

## The Stress of a 100 MPH Job

"I've got to get one of those 'Hundred Mile per Hour jobs'!" I say it every morning as I funnel onto the Interstate 55 speedway and make my rush hour trek to Memphis.

My day job barely inspires me to do the speed limit, so I am constantly amazed to see so many people excited to get to work. I only wish the thought of punching in brought that much joy to me!

Almost every day some guy will practically latch on to my bumper and piggy back me through the construction zone, seemingly upset we've slowed to eighty. I think to myself, "Now he must be a chemist right on the verge of a cure for cancer." Then a young lady will whip out and pass me in the emergency lane. Maybe she's close to solving world hunger? Maybe before lunch at this rate!

Sometimes I have gotten a little jealous, but when I see these happy commuters blazing past me honking and waving that I'm number one, who could hold a grudge? It just melts my heart. I can only bid them Godspeed.

Who knows, maybe one day I'll get rid of this little four cylinder and keep up long enough to find out where this magical work place is. Maybe they're taking resumes?

I reckon in a perfect world we should all have 'Hundred Mile per Hour' jobs, and be able to take our time getting there. Yet how can we slow down when this real world seems to be bucking us like a rabid snort slinging old rodeo bull? Shucks, some days just hanging on for eight seconds is an accomplishment, much less eight hours.

There are no stress exemptions on the home front either. If your house is like mine, it's stuffed with gadgets and gizmos that promised to save you time. They need to come with instructions on how to use the extra time once you get it!

Well take heart. There is a way to find both success and peace despite the myriad of deadlines and commitments we face.

The first step is for us to look up and realize not all of our commitments were ordained by God. We can do it now, or we can wait and do it from our death bed, and regret we've spent our lives like a hamster on a wheel.

The fact is our garages grow junk. Sometimes we need to get alone with God to evaluate what needs to be chunked. Weighted down people wobble, but if we keep Jesus in the center, we'll maintain a balance. We won't collect the muck and mire that does so easily beset us.

Somebody once said that **BUSY** stands for "**Being Under Satan's Yoke**". I partly believe it, and while I doubt God would ever advocate the shirking of your responsibilities, I believe He may suggest taking your laptop onto the golf course isn't such a good idea! Jesus said, (*"Come to Me, all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn from Me, for I am gentle and lowly in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For My yoke is easy and My burden is light."* **Matthew 11:28-30 KJV**)

Who are you yoked up with? When I think about the peace the Lord has brought into my life I often wonder why the Interstate seems so lazy on Sunday mornings. I keep hoping to see it wild and crazy like on Mondays. I'd more than welcome a good tongue lashing for impeding somebody's commute to Church. Sadly, Sunday's are pretty calm, at least until after the closing prayer and we all race to the buffet!

But anyway- If one Sunday morning you happen to see a little silver four banger in your rear view coming up quick, be prepared to try and keep up. It'll be heading to a place they'll gladly accept your application. And watch out on Monday evenings too, God has blessed me with one of those "Hundred Mile per Hour" families.

-Guy Sheffield 12-22-05