



GOD'S HIGHWAY

Gary Wadding

I can remember when I was just plain embarrassed by the little motorcycle that I rode. Every other machine on the highway was glamorous in comparison to mine. They were all more powerful, newer, brighter, etc, etc. It got me to work and back, but it was nothing to brag about, especially when I was pushing it along the side of the road.

When I got my first new motorcycle, oh what a great feeling. Finally I was riding high and looking good. This baby didn't need to be pushed, and it was the shiniest thing on the road ...for a while. Then it too began to look a bit smallish, and the chrome began to shine less than when I bought it. I still liked it but it was no longer cool to ride a two stroke street bike, so I needed something else, again. Like many of you, I didn't have the money to change bikes as often as new ones came around, so I continued to ride the same one for quite some time.

After I was married, the next step was to get one big enough to allow my bride to come along for the ride. Money was tight, but the Lord made a way. We soon rode together in style...for a while. You know what happened. This new joy began to look a bit smallish too. On top of that, it was the wrong brand if I wanted to be with the "in crowd". I rode it to any type of event, but I often felt as if I would fit in better if I rode in on a Harley.

When the first Harley came along it seemed like a dream come true. I was finally riding the King of the Road, literally. How much more could a guy want? You guessed it. Before long I wanted a brand new one, not one that had given its real glory to the first owner. Within a short time things worked out for my first new dresser, bright red, smooth, wow. Now I was on the top of the world, literally,

riding the Rockies with my dream bike and my Sweetie Pie.

It took a while for this one to lose its glamour, but by now I was beginning to notice something. You see, even though bikes had a place in my heart, the very center of my life was Jesus Christ, and service to Him. I enjoyed the rallies and the rides, but I couldn't feel comfortable just meeting great biking buddies and not helping them find their way on to God's High Way. I wanted them to know the deeper joy that can be ours whether you have a good looking new bike or a rusty old beater.

I realized that what I drive doesn't determine my value, but what drives me. In the end my life will be judged by One who saw my heart, not my ride. It won't matter how many miles I rode, but how many lives I touched for eternity and for Him. If it's all about me, I will never be completely satisfied. If it's all about Him, the ride will never end. Jesus said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life. Nobody comes to the Father except by Me." Where is your heart? What drives you? Make sure it will take you all the way down God's High Way. His name is Jesus.



WHAT DRIVES YOU?