

Finding Peace in this Three Ring Circus

Before I met the Prince of Peace, I was the king of “Road Rage”. Thankfully that ‘Old Me’ has long since passed away. I reckon it’s been several years now since I pulled over and threatened to whoop anybody. You see, when Jesus came into my life He directed me to spend my transit time in prayer, probably figuring it would help keep the casket lid down on my former nature long enough for me to see my way home.

Yet I must admit, there have been times I felt a resurrection coming on- like this morning, when some fellow passed me on the shoulder and broke line. Wisely I took a deep breath and tried to remain calm. I didn’t even try to call down fire from heaven or anything; although I may have bent the steering wheel a little.

As I was praying for this Bozo I noticed the metal bed frame he was hauling in the back of his fancy new truck had come undone. One rail was now swinging freely outside of the bed. It was about to put a disastrous scratch in his shiny new paint. I conceded the decent thing to do would be to tell him. However, I perceived it would be a terribly awkward advancement for me to pull alongside him at this junction. So I decided to wait until we got to a red light. By the time we did, my mind had wandered a bit, and I plumb forgot to pull along side of the guy. Other cars had filled in.

“That’s okay,” I thought, “I’ll get him at the next light.”

After the green I swung out to his left and rolled my window down. The Bozo looked at me like I was crazy, and then he ran right through the next yellow light like he was late for the circus! Oh well. Maybe the Lord will get somebody else to tell him.

Of course I’m not going to lose a lot of sleep over Bozo’s paint job, but I have had similar experiences in my Christian witness that have really topped my list of regrets. You see, sadly, too many times I’ve taken that same “Oh well” attitude with regards to my responsibility to share the Gospel.

The Holy Spirit will often point out some poor fellow, zipping through life, breaking all of God’s laws, in the hopes that I will help him. Yet, how many times have I just stuck my nose up in the air and laughed at the poor clown?

The devil’s always quick to help me justify myself with something like, “It would be a terribly awkward advancement for you to pull alongside him at this junction.” However, he’s also out to make sure some of those folks don’t get another chance. Maybe they won’t even make it through the next light!

I realize witnessing can be a very scary proposition. I certainly don’t feel qualified to be God’s spokesman. I don’t know anybody that does. However, **2 Corinthians 5:17-6:10** tells us we are all called to be Christ’s ambassadors. So there is no excuse for being selfish with the Truth. I’m sorry. I can’t find a loop-hole on this. Even if I did I wouldn’t tell you. It would only be cheating you out of one of life’s most precious blessings. (*I have shewed you all things, how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive. Acts 20:35 KJV*)

But anyway- that old “king of road rage” crown needs to stay in moth balls. I need to start telling people about the Prince of Peace. (The *Prince* who hung between heaven and earth to make *peace* between God and man.) The best way to get through this rush hour called life with any peace is to roll down your window and direct somebody else to Jesus. As a Christian I’ve been entrusted with the map. God wants me to see to it the lost are told how to get home safely.

-Guy Sheffield 4-28-06