



"Can I Buy An Hour Of Your Time?"

September 2025

So there we were one evening in the recent past, standing around at shift end, sharing war stories and trading some laughs, when the cell phone of one of our members started ringing, we looked around and it was "Billy's" phone ringing. Billy answers the phone, and I can hear him say "I'm too busy to talk now, we'll talk later".

Billy rejoins our conversation and says, "that was my son he always calls me at work to chat, I don't have time for him now". A bit later we bid each other farewell. As I was walking out of the station, Billy stopped me and said " Rabbi, I feel so torn, we get so caught up in this race called life, that sometimes we overlook what's really important, please remind the troops to never forget family and loved ones".

When I got back to my car, I started thinking how powerful those words were. We all chase our profession, and the need for financial comfort. With groceries to buy, repairs to make, and bills to pay, earning an income of some sort is, in reality, a very big part of life — especially in our world where nothing comes cheap.

So, with trying to make a living and expenses on the brain, it can be tough to make time for ourselves and the people who mean the most to us. With our noses kept so close to the grindstone, it's easy to let days blend into weeks, and weeks into months, and months into years, and when we look around our kids are grown and out of the house and our loved ones have moved on.

It brings to mind this touching story that hits so close to home. When a frustrated, hardworking father finally learns why his little boy has been begging for money, he experiences a wake-up call that's sure to change his life.

It's the perfect reminder for all of us, to make the time in life to slow down, look around, and remember what — and who — really matters.

The story titled "**Daddy Can I Buy An Hour Of Your Time?**"

SON: "Daddy, may I ask you a question?"

DAD: "Yeah sure, what is it?"

SON: "Daddy, how much do you make an hour?"

DAD: "That's none of your business. Why do you ask such a thing?"

SON: "I just want to know. Please tell me, how much do you make an hour?"

DAD: "If you must know, I make \$100 an hour."

SON: "Oh! (With his head down)."

SON: "Daddy, may I please borrow \$50?"

The father was furious.

DAD: "If the only reason you asked that is so you can borrow some money to buy a silly toy or some other nonsense, then you march yourself straight to your room and go to bed. Think about why you are being so selfish. I work hard every day for such this childish behavior."

The little boy quietly went to his room and shut the door.

The man sat down and started to get even angrier about the little boy's questions. How dare he ask such questions only to get some money?

After about an hour or so, the man had calmed down and started to think:

Maybe there was something he really needed to buy with that \$ 50 and he really didn't ask for money very often. The man went to the door of the little boy's room and opened the door.

DAD: "Are you asleep, son?"

SON: "No daddy, I'm awake".

DAD: "I've been thinking, maybe I was too hard on you earlier. It's been a long day, and I took out my aggravation on you. Here's the \$50 you asked for."

The little boy sat straight up, smiling.

SON: "Oh, thank you daddy!"

Then, reaching under his pillow he pulled out some crumpled up bills. The man saw that the boy already had money, started to get angry again. The little boy slowly counted out his money and then looked up at his father.

DAD: "Why do you want more money if you already have some?"

SON: "Because I didn't have enough, but now I do.

"Daddy, I have \$100 now. Can I buy an hour of your time? Please come home early tomorrow. I would like to have dinner with you."

The father was crushed. He put his arms around his little son, and he begged for his forgiveness. It's just a short reminder to all of you working so hard in life. We should not let time slip through our fingers without having spent some time with those who really matter to us, those close to our hearts. Do remember to share that \$100 worth of your time with someone you love? If we die tomorrow, the company that we are working for could easily replace us in a matter of days. But the family and friends we leave behind will feel the loss for the rest of their lives. And come to think of it, sometimes we pour ourselves more into our livelihoods than into our lives. Keep remembering," Life is a gift, enjoy your present!".

Some points to ponder and remember:

You don't have to be great to start but you have to start to be great.

Your input determines your outlook. Your outlook determines your output. Your output determines your future.

The key to everything is patience. You get a chicken by hatching an egg, not by smashing it.

Hurry up and be patient. The sooner you are patient, the easier your life will become. When you are patient, you can relax and enjoy the ride. So quickly, hurry up and be patient.

Only God is in a position to look down on anyone.

A good example is the best sermon.

The best sermons are lived not preached.

Life is not the number of breathes you take. Life is the number of moments that take your breath away.

Remember: You make a living by what you get. You make a life by what you give.

And before we close a bit of humor from the "Moshe Files" to keep you smiling.....

Subject: "Why Parents Drink"

A father passing by his son's bedroom was astonished to see that his bed was nicely made and everything was picked up. Then he saw an envelope, propped up prominently on the pillow that was addressed to 'Dad.'

With the worst premonition he opened the envelope with trembling hands and read the letter.

Dear Dad:

It is with great regret and sorrow that I'm writing you. I had to elope with

my new girlfriend because I wanted to avoid a scene with Mom and you.

I have been finding real passion with Stacy and she is so nice.

But I knew you would not approve of her because of all her piercing, tattoos, tight motorcycle clothes and the fact that she is much older than I am. But it's not only the passion...Dad she's pregnant.

Stacy said that we will be very happy.

She owns a trailer in the woods and has a stack of firewood for the whole

winter. We share a dream of having many more children.

Stacy has opened my eyes to the fact that marijuana doesn't really hurt anyone.

We'll be growing it for ourselves and trading it with the other people that live nearby for cocaine and ecstasy.

In the meantime, we will pray that science will find a cure for AIDS so

Stacy can get better. She deserves it.

Don't worry Dad. I'm 15 and I know how to take care of myself.

Someday I'm sure that we will be back to visit so that you can get to know your grandchildren.

Love, Your Son John

PS. Dad, none of the above is true. I'm over at Tommy's house.

I Just wanted to remind you that there are worse things in life than a not perfect Report card That's in my center desk drawer.

I love you.

Call me when it's safe to come home.... lol.....LOL. (them kids push us to the limit; we love them anyway!)

On behalf of ALL the Chaplains, Thanks for going out every day and keeping our city safe and for the service you provide. Should you need a shoulder to lean on or perhaps an ear to listen, or if you have some good humor to share, please don't hesitate to give us a call, anytime. It is our privilege to assist anyway we can. Your chaplains are here for you 24/7. All our info is listed in your FOP books or Chaplains ministry website: www.chicagopcm.org. Look us up.

May G-d bless you and always keep you in His loving care.

Compliments of your Chaplain

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