



ZWTF

Zapping You Whenever Thoughts Flow

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Already, indeed, then, it is absolutely a discomfiture for you that you are having lawsuits among yourselves. Wherefore are you not rather being injured? Wherefore are you not rather being cheated? (1 Corinthians 6:7)

Filing a lawsuit is hard. Going to court is about as fun as passing kidney stones. Hoping to find justice in this world is futile. Even when you win, you lose; only lawyers win. (95% of lawyers give the rest a bad name.) Carrying a grudge is about as difficult as running with your shoes tied together. Or eating a cold pizza.

I got ripped off on a pizza delivery last week. Dominos tells you that you're going to have your pizza by a certain time, but then something happens in-between the time that the pizza comes out of the oven and the time it gets to your door. This "something" is known as "the Dominos employee." Dominos employees are expert and proficient—until someone orders a pizza. This really seems to throw them for a loop.

I ordered the pizza on a Tuesday afternoon and the guy finally showed up on Wednesday night—or so it seemed. Pizza is supposed to be hot (somebody please tell Dominos this), but this pizza was cold enough to be declared legally dead. I'd already paid for the pizza online, but when the guy got here ("I tried to find you out at the airport!" he said in broken English. I said—in perfect English—"Which airport?"), I was in no mood to pay for the pizza. He handed me the receipt and I said, "I'm sorry, but I'm not signing this. I'm not going to pay for this." He said, "Okay, okay, so you not at airport!" and he left.

How does one confuse 510 SW 17th Street for the airport?

I did eat the pizza because I like the taste of Dominos pizza, even when it's cold. At least I comforted myself that I wouldn't have to pay for it. Then I decided I should check my bank statement to make sure that I didn't pay for the pizza. It turns out that I paid for it. They guy probably got back to the store and said, "I fix that sumbitch who not at airport!"

I had recourse. There was a number on the Dominos website where I ordered my pizza. (I must give Dominos credit for publishing their phone number.) And now you are expecting me to say that I called the number and got the bill taken off my account. No, this is not exactly what happened. I let it slide. It wasn't worth it to me. I was already losing my peace over confronting Dominos. I pictured myself calling Dominos and getting, not a food menu, but a telephone number-pressing nightmare: "To order a pizza, press 1. To avoid having your pizza delivered to the airport, press 2. To learn how to use your pizza as a cold compress to reduce knee swelling, press 3. To complain about service or to request a refund, please press 4 so that we can transfer your call to our world headquarters in Mumbai. To never hear this menu again, press the trigger on the gun you're now holding. *Good bye!*"

It wasn't worth it to me. You might say, "But you lost money." I might say, "I did eat the pizza, didn't I?" True,

I got ripped off on the service, but whatever money I lost due to the inferior delivery, I invested in my peace. Peace is a valuable commodity to me and I'm willing to pay for it.

PRAY FOR PEACE;
THEN PAY FOR IT

If you ever get stopped by the police for anything, and the officer writes you a ticket, it always says on the back of the ticket that you can contest the charge in court. Good luck with that. You may as well line yourself up for processing at a sausage factory. It doesn't matter that you're innocent and the system is corrupt. Of course the system is corrupt. Let me tell you something about the system: one way or another, you're going to lose. As I said before (I like to say it): when you fight this world's systems, even when you win, you lose.

Obviously I'm not talking about something like a bogus murder charge. I am recommending that you contest that. I'm talking about nagging little things like speeding tickets, parking fines, cold pizzas and the like. If you have the money, pay your bogus debt. Sometimes peace comes with a price. All the system wants is money anyway. Two things happen when you refuse to fight a corrupt system: 1) the system is satisfied because it gets fed, and 2) you immediately rid your plate of the problem. If you can possibly do it, then by all means avoid courtrooms. You must understand (I will make you understand) that there is an invisible sign in front of every courthouse in this country, and the sign says something that I cannot print in a family-friendly publication because the invisible sign contains a form of the "f" word.

JUSTICE & JOE

A friend of mine whom I will call Joe recently got stopped by the police at one o'clock in the morning. The cop told Joe that he was parked illegally. But Joe was not parked illegally. In fact, he wasn't parked at all; he was in the car picking up his son. What my friend Joe should have said was, "Yes, sir. I'm sorry, sir." But instead he said, "No, you're wrong." This is a very bad thing to say to a cop, especially when the cop is twenty-years old, prowls the highways beneath the Mason-Dixon line (sorry for the stereotype), sports a butch-blond haircut and attends a Baptist church. (Joe later researched the guy and turned up the Baptist fact.)

The cop literally pulled Joe out of his car and cuffed



“Officer Justice, unimpressed, said, ‘You’re drunk, boy,’ and shoved Joe into the patrol car.”

him. Joe started cussing out the cop. This is another thing that I do not recommend at any time of day (cussing out a cop), but especially not when it is one o'clock in the morning on a deserted road, when the cop is the younger, ex-Marine version (more research) of Buford T. Justice. It is also not recommended that one make disparaging remarks about Officer Justice's mother.

“Justice” thought that Joe was drunk. Joe was not drunk; he hadn't had a single drink. He was simply hopping mad. This did not matter to Buford T. Justice. Justice administered a field-sobriety test, wherein Joe recited the Declaration of Independence backward, and the Bill of Rights in Swahili. (Joe is extremely intelligent.) Officer Justice, unimpressed, then said, “You're drunk, boy” and shoved Joe into the patrol car. Joe was then driven, free of charge, to the police station, where Justice shoved him into a holding cell with forty other accused transgressors, several of whom had formerly starred in “America's Most Wanted.”

Joe had to step over several transgressors en route to the only spot available in the cell where he could stand. Unfortunately, he stepped on the hand of a guy who was sleeping. The guy took it as well as expected, threatening to kill Joe with a switchblade. Joe said (this is a true story, and I am quoting him directly), “You better bring some



friends because I'll take you all down, and you will be the first to die."

It may amuse you to know that Joe is a member of the body of Christ. Ideally (I am almost willing to say, "certainly") it would have been better for Joe to have said, "God bless you, friend, and have you heard the evangel of grace?" But "I'll kill you first" may have been the next best thing.

Joe's wife posted bail and he got out the next day, but now he has a court date and a bunch of legal expenses. Joe just about has to defend himself now, but my point is that the entire escapade could have been avoided at the outset with "Yes, sir; I'm sorry sir," instead of, "Your mama is so fat that when she walks past the TV, people miss three episodes."

AVOID DIMINISHING RETURNS

Now we turn to the body of Christ. Paul said to the Corinthians "It's a discomfiture for you that you are having lawsuits among yourselves." This word "discomfiture" is the Concordant Version translation of the Greek *hettema*, and its English elements are DIMINISH-EFFECT. Paul's thought here is that taking one another to court would

diminish the Corinthians as people. It would make them small; petty. It would probably also demoralize them personally; it would diminish them emotionally—within their souls—to chase their rights so hard as to pursue them legally and, worse, amongst each other.

What Paul says next is one of the most radical things you will ever hear: "Wherefore are you not rather being injured? Wherefore are you not rather being cheated?"

I love this advice. Take it. God will sort everything out at the dais of Christ, where we're going. In the meantime, you will find peace by staying out of these legal melees, even if it means suffering yourself to be injured and cheated.

At the Great White Throne, Joe will see that cop again and the cop will say, "I confess. You didn't do *nothing* illegal. I knowed it all along, boy. You was innocent. I was jus' tryin' to be a big man. But, hell, I don't feel so big now." At which point Joe will say, "Can I have my bail money back?" —MZ

Produced by Martin Zender/www.martinzender.com
 © 2018 by Martin Zender/Published by Starke & Hartmann, Inc.
 email: mzender@martinzender.com