

## Laughing in the Face of Adversity

I fear somewhere along the line we'd stubbornly missed our opportunity to unplug our band's sound gear and head for the hills. The sky was already beginning to sputter, and our best efforts to stake down, rope off, and duct tape our cheap little pop-up canopy were becoming futile. Now our only hope was to manually anchor what was left of our canopy and wait it out. A morning of unrelenting 40 mph gust has already mangled and twisted its thin frame worse than a tuba in a train wreck.

"We shouldn't pulled this little ole' thing out," I grumbled within earshot of our soundman Tommy. He just shrugged and continued to hover over our ministry's precious sound equipment like a mother hen.

I admit, personally, I'd have just preferred to run. I felt like a human ground rod standing there holding that quivering aluminum frame. The flashes of lightning were literally sending chills up my spine. Yet I knew I had to man up. Our drummer Troy, his boy Chris, and a fellow musician we'd just met named Allen, each bravely moored their corners without a whimper. Even Daryl, the festival coordinator, shunned the safety of the nearby buildings, and rushed to our aide.

Daryl was also known as "Fire-ant", and obviously not just because of his red locks. His face seemed ablaze with more zeal than a man could conceal. A month's worth of his hard work and planning had turned into this mud fest, yet here he was, still donning a smile that threatened to swallow his ears.

Fire-ant's arrival seemed to spark a reserve of courage in the troops. In fact, we all got the giggles over our situation at one point and just began to laugh our heads off. As crazy as it sounds, the world was growing darker and more violently charged, but we were wrestling our portions of the canopy in a fresh new light.

"Go on and puff big bad wolf!" one of the guys shouted.

Our faith muscles began to flex. I was standing amongst men who'd suddenly remembered they were anchored upon a Solid Rock!

"I'll bet those people donating blood are glad they did," Fire-ant joked, nodding towards those riding it out in the 'Mobile Blood Bank' bus across the way.

"Yeah," I added, "I guess you could say, 'They're saved by the blood!'"

Everyone chuckled. Then there was a moment of contemplation when I believe each of us silently thanked God that we were too.

But anyway- I reckon if we who claim to trust in the blood of Jesus would ponder on it a while, we'd all be more apt to stand up and laugh in the face of adversity. After all, how can you scare a man, or back him down, when he realizes that to die in the line of duty only brings him promotion?

The blood of Jesus has removed the sting of death for the maturing saint. You simply can't kill someone who possesses eternal life; especially one who has already died to the things of this world. We're not from here! We're just passing through- taking up our cross and following the Lord to higher ground. The blood of Jesus has transferred our citizenship to a better Kingdom.

Yep, the mere thought of Christ's precious blood anchored our souls that day. So what if the whole awning blew away with us in it? (*For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.* **2 Corinthians 5:1** KJV)

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