered him.

People today are so impressed with technology and all it can do here, and in space. But his mind kept going back to that tear stain. No matter how good the vision of a robot computer is, there are never any tears involved. And the thought of his grandfather's tears in his Bible really grabbed at his heart.

Ben added a few more paragraphs to his Ben and Robot story and left the story for a few days.

The sermon Tommy heard the next Sunday really drove the tear stains deep when his pastor's message included the missions verse,

*They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.*

Psalms 126:5,6:

Only a human sitting at the keyboard can possess the burden, compassion, love and imagination God wants to employ in His Great Commission; never any technology in any form can know and savor the joy of God's wonderful grace demonstrated on Calvary.

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## Introduction

Robott uses a non-technical flavor of robotics to convey:

1. there are right and wrong times to ask, "WHY?"
2. to see some of the purpose of our pain and suffering.
3. the strong bond to be established between generations.
4. God knows exactly what He's doing.
5. A simple version of memorization by association.
6. God has blessed us with gifts hard to explain in words.
7. God shows His super power merged with great love.
8. Scripture applies to technology as well as evangelism.
9. the greatest purpose and power of robotics is within Christian evangelism.

Follow-up resources are at:

[ReachingYouth.net](http://ReachingYouth.net)

## #12 – The Robot Reads

1. Potato Chip Bowl
2. Robot Eyes and Face
3. Desk with 3 Legs
4. Aquarium
5. Robot Hand
6. Pop Six-pack
7. Robot Arm Outstretched
8. Clown Glasses
9. Desk Lamp
10. Count-down Monitor

**T**HE ROBOT SAT AT THE TABLE READING THE BIBLE. Its super powerful vision scanned each page and instantly committed every word and comma to its memory without error. Almost creepy, every five seconds or so, high-pitched motors would start up and the robot would turn the page. The flashes of yellow rays from the eyes were scanning two pages in less than the five seconds. The process repeated itself over and over.

**Gram continued telling her story to Dotty, Blanch, and Tamiel.**

What a masterpiece of machinery and intelligence. Anyone would like to have this robot to help him or her with studying their homework or reading the newspaper. Occasionally the mechanical thing gave what Ben thought was a mechanical hick-up. He held his breath to see what would happen next. Each time it continued on again. Whew!

Ben picked up the infrared remote control and pressed PAUSE... the robot stopped dead. He then took a few minutes pressing many program buttons on the remote to complete the fix.

As a troubleshooting technique, Ben had programmed the computerized robot to stop the next time it did it's "hick-up" so he could see what was causing the problem. Ben could never have guessed what was causing the problem. It was tears. Tears were causing the robotic scanning problems.

The way Ben figured it out was that the program told him where the scanning process had stopped at. On the page of his grandfather's old Bible, Ben saw there was a TEAR STAIN on the page.

Just then Tommy paused in writing his "Ben and Robot" story you've just been reading. He stopped to think

describe. Those new sights and sounds were wonderful, for sure. But there still remained a very strong heart-tug back to her room, specifically to 93 yr-old Blanch, that shared Dotty's room.

Blanch never seemed to get any visitors. Even the nursing home staff that would only spend a couple extra minutes with her, or even touch her arm, shoulder, or cheek in a friendly way. The next opportunity that Dot had to explore her new territory, was turned down in favor of her giving Blanch a closer look at the pipe-cleaner robot, ALPHA.

If fact, the next day Dot spent more time with Blanch and bent Alpha into several different postures, that brought a soft smile to Blanche's face. With the extra pipe-cleaner pieces, Blanch was invited to twist a few of them together, producing even more smiles. Dot invented a game that challenged each one to imagine what Blanche's latest creation could be or do.

A couple days later, Dot showed Blanch something a little odd. The 12 yr-old pulled one of the hairs out of her own head and began to wrap it around the head portion of ALPHA. She then looked at the ceiling and spoke out loud, "Ya gotta subtract one!" That made no sense to Blanch.

Tamiel, the candy-striper stood ready with a short piece of tape, as Blanch yanked out one strand of her own hair and wrapped it around the head of little ALPHA. Not really knowing the reason why, the 93 yr-old looked at the ceiling and also announced out aloud, "Ya gotta subtract one!" Dotty explained that our hair proves how much God loves each one of us. The Bible tells us that God has the hairs on each of our heads numbered. When I say to subtract one, in a fun way, I'm reminding myself of God's love for me with all my imperfections. He certainly doesn't need me to tell Him, but that my hair-count needs to subtract one. The wonderful verse and many others are in Luke 7. [~]

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## #11 – Alpha Gets Hair

**H**ow's your brain bucket?" That was Gram's old-time way of asking 'do you remember?' With her wheelchair parked next to Dotty's bed, Gram tested Dot's memory of the objects in her robotics lab story. (In case you've forgotten, the list is at the beginning of this resource.)

"Dot. I hope you keep in mind, the trick to this whole memory game is to always form a definite PICTURE of the object in your head. If you do, you'll remember the objects for years... I mean it. I also have said, several times to you the importance of associations. Well, here's where we really put associations to work. Ya ready?" The 12 yr-old nodded YES.

"Now what we're gonna do is to give each one of the 10 robotics lab objects a partner object. Our job is to make a picture of that lab object with its partner. Now each of our 10 objects will be associated with its partner. Here's an example, hon. I want you to remember WHALE for number 4. So what you do is, to picture a whale in that aquarium. Form that picture of that aquarium you had, now with a whale inside it. See? This'll be lots of fun and helpful too. I promise."

"Just for fun, you can tell someone that was the whale that had Jonah in its belly. Cool – huh?"

During the following 3 weeks or so, Dot has been gaining much of the function of her limbs and able to move around in a wheelchair, with just a bit of help. Her silver-haired wheelchair buddy, Gram, has been providing her with more pipe cleaner pieces. The pieces are used to create more little stick-figure robots, like the first one, the 12 yr-old Dot called ALPHA.

It was like a breath of fresh air, the first time Dot was able to wheel herself out of her room she'd spent so many months in – that no amount of 'boring' adjectives could

patients knew first-hand how tough it is for a young person not to act like a baby, but still not be able to function like an adult. On top of all that, many had shoulders that didn't have the right muscles, and elbows that will live inside a cast for a lot of playground days.

The first time Barry brought his computerized robot arm into the hospital, it was just to cheer up his brother and help him pass the time. But then he began comparing the human arm to the toy robot arm, and realized that God's design of people is so far superior to anything that man can do, that it can't even begin to be compared. The grappler claw dutifully, and without thinking, closed ever so gently on the blue box as though the box contained rocket fuel. In reality, the action fueled the imaginations and hopes of the children behind those forty faces. When the toy robot arm lifted the pretend rocket fuel and placed it into the little basket provided, the whole room cheered. Even old Doc McCartney shouted in delight, right along with the children. One nurse said that was more emotion than she'd seen out of ol' Doc in months.

Then Barry put a finger to his lips and everyone got very quiet again. He said that even that success was not the best part. He explained to the children how futile and slow it has been for scientists to even begin to design the mechanical equivalent of what we call arms. Barry walked around the beds and asked the children what kind of things we can do with arms. He heard everything from climbing trees and peeling bananas, to working on a space station and doing computer designs. But the one that brought everything to a standstill was Barbara's answer. With eyes that tell stories not many people want to hear, she said simply, "Hug".

Whatever God has given to you, you'll find great joy in sharing your God-given talents and compassion with others, and giving Him the glory. ☼

## #1 – The BIG WHY

Like a thorn in the foot, the WHY question mark continued to nag 12 yr-old Dotty in her everyday thoughts. Why has God let this bike accident paralyze me? Why do they think I'll get better in this nursing home with old people everywhere you look? Why isn't there anyone here, my own age?

Mom should have given me the middle name WHY, instead of Dorthy Ruth Jameson. Everywhere the pretty brunette looked she saw a question mark or the capital letter Y. Two days ago, she asked her visiting mom why the nursing home cooks continually give the mashed potatoes all the flavor of beach sand – or at least what you'd think it was. Dotty showed her mom her mashed potato sculpture of a capital Y with a question mark.

Dotty Ruth's WHY questioning of the bike accident produced deep hurt in her mother also. Maybe the WHY questions are a little unlike the thorn-in-foot, but more like severe poison ivy. Like poison ivy, the continual distressing WHY questions are contagious. They spread to others – young and old.

The 12 yr-old would never know the deeper level of hurt growing in her mother, fed by the WHY questions. That deeper level of questioning, fostered Dotty's mom asking herself if the reason for the accident and paralysis was punishment to herself for some poor parenting issue.

Growing taller, like a giant thermometer, was the stack of magazines and books that shouted in unison, "We have the ultimate answer to raising children – by a single parent!" But in truth, they were all the same in not giving any satisfying plan and direction.

Last Thursday, while her daughter was in X-ray for an hour, Mrs. Jameson daydreamed some. Her eyes-open dream pictured a ladder; a ladder that actually reached up through the clouds. A voice in the dream said the answers to all the WHY's were at the top of the ladder – start climbing. Her mother, full of guilt feelings, dismissed the daydream as a trick of the devil or something. That ladder to answers would not be feasible to most of the people asking the WHYs.

She even began asking herself, if the ladder does exist, where is it? How much will it cost to climb?

“Why does Wilbert keep doing it?” Sitting alone at the kitchen table, Mrs. Jameson watched the family's pet hamster running as hard as ever, in his exercise wheel part of his cage. For ten minutes solid, she watched Wilbert never pause. The question came again, “Why does he continue like that? Surely he's smart enough to know by now, that it's not getting him anywhere.”

Her mind even asked the question, “Why does God give Wilbert all that energy and action and yet deprive my daughter of any walking now, at all?”

We'll see that God DOES have a plan; a plan that has nothing to do with a ladder through the clouds or anything of the sort. Part of the answer has to do with hairs – no not Wilbert's hairs, but Dotty Ruth's. And it has to do with roots, seeds, and someone to plant them.

The Bible is bursting with history of God providing for people that love Him... and some that don't. But it all starts with hairs. Scripture says more than once that God loves so much that He even has the hairs on our head numbered. The key to all of it, is that we must have FAITH and TRUST in Him till His answers arrive. ☼

## #10 – The Button

**T**en... nine... eight... seven. Everyone in the large room counted out loud as though each had the ultimate responsibility of pushing THE BUTTON.

**Six... five... four...** A worker from another room, hearing the chorus-like countdown, entered, and saw forty pairs of eyes glued on THE BUTTON.”

== Gram continued telling her robot story to Dotty and Tamiel.==

“Barry had worked many weeks on a computer program that would operate the robot arm. What a struggle it was! Every movement or adjustment was dependent on the changes of any of the other joints. Just like a human arm, this robot arm had a “shoulder”, an “elbow”, and a “wrist”. Not often are robots designed with hands and fingers. Their “hands” are usually a fixture designed for special purposes, like welding fenders on a new car, retrieving research items on board an unmanned space vehicle on its way to the planet Venus, or the high-repetition tasks of testing chemicals for new medicines to aid human illness.

**Three... two... one...** As though all the hopes of the free world wished him well, Barry pressed THE BUTTON. Eerie-sounding motors and gears began to follow their programmed commands and the shoulder joint began to raise the entire arm, and then rotated it in a clockwise direction. Hardly had the shoulder joint finished its task, when the elbow joint began the required task on which the whole mission depended. Without this maneuver the task of picking up the small blue box was impossible. As the wrist joint began rotating the grappler claw into position, the eyes of the forty children began whispering, “Come on, come on, you can do it; come on, that's it!”

Hopeful attitudes were almost missing from the pediatrics ward of this important children's hospital. The



began in the Garden of Eden, when He created sin, was to show His Might and His Mercy. The universe easily shows His MIGHT. But His redemption plan showed His MERCY.

It's a testament to His majesty that in His power and authority, He manifests what you and I call feelings: love, compassion, empathy, etc. Now the problem is how would we describe these precious attributes of God, in words? You can't! It would be like trying to describe a rainbow to a person blind from birth. So we must be shown His love, mercy etc. In fact, even better than being shown the meanings of these attributes, He's made us to begin INSIDE these circumstances and EXPERIENCE love, mercy etc.

To help us along these INSIDE circumstances, He has given us directions, promises, case histories, and best of all, the Holy Spirit person to be our INSIDE teacher.

### **True Robot Power**

The power of any robot is not measured in how many directions it can twist, or the number of motors it contains, or even how much memory it has. It might be thought robot power is measured in how well it learns to do things on its own. None of that begins to set a value on a robot.

The greatest power and influence on the future is clearly how it is used in sharing the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Technology, whether it's robotics, computing, or mobile communication is all a gift from God, to be used to magnify Him. We magnify Him by praising Him in our own communication with Him (prayer and songs). But our most important earthly purpose is to lovingly show those around us, His love... especially for those, that might be labeled as unlovely. Use technology subjects as an introduction. Then share with them the Bible's promise of an eternity in Heaven, and not Hell. Don't delay, start today. ☺

## **#2 – Fun-Time Thieves**

**T**he orange Jello desert with the wiggles would typically bring a little smile to other preteens and younger children alike. But Dorothy Ruth Jameson only made a sculpture of it. The nurse's aid picked up her food tray with a wiggly Y in the middle of the plate. The one in the candy-striper uniform almost said, “Hey! You ought to become a sculptor!” But the food tray disappeared without a careless word.

“**OUCH!** That darn door did it to me again!” With some difficulty, Dotty rolled over in her bed to see who had spoke. The silver-haired lady in the wheel chair was shaking her left hand like she was going to shake the pain out of the pinched fingers. Seeing Dotty now looking at her, she said, “I'd jump up and kick that door good, but my kicking days are gone. Probably just as well. Me kickin' that door would probably bust my toe and then I'd hurt on both ends!”

The wheel chair moved closer to the foot of Dotty's bed. Almost in a salute gesture, the older lady said, “My name's Esther Tomm. Honey, you call me Essy or Granny and we'll get along just fine.” There was a quiet few seconds and then Essy asked, “What'll I call you, honey?”

Dotty's first thought was to answer, “Leave me alone. I'm havin' me a pity party and I don't wanna quit.” But in a discourteous tone, she answered, “Dotty Ruth Jameson”. The sparkly reply was, “Well, Dotty Ruth, I'm sure we're gonna get along fine. I don't know why, but I just feel it in my bones, in there with my Arthritis and other stuff,” came with a granny grin.

It took a little doin', but Essy got the 12 yr-old out of her pity party. The older lady found some medicine that was better than what the doctor ordered for Dotty. Essy's medicine

didn't need to be taken with food or swallowed with water. Essy's medicine for others, quite often, began with just listening. No. Not shut-up and listen, but to turn off the mouth and turn on the ears and heart.

It wasn't too tough to see the little lady didn't have a real grudge against anyone, or God either. Her bucket of unanswered questions was overflowing and needed attention.

“Dotty-Ruth, I gotta tell ya. I like Why's. I mean, not the why's that keep second guessing or doubting others – especially God. But I like the Y's; the letter Y's. When I see the letter Y, my mind flashes back to when I saw the fork in a tree with a strong round nest with 3 powder-blue eggs with little hearts just itchin' to bust out and take on the world.

When I see the capital Y letter, I think of a fork in my road. I have a choice to go left or right. Sometimes I get a glimpse of the flowers and beauty on the road to the left, and I can see the rocks and muddy trail to the right. Then I ask myself, “Why would I want to take the rough and rocky trail to the right?” But, Ruth, then I see the shocker. Just as I'm making my choice which road to take, I notice a young person that has been following me all the way. In fact she's trying to step in my very footsteps. As I make my choice at the Y in the road ahead, I'm actually making the choice for more than just ol' Essy.”

“Ruth. I don't know why God let me get advanced Cancer and all the discomfort that goes with it. If anybody wants to learn how to have a whiz-bang pity-party I can sure show them how. But sure as you have that sweet middle name RUTH, I know God loves us more than we love ourselves. Honey, those pity-parties are fun-time thieves. Don't let them rob you. I gotta go. Dotty, don't let me forget to tell you about Ol' Spooky Eyes, tomorrow.

“Sweetie, just like a mama robin, God keeps you under His mighty wings of love and protection – if you ask Him.” ☼

## #9 – Robot Power

**I**t's Magic! Or at least it feels like it. To flip a switch or turn a knob and we make something big and powerful happen in front of us or on the other side of the world. Probably the most common is driving a car or truck.

Humanoid robots are looking and acting so lifelike we struggle not to think there is a human in where all the gears and motors are. Most of these 'full body' robots require 30 motors or more, to do just the movement we humans consider most basic. Yet they can't walk backwards or crawl like a baby.

### Human Body Power

“You boys and girls, and us old fuddie-duddies, require more than 600 muscles to do what we do. Muscles are limited to pulling only. That's why most of the 600 work in pairs; one muscle will pull a finger this way. Then its partner will pull that finger back. Our heart and lung muscles continuously pump fresh blood to our brain or we die in about 4 minutes.”

Gram told Dotty and Tammy (the candy-striper), “Girls. The old proverb, 'Use it or Loose it', sure is true. Dot, if you don't keep trying to use those muscles, even though it hurts a lot, they'll slowly disappear. A very wise part of our body design is that we are to be involved; we are to put actions to our beliefs, trusting in God's guidance.

### God's Power

As mentioned in many places across the whole of the scriptures, God's power is defined and also demonstrated. We've learned that God is omnipotent (all powerful), omniscient (all knowing), and omnipresent (everywhere present). Creation demonstrates all these. But His plan which

Gram, do you think it'd be OK to call my girl robot 'Alpha'?"  
"Whatever you like, Ruthy. You'll notice in this plastic refrigerator box, some fuzzy wire pipe cleaners. I've cut some of them into shorter pieces."

"Honey. Listen carefully. No one else is to make your robot Alpha. It would be a big help to you, if you didn't even let others help you. Not one person in this whole nursing home has ever built a robot like this. Well, Dot, you're gonna teach them. Yes, you're going to make mistakes and have to redo some of Alpha. Maybe it's like she's waiting for you to give her form. You can even pretend she'll help you teach others some of the differences between gear 'n pulley robots and God's design of humans with aching muscles and memory that seems to take a vacation when we don't want them to."

"Dotty. Alpha and I want you to teach others about the people that have absolutely no pain – not ever. Does that sound great? Maybe they'd be a little like your robot Alpha. Well, these people would dearly love to experience pain. That sounds kind of strange doesn't it. These people have a disease in them called Hanson's Disease. Not having any pain; not having any feeling is actually a terrible condition."

"You can learn a great deal about Hanson's Disease, in the Bible. In scripture Hanson's is called..... Leprosy. The people back then were forced to live in cave communities and carry signs that said, "I'm Unclean. I'm Unclean."

"Dotty Ruth, there are lots of people around us that are hurting – hurting deeply. You, Alpha, and I need to be busy telling them that God knows about their hurts and has all the healing power needed. But most often, He first wants to heal our hearts and attitudes. He wants us to build our faith in Him and Him alone. We need to teach that building and healing are not quick processes. They happen on a schedule; God's schedule and not ours." ☼

### #3 – Spooky Eyes

**Y**ou're not gonna get me this time- you pesky door!"  
It was easy for Dotty Ruth to recognize the voice of her new silver-haired friend. Essy got her wheelchair through the nursing home door without injury, and into the room the 12 yr-old was sharing with two other very private silver-haired residents.

As the wheelchair visitor came closer to Dotty's bed the warm greeting jumped out of her mouth, "Hi ya, Gram!" The greeting reached Essy like the aroma of a sheet of baked cookies just coming out of the oven. The truth is, every mature woman needs to be a 'Gram' to someone. It's a fact.

Dotty had a WHY question. "Essy. Yesterday you said I had a sweet middle name (Ruth). Tell me what you mean, will ya?"

"Honey. When I hear the name Ruth, like a flash, I always think of a true love story about Ruth and her boyfriend named Boaz. She's probably the most famous Ruth, of all. But I'll tell you that story another time. Today I want to start telling you about Ol' Spooky Eyes."

"Now as I tell you this story, I'll be testing you to see if you're paying attention and check your memory. Are you ready?" "You bet I'm ready!"

"Dotty Ruth, I was part of a janitorial crew before I retired. My favorite area to clean up and make straight was a robotics lab. Three guys and a girl developed humanoid robots – actually just from the waist up. Honey, every other day I cleaned and straightened up that lab; at least as best as I could." I never did find out who the potato chip junky was, but the first thing I did was clean up the potato chips. The potato chip bowl was surrounded by different mechanical tools and lots of potato chip fragments."

“Now what you need to do Dotty, is to get a mental picture of that potato chip bowl with a number 1 written on it's side. Go ahead. Close your eyes if you need to. But picture that bowl with the number 1. Then, each time I say 1, your mind shows you that potato chip bowl. So after I got the chips all cleaned up, I noticed the two eyes of one of the robots following me as I continued cleaning up the lab. It was real spooky. So we'll think of the robot face with moving eyes, when we think of number 2. Are you staying with me, Ruthy?” A wide-eyed nod was the reply.

“Now, one of the wooden desks in the lab had a broken leg. Someone had stacked a book and two pieces of wood under the desk to keep it level. So for number 3, we'll think of the desk with the broken leg. Remember now... get a picture of that desk in your mind. Here's a test question, honey. What was number 1?” The potato chip bowl was given. The robot face and eyes was number 2, etc.”

“Well, I'm tellin' you. I wanted to put a paper bag over that spooky eyes robot head. But I didn't. I also fed the 4 large goldfish in the bubbly aquarium. We'll think of number 4 as the bubbly aquarium. Number 5 is the robot hand with fingers moving like they wanted to grab me. Remember now, to get pictures in your mind of each of the objects, and you'll remember them for years.” The two ladies rehearsed the objects and their numbers, with plenty of smiles.

Standing just outside Dotty's room, the candy-striper could see the big smiles from both ladies. It was clear there would not be any more pitiful sculptures asking “Why?”

God has given us senses of touch, hearing, taste, smell, and sight – and more advanced ones. But the most powerful, is sight. You can give a robot two eyes that will never lead to a smile. God has given us sight, peace, joy, hope, and purpose. He has also made us the attention of others that we are to show with our actions and attitudes, God's love. ☒

## #8 – Robot 'Alpha Build'

**T**oday has started out as not a good day. Up until lunch time, Dotty Ruth Jameson has had a really rough therapy session. The bike accident resulted in her limbs responding minimally but with lots of discomfort – to put it mildly. Her after-lunch times with silver-haired Gram always brought joy, hope, and a hug or two into Dotty's day. But her preteen muscles were almost shouting that today, she would have to pass up Gram's visit.

Tamiel delivered Dot's lunch tray, dressed in her spic and span candy-striper uniform, speaking warm encouraging words to the hurting 12 yr-old.

The meal was finished and Tammy was just about to take the tray to the hall tray carrier, when someone knocked on the door that was partially open. A small present with colorful paper and a big pink bow on top appeared in the open door. No one could tell who was holding the gift. “A gift for Dotty Jameson. A gift for Dotty Jameson.” Gram had tried to disguise her voice in making the surprise announcement, but it didn't work. Even Gram didn't have the skill to disguise a visit from a loved one – whether it was her or someone else.

Tamiel helped Gram's wheelchair through the doorway. I don't think scientists can describe the quick healing to the body at the sight of a loved one. Dotty received the beautifully wrapped package. Dot had difficulty putting into words that just having a heart-felt visit from Esther 'Gram' Tomm was a rich healing gift itself.

Tammy helped Dotty just a little with opening the gift. Gram explained, “Honey, you've been working so hard with the pen and glove drawings of the stick-figure robot, that I've decided we need to start BUILDING your robot. Since this will be your first one, it's called an 'ALPHA BUILD'.” “Well,

you have to get a good picture in your mind of the object and how it's associated with its number. When you do that, you just don't have trouble remembering.

Esther could see it was time to change gears with the 12 yr-old. "Holy Mackerel, Dot!" Look all the stick figure robots you've been working on. You've been busy! And look at them too. Each one of them keeps getting better. Hot dog! Our artist is plowin' ground! But what about this one? It sure looks a bit different." The reply was, "Oh, well... that's the robot boy-friend." Gram decided it was time to change gears again.

Dotty and Gram rehearsed the list of 10 objects, forward and backwards. The 12 yr-old artist was doing well. "Dotty, I want you to do something. Close your eyes, and picture that bowl of potato chips. Now in that picture, I want you to put a frog in the bowl with the potato chips. I know it sounds (and looks) silly. But get that picture in your mind of the frog in that bowl. So before we quit, I want you to picture in your mind, a little robot fish. That'll be for number 4. It's easy for me to remember number 4 is fish, 'cuz 4 was aquarium, and I remember the scientists were building a robot a little bigger than your hand, that swam like a fish."

"Dot. We're going to learn that we remember what we see, by the reasonable association of things (like the robot fish in the aquarium (number 4). We also remember images of things that are odd partners, like the frog in the bowl."

"Dotty and Tamiel. When people see you or see me, they remember real well, where we are and what we're doing. Even without words, people partner you and I with our actions, and even with the others we hang out with. I'm here to tell ya, I want to be associated with God's love and reminding others of His ocean of promises and provisions with our name on them.

Do you get the picture? Are you sure? 🌀

## #4 – He's Workin'!

**NURSE! COME QUICK!"** The teenage candy-striper quickly led nurse Judy toward room 3-A; Dotty Ruth Jameson's room. Nurse Judy's first thought was that 12 yr-old Dotty was having a seizure or had fallen out of bed. But the candy-striper's soft smile hinted at something else altogether.

They both stopped just outside room 3-A to see Dotty using great effort to hold up the fingers of one paralyzed hand and pointing at each of its fingers with the other hand. With the intensity of an army drill sergeant, Dotty was ordering the one hand to work harder and do it's job. "Point at those fingers or else you'll be sorry! Forget the pain! GET IT DONE!" The bike accident and all the WHYs had turned a 12 yr-old into a drill sergeant.

Nurse Judy looked at the candy-striper with a "What caused all this?" look. With shrugged shoulders, the reply was, "I dunno. All I do know is Dotty and Mrs. Tomm from 5-A have been playing some kind of a robot game." Judy returned to her nurse's station and happily made notations in Dotty's rehabilitation log. The 3-A discovery added a little spring in Judy's step. She whispered to herself, "Thank God, He can do more than doctors can."

After lunch, the candy-striper reached to pick up Dotty's tray and saw none of the Y sculptures. She smiled at Dotty and gave a 'thumbs up' gesture. With a struggle, Dotty did the same.

Dotty, the drill sergeant, was teaching everybody that pity parties with puffed up WHY balloons steal smiley time that can spread to others.

About an hour after lunch, Gram, (that's Esther Tomm) wheeled into the drill sergeant's (I mean, Dotty's) room and

the robot memory game was continued. Essy, reviewed the first 5 objects with her 12 yr-old buddy and all went well.

“Ruthy, when I was cleaning that robot lab, I will always remember seeing the six-pack of pop cans. I'm not sure who, but someone in that lab would drink a can of pop and then put the can back in the plastic six-pack holder. Anyway, number 6 is pop six-pack. Don't forget, you gotta make pictures of each object in your mind, to remember.”

“One of the robots had an outstretched arm that looked like the number 7 when you looked at it from the side. Get the picture. And then some goofy person in the lab put one of those super size clown eyeglasses on the face of one of the robots. Number 8 is clown eyeglasses. Then on one of the desks was a real bright lamp with a magnifying lamp connected to it. That's where they worked on tiny little motors and gears. The side view of the lamp looked like the number 9. So number 9 is bright lamp.”

“Dotty, the last desk I carefully dusted had a computer monitor that kept flashing the numbers 10 through 1, like it was counting down to a launch of something. We'll make number 10 stand for the computer monitor.”

Dotty and Gram practiced all ten of the objects in the story, backwards and forwards. It was fun for both of them.

Then the 12 yr-old drill sergeant showed the silver-haired Gram the work she'd been doing, to get her own fingers to work. You really don't need to be a robot scientist to see that robot slow moving fingers don't hold a candle to someone working real hard to get their own flesh and blood fingers to obey... especially working hard to obey God.

Outside room 3-A, the candy-striper was learning what happens when you're just helping someone, and when you're putting your heart and hands out to another's need. The greatest happened on the Cross of Calvary... get the picture? ☺

## #7 – Got The Picture?

Put a dress on 'er!” Tamiel, the nursing home candy-striper, repeated to the 12 yr-old artist. “A curly-haired girl has to have a dress on, even if she is a robot full of gears, wires, and pulleys.” Amid all the silver-haired residents, Tammy savored her growing friendship with Dotty, the artist. The partnering seemed to be a real help to Dotty also. Someone said it was one of those win-win situations made in heaven. And half of another super partnership was just about to wheel through the door.

“Hi ya Gram!” Every young person needs a granny they can connect with, often. Gram's enthusiasm toward Dotty and Tammy (the candy-striper) was definitely more than 'just-what-the-doctor-ordered'. Gram's stage-4 condition prompted her to rarely spend much time goofin' off, especially when there's important work to do.

“OK girls. Ya ready to go to work?” It was a silly question 'cuz doin' stuff Gram wanted done was always a joy. Silver-haired Gram locked her wheelchair in place close to one side of Dotty's bed. “Dotty, I need you to tell me the objects in our robotics lab story, starting with number one.”

“Well, let's see... 1 was the potato chip bowl, 2 was the eyes on the robot face. 3 was the desk with the 3 legs, 4 was the aquarium and 4 fish. And then, 5 was the moving robot hand. Hmmm... Gram, I can't think what 6 was. I guess I flunked, didn't I?”

“Whoa now, girl! This is not a drop-dead Science test. We're both learning how to sharpen our teaching skills, and having fun doing it. Honey. The only way you flunk, is to quit tryin'. And I ain't lettin' ya!” Gram said with one of her smiles that always chases Satan's sadness away.

Esther Tomm, (that's Gram) explained to Dotty that

the chest, not like our brains between ears, and protected by hair. See, even robot hearing and speaking is in the chest. The head of the robot is so packed with cameras and neck motors, there is little room for anything else – and certainly not smelling and tasting at all. Dotty, only God can design a head that has all our senses in one knoggin' like yours.”

“As you draw the head and curly hair on your robot, think about all the things you CAN do with your senses, even though your arms and legs are taking a little vacation.”

Anyone could see Gram's stage-4 Cancer was slowly advancing, as she leaned toward the bed-fast 12 yr-old robot artist. She spoke to Dotty in a bit of a hush. “Honey. I'm gonna tell you a secret that is super important, that I don't want you to ever forget – never never. God has a loving way of guiding us to His perfect plan by putting in our path, what looks like closed doors or body parts that don't let us run and play. Ruthy, it's up to us to trust His love as He teaches us more of the majesty of the body and possessions we can use right now; right here.”

“You and I can really marvel at the head God has put on our shoulders, compared to a robot head. But something God has given us, robots will never have. And not even the angels in heaven. We call it a heart. Sure our blood-pump in our chest is another gift that man will never fully duplicate. But we use the 'heart' word when we're referring to our feelings, passion, love, forgiveness, joy, and peace. Honey, God gave you that kind of heart that can (and should) be used, even when we're stuck in a wheel chair or a boring bed.”

Gram promised they'd get more drawn on the robot tomorrow. She encouraged everyone in the room to use their eyes, she called them our 'heart-eyes' to see where we can share God's peace, forgiveness, and joy. Look for the open doors of opportunity to do what robots and angels can't. 🌀

## #5 – Don't Push My Button

“Hello, Mrs. Jameson?” The telephone request began. “Yes?” “Hi. I'm Esther Tomm. I'm a pal of your daughter, Dotty Ruth. If you hear her say 'Gram', she's likely talking about me. (a short pause) Mrs. Jameson, I have a small favor to ask of you, that I believe will be a help to Dotty.” “Ok, Gram. Whatcha got in mind?”

“Well... I need you to take a pair of inexpensive gloves that are just large enough for Dotty. Take the right hand glove and lay it out flat with the palm facing up. Next I need you to glue all the fingers together. After that dries, you need to glue a ball-point pen across the fingers so the pen button faces the thumb. Now the other end of the pen needs to stick out past the littlest glove finger. Can you do that for us?”

“Sure, Esther. I think I can bring it in late tomorrow. Will that be soon enough?” “That'll be fine.” “Esther, I was about to ask you why, but Dotty has been teaching me that asking why is a fun-killer. So I'll just trust that you have my daughter's best interests at heart. She certainly tells me lots about you, and that your Cancer is stage 4.”

“Yes, Mrs. Jameson that's true. But I gotta tell you that the drive to recover her limitations has encouraged me too. I feel more alive these days, than I have for years. Dotty did it.”

The next day you couldn't have drug Dotty's mom out of the room with a bulldozer. She wanted to see what Gram was going to do with the pen and glove. That was revealed in short order. The glove was slipped on Dotty Ruth and a piece of paper was taped to the swing-around table in front of the 12 yr-old.

The instructions were clear and simple. “Dotty Ruth, see that button on the pen. Well absolutely NO ONE is allowed to touch that button except you. The nurse is not

allowed, the candy-striper, your mama, or even the doctor can touch it, and I'm not either. The pen won't work until you, and you only, push the button. Ya read me?"

Essy turned to Mrs. Jameson and said, "Honey, my heart tells me that Ruthy needs to draw a robot. And she needs to learn to draw it all by herself." (facing the bedfast 12 yr-old, she continued, "Ruthy, we'll draw a robot together, using little steps. Are you ready?" "Ya, I think so...and I remember no one pushes my button, 'cept me. I got it!"

"One other thing, Dotty. I'm gonna teach you to draw a robot, but you'll have to teach someone else, 'cuz I doubt my Cancer is going to keep me around for very long. So here's your first step. I'll use my pen and show you how to use your button." "To draw a robot you have to start with a big letter T. Draw it like a lower case T or something like a telephone pole or a cross. Now at the bottom of your T add two lines going down that are something like an upside down Y. Next, the horizontal line of the T or cross will be the shoulders. So draw one line down from each side of the shoulders."

"So that's all there is for the first step to drawing a robot – a curly haired girl robot. I gotta go take my medicine and rest, so Dotty Ruth, I want you to teach your mom how you start making a girl robot; especially the right start."

Mrs. Jameson would never never forget the sounds of her own daughter, that not long ago was filled with hurt and hate, now saying, "The first step to do it right, is to start with the cross." Even the guilt feelings her mom had, were starting to melt just a little.

The other lesson the two Jameson ladies were learning was that no one is allowed to push your guilt and anger button. Keep your heart and attitudes soft, pointed heavenward.

God is ready to write love letters on your heart. ☼

## #6 – The Head of Your Class

**Y**ou'll be in big trouble, Dotty, if the nurse comes by and sees you still have your light on, instead of getting your night time rest. I'm on my way home, and I care so much about you," said Tamiel, the candy-striper. "You'll do better with your drawing tomorrow, if you get your needed rest. You're no robot."

"A couple of my classmates are committing suicide in little steps because they are disobeying their parents by spending all but 2 hours of sleep time every night, texting each other."

"You gotta have lots of rest if you are to get well and begin teaching others about robots. Dotty, I bet it'd be a good idea if I turn your light out and you start your sleep, thinking about that curly haired girl robot you're learning to draw. Hey. You gotta be thinking up a name for her, anyhow! See ya tomorrow - robot teacher." The light was switched off, and the room became a restful quiet.

The next afternoon, Gram safely wheeled her way through the doorway into Dotty Ruth's room. Tamiel was already there, admiring the page full of the 12 yr-old's efforts at drawing the stick-figure beginnings of a robot. Hugs and handshake greetings were filled with smiles and anticipation.

Silver-haired Esther Tomm (that's Gram) examined the glove with the pen glued to it, "It seems to be holding up well." She began the lesson with, "Ruthy, we need to add a head and face on your robot." As directions were given how to add a circle on top of the stick figure, she said, "When I watched the researchers building the humanoid robots in the lab I cleaned, the head was the hardest. Oh. 'humanoid' just means 'like humans'."

"In a robot, they put the computer brains in the back or