



GOD'S HIGHWAY

Gary Wadding

A few years back I took a solo ride on the wonderfully twisty, curvy roads of Hiawassee, GA. I drank in the power and freedom as I leaned into curves and danced with the mountain highways. Since my Sweetie Pie wasn't along, I leaned a little more than usual, and I took the curves a little faster than she would have appreciated. The bike was flowing through those mountains like the crisp autumn wind. It was exhilarating. I finally came down off the mountains and drove into town. Just as I got on the flat, straight road and slowed down to 35 mph, the bike bucked like a bad horse. It twisted to the left and then to the right. It was all I that I could do to get it stopped without going down. The rear tire had blown out a plug that I got in Illinois a few months earlier. This new type special plug was supposed to be good for the life of the tire. Right! If I ever plug a tire again, it will be for just long enough to get a new one.

I thought about how hard it was to get to the side of the road with the blown tire. Three friends had come at just the right moment, and even the four of us had a tough time as the tire kept trying to roll off the rim. Then my mind went back to where I had been a few minutes earlier. Yikes! I was tearing up the mountain curves with all the gusto that my heart could handle. What if that plug had come loose fifteen minutes earlier? I could barely handle the blowout on the flat, straight road at slow speed. What would have happened in a tight curve at high speed? Those beautiful overlooks took on a new look. Nobody would ever have known what particular road I took that day. Nobody would ever have seen where my bike left the road. Nobody would ever have found my broken body at the bottom of a steep drop-off. I would still be there today. It gave me the shivers!!! What a difference a few minutes made for me that day.

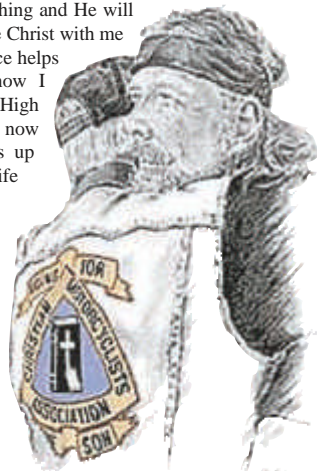
When my tire picked up the nail in Illinois, it was so new that I couldn't imagine just throwing it away. It would cost me way too much money. Thinking back, how much could that decision have cost me? A new tire would have been a bargain. Why do so many of us do that? We think about a few dollars when we should have much more serious things on our mind.

Just as I found a problem with my tire one day and trusted a temporary patch, many of us have seen a problem with our lives and tried to patch it up. We usually make minor adjustments, then promise to change our ways. But after we make it through the initial bad situation those thoughts fade into the past. We can patch up our life and think we're all right, but I want to give you God's point of view. He says that we are hopelessly flawed! Think about it. We have all found ourselves doing things that hurt us and those we love, doing things we said we would never



do. We have also failed to do those things that we said we would most certainly do. We are just as undependable as that tire of mine. And the consequences of a blown life are far worse than a blown tire.

We know how to get a new tire, but how do we get a new life? By trading in the old one to Jesus Christ. Give up on your own efforts to patch up your life. Admit to Jesus that your ways have been wrong and that you can't fix them enough to solve the problem. Stop deluding yourself. Ask Him to save you from yourself and your sin. Bow your knee and admit what your heart knows. Jesus, the Son of God, needs to be your Lord, your Boss. Give Him everything and He will do what He did for me. I take Christ with me everywhere I go. His presence helps me do everything differently now. I really enjoy riding on God's Highway with the peace that I now know. Stop patching things up. Get a life. Get a whole new life.



Just Patch It Up? No Thanks.