

It Takes a Real Dummy to Be a Know It All

It was the winter of 85', and I don't think the good folks of Utah knew quite what to think about this Mississippi boy hitting their pretty white ski slopes in my bright orange Fed-Ex work jumpsuit. Chances are they were a bit relieved when I got back on that big cargo jet to Memphis.

I should've known I was out of my element the minute I tried on those crazy ski boots. They tilted me forward so bad I could practically sweep the floor with my nose hair. Probably a big factor as to why I slid off out of control as soon as I stepped out of the lodge and toppled all those innocent bystanders waiting for the ski lift. At that point I probably should've considered everyone's strongly worded advice, and took some ski lessons. I was just too hard headed. The way I figured it, I could always work on my stopping and turning techniques once I got to the top of the mountain.

Even in those leaning boots, I stood well over 6 foot. So when that chair lift came by, it caught me low behind the calf and folded my legs like a cheap suit. One ski got trapped under the chair and flopped right off. Before I knew it I was being hauled up into the air with a warm sock dangling out in the mountain breeze.

I didn't know what to do. So I jumped. I was only ten or fifteen feet up, so I survived the fall. However, the lift operator wasn't too pleased. In fact, he was madder than a wet hen about having to pull that big lever and shut down the whole mountain. I reckon he cussed me four days past Sunday.

Now I didn't cotton to that sort of treatment, so I started for him, intent on showing him another use for those ski poles. However, with my limited snow skills, I couldn't make it back up the hill. My legs were just too intent on parting company. Eventually the guy had to come and help drag me back up. My temper had sort of fizzled by then, so I just got back in the line and waited quietly.

Eventually I made it up the mountain, but it might be noted that my whole snow skiing experience went downhill from there. When I finally tumbled to the bottom sometime around noon, I had two little words forever etched in my mind. "SKI LESSONS"

What is it about submitting to instructions that causes our human nature to rebel so? Am I the only one who has wobbly furniture in my house because of this? If you're like me, you don't even look for the instruction manual until you've gotten so confused you've screwed your shirt tail to your shoe. I guess that's why I tumbled down hill for so many years of my life. Regrettably I toppled many innocent bystanders along the way.

I can testify that it's awfully hard keeping your skis pointed in the right direction on these slippery slopes of life without humility. My life has often ended up so discombobulated I'd have to stick my head out of my orange leg hole just to breathe!

Thankfully, I finally admitted my need for some sort of operator's manual, and what do you know? There was one right there on the coffee table. It's called the Bible. Turns out, the Bible was written by our Manufacturer! (*For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.* **2 Peter 1:21** KJV)

God's the one who designed us, so who better to show us how our lives are supposed to be assembled? The Lord even provides an eternal lifetime guarantee to those who will put their trust Him. It was an offer I couldn't refuse. I finally hopped off the throne of my own life and gave Jesus His rightful place as KING. Now when I need repairs or assistance, I simply call the 24hr help hotline. Jesus is always personally manning the line.

But anyway- Why don't you give Him a call? Don't wait until the Lift Operator has to pull the lever on you. I guess what I'm trying to say is, "It takes a real dummy to be a know-it-all." Now don't go arguing with me. I know I'm right.

-Guy Sheffield 5-27-06