

I was fundraising while sick, I persevered and I Crushed!

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Photo date and location unknown

I was so sick (feeling like puking) that I couldn't fundraise. I was dropped off for the day and had no way to contact the captain. (No cell phones)

I was in a small shopping center parking lot, and running around "trying to feel better". It wasn't working.

I HAD to find someplace to sleep or I would puke right on the shoppers as I approached. Didn't want that.

I looked around, there was no place I could conceivably "catch a few winks". (My motivation I kept telling Gods was so "I could feel better" and continue my...mission). Seriously.

I looked around the parking lot. I spied a used car lot with several cars...

What if one of the cars was unlocked? I could probably crawl in the backseat and take a nap there. Nobody would see me and I'd only be about 30 min. Sounded like a plan. So that's what I did. Off to dreamland.

In a little while I was rudely awakened by an angry rapping on the car window.

I sat up startled trying to orient myself. A guy was shouting, “HEY YOU! What are YOU DOING IN THERE?” Of course I was embarrassed and just explained in my calmest voice (fundraising voice) “I was fundraising in the parking lot for my church and I felt sick and need to lie down, I thought it would be ok for a little while.”

The lot owner had calmed down, and said quite matter-of-factly, “I’m sorry but these cars are not here for you to sleep in”

I apologized profusely and assured him I was very sorry and went on my way. I was feeling a little better but not quite.

After a while I was feeling sick again (must’ve been “the 4-6 hour flu”) and could not quite “get going”. I was feeling nauseous and was desperate to “overcome” but... I had to lie down...somewhere.

“Ok, I’ll go back to the car lot” (No place else). Maybe this guy had a “special course”? (overcoming resentment?)

This time I found something a little more “hidden” (and comfortable-like a Cadillac) I thought this time I wouldn’t be found. If I could just get some rest...I would be ok. (Ever feel like that- sure you have).

Well, sure enough, I was “found”. Omg! The nerve of...me! This time the guy was fuming. “I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU, YOU CANT SLEEP IN THESE CARS! AND TO GET OUT OF HERE! GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE OR I’M GOING TO CALL THE COPS!” Oh boy that did it.

I jumped up and ran off apologizing profusely as I ran.

I went and had “a showdown prayer with God”. I promised I would not leave this parking lot again, “no matter how sick I was!!” I was ashamed and embarrassed that I couldn’t “overcome” this stupid nausea and get on with “my mission”.

So I started running around and chasing people in the parking lot, trying hard not to puke on them. After a few hours I did feel a little better. But, needless to say, nobody was buying my candy...probably peanut crunch.

By the time it was dark, I didn’t have much result and I still had a couple more hours before pickup. I had to “make a change”.

I had another “talk with God” I assured Him I wasn’t abandoning my post but that I had to find another area.

I looked around and saw that there was a trailer park behind the shopping center up in some hills (gotta be Pennsylvania) so I set out for those.

Long story short, almost everybody bought even “3 for 5”. I CRUSHED!

I sold out every box I had. I made my “external goal” \$300 and achieved my...internal goal. Perseverance.