

# Good Deeds



A ZINE SHORT STORY  
by Randall Colley 2022 c



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"Brother Rockwell it is nice to have you for the 'Good Deeds' service, said the Pastor with a hint of sarcasm. I did not think you got up before sunrise."

"Reverend, you know I am always ready to give back to the community what God so freely has given to me. I will not be able to make the evening service tonight. I have to go to the capital first thing in the morning."

Lilly Mae, leaned over to her friend and whispered, "It weren't God that gave him that farm. It was his inheritance from his cruel father, who used the bankers to steal the land from the poor farmers."

"Now he works them as hired hands on their own land, for next to nothing, that's what built that farm of his. It wasn't God."

"Well, let's start the service. Sister Wilson what 'Good Deeds' did you perform this week?"

"Pastor, My neighbor has been sick with cancer, and I have been taking care of her small children during the day. I've been feeding and bathing them for her."

"Praise the Lord, Sister Wilson. Brother Jenkins, what 'Good Deeds' have you done this week?"

"Pastor, the Lord blessed me with an extra \$10.00 and I bought groceries for my elderly neighbor, her husband has died and she struggles to pay her bills."

"Praise the Lord, Brother Jenkins. Sister Passmore, what 'Good Deeds' have you done this week?"

"Pastor the Lord has blessed me with the ability to sew and I made a wedding dress for a young girl in my neighborhood."

"Praise the Lord, Sister Passmore."

"Well, Brother Rockwell what 'Good Deeds' have you done lately?"

Brother Rockwell stood up, with his chest out and with a big smile he said, "Well... Pastor, you know I'm not one to brag, but for the past 7 weeks, on my way home, I have been dropping a dime out the window of my car as I pass in front of the those dreadful apartments on 5th street."

Lilly Mae, leaned over to her friend, and whispered, "He owns those dreadful apartments, he rents them to his workers. Takes the rent money right out of their pay."

"Pastor, I can only imagine the joy that one of those, 'you know poor children, have when they find that shiny dime."

"I suspect that they run straight to the candy store and indulge themselves with candy and ice cream."

"I'd like to think that I bring joy into their otherwise miserable lives."

"Praise the Lord, Brother Rockwell for giving poor children 70 cents."

Brother Rockwell spoke up while standing and addressed the congregation, "By the way I am in need of a hired hand that can operate a combine machine, if anyone is interested in a job on my farm."

The 'Good Deeds' Service ended with hymns and a prayer by the Pastor.

Later that night Brother Rockwell, came to the evening service.

"Brother Rockwell so nice to see you at two services in one day."



"Well... I needed to speak to Brother Tom. I called his home and they said he was here in church tonight."

"I am leaving in the morning, to go to the state capital to see the governor. I might be running for a state office."

"My car doesn't sound right, and it looks like it's leaking oil underneath, and I really need Brother Tom to look at it for me."

Brother Tom stood up and told the pastor it was ok, he would take look at it, and he went outside.

Lilly Mae, leaned over and whispered, "The cheap S.O.B. just doesn't want to spend the money taking it to Brother Tom's, auto shop."

Brother Rockwell... "You can stay for the service, Brother Tom does not need your help."

Mr. Rockwell did not like to be told what to do, and he paid no attention to the pastor. He was not there for the service, he was only there to get his car looked after, and he followed Tom outside.

A tearful lady came in the room, and spoke to the congregation, "I need your prayers for my little boy, he has been missing since this morning, he is only 7 years old."

"My husband was hurt on his job, and can't use his hands anymore, so his employer let him go, and we have not been able to pay our rent so we are being evicted."

"On our walk to our church, for the past 6 Sundays my little boy found a dime on the road. He says, they were dimes from Jesus."



“He just wanted to help the family. He went out before sunrise this morning, he knew the other boys in the neighborhood had heard about the dimes, and they would be out looking for them.”

“He was looking for another dime from Jesus this morning, and now he is missing. Please put us in your prayers.”

The Pastor asked, “What kind of work did your husband do?”

She said, “He drove a combine machine on a local farm until he had a terrible accident.”

Brother Tom came to the side door and got the Pastor’s attention.

The pastor went outside while the church ladies comforted the distraught lady.

Mr. Rockwell with his normal pushy attitude, "What is it Tom, is it bad, something broken, can you fix it tonight?"

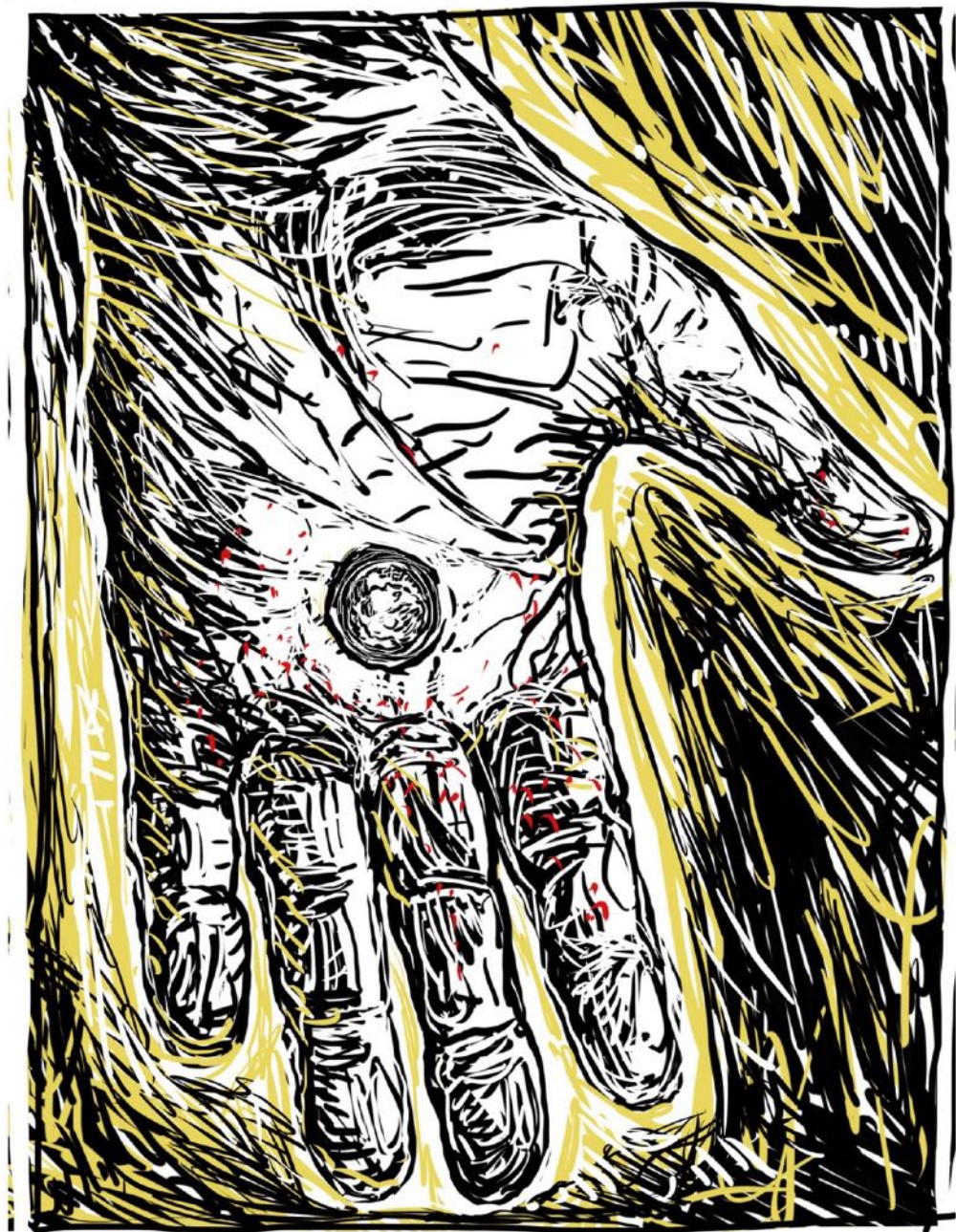
"I have to be at the Governor's office in the morning."

Brother Tom, held out his hand and showed the Pastor a shiny dime.

"My flashlight caught a reflection on the ground, and I found this underneath the car."

He said, "You better take a look," and he gave the pastor the flashlight.

"What is it Tom, he's a preacher, not a mechanic, what did you find under there, I demand you tell me now."



The pastor got down on his knees,  
and shined the light under the car.

To his horror, he could see the  
dangling arm of a small child,  
whose body was wedged in the  
undercarriage of the car.

The pastor turned and asked,  
“Rockwell did you leave a dime on  
the road when you passed those  
apartments on your way to the  
service this morning?”

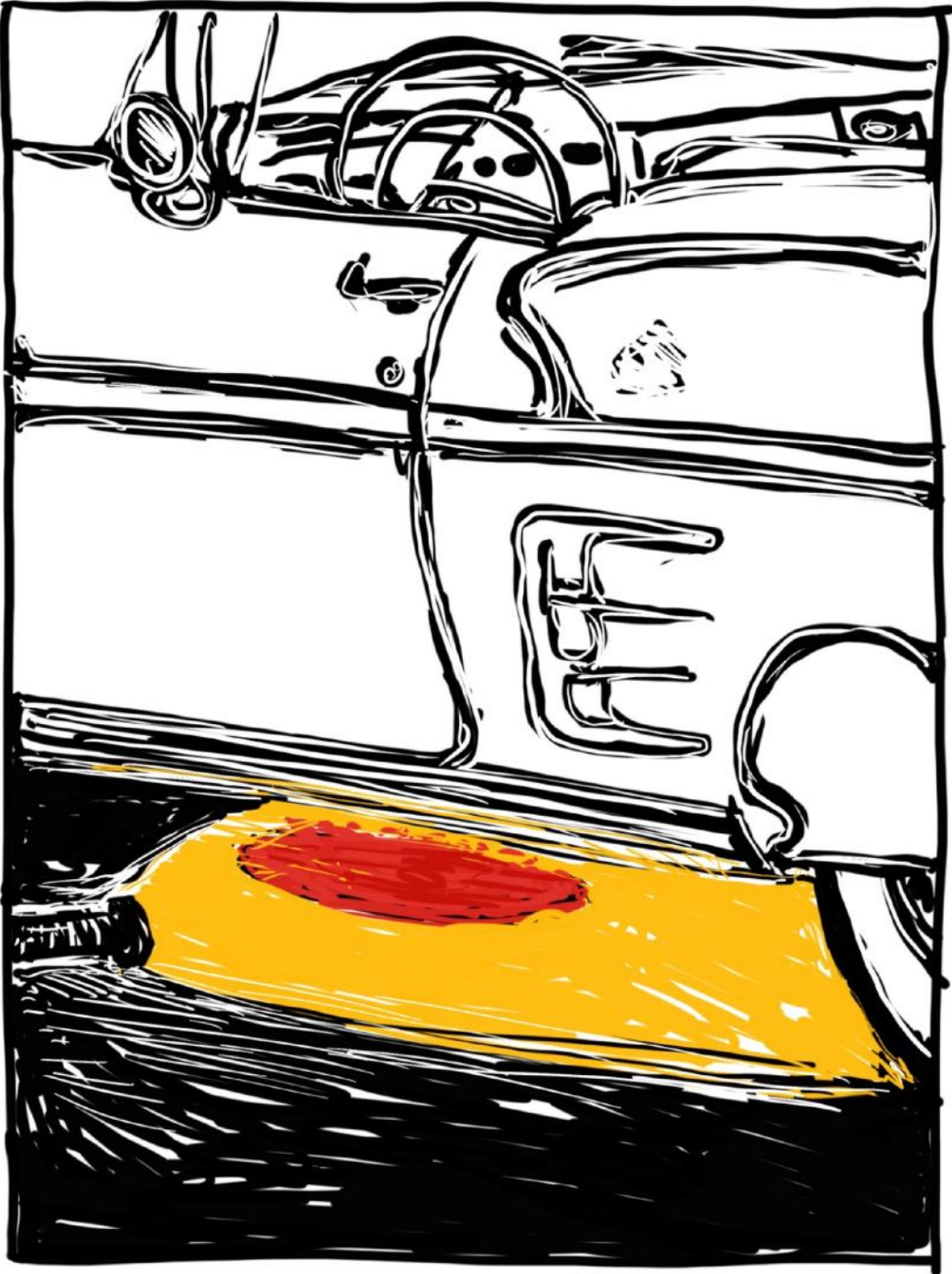
“No, I did not, I dropped the dime  
on the road on last night.

I always leave a dime on my way  
home from the Saturday night  
poker game at the lodge.”

“Why are you asking me about a  
stupid dime?”









“Was it dark when you drove passed those apartments this morning?”

“It was 6:30 in the morning of course it was dark, and I don’t drive slow in that neighborhood if you know what I mean.”

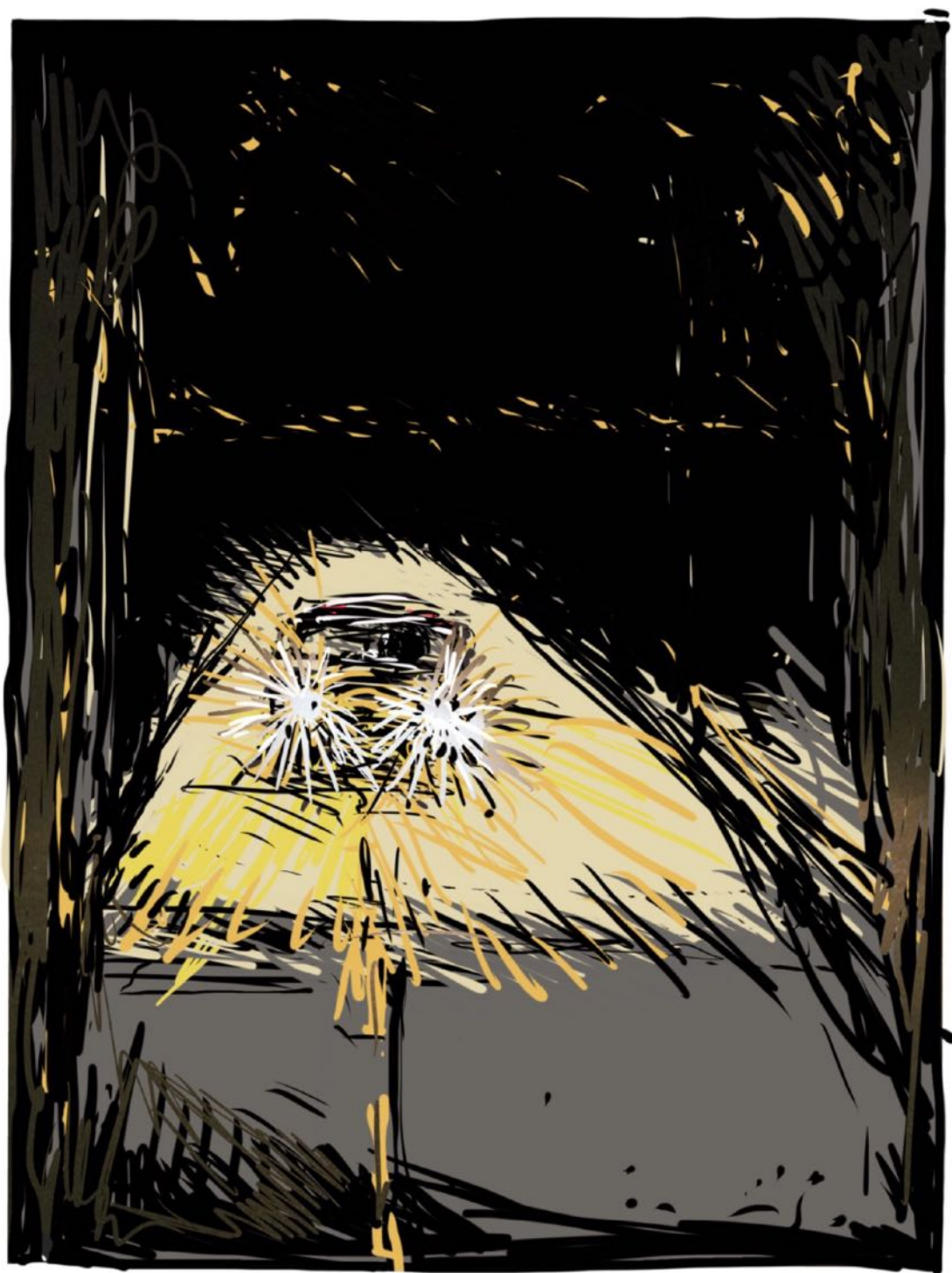
“Tom, what’s wrong with my car, and why is there a puddle of oil underneath?”

“You don’t understand, I have to leave early in the morning to drive to the capital.”

“I need this car fixed tonight. Why is my car leaking oil?”

Brother Tom answered, “It’s not oil.”

The End.



MAKE A POEM  
WRITE A STORY  
MAKE A DRAWING  
MAKE A ZINE  
EVERYDAY

