

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE DAY OF THE WEEK? A musing by Steve Schuchman.

“Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they are doing.”

Of course we recognize these as the words of Jesus at the time of his crucifixion.
(Luke, 23:34 NIV)

I begin with these words now, however, with reference to those involved in beautifully producing our website, including its “Musings from the Pew”; for they have provided me the opportunity to muse about whatever I want. So yes, join me and forgive them for giving such a gracious offering. (Have they not heard me attempt to lay read?)

Please answer a question to begin, and then I will share a personal story about that question which has interestingly remained in my memory for about 30 years now – from, and including, my admitted embarrassment with my original answer to my answer today.

My question to you: Have you ever seriously been asked, “What is your favorite day of the week.....and if so, what was your answer?”

I have only been asked that question once in my life. Indeed, within my exhaustive research while writing this article (yeah, right), none of the three people that I talked with said that they had ever been asked this question.

“Hey Steve, what is your favorite day of the week?”

I was asked that question sometime in the mid-1980s, by a person of then similar age, about 30. He was a friendly, professing born-again Christian, alive and active in the First Baptist Church of Sebring, Florida, while I was.....hmmm.....a post-high school transplant from the Midwest, (thus a “Yankee” forever to the locals), working religiously 12 hours a day every Monday through Saturday, as well as one Sunday every month (so that I could see what I was missing on the other 3 Sundays), and obviously thus generally inactive at the Southern Baptist church.

Now as they might say in the South, “I was born at night, but it wasn’t last night”so I immediately ever-so-keenly detected what I thought the answer to his question SHOULD be. And I also knew that my true answer would be otherwise: I kind of evenly liked the busy work activities of any Monday through Friday, and believed in the extreme importance thereof which I had been consistently taught. (I’m not going to lie, I was less thrilled with working “half-days” on Saturdays and the occasional Sunday!)

Anyway, how did I walk this situational tightrope with my fellow parishioner? As it had seemed to work as a school youth, when in similarly uncomfortable spots: with a little nod of the head,

a murmured chuckle or a “yeah”, and then I just played it quietly as a rhetorical question needing no further comment.

“But that dog won’t hunt.” With any teacher.

This story, my story, can fast-forward without change to the period of mid-2009 to late-2010, but then rather suddenly and mysteriously transforms in many ways during that time:

- I find enjoyment, examination, and enlightenment in “Tuesdays with Pastor Ted”
- I choose to undertake a 2-year commitment to read the Bible, for the first time
- I am proud to profess that I am now “born-again”, an action that I neither previously expected to occur nor would have been comfortable to proclaim or even admit. (And note that I have been previously sprinkled as a child in a Presbyterian church and baptized as an adult in our Etna church.)
- I buy myself a silver cross on a chain and to this day rarely take it off for even a minute
- **I finally, and truly, realize, feel, and believe in my (new) answer to the aforementioned question asked of me about 30 years ago: SUNDAY. My favorite day of the week is Sunday.**

And to conclude, I have found that Sunday is not merely a 24 hour day of the week. Sunday is actually a 168 hour day. Please feel free to check, and consider, my math.

