

What is of Good Report (6)

Connie Meyer

The school year was almost finished and I could hardly wait for summer vacation to begin. If only we didn't have all these tests! The weather had become perfect for rollerblading, soccer, and basketball—anything except studying. I could hardly stand it! And so began my problems...

"Whatcha doin' tonight, Philip? Why don't you come along with the guys and me to West Court? Bring your basketball and we'll play some three on three."

"No," I sighed as I answered Bill, "I have to study for a test."

"Oh, c'mon, the fresh air will make you do even better on your test. And besides, you have the best basketball."

I knew I needed all the time I could get to study for that test. It would be a hard one and I had to keep my grades up. But I had to play basketball, too, I thought.

"Well, I suppose some fresh air and exercise might help. Maybe a little while wouldn't hurt," I said. "I'll meet you at six."

Bill smiled and gave me a thumbs up.

I frowned and walked away with thumbs down. I brightened, though, as I thought about what fun it would be at West Court. After all, a little while probably wouldn't hurt.

My palms were sweaty as Mr. Turner handed back our tests. I had to admit it—I was worried. Finally mine was on my desk. I gulped. I had never received such a bad grade before! There was a note under the grade: I had to meet with Mr. Turner after class.

"I'm quite disappointed, Philip."

"So am I, Mr. Turner," I said quietly. "I didn't study as much as I intended to."

"Mm-hm. Intentions are important, but whether you act on them or not reveals the real you—and your grade."

"Yes, Sir."

"I've decided to give the class a chance to do some extra credit, though. Hopefully your work this time will reveal the hard working Philip that I thought you were."

And this time, it did.

"Finally, brethren,... whatsoever things are of good report; .think on these things" (Philippians 4:8). ❖

Originally Published in:
Vol. 56 No. 5 May 1997