



## CONNECTICUT DISTRICT NEWS OCTOBER 2015

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### “PANE IN THE GLASS” by Ken Kieffer

I was driving down the highway a couple weeks ago when I found myself in the unenviable position of following a dump truck. You might be surprised to read this, but I'd much rather trail a garbage truck than a dump truck! At least with the former, I know I'm only going to get hit with an odor that could make a rat vomit. With the latter, you never know what you're going to get hit with. Amen?

Before I had a chance to change lanes, a small rock that had been lying dormant in the back of the truck for the last 30,000 miles suddenly leapt to life like Lazarus, jumped the 8-foot steel wall between us, and landed directly onto ... (you guessed it)  
...the windshield of my car!

Of course, I saw none of this. But I heard it. In fact, the rock made such a noise when it crashed into the glass in front of me that I instinctively jerked the steering wheel away from the sound.

When I realized that I was not in imminent danger, I quickly scanned the glass for damage and said with incredulity to no one in the passenger seat, “I can't believe that thing didn't crack my windshield!”

Counting my blessings, I moved on to ponder other things (like why the heck the Yankees didn't make any significant moves before the trading deadline). But as it turned out, I had counted my blessings before they hatched.

A few days later, upon closer inspection, I discovered that the meteor that popped out from the dump truck had in fact cracked the windshield of my car, right behind the base of the rear view mirror. In no time at all, that once-small crack ran all the way from the roof of my car to the hood.

It reminded me of Tom.

Tom is a friend of a friend who, according to our mutual friend, has an adoring bride, a gorgeous home, a fantastic job, a sizable stock portfolio, and a degree from a pedigree school. He's also a recovering alcoholic.

“Pane in the Glass” continued -

Or WAS a recovering alcoholic. For some reason, Tom abruptly ended 5 years of sobriety not too long ago by sneaking a sip of wine. Just a sip. A couple weeks later, he had a glass of wine. Just a glass. A couple of nights after that, he had a bottle of wine while the Mrs. was away on business. Just a bottle...

Well, faster than you can say “Alcoholics Anonymous”, Tom was on a full-blown bender, driving from house party to house party one Friday night, chugging vodka, smoking pot, snorting coke, and carrying on like Caligula on Viagra.

The only “responsible” thing Tom did that night was let someone drive him home – except he gave the keys to his brand new Porsche to a drug dealer who kindly dropped Tom off at his house, and then, unbeknownst to Tom, “borrowed” the car for a while.

24 hours later, Tom was still in a deep sleep when someone called his cell phone to tell him that his sports car was in front of a crack house in Mount Vernon, NY, getting prepped to haul some heroin down the I-95 corridor.

Frantic to recover his car, Tom immediately called our mutual friend and begged for some help in conducting a covert operation to steal back his own vehicle from some very bad dudes.

Now, I’d love to tell you that this story has a happy ending, but I can’t. You see, the ending hasn’t been written yet. That’s because Tom has a disease - but instead of seeking healers, he sought dealers. Instead of seeking sanctuary, he chose insanity. Instead of seeking the love of his wife, he flirted with his demons. Instead of fixing the tiny crack in the windshield of his life, he allowed it to spread and spread until it prevented him from seeing straight.

It’s too soon to tell for sure, but early evidence suggests that Tom is now headed in the right direction. Not a day has gone by since that fateful night that he hasn’t attended an A.A. meeting. As a result, Tom daily confesses that he is completely powerless over alcohol, professes to yield to a higher power for peace and protection from that poison, and promises to stay the hell away from booze until at least the next meeting. By God’s grace, Tom has hopefully learned his lesson.

Have we?

*“...this sin will become your downfall. You will be like a high wall that bulges and cracks and is ready to collapse; it crumbles suddenly, in a flash.”*

(Isaiah 30:13 NET)