

"Thanks for Your Time" Compliments of "Rabbi Moshe"

February 2015



It was a cold day, one of the coldest that we had, it was a Holiday, it was New years and there we stood in Gold Star Park, all bundled up. There were several hundred of our brother and sisters who came to give honor to our two brothers of NYPD who were murdered in the line of duty for no other reason than the uniform they were wearing. Several of our officers asked our own Fr. Dan Brandt to put together this Memorial service, to honor the slain officers and to show our city that we will always be there to "Serve and Protect", because that's who we are, and that's what we stand for. A heartfelt thanks to all who braved the weather and cleared their busy schedules to show their support. But a special thanks and appreciation to Fr. Dan

Brandt, for an outstanding job. He left no stone unturned, from the Archbishop, to the fly-over by both CPD Helicopters, the Honor Guard, the CFD ladder truck hoisting the U.S. flag, the Emerald Society in their kilts!, to the 511 club truck hot chocolate (the 511 Club responds to all police and fire major incidents with hot drinks in winter and cold drinks in summer), etc., etc., Fr. is a class act and he does us proud, we're privileged to have him. (I am still trying to figure out how Fr. Dan stood there for 45 min. without any head protection or a scarf, and he said he wasn't wearing long johns, what a man!). One of the thoughts that came to mind is, in life sometimes one of the most precious gifts we can give each other is our time. It reminded me of the story "Thanks For Your Time"

A young man named Jack, learns a most important lesson in life, from the neighbor next door.

One night Jack received a call from his mom, she told him, "Mr. Jim Clark, his home town neighbor, died last night. The funeral is going to be this coming Wednesday." Memories flashed through Jack's mind like an old newsreel as he sat quietly remembering his childhood days. "Jack", Mom asked, did you hear me?"

"Oh, sorry, Mom. Yes, I heard you. It's been so long since I thought of him. I'm sorry, but I honestly thought he died years ago,".

"Well, he didn't forget you. Every time I saw him he'd ask how you were doing. He'd reminisce about the many days you spent over 'his side of the fence' as he put it," Mom told him.

"I loved that old house he lived in," Jack said.

"You know, Jack, after your father died, Mr. Clark stepped in to make sure you had a man's influence in your life," Mom said.

"He's the one who taught me carpentry," Jack said. "I wouldn't be in this business if it weren't for him. He spent a lot of time teaching me things he thought were important. Mom, I'll be there for the funeral,".

As busy as he was, Jack kept his word. He caught the next flight to his hometown. Mr. Clark's funeral was small and uneventful. He had no children of his own, and most of his relatives had passed away.

The night before he had to return home, Jack and his Mom stopped by to see the old house next door one more time.

Standing in the doorway, Jack paused for a moment. It was like crossing over into another dimension, a leap through space and time. The house was exactly as he remembered. Every step held memories. Every picture, every piece of furniture. Jack stopped suddenly...

"What's wrong, Jack?" his Mom asked. "The box is gone," Jack said

"What box?" Mom asked.

"There was a small gold box that he kept locked on top of his desk. I must have asked him a thousand times what was inside. All he'd ever tell me was "the thing I value most," Jack said.

It was gone. Everything about the house was exactly how Jack remembered it, except for the box. He figured someone from the Clark family had taken it.

"Now I'll never know what was so valuable to him," Jack said. "I better get some sleep. I have an early flight home, Mom."

It had been about two weeks since Mr. Clark died. Returning home from work one day Jack discovered a note in his mailbox: "Signature required on a package. No one at home. Please stop by the main post office within the next three days," the note read. Early the next day Jack retrieved the package. The small box was old and looked like it had been mailed a hundred years ago. The handwriting was difficult to read, but the return address caught his attention. "Mr. Jim Clark" it read. Jack took the box out to his car and ripped open the package. There inside was the gold box and an envelope. Jack's hands shook as he read the note inside.

"Upon my death, please forward this box and its contents to my neighbor and friend Jack Betz. It's the thing I valued most in my life." A small key was taped to the letter. His heart racing, as tears filling his eyes, Jack carefully unlocked the box. There inside he found a beautiful gold pocket watch.

Running his fingers slowly over the finely etched casing, he unlatched the cover. Inside he found these words engraved:

"Jack, Thanks for your time! -Jim Clark." "The thing that Mr. Clark valued most was... my time, just being there with him"

Jack held the watch for a few minutes, then called his office and cleared his appointments for the next two days. "Why?" Janet, his assistant asked.

"I need some time to spend mending some old friendships," he said.

"Oh, by the way, Janet, thanks for your time!"end of story.

Some "points to ponder" about life....

Think about this, you may not realize it, but it's 100% true.

1. At least 15 people in this world love you in some way.
2. A smile and a kind word from you, can bring happiness to another person, even if they don't like you.
3. Every night, SOMEONE thinks about you before they go to sleep.
4. You mean the world to someone, and someone means the world to you.
5. You are special and unique, in your own way.
6. When you think you have no chance of getting what you want, you probably won't get it, but if you do what's best, pray and be patient, sooner or later, you will reach your goal or your situation will turn in a positive direction.
7. When you make the biggest mistake ever, don't despair you will survive, we always do, but remember" We can't turn the clock back and make a new beginning, but we can all start today to make a better ending"
8. Someone that you don't even know exists, loves you.
9. Always remember the compliments you receive. Forget about the rude remarks.
10. If you have a special person in your life or a great friend, take the time to let them know that they are great and special to you, for we never know what tomorrow will bring.

And to all in my flock I say: " Thanks For Your Time"

On behalf of ALL of your Chaplains, May G-d bless you and keep you safe Amen!

Compliments of your Chaplain,

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