

Plight of the Bumble Bee Exterminators

My long, list of household chores were piling up because of a bad head cold that had gone on for over three weeks. When my son, Jamin, was thirteen he decided to take it upon himself to help out around the house. I had already given him several chores to do and he had taken care of them all. One chore that he knew about was an infestation of bumble bees in the back of our shed. Every time we would go out to work in the shed or mow the back yard the bumble bees would attack. Something had to be done. So, Jamin found the bug spread I had purchase for this task and put on long pants and a heavy jacket, and hat. When he started to spray down their nest they attacked and one of them stung him on the finger. He came in and told me what happened. "Son, why didn't wear gloves?" "I did" was his quick defense. I had him show me the gloves he wore. They were a pair of golfer's gloves where the fingers were exposed.

Two weeks later I was feeling better. Armed the a powerful insecticide attached to a garden hose I was armed for battle reclaim our backyard. For protection I put on two pairs of jeans, the pant legs were stuffed into a pair of tube socks, over the socks were a pair of cowboy boots, a long sleeve shirt and a heavy sweat shirt was tucked into the pants and tightened with a belt, next came a jacket and to top of my sting resistant armor came a long piece of nylon storm door screen held in place with a ball cap. Fortunately, no paparacci were around to take a photo to sell to the fashion magazines. Else, all the young kids would have started dressing this way.

To begin the assault I had Jamin run into the shed and stump up and down three times to arouse the enemy. Then he was to run back into the house to stand in reserve while I approached the back of the shed. When the first wave of bumble bees emerged from their headquarters a blasted them with the sprayer with contained the poison. Most were knocked down. Then the second and third waves came at me. Soon, I was been over run. They were landing on my pants on my hat, boots, everywhere. Throwing aside my weapon, I fell back to a more defensive position where I retrieved two badminton rackets and started swatting the bumble bees off my clothes and knocking them out of the air. Bashing and crashing them to the ground. One lone, brave bee few straight up the screen which draped over my body. Before I could drop my rackets, pull of my hat and the screen door material this mean bumble bee latched on the end of my nose. Staring me right in the eyes he bent his body and delivered a fiery stink right between my two nostrils. In pain and anger I grabbed that black and yellow bugger off my noses with a gloved hand and flung him to the ground and stomped him with my the heel of my size thirteen boot. His life was by no means sacrificed in vain. His comrades had taken advantage of this divergence and were landing all over me, with more swarming around me. Being surrounded I new I must retreat. While running around the back yard brushing off the invaders and striving to out run the swarm in hot pursuit I was shouting to my son to man the door. I was coming in hot. Fortunately, I had removed all of the bumble bees and made it in the kitchen without a single bumble bee able to make it through the back door.

Now, I needed a medic. My nose was hurting bad. Turning on the cold water, I placed my nose under the faucet. Mean while I was barking out commands to my son to get some ice from the freezer. However, neither the ice nor the water did the trick. My noses was burning and swelling. So, I sent Jamin off to the medicine cabinet for some benebryl. He came back empty handed. "Son, your mother probably bought a store brand. Look for a tube of cream for itchiness or swelling or

pain. Something like that!” After a few minutes he returned with a tube that fit the bill - Preparation H. I worked! Although I must say I was a little hesitant. I heard about a man how was in an accident once where he lost his nose and his big toe. Well, good news is that they were able to reattach his missing parts. The bad news is, the doctor got confused and sewed his nose one his foot and his toe onto is face. Every time the poor guy sneezed he blew his shoe off. So, you can see by I was concerned about using Preparation H on my nose.

You may not have to suffer with a bumble bee invasion in our backyard, but your family is being threatened by a far more dangerous pest. The Devil and his cohorts have invaded your home in many ways. Immorality pours out of your television, VCRs, DVDs and CDs. Foul language fills the air ways. Alcohol and drugs are every where. Porno is plaster on every billboard and product.

My plight with the bumble bee invasion has teaches several important lessons. First, you cannot live in peace and harmony with a nest of angry bumble bees, they must be confronted. Likewise, the sin and worldliness cannot be trusted to live as peaceful neighbors. We must be willing to resist the Devil and fight the good fight of faith. Second, you need a good plan and safe armor when out numbered. God has given us all the armor you will ever need. It is called “the armor of God”. It is unlike anything you would come up with to deal with an enemy (Eph. 6:10-18). Also, you need a good exit strategy or retreat. A good retreat can save the day. We need to “flee sexual immorality”, “flee idolatry”, etc. Further, it is to be remembered that Christian should be willing to count on few Christians to reinforce them. We are to bear one another’s burdens, exhort one another, etc. Finally, if you ever get stung by one of the fiery darts of the wicked be reassured that God has the perfect remedy to cure what ails you. It has no dangerous side effects. He never runs out. It is the cleansing blood of Christ (1 John 1:7, 8).

– Daniel R. Vess, The Forum, December 17, 2006