

GOD'S HIGHWAY

FAR IN THE WAR

The story you are about to hear is true. The names have been withheld to protect the guilty. It took place in the South, and it's going to be hard to put into words that can be understood up North, as the title might already suggest. I'll do my best, but you'll have to do your part too. Let's give it a try.

Sweetie Pie and I were

enjoying some of North Carolina's beautiful rural scenery as afternoon was giving way to dusk. That's one of the most amazing times of the day, and it can be enjoyed nowhere as much as on the back of a motorcycle. I saw several riders standing around one of their bikes off to the side of the road. Naturally, I slowed down, turned around and went back to see if I could help. This in itself gave Vicky a laugh because I score almost zero on the mechanical aptitude scale; but I felt the need to at least offer.

As we pulled up to the group and got off, I heard the bike owner talking to his bike. Some people might see this as a sign of a serious mental disorder, but if you haven't been there you wouldn't understand. He was yelling at it, saying he was going to turn it into a coffee table if it didn't start up. He was so agitated that he didn't even notice our arrival. I asked if he was having trouble, which was the polite thing to do even though a blind man could see the situation. He said it wouldn't start, and he was done kicking the engine over. I asked if anybody had prayed yet. That didn't seem to have been on the list of their attempted fixes. I went ahead and prayed a short, simple prayer asking God to help us since we were out of ideas, but we knew He wasn't. They looked at me for the answer since I had prayed. I told them my mechanical knowledge was limited, but said there were two basic things needed for this bike to work. They looked on with baited breath (no comment needed here, but

I digress). The two things were: (1) fuel, and (2) fire (pronounced as "far" in the South"). The owner's eyes lit up like this was a new thought. He unscrewed the gas cap and jerked the bike back and forth before proudly announcing, "It's got fuel." Then he asked how to know if it had "far". I took out one of his spark plugs and laid it against

the cylinder, then asked him to kick it over again. No spark showed up, so he said, "Why is there no 'far'?" I saw the headlight working so I said the problem might be that the "far" had to get to the spark plug by going through a wire (pronounced like "war"). His eyes lit up again and he said the only "war" he had seen lately was one behind the oil tank that he had just taken off for some reason. Sure enough, behind the oil tank was a "war" with the insulation rubbed off. He surmised that he could fix it if only he had some electrical tape.

I opened my TourPak and pulled out a brand new roll of electrical tape. The "war" was quickly wrapped, the oil tank replaced, and the spark plug reinserted. Just one kick and the engine roared to life. The good old boys were happy, laughing and getting their gear on, while the owner was busy telling the bike that he was only joking about the coffee table remark.

As they jumped on their bikes I asked if they remembered who fixed the problem. The owner apologized as he stuck out his hand and thanked me for my assistance. I said I didn't fix it, and reminded him of the prayer we prayed as we asked God for His help. As this fact was acknowledged, I told him that Jesus Christ can fix a lot more than a broken bike. He can even fix our broken lives that have no chance of making it to Heaven on our own. He said he appreciated the help with the bike, but he wasn't really interested in that other stuff right now, he had to go.

I was happy to see their bike fixed, and to see them heading down the road; but I know this was one of those Divine Encounters that was meant to be even more. These fellas were nice enough, but not nice enough that they didn't need a Savior. Neither are you. Neither am I. On our own we don't have any "far" in our "war", so no power gets to the rear "tar". We're going nowhere fast. Jesus came out of Heaven so He could provide the only fix that would get us on track, on God's High Way. It's not complicated, just humbling. Will you take enough time to simply acknowledge that fact that you need Jesus, and call out of Him for help? Just pray with a sincerely humble heart and know that He will show up with all it takes to get the "far" in your "war". Be blessed on God's High Way.



Gary Wadding

