

# Little things mean a lot

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**By Judith Biggs**

BIG SANDY, Texas—When our friend Vi Lehman asked me to speak at the memorial service of her deceased husband, Jack, on March 15, 2009, I was honored to say some nice things about him.

Jack Lehman was there for me and my family during a tough time in our lives. Bear with me while I give you some background.

## **Spiraling down**

I believe the year was 1986. Everything had fallen apart in our lives. No job. Our church was falling apart. Our daughter came home after a divorce. Our 17-year-old son was going through serious health problems that included a ruptured appendix.

Where was God? We wondered what we had done to bring down such wrath.

I knew that we were spiraling down into never-never land. We simply could not let that happen.

My husband and I each began working on some projects. He decided to work on an old Ford truck we had that did not run. I decided to build a much-needed chicken house.

I had some scrap lumber to use, but not enough. We didn't have the money to buy more lumber, but that didn't stop me from getting started.

## **To the rescue**

Here came Jack. Now, Jack and I really didn't know one another. We had mutual friends and that was about it.

Maybe Jack came to our house because he heard about our plight. Whatever his reason, he came.

I can still see Jack in my mind's eye just as if it all happened yesterday. You could see it in his eyes that he was dealing with two nutcases. But he was there to help us.

Well, the truck didn't catch his fancy, but the chicken house did.

Now, Jack always had a pile of junk in his yard. His collection contained just about anything you could think of to repair or to build whatever.

Jack and I discussed what I needed in order to build my chicken house. He had plenty of old lumber and siding. Away he went to get what I needed.

Every few days Jack would show up to see how the building was coming along. If I needed some more supplies, he would return with whatever I needed.

Some people could say that all Jack did was to help me build a chicken house. But he did more than that. Jack Lehman had a big part in saving my sanity during some troubling times.

I realize that Jack's efforts were just something little to him. But it was pretty big for me.