Fifteen Second Keyboard

*"**What a nightmare!**"* thought Marv, as he woke up. Even while washing and dressing, he kept seeing that awful nightmarish picture of his computer keyboard with its big 15 second stopwatch. In his dream, the stopwatch actually turned off his computer. What a terrible thing to do to a person—confine his keyboard time to 15 seconds. As the camp staff person in charge of the Bouldering Wall Event, the only way he would been able to squeeze in more keyboarding time was during his lunch hour, and on his break time too.

Then there was Mickey. He was learning a lot of important things about climbing on the Bouldering Wall, and other neat stuff that can be done on a computer. That enthusiastic 8-year-old had taken a real shine to Marv too. He was regularly visiting Marv just before going to his handcraft class. And as if that weren't enough, now Mickey had begun touching base with Marv just after Marv's break.

But Marv had found an Internet website on which he could actually control a real robot, and was having more fun with it every day. But the clock keyboard in his dream kept coming to his mind when there was no reason for it. Thursday, Marv overstayed his lunchtime so he could get the robot to pick up an egg. He figured the few extra minutes wouldn't harm anybody. On Friday, he stayed just a bit longer as he found a technique to pick up the egg without breaking it. That afternoon's break was stretched by yet more minutes as Marv made the online robot do his thing another time.

When Marv got back to his Bouldering Wall station, Mickey wasn't there. Marv's mind began to dwell more and more on his robot successes. That evening, the camp director invited Marv to have a bottle of soda pop with him, away from distractions.

It seems that Dave had intercepted a note written by Mickey to Marv. The spelling and grammar were bad, but both men could see from the note that Mickey had parents who were progressively shoving him out of their busy world, leaving him to fend for himself. He had spent every lunch and afternoon break with Marv, and was gaining in the confidence that he had found a true friend. At least, their friendship had started that way.

The most troubling thing about the intercepted note was that Mickey thought it was his own fault that Marv was spending less and less time with him, and doing so without explanation. No reprimand from Dave could have hurt Marv more than learning of Mickey's disappointment in him, and his thinking that Marv didn't really care about 8-year olds.

Now, Marv certainly doesn't believe in visions and such, but he knew he was going to find some way to "put a clock on his keyboard". Marv began looking at the others he worked with and who knew him. Maybe he was progressively squeezing them out of his life too. It is one of Satan's tricks to deminish a Christian's testimony toward others by using the attraction of computers.

The attraction to computers is not sin in itself. What you and I need to do, though, is to use that attraction as a witnessing tool to teach others Who gave us computers and the gift of salvation He has also given us. (End of Story)