

A Leap of Pride (Heath's other leap)

“He ain’t gonna do it...” “Yeah, I bet ya he’ll chicken out.” This kind of talk was not exactly what I needed to hear as I barreled down a steep hill on my bike headed towards “the ramp”. Well, I guess you could call it a ramp. It was more like a 4’ x 4’ piece of rotten plywood leaned up against 4 car tires, resembling more of a wall than a ramp.

At the age of 10, I was not yet aware of any of the laws written by that fella named Newton. Even if I had been, it probably would have made no difference. For one, I never liked his figs anyway. And, for two, I was going to jump this ramp, regardless of his silly laws.

See, my buddies had for all intense purposes, “double dog dared me”. It was now down to be a man, or be a punk. With my pride at risk, I pedaled even faster.

Despite my obvious ignorance, I did have the quick wit to pop a “wheelie” slightly before hitting the wall/ramp contraption. This was probably the only thing that saved me from picking plywood out of my face for the next several days. However, even with my quick thinking, the angle of the ramp mixed with the level of descent propelled me completely vertical into the air.

I’d like to say that I leveled that baby off, winked at the girls, and landed smoothly on the other side to an erupting crowd. At least that it was I had signed on for. Instead, sheer panic gripped me as I realized I was 10 feet above the ground, all alone, and quickly falling backside first. I still remember staring towards the sky thinking, “it might not hurt that bad this time.” Boy was I was wrong.

As is usually the case with most daredevils, I failed to have a plan “b”. That would be a show of fear. Therefore, down I came with my back being the first thing to prove that Newton fella wasn’t just selling figs.

Now don’t get me wrong, my buddies didn’t run right over to laugh at me or call me a chicken. In fact, they had never seen anybody crazy enough to do such a thing. They gathered around me in wild amazement as I lay motionless on the ground. Never once did they offer to help me up or even dial 911. I was still holding the bike above me like a turtle rolled over on his shell. They thought it was because I was “striking a pose”, but I knew it was because I couldn’t breathe or move.

Truth is, when the dust settled, I had found what I was looking for, recognition and acceptance. But, as is usually the case, it was only a temporary fix. My aerial acrobatics had turned out to be just another “leap of pride” that ended in another great fall, and a sore backside to boot.

I have found there is quite often a very small difference between a “Leap of Faith” and a “Leap of Pride”. The difference usually boils down to two things. One, who prompts the leap, God or us? Two, who gets the glory, God or us?

Proverbs 16:18-19 says, ***“Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall. Better it is to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud.”***

Don’t buy into the lies of the devil and seek for acceptance by God and man for your works. It’s only by the God’s grace and accepting his Son Jesus by faith, that you will every find true joy and acceptance.

“For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: Not of works, lest any man should boast.” Ephesians 2:8-9.

Long story short, don’t be a punk. Let Jesus steer your life. He will provide you with the eternal joy and acceptance we all long for. Come on, I double dog dare you!