

## God's Not Asleep You Know

As a young teen I was ambling across my grandfather's back yard when I commented, "Papa's shore got green grass this year." My little brother Heath, six years my junior, stopped to wiggle his dirty toes. "Soft too," he added, "Papa says he's the furst in the county to plant this fancy new grass like what they got on a golf course."

I whomped him with my plastic Wiffle ball bat for no particular reason and took off toward the storage barn. "I got me an idea," I called. Heath rubbed his cotton top and took out after me, mostly just wanting to know what I was scheming next.

"Where are all Uncle Joey's clubs," I fumed, tossing out an empty golf bag.

Heath ducked and began working his tongue over his silver front teeth. "You member," he recalled, "We cut the heads off em' to make spears for poking stuff."

I narrowed my eyes, remembering our subsequent groundings, and went back to my ransacking. We managed to find one heavy headed putter and a couple of old striped golf balls. After a while I plopped down on a box of my Grandma's family china to pitch my new idea. "We'll design our own golf course!"

Heath's mouth gapped wide. He listened breathlessly as I laid out the rest of the details. He giggled the whole time I spray painted the outline of our first green across Papa's back lawn.

"We can even use the house as a backstop," I suggested, taking into account its close proximity. Heath eyes glassed over as he marveled at such wisdom.

Since our Papa happened to be taking a nap, I figured I'd show him a little courtesy and forgo waking him just to ask if we could use his riding mower. So I took the keys down from his secret hiding spot and drove it on over. I figured to be through before he woke up anyway. Lowering the blade fully, I cut out a big circle. Meanwhile, Heath bent four spoons planting a plastic drinking cup to serve as the golf hole.

Our partnership seemed to be going pretty well, until the testing phase began. Apparently, somewhere along the line Heath had gotten the impression he'd get the first putt. The little munchkin went berserk when I snatched the putter and whacked one. His glassy eyes turned to flames, and he commenced wailing on me like a prize fighting attack kangaroo.

"Man," I thought, "He's got a lot to learn about golf etiquette!"

With the aid of the Wiffle ball bat I was finally able to settle him down enough to evaluate the results of our first putt. "Not good," I announced, "Time for plan 'B'."

Heath wiped the foam from the corner of his mouth and looked at me sideways. "That means go get the push mower dummy," I barked, rubbing the newly forming knot he'd laid on my scalp.

With a pair of pliers we raised the push mower's deck wheels until it was plowing dirt, and then proceeded to mercilessly skin that poor grass down to the nub. However, even after the dust and engine smoke cleared, the subsequent putts rolled no truer. Inwardly I began to blame it all on Papa and his fancy new golf course grass.

Ever resilient, we scooted back to the edge of a cotton field and teed up a ball atop a rock to practice our drives. I wisely offered to let Heath take the first swing, wherewith he promptly shanked one off the side of the barn. I admit I laid a few dents in it myself before eventually lifting up a picturesque shot down towards that bare brown patch. We high-fived and watched with delight, until it bounced up and crashed through the master bedroom window! A growl inside indicated we had awakened a sleeping bear.

Neither Heath nor I were interested in another knot on our noggin, so we dropped that putter and high tailed it to the bayou, where we hid until our mom came and stole us away under the cover of darkness. I hate to think of what Papa bear would've done if he'd have gotten his paws on us. Of course you can see where he might be a little upset.

Do you ever wonder how God feels when He looks down from His window in heaven? We've made a pretty good mess of His back yard too you know. Not to mention how we treat one another! Maybe we're not as sure fire smart as we think we are, or getting away with as much. God's not asleep you know.

Papa used to have an old saying- 'There'll be hell to pay', and while God doesn't use that exact phrase, He does promise that judgment day is coming. Don't fool yourself. *(The Lord isn't really being slow about His promise, as some people think. No, He is being patient for your sake. He does not want anyone to be destroyed, but wants everyone to repent. 2 Peter 3:9 NLV).*

But anyway- No bayou is dark enough to hide our sins from the Lord. Are you still putting along toward destruction? Why don't you repent and give your life to Jesus like Heath and I finally did?

-Guy Sheffield 4-27-07