

# Hard Work Is Good For You



By Rob Pue

March 2, 2025

In Genesis 2, we read about how God wants us to work. Verse 15, *"And the Lord God took the man and put him into the Garden of Eden, to work it and keep it."* Gardening, farm work, yard work.

In 1 Corinthians 10 and Colossians 3, we're told that whatever we do, we are to work heartily and diligently, as if we're working for the Lord and not for men. And in 2 Thessalonians 3, we read that if anyone is not willing to work, then he should not be allowed to eat.

Work is essential, not just for us to earn a living, but also for our own mental and spiritual wellbeing. The satisfaction of a job well done really can't compare to anything else. Our work, when we do it well, can bring us great happiness and joy – even the hardest of work. Through our work, we can transform useless things into useful ones. We can restore order out of chaos. We can even create things that didn't exist before, all through our work.

What about the opposite? What about those who are lazy...those who are sluggards? Proverbs 6, *"Go to the ant, you sluggard! Consider her ways and be wise, which, having no overseer or ruler, provides her supplies in the summer, and gathers her food in the harvest. How long will you slumber, O sluggard? When will you rise from your sleep?"*

And from 1 Timothy 5, *"But if anyone does not provide for his relatives, and especially for members of his household, he has denied the faith and is worse than an unbeliever."* And when it comes to working as Christ-followers, we have this from James 1, *"Be doers of the Word and not hearers only, deceiving yourselves."*

So, my message today has to do with work. Today, we live in a nation where "work" has become a four-letter word. Employers have been struggling for years to find people who are willing to work. The jobs are there. The workers are not. I admit, I don't understand how this can be. How do people survive? How do they pay their bills? How do they afford food, housing, clothing and other necessities, much less luxuries that everyone seems to have?

I can only conclude that there is some type of government system by which people receive money for not working. Many times, I hear the unemployed complain if their government checks don't arrive on time, or the money isn't deposited into their EBT cards. I've heard them ranting and raving in stores when those EBT cards run out of digits in their accounts. They throw tantrums and cry out, "Where are my benefits? I want my benefits!"

Last time I checked, *"benefits"* were things that came with a thing called a "job." You worked a certain number of hours each week and your employer paid you for your time. If you were a diligent and valuable employee, it would be worth it to your employer to also provide you with additional benefits in addition to your paycheck. Things like health insurance, a retirement fund and paid vacation time. But our Nanny State has now trained multiple generations of able-bodied people to just expect free stuff to be handed to them, as if they're entitled to it. And in fact, the "EBT card" stands for *"Electronic Benefits Transfer."*

I have to wonder, as someone who puts in more than full-time

hours, where are *my* “benefits?” Where’s *my* free stuff? Don’t bother – I wouldn’t take it if it was offered. I couldn’t live with myself if I refused to work and simply relied on the government to take care of my needs. But so many today have found a way to “work” the system and thereby avoid having to work an actual job. What do they do all day? Do they not have any self-respect, ambition or motivation to make something of themselves or to contribute to society? How do they live with themselves?

I grew up on a farm. For many years, our family raised calves for other farmers. They’d bring us the baby calves and we would raise them to a certain age, then the farmers would pick them up and bring us a new batch to raise. This was a “side job” for my Dad. His main job was as an appliance repair man for Sears. But from the age of five or so, I worked with my parents and older brother in the barn in the mornings and again in the evenings after school. I shoveled and loaded manure; I threw bales of hay down from the hay mow. I fed baby calves with formula, then with grain and hay.

By about the time I turned 10, raising these calves was no longer offering enough income to make all the work worthwhile. But we still continued to work the land on our 80 acre farm. I spent every summer, growing up, baling hay. Unless it was raining, if it was summertime, we were baling hay. I’d load the wagons, then stack it in the hay mow. It was hot, dusty, dirty, hard, grueling work. We’d store the hay until wintertime, when the price was at a premium, and then my dad would sell it. For a few years, we also raised oats.

In addition to baling hay, it was also my responsibility to help in our large garden, and then pick the crops, which my Mom would can and store up for winter. I was also the one to mow the lawn, which included a very large yard. For outlying areas, I used a riding lawnmower. But for the lawn near the house, I preferred to use a push mower, because I like the

design of the “lines” push mowers make. For at least a few days after mowing with a push mower, the lawn looked beautiful.

But there was even more mowing to be done. You see, my Dad was a private pilot and had his own airplane, which we kept hangered on our property. We also had our own airstrip, which was grass, and nearly a mile long and at least fifty feet wide. Yes, I also mowed that, every week. And, we had some elderly neighbors down the road, whose yard I also mowed each week, just to be nice.

When winter came, guess who worked steadily shoveling snow...yep...and that's when we used to get a *lot* of snow. I remember drifts so high they buried our garage and nearly covered the airplane hangar. Not all the cars fit in the garage though, so when those snowstorms came that covered everything, you'd have to guess where the cars were, then shovel down to them, uncover them, then shovel around them far enough so that my Dad could get the rest with the plow on the tractor.

We never took a single vacation when I was growing up. In the spring, the last day of school was still wonderful – because I hated school – but it just meant that it was planting time, which was followed by non-stop hay baling, lawn mowing and general maintenance of the property for me. Once a week, usually on Sundays, each of us kids would get one bottle of pop as a treat. And no, we never got any kind of “allowance.” We didn't complain. It's just how things were, and it was all we knew.

When my siblings and I got older, my Mom started taking jobs in town cleaning houses for the rich folks. She would do one job in the morning and another in the afternoon for extra money for household expenses. That led to her getting me some additional work mowing lawns for those same rich folks. First there were one or two jobs, and that turned into a full

schedule. Soon I was doing one yard in the morning and one more in the afternoon. And I always did my very best and put in more effort than the people expected...which is why my schedule became full – because I was getting so many good referrals from my customers.

Not only did I mow their lawns, I also raked them and hauled away the clippings. I weeded flower beds and trimmed what needed trimming, at no extra charge. I went the extra mile and was rewarded for it, because now I had an income. I saved that lawn money to buy my first car. I was only 15 years old and couldn't drive yet, but I had the money to buy one when I could. I was earning more than \$200 a week at age 15 with these side jobs. That was a lot of money at the time.

Oh, and in case you're wondering, the hay baling and farm work didn't stop – I just did that in the evenings...every evening. But I guess I wasn't real good at math, because while I was earning more than \$200 a week doing my lawn mowing, I wanted a "real" job. So, I started putting in applications around town, and the day I turned 16 and was able to have a real job, I was called in to the Holiday Inn and hired as a dishwasher, for \$3.35 an hour. I finally had a "real" job and my own car to get there, but now instead of over \$200 a week, I made about \$67.

Once again, at my dishwashing job, I did more than my job description called for. Within about a month, another position opened up at the Holiday Inn – being a "porter." When I expressed an interest in this job, my boss told me that normally they wouldn't offer this to anyone under 18, but because I was such a good employee, they gave me a chance. Not only did I excel in that position, but within another six months, I'd worked my way up to being the assistant manager of the entire complex – at age 16.

Now, instead of being a dish washer, I wore a 3-piece suit to work, and was trained in every department, except the cocktail

lounge. That included overseeing the hotel facilities, the restaurant, banquet facilities and more. I carried a "beeper" and was given the keys to the Holiday Inn van, and no one ever really knew where I was at any given time, but I was always there, somewhere. I really loved that job.

When I finally left the Holiday Inn after High School graduation, I worked for a secular radio station. It was meant to be an "automated" station, meaning all the programming was on reel-to-reel tapes, controlled by a computer and my job was to "babysit" the computer and fix it if it got off track. Well, this was the mid-1980s and computers weren't really a "thing," and this computer malfunctioned almost *constantly*. But when it was working, I really didn't have much of anything to do there. One night, I noticed a file full of advertising copy that my boss would need to record commercials for the next day. I decided to record those ads myself and save him some time, which was greatly appreciated.

Then on one particular night, the automation system went completely down, and the station was off the air. I was there by myself and knew there was nothing worse than a radio station with dead air. So, I took to the airwaves and began playing records and tapes myself. From that came my own radio show, which became very popular. I gained a great following, had many listeners calling in, and it became profitable for the station. The show was a hit. That led to me being promoted to Program Director at the station. By this point I was probably about 20 years old.

I had several other jobs, including working as a graphic designer at a weekly county newspaper, before opening my own photography studio in the late 1980s. At all the jobs I had, I did more than was expected of me. Usually, a lot more. I've always done more than the job description required, because I wanted to do the best job possible and that has always paid off for me. Not always in money – in fact, at one

of those jobs, my boss was so astounded that I always went above and beyond, he came up with a catch phrase for me, which he said to me almost daily, “*Rob, we appreciate it, but we don’t pay extra for that.*” In other words, he was impressed and thankful, but I wasn’t getting a raise.

Now, I’ve shared a little of my work history with you, not to pat myself on the back, but to let you know that once upon a time in our country, people worked hard and took pride in the work they did. They had the satisfaction of knowing they did something worthwhile, created something new, *built* something, and were assets to the companies they worked for.

In my next message, I’ll continue with my story a little more, because I have a very interesting tidbit to share with you about what happened at every single place I worked at – after I left. I also want to discuss how things have changed, and they’ve changed drastically since I was a kid. Work is important. God’s Word tells us so. A good, solid work ethic is an invaluable asset that every employer would be thrilled to find in an employee, and in my next message I’ll share some of my experiences with today’s workers. Oh, how things have changed!

© 2025 Rob Pue – All Rights Reserved

E-Mail Rob Pue: [Rob@WisconsinChristianNews.com](mailto:Rob@WisconsinChristianNews.com)