

Are You Ready to Take a Leap of Faith?

Huge crowds waited anxiously out in the fields. Dozens of world dignitaries had assembled along this dusty old Mississippi turn row. The President himself was standing to salute as I roared a wheelie past him on my new Honda XR75 motorcycle.

Never before had such an event taken place out behind my grandpa's barn. Over by the grain bins the reporters crowded Miss America for her comments.

"Don't do it Guy," she pleaded and wiped a tear from her eye. It was too late. I had already found the plywood to make the take off ramp.

Shortly thereafter I was rolling a 55 gallon drum out of the barn when my little brother Heath pierced my day dream.

"Whacha doing?" he asked with his big snaggle toothed grin.

Angered at suddenly being snapped back to reality I shouted, "Get outta here punk!" Then I pretended to lunge at him. He fell back. I could do that then. I was thirteen and he was seven.

As usual, he popped up quicker than a Bozo punching bag and asked, "Can I help?"

"You might as well," I fumed, "Miss America's done gone now!"

As great daredevils are apt to do, I made some last minute ramp adjustments. I took a few dry test runs to carefully calculate the precise speed I would need to clear the barrel. Finally, when I could think of no other suspense builders, I readied for my approach.

This was the moment the world had waited for. I flipped the lid down on my helmet and gave one last wave to the crowd. Heath waved back. I revved that poor little engine for all it was worth, and then pattered off carefully.

I must've been topping out at over 10 mph when I hit that ramp. I made it all the way to the top- actually cleared the barrel somehow. Sliding to a stop I let the dust clear, threw the bike over, and stood there with both arms raised- basking in the glow.

Heath came rushing over. "I'm his hero," I thought.

"My turn... My turn..." He cried.

The day wore on, and after I'd gotten 20 or 30 jumps under my belt I finally decided to give in to Heath's constant badgering. I figured I could use a little more suspense, and he'd obviously not been listening to my belittling anyhow.

However, I was extremely concerned for his safety, (Not to mention my own distance records), so I gave him strict orders to stay in first gear. After putting a good scaring into him I gave him the helmet.

The first indication he hadn't been listening was when he went plum around front of the house to start his approach. I couldn't see him, but then I heard him coming; cranking it down and winding it out every gear. He blazed around the corner doing at least fifty. I was screaming and flagging my arms wildly, but he only had one thing on his mind, and he hit that ramp as fast as that Honda would go.

I'm not sure what the world motorcycle jumping record is, but I can tell you, I was the lone witness to it that day. Heath was probably still on the way up when he set it!

He jumped clean over the whole back yard and landed with a thud just short of the cotton fields.

He was a tuff little fellow though, because somehow he managed to hold on, although his legs were flapping along behind like sheets in the wind, and that knobby back tire was working his business over something fierce.

Heath zoomed into those freshly plowed rows at full speed, each bump causing him to goose the throttle more. He was half way across the field before he finally bogged down. By the time I got there he was back on his feet. He forced a muddy half grin and muttered, "Your turn."

I guess you could say little Heath had been so anxious to mount up with wings like eagles that he'd forgotten to wait upon the Lord!

That can sure make for some bumpy landings, especially with regards to sharing your Christian faith. I should know. I still hear from a host of family members who like to testify how my initial approach came in just a little too fast right after I got saved.

However, there's a ditch on both sides of the road you know. We can't just sit around calculating and procrastinating either. If we're waiting on the ramp to be set up perfectly we'll probably never jump.

As Christians we must be willing to flip the lid down on our helmet of salvation and pop the clutch when the Lord gives us the nod. Just remember though, without the Holy Spirit in your witnessing, you're just flying off into left field.

But anyway- Lift up your eyes and remember those huge crowds; the ones cheering for you from above, and those that are in the fields white to harvest. Don't be scared to make that great leap of faith. *(Instead, you must worship Christ as Lord of your life. And if you are asked about your Christian hope, always be ready to explain it. 1*

Peter 3:15 NLT)

-Guy Sheffield 2-21-06