

“Not worth the trade-off,” Beth refused to be distracted. “You need a new job and I know just the job for you.”

“Oh you do?”

“Yes. Your dream job.”

“Beth, that’s a dream,” Greg shook his head, “not a job.”

“It’ll be a job after we make it one,” Beth said earnestly.

“I’m not following, Tiger.”

“We write the business plan, then we get the financial backing for it and you have a job.”

“There are a few problems with that, my dearest butterfly,” Greg leaned across the table and counted on his fingers. “One, I don’t have a clue how to

write a business plan. Two, how do we get financial backing for something that isn't a money maker? It needs to be a non-profit. But three, we can't make it a non-profit unless we have money to file the paperwork, lots of money. And four, even if one through three are resolved, I'm not qualified to run a ministry."

"Here are a few resolutions to your problems, my muscle-bound sweetheart," Beth leaned across the table and counted on her fingers. "One, I've done some research on business plans, especially ones for non-profits. I even have a sample plan. Two, I know some people who will be ready to back this plan even if it isn't a money maker. You know them too. Three, I know one person who will insist upon putting up the money to file for the non-profit status, once he knows about it. And four, you know the bible better than anyone I've ever met. You have compassion enough for four people. You have an incredible ability to process many things at once and remember what you've processed. And you have a ton of resources at your disposal. How can you think you aren't qualified to run a ministry?"

"I'm not asking my family for money," Greg glared at her.

"Fine, I will," Beth glared back.

"I'll work on it with you," Greg decided to compromise rather than fight, "if you promise that I choose when and how we draw other people in."

"I'll agree, if you promise to be reasonable and listen to my opinion."

"I'm always reasonable," Greg frowned. Beth raised an eyebrow and tried not to laugh. "And to prove it, I'll agree to your condition. Where do we start?"

"We need a vision, mission and biblical support."

"Ecclesiastes 4:7-12," Greg said quickly.

"Okay," Beth said, reaching for her bible.

"'Again I saw something meaningless under the sun,'" Greg began to quote. "'There was a man all alone; he had neither son nor brother. There was no end to his toil, yet his eyes were not content with his wealth. 'For whom am I toiling,' he asked, 'and why am I depriving myself of enjoyment?'" This too is meaningless, a miserable business!"

Beth found the passage and followed along.

"'Two are better than one, because they have a good return for their work: If one falls down, his friend can help him up. But pity the man who falls and has no one to help him up! Also, if two lie down together, they will keep warm. But how can one keep warm alone? Though one may be overpowered, two can defend themselves. A cord of three strands is not quickly broken.'"

"Okay, I see why this is the right passage," Beth smiled.

"There are also all the passages in the Old Testament where God commands the Israelites to take care of the widows and the orphans. And I find it very interesting that in Ezekiel, God says to give the alien who settles with them a

family to belong to forever.”

“Where in Ezekiel?” Beth said, flipping through her bible.

“Chapter forty-seven, verses, um, about twenty-one to twenty-three, I think.”

““In whatever tribe the alien settles, there you are to give him his inheritance,”” Beth said, “verse twenty-three.”

“We’re all supposed to have a place, Beth,” Greg said. “We’re supposed to have a family, even if we don’t have one by birth.”