

## ON TO THE NEXT STORY

By John F. Hall

Before I closed my eyes to sleep, I decided that the next day, I would write a story with the title, "On To The Next Story." So the next day came and it seemed like the



inspiration, water well was dry and the fields were parched and barren too. Still, I heard the rain hitting the metal roof on my very old house. Each day of life brings new opportunities, even for an over the hill wordsmith like me. Songwriters Suga and Dustbox wrote the song, "Next Story." These are some of their lyrics: "There is something we should not forget. Even if you felt sadness and bitterness. We promised that we'd with all our might. And our dream will surely grow up. Oh it won't stop, I will keep singing on. 'Cause I forget the precious things right away...Why don't you sing

together with me? Your next story is waiting for you. If you stop, your story won't continue. The next story is waiting for you. Waiting for you to smile. Oh I think it's a miracle that tomorrow comes. All I can do in life is sing to the full. I will keep singing. Wishing it is reaching you! Waiting for you to smile...Waiting until you smile again..."

Everyone has a story to tell. Story telling is what I do best and it brings joy to my day. Bruce Johnston wrote the song, "I Write The Songs." These are some of his lyrics: "I've been alive forever and I wrote the very first song. I put the words and melodies together. I am music and I write the songs. My home lies deep within you, and I've got my own place in your soul. Now when I look out through your eyes, I'm young again, even though I'm very old. Oh, my music makes you dance and gives your spirit to take a chance. And I wrote some rock 'n' roll so you can move. Music fills your heart, well, that's a real fine place to start." It's from me, it's for you. It's from you, it's from me. It's a worldwide symphony. I write the Songs that make the whole world sing. I write the songs of love and special things. I write the songs that make the young girls cry. I write the songs, I write the songs...).

I was soundly sleeping one day, then it was as if Christ woke me up and inspired me to use something on a case that I'm involved in. I never would have thought about using that something. But I've learned to trust in Christ with my whole being. Alone, we can do little, but with Christ, we can do much. If you told me, a few years, that I would have over 120 stories on the internet, I would have laughed. In Mark, Chapter 12, Verses 30-31 are these words: "Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind and with all your strength. The second is this: Love your neighbor as yourself. There is no commandment greater than these."

Sometimes, when I first wake up in the morning, coming from the unconscious to the conscience, I will have an inspiration for the next story. Looking out the west side of the second story window of my old, worn out Antebellum farm house, I can see the old, red, gas pump from the 1930s. I've turned down over a half dozen offers from people wanting to buy that old antique. I explained that my late father-in-law, Andrew Oakley gave it to me and it's not for sale. I point out to people that when my son, John was about eight

years old, he was shooting his BB gun and he put two holes into the calibrated glass cylinder on top of the pump.

I've moved the gas pump several times. It needs another coat of red paint. The gas pump is operated by the long pump handle on the side of the pump. The desired amount of gallons of fuel is pumped up into the glass cylinder as indicated by the metal calibration stick. Then the hand pumping is stopped and the gasoline is put into the farm truck or tractor by gravity. I kid my son that he should be ashamed for shooting into my gas pump, because they have a similar pump in the Smithsonian Museum in Washington DC.



My son and I call each other "Vern" which seems to confuse people who know our identical first names. We got the name from an old TV commercial in which the comedian in the commercial would say: "You know what I mean, Vern?" My son felt that I needed a garage that he could build off the north side of my 81 year old block well house. At one time, the former owner's son, Burrick Downs and his wife, Floria lived in that 20 feet by 20 feet well house when they first married. This was back in 1943. A small 5 feet by 5 feet section in the well house is where the water pump is located. The submersible pump goes through a 6-inch steel pipe, and down 160 feet to the underground water source. Sadly, that water source is contaminated. I only use the well water to wash my vehicles and to prevent a fire from spreading when I burn tree limbs and discarded wood.

My brother-in-law, Roger Garner lives next door and he raises chickens to have fresh eggs to eat. He had a rooster that would come under my bedroom window and take delight in waking me up at 5:30 in the morning. When I would hear that rooster crowing, I wanted to open the window and throw a shoe at that aggravating bird. There is a passage found in Matthew, Chapter 26, Verse 34 with these words: "Truly I tell you," Jesus answered, "This very night, before the rooster crows, you will disown me three times." The other day, I looked out my kitchen window and observed a hawk looking back at me. I ran outside and confronted the hawk. It was trapped between the living room outer wall and the kitchen outer wall. I observed that the hawk had killed the rooster that had been aggravating me for months. I wanted to kill it for killing Roger's rooster. But it managed to look one last time at a delicious lost meal. It ran around me and flew away. I called Roger and told him what happened. He came over to retrieve his dead rooster.

Jesus would use a simple thing like a rooster crowing to make a point. In Matthew, Chapter 10, Verse 33 are these word: "But whoever disowns me before others, I will disown before my Father who is in heaven." I've written before about divine intervention in some of my previous stories. I can write, with no doubt or reservation, that it is real. But that is a matter for another story.

\*Read other stories by John F. Hall and others at:  
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