

" The Jack Story "

April 2013



One of our Officers walks into the chaplains' office the other day, for some friendly advice.

"I'm in real trouble, I need some guidance he said. "My neighbors across the street where I live are going on vacation for a month. Instead of boarding their dogs, they are going to keep them locked up in the house. They asked a woman neighbor to come and feed them, that's if she does not forget. Meanwhile the dogs will be lonely, bark all day, and howl all

night, and I won't be able to sleep. Either I will have to call the Animal Control to haul them away or I'll go berserk, go over there, and set them loose. Then when my neighbors return, they'll go berserk and come over and sue me, then I'll be in some deep doo doo, no pun intended."

The Chaplain leaned forward and said "Let me tell you a story, and don't stop me if you've heard it because it will do you good to hear it again. It's called The Jack Story"

"A fellow was speeding down a country road late at night and BANG he has a tire blowout. He gets out, to change the tire and finds he had no jack.

"Then he says to himself. 'Well, I'll just walk to the nearest farmhouse and borrow a jack. He saw a light in the distance and said, 'Well, I'm in luck; the farmer's up. I'll just knock on the door and say I'm in trouble I just had a blowout; would you please lend me a jack? And he'll say, why sure, friend, help yourself to my jack, but bring it back.'

"He walked on a little farther and the light went out so he said to himself, 'Now he's gone to bed, and he'll be annoyed because I'm bothering him so he'll probably want \$20.00 to loan his jack. And I'll say, all right, it isn't very neighborly but I'll give you the \$20.00."

And he'll say, do you think you can get me out of bed in the middle of the night and then offer me \$20.00? Give me a \$40 or get yourself a jack somewhere else.'

As the fellow kept getting closer to the house he kept on talking to himself, and the price to lend the jack kept going up, \$60, \$80, \$100.00

"By the time he got to the farmhouse the fellow had worked himself into a lather. He turned into the gate and muttered to himself. '\$125.00 bucks! All right, I'll give you \$125 bucks, you creep. A fellow man has an accident, all he needs is a jack to change a tire, and you probably won't lend me one no matter what I give you. That's the kind of guy you are.'

"Walking up to the door and he knocked angrily, loudly. The farmer stuck his head out the window above the door and hollered down, 'Who's there? What do you want?' The fellow stopped pounding on the door and yelled up, 'You and your stupid jack! keep it I ain't giving you no \$125, I ain't giving you a nickel to loan your jack, keep it and stick it!'"

When the Officer stopped laughing, he started thinking, and said, "Is that what I've been doing?"

"Right," said the Chaplain, "and you'd be surprised how many people come to Clergy for advice or guidance and instead of calmly stating the facts, start building up a big IMAGINARY fight; what he'll say to his partner, what she'll say to her husband, or how they'll tell the Old Man off about his will. So I tell them the "jack story" and it rather helps put things in perspective.

"The next time I hear from them, said the Chaplain, things weren't that grim after all. One tells me that the partner was glad to meet him halfway. The woman says she can't understand it, her husband was so reasonable she thought she must have gotten somebody else on the phone. The relatives found out the Old Man had already been asking a lawyer how he could give everything to them before he died, to save them inheritance tax. End of story...

Let's think for a moment, "How true! how many of us go through life bumping into obstacles we could easily bypass; Getting aggravated or worrying silly about things that never happen, but in our mind paralyze us with imaginary foes .

"And we don't even realize what we are doing until someone startles us one day with a vivid word like a lightning flash on a dark night."

Well, the other night I was driving home from the city. I was going to be late for dinner and I had not phoned my wife. As I crawled along in a line of cars, I became more and more frustrated and angry. I'm thinking, I'll tell her I was caught in the heavy traffic and she'll say, "Why didn't you phone me before you left the office?"

Then I'll say, "What difference does it make anyway, I'm here!" And she'll say, "Yes, and I'm here, too, and but I've been here worrying all day waiting to hear from you!" And I'll say, "I suppose I haven't anything else to do but call you up every hour and make small talk!" And she'll say, "you had time to eat lunch, but no time to call your wife!".

By this time, I am pulling up in front of our house and I am plenty steamed up.

As I jumped out and slammed the car door, my wife flung open the window upstairs.

"All right!" I shouted up to her, "Say it!"

"I will," she cooed softly. "Wanna borrow a jack?"

So next time you find yourself in a state of mind filled with worry and imaginary anticipation, remember "The Jack Story", and let your heart smile.

Should you need a shoulder to lean on, want a ride-along or have some humor to share give us a call or drop us a line, all our contact information on the chaplains ministry website,

May G-d keep you safe, today and always. Amen

Compliments of your Police Chaplain

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