

Flirting with Disaster, Don't Do It

I don't know why it seemed so fun hurling those big dirt clods at my grandpa. It just was. I mean, I didn't think one would actually ever hit him. That would be stupid. Papa was as big as a bear. Though he was up in age, I knew from experience he could still tree a little sprout like me. Maybe it was just the heat and boredom of another lazy Mississippi delta morning.

At first Papa sat atop his old Case tractor plowing up the forty acres without even noticing me. My throws were coming up woefully short. However, each time he worked a row down to the bayou and back he'd end up a little bit more within range. Eventually I ricocheted one off his hood.

"Boy! You stop a throwing them clods. You hit me and I'm a gonna get you!" he yelled. His big bushy eyebrows were cocked at full arch, warning of his propensity to lose that Italian temper.

I just smiled and waved, and like a complete idiot, went back to chunking. Of course it wasn't long till I came across the clod that will forever haunt my childhood memories. Papa let loose with a thunderous roar as it slapped him in the face. He jumped off the tractor whilst it was still rolling. There was fire in his eyes! He un-slung his big belt in mid-stride.

Everything in me cried, "Run!"

I believe even Papa hoped I would too, because he growled, "You better run der boy!"

Yet my legs just stood there quaking. I guess they couldn't hear the instructions for all the terrible clanking my knees were making. For whatever reason, I just froze. Shortly thereafter commenced a whooping that literally brought the traffic to a standstill on the 61 hwy.

But anyway- flirting with disaster can be a lot of fun, at least while you're still in the flirting stage. But let me tell you, all that changes once Papa jumps off the tractor.

Many people have since asked me, "What were you thinking?" I don't know. In hind sight, I wasn't. However, before you go casting clods at me, let me ask you a question, "Are you doing the same thing on a grander scale? Are you throwing clods at God?"

Have you been one to consider the splendor of the heavens and the earth and all of God's creation and still refuse to acknowledge Him? Ouch! That must seem like a dirty slap in the face to the One who gave you that brain and the free will to choose not to use it. Have you heard how God sent His Son Jesus to die a brutal death on the cross to pay your penalty, and still you reject His love? Maybe there're a few things you haven't really thought out yourself.

Thankfully God is a lot more patient than Papa. (*The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.* **2 Peter 3:9** KJV)

One day though, I can assure you, God will say, "Enough is enough." He will come down off His tractor and settle all scores. The Bible says His eyes will be like a flame of fire that day. I don't know about you, but I've learned my lesson. I'm not planning on being one of those riding against Him that day.

Why don't you plan likewise, and come on over here to the winning side? Can't you see God's mercy is crying out to you yet again? The Lord has stayed on the throne and patiently taken all the dirt that you've thrown at Him, yet He still extends His hand of peace toward you again. Why would you refuse Him?

I guess what I am trying to say is, "Though God is merciful, He's also JUST." Please don't go on flirting with eternity. Throw down the clods and make peace with Him before its too late.

-Guy Sheffield 6-21-06