

You may want to write this off as, "just a man thing," but there is very little that actually frightens me. I have to admit, however, there is something going on now that has not only gotten my attention, not only frightened me, but has gotten me "flat out scared."

After coming home late from Baptist Medical Center a few nights ago, I came into the house and finally ventured into the den, a place I haven't visited much since my wife's accident a month ago. In the corner, close to the television, was something I had never seen before. It was a nasty looking brown thing, which was just sitting there. After making sure it wasn't growling, hissing, or about to pounce on me, I made a hasty exit promising myself I would deal with it in the light of day. That was several days ago, and I have to admit, I haven't had the courage to go back into the den to deal with whatever it is.

But strange things continue to happen at my house, not just in the den. I went into the kitchen for a late night snack, thinking I would have a little milk and cereal. When opening the refrigerator door I was immediately hit in the face with a nasty smelling odor which nearly took my breath away. I quickly abandoned the snack idea but my sense of adventure led me to hunting down the source of the odor. I discovered that pork chops purchased just over five weeks ago and simply put in the fridge take on a whole new "air" of importance. And there was still the nasty looking brown thing, haunting the den.

While I was in the hunting mood, I found several other items that looked more like pieces of modern art than food. Although I was tempted to leave them to see what they would look like the next day, for some reason I rescued the fridge from those odors and attempted to throw them in the trash. I wonder why the fridge never smelled like that before? For some reason, our fridge always smells good. And there still remains, the nasty looking brown thing haunting the den.

I opened the trash only to find there was no room for anything else. In fact, it was running over and several empty containers had been sort of just leaned up next to it. What's up with that? Always before, the trash was pretty well empty and never were there items lingering around on the outside on the chance they would sort of, get in on their own. And where do we keep the trash bags anyway? If past history was good for anything, the trash bags climbed into the container by themselves, filled themselves and removed themselves with no effort by anyone. And what is that nasty brown looking thing haunting the den?

When I got up early this morning I attempted to put some dirty clothes in

the washing machine. I was hampered from doing so, pun intended, because of the wet clothes remaining there from last night. There were never any wet clothes left in the washer before this, why now? I attempted to put them in the dryer but couldn't do so because it was full of clothes from the evening before. In frustration, I decided to go to my dresser to get clean clothes for the day, only to find they did not magically appear there, but were still stacked on the chair from a day or two prior, unfolded! Some how this is turning into a complicated, time intensive process, that just a month or so ago happened quite automatically. What's different now? And then chills started going up my back when I thought about the nasty brown looking thing haunting the den.

When coming back and forth to our room at the Plaza Hotel in Little Rock (generously made available to my family by the church since my wife has been in the hospital) the beds are made, the bathroom is cleaned, new towels are hanging on the racks, the waste baskets are emptied, the floor is vacuumed, and the place always looks pretty good. None of these things are happening at my house. And besides, there is that nasty brown looking thing that is haunting the den.

There are a number of other things that aren't happening either. Such as, toilet paper always being on the roll, fresh food coming from the grocery store, mail appearing on the table rather than staying in the mail box, bills being paid and mailed, appointments being made, reminders of appointments, etc, etc, etc.

I'm quite sure I will never again take these things for granted. Proverbs may have said it best, "A worthy woman is hard to find. Her price is far above jewels."

And the nasty brown looking thing that is haunting the den? I have a sneaking suspicion it may be the remnants of a big green plant that has graced our den for a number of years, but frankly, I'm still too frightened to go in and see for myself. Beside, if you leave them close to the door aren't they suppose to water themselves?

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