

## Power, Love, and a Sound Haircut

My boy Joshua bucked me like a wild bronco for years after he was born... every time I went to cut his hair. You've never seen a kid throw such a ruckus over a simple buzz cut. He just doesn't like em'.

My friends at Church would rag me to no end every time Josh would come in looking like a punk rocker that'd lost his fight with a possessed Flow-Bee. "Did you do that?" they'd accuse. A standard volley of 'weed eater' jokes would always ensue.

My wife Angie finally pulled me aside one day. "Joshua will be old enough to look in the mirror soon. You need to figure out a way to cut his whole head at one sitting!"

She was spouting something else about wanting to salvage what was left of our family name when I cut her off curtly, "Well... I don't see you helping me hold him!"

"How bad could it be?" she retorted, "He's only four."

I went for the clippers. It was time she learned a lesson.

We hemmed the boy up in the hallway, hoping to limit some of his escape routes, but it only took a few minutes before Angie and I were plotting our own. There was screaming, struggling, hair was flying, and we hadn't even plugged in the clippers yet. The little Bobble head was at it again.

We wrestled him for nearly twenty minutes before we finally had to let him up for a breather; more for our sakes than his. However, this particular day, something unusual happened. Joshua lay back in his momma's lap and stopped wrestling through the break.

Had he finally broken? I slowly rose to my knees, switching on the clippers. I waved them near his head as a test. He didn't move. His momma had him mesmerized. I figured I'd better get in a few good strokes before he came to, and was in full swing when I heard Angie scream, "NOOOO!" But it was too late. I'd already raked it across his head. Unfortunately, I'd forgotten to re-attach the guard on the clippers! My mistake became immediately evident. A reverse Mohawk was trenched down the middle of my boy's scalp! I felt terrible. What would my friends say?

But anyway- I don't know why the little fellow had such a phobia about having me wield an electric shearing device over his noggin. Or why Angie stays worried all the time I'm going to think of some new way to embarrass the family. Ridiculous! What else could I possibly do?

Fear can be a strange beast. Of course, a dash of the right kind of fear here and there can often be helpful. I know learning to fear of the Lord didn't hurt me any. However, there is a spirit of fear that is not from God. (*For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. 1 Timothy 1:7 KJV*)

This spirit of fear is unhealthy and irrational, and can severely limited God's plan for our lives. It has completely paralyzed some of our strongest warriors. Take Elijah the prophet. He'd just finished calling down fire from heaven when a spirit of fear suddenly gripped him. Next thing you know, he's running from a woman and asking God to kill him! Suddenly he was no longer operating in power, love, or a sound mind. The spirit of fear had taken Elijah from hero to zero.

Thankfully, as believers, we have the remedy for fear. God's perfect love casts out fear! See **1 John 4:18**. In God's love our souls find refuge. By trusting His Word and staying in His Love we can move out of fear and into faith in every area of our lives.

You'll be happy to know Joshua survived that little skid mark with only minimal damage to his self esteem. In fact, since that day he's settled down a mite. He almost enjoys my haircuts now. With his cooperation some of my stylings almost pass for store-bought. Of course, my friends still chide, "It's amazing what you can do with a weed-eater!"

-Guy Sheffield 9-13-06