

## Humbly Pursuing Your Passion

We rolled up to the little town's summer festival only to find our band was not scheduled on the main stage. Not surprising, given Christian groups aren't generally held in high regard these days. The event organizer took us off the beaten path a ways to show us the little section of black-top road he'd picked out for us. It was out back of an abandoned service station. Across the way I noticed two lonely souls fanning themselves in a rusty concession trailer. They gave us a friendly wave, obviously glad for the company.

We'd be the only band in this line-up, coming on right after a young girl singing karaoke. She'd kick off right after a troop of tap dancing grandmas' wearing high heels and sparkly red, white, and blue leotards. Despite this top billing, we found a few details had been neglected; like a P.A. system, or a scheduled time to set up one!

Thankfully this wasn't our first rodeo, and our gear was in the trailer. After a group prayer for more humility, we immediately set about to salvage what we could out of the day. Unfortunately, in the process, I got totally lambasted by one of the eighty year old dancing grandmas for discreetly attempting to set up our equipment in the background while they aerated the sticky pavement with their high heeled stomp routine. I wanted to say, "You realize there's nobody watching except those two in the concession trailer, right?" However, since she could probably point that same thing out to me, and since she was now brandishing one of those high heels, I wisely replied, "Yes mam". I even offered to run her antique reel to reel tape machine while she sang Judy Garland's 'Somewhere over the Rainbow' two octaves higher than a pining purple porpoise in puberty.

Not long after, I also got lambasted by the dad of that precious little singing girl for the same thing. Now understandably, he was just nervous and wanting things to go perfect. As far as he was concerned, this might as well have been the Grand Ole' Opry. (I could tell how keyed up he was by the way he kept mouthing cuss words at me when I would move around back stage.) So to avoid a ruckus, I finally sat down and let him savor it all.

It all gave me time to question why in the world had I ever let MTV mesmerize me as a kid. "Huh huh huh... that's cool," I'd said, "I'll start a band and be rich and famous." "Yeah yeah yeah..." Beavis agreed, "And we'll get some of those girly models to wax the hood of our sports cars in a video."

Well, I never did see those riches. In fact, I barely recovered from spending my last dime converting a Formica counter top into my first electric guitar in seventh grade shop class. Accounting for practice and equipment toting time, my average salary as a musician would total up to about 14 cents a month. Thank goodness for day jobs.

Oh, and the whole 'famous' thing never really panned out either. The only people who might possibly ask of me, "Where are they now?" are some over zealous IRS agents wanting their cut on that 14 cents.

Lastly, let me just state, "There is no such thing as a groupie with a full set of teeth!" Enough said.

Thankfully, I'm okay with all that now. The Lord Jesus has come into my heart and freed me from all the bitterness I'd harbored over the years. So next time you walk past our band's little lawnmower trailer stage at the car show, don't waste your time trying to make me mad by sticking your fingers in your ears and griping, "You mind cutting that down Buster, I'm on my way over to the cake walk here?" And don't hit me with that look that says, "You'll never make it as a Rock Star". I already know.

What? I'm not bitter. Do you think I'm bitter?

But anyway- Nowadays, whether I'm up there crooning to upwards of 17 people, or just the clean up crew, I want you to know I'm doing it because Jesus loves you. That's right; YOU. It's your fault. If God says He wants me up there sweating all day just on the off chance you'll hear me sing something to cause you to consider Jesus as you stomp off, then that's what I'll do. You see the Lord has given me a love for you, and I know He appreciates me trying to show it. Besides, I've learned God's approval is much more fulfilling than any of the fickle accolades of that MTV crowd. In the grand scheme of things, it's what matter most. I hope you've thought about that.

Maybe all my foolishness is part of God's master plan, right along with Beavis and the tap dancing Grannies. (*But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; 1 Corinthians 1:27 KVJ*)  
I'm okay with it, really...

-Guy Sheffield 9-04-07