

# GOD'S HIGHWAY



Gary Wadding

I inserted this photo today because it reminds me of what a motorcycle is meant to do. It's supposed to take us to interesting places and make us look good. Recently I took the yellow Goldwing to Greenville, SC for the GWRRA Wing Ding where I could see all the newest products designed for this bike, a 2005 GL 1800. My old friend, Mountainman Mike Lambourne, had painted red flames on the bike to set it off just enough to look good w/o making it a circus wagon. But that wasn't what most rally participants noticed about me and my ride. Every time I cranked it, the engine spun over way too long before it would actually start. Then it ran rough as a corn cob, stalling repeatedly. It stalled any time I stopped at a light, slowed down for a turn or just let off the throttle. It bucked and jumped even when I tried to ride gently down the highway. Everybody noticed me, for all the wrong reasons.

This bike had given me troubles before, stranding me in Memphis, TN last year. The police just shook their heads as they stared at me and my yellow machine parked crosswise in the middle of Beal Street, the jazz music center of Memphis, at midnight. The bike was stuck in reverse and wouldn't come out of gear, or start, or move forward, or backwards, or anything else. I couldn't pick it up, so there I was, getting noticed for all the wrong reasons. Was there a pattern developing? We all know that any machine ever made will eventually break, and usually in the most inconvenient situation, but was this Honda painted bright yellow for a special reason? Was I the not so proud owner of a giant lemon? I knew better than that, but there were a few moments when the thought did cross my mind. Jason at Jim Walker's Cycle World in Daytona tore the thing apart both times searching for the problems, and each time he got me back on the road. (Unpaid advertising should give me a break on the bill, right Jim? Oh, well.)

Some people have only one answer to problems. Get rid of the thing! Well, I've seen every variety of bike on the side of the road at some time. I've seen brand new bikes silently sitting at half-mast, just as I've seen old clunkers bleeding out their life's blood (oil). If you think you will get rid of all your problems when you get rid of the bike, you're wrong. They all break if you use them long enough.

I see the same sort of thinking in other areas of life too. My boss is a jerk. I'll get a new job and solve the problem. (The next boss might be worse. I've been there.) The old house is falling apart. I'll get rid of it and a new house will solve my problem. (If you are unwilling to do routine maintenance, the new one will eventually fall apart too.) My marriage doesn't make me feel happy and fulfilled like people in the movies. I'll get a divorce. I'll get rid of the trouble. (I hate to tell you, but you

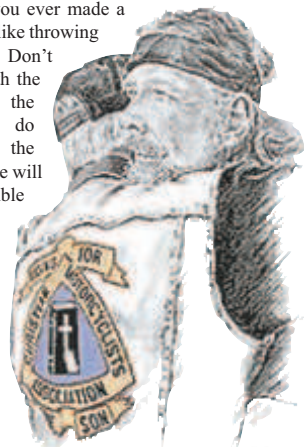


are a major part of the trouble.) Lately we even see teenaged girls giving birth to babies and throwing them in dumpsters to "get rid of the problem".

I'm glad God doesn't handle problems that way. If He did, you and I would be history. We have messed up regularly. (He calls it Sin.) If we are honest, we all have to admit that we have often rebelled against what we knew was the right thing to do. If I were God, this whole world would be gone and a new one would stand in its place. But that's an example of my wrong thinking. It's one more illustration of how much higher God's ways are above my ways.

His world and His people were spiritually broke, but He didn't throw us away. He paid the price to fix *our* problem. God *so loved* the world *that He gave* His only begotten Son that whoever believed in Him wouldn't perish, but would have eternal life. That's the definition of *Love*.

Have you ever felt like throwing other people away? We all have. Have you ever made a mess of your own life and felt like throwing yourself away? We all have. Don't do it! Just do what I did with the Goldwing. Turn it over to the manufacturer and let him do whatever it takes to solve the problem. Understand that there will be a price to pay, but be humble enough to sit patiently and let the work be done. You can't throw some things away. You have to fix them. Jesus loves you and will make your life work better than you can imagine. Get smart. Get fixed. Get back on *God's Highway*.



Don't Throw It Away, Fix It