

The Bricklayer

“Let us consider how we may spur one another on toward love and good deeds. Let us not give up meeting together, as some are in the habit of doing, but let us encourage one another- and all the more as you see the Day approaching” Hebrews 10:24-25

Here is a humorous story about a bricklayer who had been injured on the job and filed an insurance claim. When the insurance company wrote to request more information on the circumstances and cause of his injuries, the man wrote back the following:

Gentlemen, I am writing in response to your request for more information concerning Block #11 on the insurance form, which asks for “The cause of injury,” wherein I had written “trying to do the job alone.” You indicated a need for further information, so I trust the following will be sufficient.

I am a bricklayer by trade, and on the date of injury I was working alone laying brick around the top of a four-story building when I realized that I had about 500 pound of brick left over. Rather than carry the bricks down by hand, I decided to put them into a barrel and lower them by pulley, which was fastened to the top of the building.

I secured the end of the rope at the ground level and went up to the top of the building and loaded the bricks into the barrel. I then pushed the barrel off the top of the building, loaded with bricks. I then went down and untied the rope, holding it securely to ensure the slow descent of the barrel.

As you will note on the Block #6 of the Work Comp claim form, I weigh 145 pounds. Due to my shock at being jerked off the ground so quickly, I lost my presence of mind and forgot to let go of the rope. Between the second and third floors I met the barrel coming down. This accounts for the bruises and lacerations on my upper body.

Regaining my presences of mind, again I held tightly onto the rope and proceeded rapidly up the side of the building, scraping my side as I went up. I did not stop until my right hand was jammed in the pulley. This accounts for my broken thumb.

Despite the pain, I retained my presence of mind and held tightly onto the rope. At approximately the same time, however, the barrel of bricks hit the ground and the bottom fell out of the barrel. Devoid of the weight of the bricks, the barrel now weighed about 40 pounds. I again refer you to blog #6 and my weight.

As you may guess, I began a rapid descent. In the vicinity of the second floor I met the barrel coming up. This explains the injuries to my legs and lower body. Slowed only slightly, I continued my descent, landing on the pile of bricks. Fortunately, my back was only sprained and the internal injuries were

minimal. My ankles will heal well, I'm sure, and the break in my right foot has been x-rayed, and shows only a hairline fracture.

I am sorry to report, however, that at this point I lost my presence of mind and let go of the rope. As you may imagine the empty barrel came down upon me with a vengeance, and thus the explanation for the 235 stitches on my scalp and back. The concussion was mild, and my memory should be fine in a few days.

I trust this answers your concern re: what I meant about "trying to do the job alone." Please be well assured that in the future I will endeavor to share the workload.

-Author unknown

As MKs we have available to us the strength and support and fellowship of our families, friends, and other MKs. We don't have to do the job alone. Strength is only a phone call, email, or instant message away.

Further scriptures:

Exodus 18:14-26

Proverbs 11:13-14

Ecclesiastes 4:9-10

Acts 2:42-47

