

# The Grubb Blog...

*I'm an entrepreneur. All my life I have dreamed big. You see you have to try in order to be a success or failure at something. Being a business owner means there will be many successes and many failures. You just keep moving forward. Learn from your mistakes, adapt to change, learn daily, don't be afraid to ask for help, read as much as you can, and trust the Lord with all your heart. Put God first and ask him to take the reins and go for it.*

## Fishworm or Nightcrawler?

After all the rain we've had for the past couple of weeks my yard has become a worm farm... Lol. Growing up we would go out after dark and catch nightcrawlers. During the daylight we would take the shovel and take up grass sods to catch what I called fishworms. Now I'm not sure what the difference between a fishworm and a nightcrawler is; however, what I call a fishworm was a lot smaller than the nightcrawlers.



Well my curiosity got the best of me I had to google the difference between the two. Yep, I was right, the fishworm is smaller— it's a red worm, and the larger worm is a nightcrawler.

Any who? I caught lots of fish with the smaller worm, aka "fishworm". I was not intimidated by the fishworm, I was very intimidated by the nightcrawler.

Where I grew up, we had a creek across the street from us, after school we would skedaddle to the shed and get our fishing rods. There was a low water bridge just up the street which had a very wide concrete pad underneath. We would jump off the bridge onto that concrete pad and fish until my

mom called or it started to get dark. Back then you didn't have to worry about traffic, there wasn't many cars on the road. There was more foot traffic than vehicles.

Neighbors visited, kids gathered from up the street and down the street. Fishing, weiner roasts, bicycling, tag football, basketball, and riding my dad's work horse bare-backed was activities that happened daily. And if that wasn't enough to keep us occupied we had trail bikes that we would ride up the mountain to the ridgetop behind our house. Never a dull moment! However, my favorite was fishing! Just something about getting a fish to bite the hook and the excitement of trying to reel it in. Rainbow trout was always the catch of the day!

And yes there were scrapes, bruises, some cut fingers or toes, and bee stings from going bare-footed. Ouch! Our parents didn't have to make us go to bed after supper. Why? Sheer exhaustion!

Those days seemed so simple yet those were "the days". So much fun in those simple afternoon adventures.

In the Scripture the Word talks about fishing... we are called to be fishers of men. Maybe that's why I love fishing so much. If I fish long enough, I know eventually I will have a catch. I just need to keep fishing until I get one hooked. That might take a day, or I might have to go several days, weeks, or years. With fishing you just never know... patience is the key.

What is a fisher of men? Someone who follows Jesus and tells others the good news. Someone once said, "If we catch them, God will do the cleaning".

Let's go fishing!

Matthew 4:18-20: "And Jesus, walking by the Sea of Galilee, saw two brothers, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea; for they were fishermen. Then He said to them, "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." They immediately left their nets and followed Him."

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