



Introduction

Nano Web Lab is a mission station with a garage door and lawn chairs. Silver-haired Gramps doesn't have a drop of missionary training, but a heart bursting to fill each day of his golden years with introducing young neighborhood boys to God's love and leading. That love and leading takes the form of home-grown hands-on nontechnical adventures that can easily be used in your garage, shed, or jungle hut. [~]

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.

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It might be advisable to always have a second adult present. At least one the same gender as the youth. Take care to not touch the youth without permission.

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Nano Web Laboratory

#1 - Hungry Thumbs

He shouldn't have done it. He knew it would cause big problems later; probably all night.

Gramps Tappin sat across the supper table from his precious wife Lindi, occasionally glancing at her tired eyes. Resting his left elbow on the table and propping his head up with the same hand, he slowly turned a nearby fork hoping it might steer his thinking to a hunger issue that has dominated most of his thoughts for the past four days.

Looking at Lindi, “It's your fault, you know. I've just enjoyed this great country-fried steak smothered in your special thick mushroom gravy, creamed corn, and toasted tater-cakes with a touch of molasses. Lindi. You've just ruined me.” Her gentle smile told you she knew his next words would be the same as the last hundred times of their 48 years of marriage. “Lindi, you set that 'made-in-heaven' cherry jubilee desert in front of me, and you know I can never turn it down.”

Lindi followed with a serious look saying, “The question we heard in last week's Silver Tops Seniors Fellowship is still ringing in my ears. Do you remember it? I sure do. Brother Meeks asked, “Is it possible to be REALLY hungry and not even know it?”

Ross Tappin (that's Gramps), was just taking the last tasty bite of his jubilee and he happened to glance at his thumb holding the fork. He didn't know why, but the sight of his thumb stuck with him, for days following.

A couple days later, Monte came walking around the Tappin house and spied Gramps leisurely relaxing on the porch swing, designed for heavy thinking. The teenager said he'd finished raking up the

backyard brush and had put the tools away. No sooner had Monte finished his progress report than he pulled a little plastic gadget out of his pocket and started doing a dance on it with both his thumbs and an intense gaze.

It was those dancing thumbs that reminded Gramps of the sight of his own thumb at the supper table a few days earlier. His heart told him God was wanting him to think and pray about thumbs; and especially about Monte's thumbs. Ross had learned many years ago to pay close attention to God opening his eyes and maybe a door to where the old gentleman could serve Him. And that service could be to some dancing thumbs.

Two Saturdays later Monte began painting Ross' garage door. Sitting in a strategically placed lawn chair, Gramps watched the teenager's careful painting around the garage door windows. The old supervisor caught a glimpse several times of Monte wincing with pain as he applied the sky blue latex paint to the door. Gramps asked him if today was a bad day for Monte to be painting. Maybe the brush was too large for the teen.

“No, Mr. Tappin. The brush is ok. It's just that my thumbs have been hurting more this month than they did last month. I guess I'm doing a lot more texting than before.” The puzzled look on Ross prompted Monte for an explanation. “See, texting is sending short messages like email to my friends and stay in contact with them. It keeps us all in contact with each other. But some of my friends come to class in the mornings half asleep.” Gramps knew it was something more serious than Cherry Jubilee desert.

“Those kids brag that they sent dozens of text messages after their parents went to sleep and often till 2 am most every school day. I'm not that hooked on it, but it seems like I can talk more, I mean texting more with my friends than I can with my super busy

parents. It's terribly hard to talk to mom and dad, even when they stop a few minutes to listen to me. It's like I'm talking down the barrel of a loaded gun; all ready to fire back at me a ton of rules they didn't even follow when they were teens.”

“Mr. Tappin. Can you believe there are several of my friends that can send text messages without looking at the buttons? They brag about sitting in class during tests and ask test questions back and forth while holding this gadget behind their back.” “Monte, how about you calling me Gramps?” “That's fine with me. But I got a question that gets me a weird look when I ask mom and dad. Can I ask?” With a nod from Gramps, “Well... have you ever picked up a spoon and fork and ate till you thought you'd explode, and then get up from the table and still feeling hungry for something?”

It's just a dirty shame, Ross thought. Men and teens aren't much for hugging, but the old gentleman wanted to hug the teen close and long. He had a whole bunch he wanted to tell the teen. But most of all, he just wanted to be the best listener a grandfather could ever be. No gun barrels allowed. He wanted to learn about teen thumbs; dancing thumbs. Ross had an incredible hunger to learn about the determination of today's generation and exactly what left them so unsatisfied, so unfulfilled, so frustrated.

For sure, Gramps was going to invite Monte over for many more odd jobs and slowly introduce the teen to the One Who's promised others water that satisfies; satisfies even the soul. [~]

#2 - Red Flag Moments

Battles are waged anywhere anytime – be ready! Mrs. Tappin was just finishing the dishes, watching her flower box pansies soaking up the orange afternoon sun. She was startled seeing her husband of 48 years walking toward the garage side door with Monte, a neighborhood teen right behind him. She wanted to chuckle seeing Ross with his metal war helmet in place and wearing an old army shirt with arm stripes and three war ribbons proudly in their rightful spots.

The pair entered the garage door and closed behind them. Seconds later a bright red rag was hung in the garage window that Mrs. Tappin could clearly see from hers. It was a clear and bold signal, she had learned many years ago, “DO NOT DISTURB! GOD'S BLESSING NEEDED!”

Hope finished the last of the dishes, dried her hands, and took a seat at the kitchen table. With the same determination as an army officer, she folded her hands, bowed her head, and began, “Dear Lord. A battle is about to be waged out in our garage, between Satan and two men you shed your blood for.” That prayer in earnest, continued for some time.

Ross unfolded a lawn chair gestured for Monte to have a seat. The silver-haired gentleman in metal helmet slid a wooden box opposite the chair and sat down. “Monte, I asked you to be sure and bring your cell phone with you. I hope you did. Well, I'd like for you to turn it off for a little while.” Monte did as he was asked and returned it to his shirt pocket.

Ross began, “Wearing this old brain bucket looks pretty silly, I'm sure. But I was digging through some old W.W. Two memorabilia.”

With a grin, “I wanted to see if the helmet fit any better than this old Army shirt does. The silver-haired veteran slid an old suitcase over where both could see inside. It was opened and pictures were removed with some shown to Monte. Occasional short explanations about many of them were made.

“Monte, my job in the Army was to calculate coordinates that another soldier entered in the mortar weapon to get the shells on target. See. Here's what a mortar looks like. It looks pretty simple, I know. Not much more than a piece of stove chimney pipe with one end sitting on the ground at an angle toward the enemy. Long before computers we were doing all our calculations with printed data charts. You might be interested to know the first programmable computer filled a whole room. But its first jobs were making firing coordinates tables for the military and also computing for the hydrogen bomb. That computer had a funny name ENIAC.” The teen was given a few moments to look at a couple more pictures, as Gramps (that's Ross) glanced at Monte to see if he understood.

“The job of calculating the trajectory, wind, and other things was a deadly job for several reasons. If I miscalculated or didn't stay focused on my purpose, we could actually drop a mortar round right on our own guys. We had to do our very best, every minute, or we could kill some of our own American soldiers. Do you see how important it was?” Ross paused his description for a moment and then continued, “and then a spotter with binoculars would see where the round landed. He'd then tell me to recalculate using slightly different coordinates to assure the following shots would find their enemy target.”

“Monte. Will you hand me your cell phone, but don't turn it on?” Ross was careful to not touch any of the buttons. Those buttons were so small he wondered how anyone could push them without

using a pencil or a stick. He made sure the teen's eyes were directly on him. In one hand the cell phone was held up in front of Monte. Next to it was held up a clear picture of Ross's mortar weapon.

With the serious tone of a drill sergeant, the old soldier said, “Both of these are weapons and can be used to kill people, both on purpose and by accident.” In the same tone, “If you don't remember anything else I say here today, remember this. Both of these are weapons and can be used to kill people; maybe even those we love.”

The teen wanted to tell Ross that he thought the comparison was rather overstated; it was exaggerated for sure. He didn't have to say to the old soldier what a youthful look of doubt was already saying.

Ross quickly began an explanation of the comparison. “I see youth playing thumb games and texting while walking across streets, driving cars, and even riding bikes.” Ross just tapped the teen's leg to emphasize the statement. He continued, “and another thing. When sending messages to others, we must be super careful the words and directions we give. Once said... or texted, they can never be taken back. This becomes even more critical because of the short statements and abbreviations you use.”

“Monte, my wife Hope and I care a great deal about you and your safety. But also we want you to be the best teacher you can be. See, others are watching you. They are learning to do things by what they see you doing. Social networking and this ability for texting is actually a gift from God. That's very clear in the Bible. But this technology gift is meant give Him the glory He deserves. He wants us to praise Him and network with Him throughout each and every day. He has wonderful blessings and purposes for us to do our best at. But we need to let Him text us with His directions. Because His

texting is far more important, it is written down for us to learn from each day, here in the Bible.”

“We'll talk more another time about that purpose, that target; that goal God has for each of us to keep our sights set on.” The garage battle against Satan was closed in prayer. In a lighthearted manner Monte tried on the metal brain bucket and decided he'd do his fighting with buttons and prayer. [~]

#3 - Nano Web Laboratory

Pray for no puddles! That's always good advice any time your going to ride in Ol' Zeb's pickup. Every time Ross rode in that junky pickup, he felt he was taking his life in his hands. With every bump you wanted to look behind you to see what fender or part had fallen in the road behind you. Ross can still remember the day he got his pant leg wet as Zeb hit a puddle and the muddy water splashed up through the rusted out floor board on Ross's side.

When Ross asked his best friend about the muddy ride, Zeb smiled proudly and asked Ross why he'd change a perfectly good pickup that'd certainly outlast anything they make today. Ross just slid the small piece of plywood over the hole and decided he'd change into dry pants when he got home.

Zeb asked, “Whatcha gonna do with that big sheet of white paneling we're haulin' back there?” Zeb was about the best Christian buddy Ross had. Other than their common love for the Lord Jesus, the two silver-haired old timers were about as different as soap and shoe polish. But they had watched out for each other as far back as elementary school when inkwells were still part of

school desks.

Ross began telling his dear old friend about a neighborhood teenager named Monte, that God had set his heart toward. Ross didn't know exactly how it was all going to pan out, but he knew God was in it. He continued, "I'm gonna mount this panel we're haulin' on the wall inside my garage. Since the panel surface is smooth, we can use dry erase markers to draw things out, just like the big-shot scientists and college professors do. We're gonna call it, 'Nano Web Laboratory', since we'll be experimenting with different ideas."

Just then, Zeb hit another big chuckhole and broke Ross' train of thought. Oh well. They were just about to pull into Ross's driveway to unload the panel anyway.

It took the next two days for Ross and his wife Hope, to remove enough collectables and get the panel mounted and ready to use. An invitation was made for Monte to come over the following Saturday. It confused Monte when Ross told him to wear his thinking cap, but he showed up on time.

On Saturday, Ross and the teen sat in front of the big white panel, with Sparky laying in the corner showing his big red tongue, up-pointed ears, and tail wagging like he knew something exciting was about to start.

Other than the odd jobs Monte had been doing for 'Gramps' (that's Ross), the teen had only met with him once before. That was definitely a Red Flag Moment. Monte soon learned that Gramps always wanted to have the most fun possible, so he always began with a prayer, that God would lead them. But the words and warmth that Gramps spoke began to do something very comforting inside Monte. If you knew the chaos and turmoil that was almost

constant at Monte's house, you'd know how much Ross' words meant to his young friend. Maybe it was like warm sunlight on a garden just itchin' to grow.

Gramps took the red dry erase marker and wrote across the top of the panel, “Nano Web Laboratory”. The old gentleman made sure his student was paying close attention as he explained, “We'll call this 'Nano' cuz that means something like small. It's going to be a laboratory cuz we're going to experiment. I included the word 'Web' cuz you and I are going to design a website – sort of.”

Ross continued, “Now Monte, since I don't know very much about computers and websites, you'll be my design partner and we'll use the most powerful 'how-to' manual I know.” He held out a well used Bible and pointed to it as being that 'how-to' manual everyone ought to use. The old teacher wrote near the edge of the panel, “2nd Timothy 3:16, 17.” He opened his manual to that reference and held it so Monte could read it out loud. Monte did pretty well.

The silver-haired teacher followed it with an explanation. “Son, I know about as much about websites as I do about making a cherry jubilee dessert, but let me emphasize something you just read. There's two powerful words we need to really latch onto. The words are 'all' and 'all'. Simple aren't they? A.L.L. Nothing left out. Covers the whole shootin' match, doesn't it?” On the panel under the reference, Ross wrote, “all good works”. “Monte, the Bible promises us that it is great for all the things we do that are good. Well, that must include using computers, cell phones, and even game boxes too. God gave us computers and all the technology stuff 'cuz He loves us so much.”

The garage lesson taught Monte a whole lot about that “bone-deep lastin' love” the teen needed a truck-load of. To make the lesson really strike home, Ross had Monte write on the panel, “bone-deep

lastin love for Monte.” The teacher decided that was enough till next Saturday. The two had a hardy handshake and the teen grabbed his bike and headed for home.

Teacher Learns a Lesson

Thursday, just before supper, Monte called Ross with a question. The question shook him more that a ride in Zeb's truck. “Mr. Tappin, I mean 'Gramps'. Saturday, can I bring one of my school buddies if he doesn't cause no trouble?” Ross wanted to scream an approval in the phone, but was careful to make a clear welcome to the teen and his friend.

Already Ross is seeing how joyfully scripture, students, and silver hair come together.

How about getting yourself a marker board and a burden? [~]

#4 - A Bulldozer in Sneakers

I shouldn't be here”, thought Dozer. His actual name was Derrick, but he made it clear to everyone he first met, that he preferred the nickname 'Dozer'. Maybe the school kids all looked at him like he was a bulldozer in sneakers. Dozer's husky appearance made any football recruiter want to latch onto him, but his school skills and test scores were quite another matter.

Someone once said his mother had a terrible time at the hospital the day he was born. Others think she died giving birth to Dozer. This was probably the reason most of his schooling always included a couple slow learners classes, though no one ever had the courage to ask him about it. Dozer more than made up for his

shortcomings with pencil and paper by his willingness to humbly help others with their physical chores that needed more might strength than mental.

Saturday found Ross Tappin, that's Gramps, Monte, and Dozer all seated in front of the big white marker board that Ross and his wife Hope, had just installed on the garage wall last week. Ross recited the big red words across the top of the marker board, "Nano Web Laboratory". No sooner than the silver-haired Ross read the word 'laboratory' than Derrick lifted his hand like he was in school, and wanting permission to go to the restroom. "Mr. Ross. I think I shouldn't be here. I'm not smart enough to do no laboratory. Thanks for inviting me anyhow."

Ross quickly spoke directly to Dozer, "Well hold on now, Dozer. All three of us are here to learn. None of us is the sharpest knife in the drawer on some things. Gramps paused a moment, then continued with, "I know what! Let's ask Jesus to help us to be a team; to help each other. We need Him to help learn what things each of us are good at, and then put them together like a puzzle of a beautiful picture. Let's do that right now. Bow your heads and I'll lead us."

Gramps prayed slowly and very deliberately. Derrick tried his best to understand all the prayer words but it wasn't easy. Mostly he didn't understand who Jesus was or where He lived; it must be a long way from his neighborhood on Mason street. But the husky teen sure liked hearing the words 'love' and 'helping each other'.

Another confusing thing. Dozer thought he heard Gramps end his prayer with, "A Man." The big teen thought, "Oh well, maybe this Jesus will help me sort all these new words and things out. I sure hope so."

The silver-haired teacher faced his two students, Monte and Dozer, and said, “I love to find neat things in my Bible that help me each day. One of my favorites is to *let all things be done decently and in order.*” He then turned and in the upper corner of the white marker board, he wrote the phrase, 'decently and in order'. Even though Ross's lips directed words toward his students, his own heart was pleading for the Lord's leading to know the right words to plant in tender hurting hearts.

Again facing the teens, Gramps asked, “Dozer, didn't you tell me you helped your uncle on the farm? Well let me ask you, when he got the tractor out of the barn, did your uncle hook the wagon on the back of the tractor or on the front?” Dozer sat up straight; so proud he could answer with, “Well the wagon always goes on last, back behind the tractor. Otherwise the tractor couldn't go nowhere.”

Gramps silently clapped his hands toward Dozer. That was strange because no one who the teen could remember, was ever happy about some answer he gave. Gramps explained the meaning of 'order' in relation to farm tractors and other stuff. But inside, the teen was asking himself if somehow this Jesus person was helping, even though he couldn't see Jesus there in the garage.

The lesson continued with Dozer invited to draw a big box in the upper left corner of the white board. Wow. He sure wished his mama could see him now; helping to teach a laboratory lesson. Gramps used another marker to write the word, 'Texting' in the box. To the right of that box was drawn another box with a short line that connected them. The teacher wrote in the second box, 'a gift from Jesus'. With that, the box drawing teen asked himself, “maybe I should talk to this Jesus, if He helps people and gives them presents too. I could sure get to like someone that does those things. I'll get his address before I go home.”

Dozer was asked to draw another horizontal line and connect a third box to it. Ross asked, Monte to write in the third box, “2 Tim 3:16, 17”. Dozer thought again, he shouldn't be here 'cuz they'll be studying 3:16 arithmetic next. Boy he sure wished this Jesus person was sitting next to him in the garage and helping him through this 3:16 tough stuff. But the kind eyes of Gramps seemed to coax the slow teenager to put off the panic and ride this bull out.

The husky teen was asked to come to the board as the silver-haired teacher explained. “Fellas, just like Dozer taught us the tractor always has to come first with the wagons connected behind, so do we want the 'Texting' box to be the tractor with these other two boxes following like wagons.' Those thoughts came again, “Mama, I sure hope you're watching from heaven; I'm teachin”.

The lesson in the garage that day explained that texting was people typing words in a computer gadget and other people could read it somewhere's else. The next part explained that being able to do this was actually a gift from Jesus, 'cuz He loved each of us. The statement with 'Jesus' and 'loved us' in it stuck in both boy's minds like driving a wooden stake in the ground to put up a strong tent.

As Dozer was asked to point to the third box that looked like it had arithmetic in it, Gramps explained that the Bible has written down all the important things about love and texting. Dozer thought he heard Gramps say the arithmetic-stuff in the third box was actually an address of some kind. The teen, with his mama hopefully watching, wrote down this address. He was sure he wanted to talk to this Jesus person and ask for a gift to be smarter like all the other kids. But the teen figured Jesus probably lived too far away and wouldn't be able to help him. Oh well...

The part of the garage lesson that Dozer remembered the most was

the huddle they had when Monte's prayer words thanked this Jesus for neat stuff they learned and especially how to be a team. As the boys put their chairs back against the wall, Dozer asked Gramps something very important. "Gramps, I'm gonna see if I can find this Jesus person and if I do, will you let me bring him to the laboratory next Saturday. I'd let him ride on my bike. I sure think we need him on our laboratory team. See ya!"

Maybe you have a part of your garage not being used. No doubt, there is someone near you wanting to learn the address of Jesus; this one that gives gifts of love, just your size. [~]

#5 - Jungle 140

STRANGE... "Strange" actually is not quite a strong enough word to describe what the two boys saw as they came up the driveway and parked their bikes off to one side. The car was parked outside the garage and a cardboard warning sign sat on the trunk lid with bold red letters that said, "Warning. Experiments in progress. Proceed at your own risk!" The two teens cautiously proceeded past the car while looking all around them, like jungle hunters watching out for wild animals.

Gramps, (that's the favorite name of Ross Tappin) had told the two teens a couple days earlier that their Nano Web Laboratory would be doing some experiments today. The boys loved to meet with Gramps most Saturdays in the corner of his garage they affectionately called the Nano (little) Web (technology flavored) Laboratory (Gramps was always testing some idea of his). This Saturday was warm and sunny, allowing the double-car garage door to be open and inviting, in spite of the warning signs.

Then things really got weird. Gramps had a long bathrobe on over

his typical clothes and his silver hair was all frizzed out like the hair and bathrobe was supposed to make him look like some scientist nerd. But that's just the start. Along side the large home-made marker board, Gramps used some colored poster board covered with all sorts of weird equations and strange scientific terms that made the kid-lovin' laboratory all the more creepy.

With a black marker, Gramps finished up more poster markings and turned around as he heard Monte and Dozer take their seats in the laboratory lawn chairs. Gramps turned toward the boys and almost gave them another jolt into the unknown. Ross (that's Gramps) had wrapped gum wrapper aluminum foil around his eye glass frames and had taped a fake mustache under his nose. The Turpentine paint fumes were still noticeable in the paint brush bristles that had now took residence under Gramps' nose. The bristles didn't like their new job and more than once took their trip to the garage (I mean laboratory) floor.

Gramps' opened with another of his kid-lovin' prayers that warmed the teen duo more than the heaven-sent sunshine. All the work their silver-haired leader went to, for them, just endeared him to them all the more. He was the only one, the boys knew of, that could hug you with his eyes.

The Experiment (in three phases)

“Boys. I've got an idea for an important experiment our Nano Web Laboratory needs to work on,” he told the boys. Like an explorer laying out plans for a dangerous jungle safari, Gramps used hand motions to help describe this communication experiment that would likely be used the world over. “Now the code-name of the project is JUNGLE 140.” With fingers full of arthritis, he wrote JUNGLE 140 at the top of the wall mounted marker board. Ross' heart was screaming a prayer to heaven, that the boys would hook

into the lesson and see God's love, purpose, and provisions for them.

He began the project rules with, “Safari communications are always restricted to just a few words that are simple to understand. Sometimes even well known abbreviations are used. I guess this is where the kiss principle comes in. Kiss stands for 'Keep it simply short!’” Gramps displayed just a bit of a smile. “I guess what I'm really wanting to stress is that our words need to come from our wise thinking.”

Phase one.

Making sure he had the full attention of Monte and Dozer, Gramps said, “Now the first phase of this experiment is to test each of you to see how many words you can use in a sentence without going over, let's say, 140 characters. That sounds simple enough, doesn't it? Well there's one more rule in this experiment. The rule is that you don't get to see the words in the sentence. I mean, one at a time, you'll have your back to the marker board as I write out your sentence and count the letters. Now remember your sentence needs to make sense. Your sentence ought to mean something important to another person reading it. OK?”

Monte, you stand up with your back to the marker board. I'll begin writing your sentence as you speak it and then Dozer and I will count the letters and spaces. Remember, you don't want to go over 140 characters. Because if you do, it makes the results of your part of our Jungle 140 experiment not so good. I guess you could sort of think of this like a contest. But our experiment has far more important results than just a competition. OK, Monte. I have my marker ready so start your engine! I mean, start your sentence!” Gramps added with a grin.

The two teens had several tries with their Jungle 140 sentences and

test results were noted.

Before the afternoon's closing prayer of the Nano Web Laboratory, Gramps explained a bit more. "Boys, back in Cowboy and Indian days, short messages were sent by telegraph, using code. It was Morse code and was sent as dots and dashes along electric wires. The sentences had to be short and very clear as to what the sender meant. A guy on the other end had to listen to the short and long clicks and convert them back into letters, words, and sentences."

"Now today, we don't use dots, dashes, clicks and stuff, but fellas, we do need to be just as careful in what we say and who we say it to. Our Jungle 140 experiment helps us to learn to be courteous and use wisdom in our messages to others; whether they're tweets or texting, or whatever."

Phase Two of the Jungle 140 experiment involved the same message building rules. The only added rule was the messages should be like what a missionary would like to receive.

Phase Three of the Jungle 140 experiment was a bit more tricky. All the rules of phase one applied, but the messages had to be based on some Bible proverb. The boys were allowed to look up Proverbs while they were speaking their sentence.

Gramps wanted the boys (and girls too) to learn from the Jungle 140 experiment that communications should most always include three important factors.

1. Our communication with others should not be vain and foolish words that may even be considered gossip or mean spirited. We should use wisdom and compassion in using these communication tools that God has given us. (Check out 2



Timothy 2:14-16)

2. We must show deep continued love toward those who've chosen fields of service, often with heavy sacrifices they only cry to the Lord about. This is especially displayed by our prayers and communication with them. (Check out Isaiah 49:16)
3. The goal of our experiments and communications with others should be to lead them to the ultimate 'how-to' manual – God's inspired precious word – our Bible. Only there can questions be answered, purpose found, and lasting peace and love be nailed down. (Check out Psalms 119: 103-105)

#5 - Filling Station For Kids

Something was odd... When Ross returned home from the nearby elementary school's media department, he noticed two bikes at the side of his driveway. This was only Thursday and usually his teen boys weren't expected for two more days. He saw the side garage door open and walked toward it to investigate. Before he got that far, he heard the two boys busy talking on the back porch. Ross' wife Hope was across town at one of her Quilting for Christ meetings.

“Hi guys! What's goin' on?” Dozer said, “Oh hi Gramps. Me and my friend Petey, here, are sorting out your screw box.” Gramps was the preferred name of Ross; the silver-haired owner of the garage and the screw box. Petey appeared to be about 8 years old and not too comfortable about sorting screws on someone's back

porch, he'd never met. But he took comfort in the company of Dozer, a husky teen and one of the Saturday regulars of Gramps. With a tone of hesitation, Petey, spoke, "Hello... uh hello Mr. Gramps. Dozer said I could come if I behaved myself." Petey's eyes were intent on Gramps to see if he needed to grab his bike and skedaddle.

With a warm smile Gramps lightly touched the 8 year old's forearm and said, "Petey, any friend of Dozer is a friend of mine. That's for sure! Well what're you two doing with that pile of screws and stuff?" The husky teen spoke right up with, "Gramps. I invited Petey to help me sort out your box of screws and bolts... really for a couple reasons."

"Number one is because I'm tryin' my best to pay ya back for the fun and friendship you give me and Monte on Saturdays at the Nano Web Laboratory, in your garage. You were really funny last week in your gum-wrapper glasses and fuzzy hair. I about cracked up! I been tellin' Petey you help us learn to have things sorted out and do stuff in the right order. And I really felt deep-down important when you let me tell about the tractor hooked to the wagon in the right order." "

So we found some empty plastic peanut butter jars and we're puttin' the screws in this one, the bolts in that one, and Petey is doing a great job putting the nuts and washers in that one over there. We didn't find a lid for it yet but that ain't gonna stop us from getting' organized," he said with a big grin.

"Well, Gramps, the other reason I brought Petey is 'cuz his mom works two jobs and his dad's not around anymore. So I know Petey is way short on his share of good hugs from folks that care and I know he'll like hearin' you talk to Jesus as much as I like to hear ya. You and Jesus light a little fire right inside me," Dozer said

pointing at his own chest.

Gramps replied with, “I gotta tell ya. You boys remind me of when I was about your age, Dozer. It was way back before computers and even before transistors. Our radios back then, got a spooky orange glow in the back of them when you turned them on. Weird, huh? Well, my hobby was to use my hot soldering iron and take the little parts out of old radios and group them in jars just like you're doing with the screws. As I got older, I kept getting more interested in electronic stuff and actually had a job calibrating some ICBM missile systems for the Air Force.” Pointing at all his gray hair and smiling, “But that was long before I got all this white stuff.”

“Anyhow boys, is there any chance I can get you two to help me unload my car, for a minute? I got some old computers from the elementary school that I want some fellas to help me take apart and perform some experiments with the pieces. I'm thinking maybe I could get Monte and both you boys to help me with the experiments. There wouldn't be any soldering or burned fingers involved. But right now could you help me put the computers on the table in the garage? Then you can get back to your screw sorting.”

With great curiosity the boys helped Ross (that's Gramps) unload the computers and then got back to their screw sorting and peanut butter jars. Ross had parked himself in a lawn chair and began answering tons of questions from the boys about times before computers, and about working on Intercontinental Ballistic Missile guidance systems etc.

Dozer said, “Gramps. I've got a different question. I tried to tell Petey a little bit about this Jesus man and wanting Jesus to come to our Saturday laboratory meetings. When you talk to him in prayer, you always make him sound like he's really smart about stuff and

he can help us boys figure out how to grow up. I'm not saying this very good. But I mean how to sort out what we're supposed to believe, and where to get some every-day huggin' and especially some help with our homework.”

Petey shook his head yes in agreement with Dozer. The 8 yr old friend of Dozer didn't say anything, but he asked himself if this Jesus man knew how to take away his mama's sad tired eyes and change their refrigerator so it didn't always look so empty.

While the boys finished with the screw sorting, Gramps began to explain to the boys the love and power that this 'Jesus man' had and still does. While Petey and Dozer were filling the empty peanut butter jars with the parts, Gramps explained how Jesus fills the empty place in the hearts of boys with homework and empty lunch pails. And older boys with silver-hair and arthritis, well Jesus even loves to fill them with joy and guidance to help sort out the many parts of life that God has given to each of us, young or old.

“I gotta go home and tell mama right away. She don't like empty refrigerators either!”

Question – is your porch a filling station? You have a Petey and Dozer near you. Time's running out.

[The eduventure continues in book 2: #230 Nano Web Laboratory]

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