



Radical Dependence

I had a very rough night a few weeks ago. It was a Saturday night and I felt I was ready to preach the next morning. And I did. It was a good message, I guess. But not as good as the object lesson God had for me the night before. Buckle up...

It had been a pleasant Saturday full of chores and rest. The sun shone and brought the heat expected for Oklahoma in early July. But if you do not live here, you may not understand what that kind of “nice” day brings to the evening. You see there was a “dry line” on the western Oklahoma/Eastern Texas line. Again, the locals know that is where the storms start brewing on a “nice sunny Okie day.” And they brewed until about midnight. Then they let it pour. Fast and hard. Winds exceeding eighty miles an hour. Rain going in all directions looking more like a school of fish in the ocean swimming with perfect formation. I had just tilted my bed up to keep an eye on the incredible meteorologist watching and alerting, when it happened.

The power went off.

You probably think, “No big deal.” But not to me! Remember the bed that I had adjusted to the “sitting angle”? And I have sleep apnea and can’t sleep without a CPAP machine (ironic that it took me nine months to be able to sleep with it). And the meteorologist? Gone with the power. “No worries,” I thought. I’ll just wait until it comes back on. Surely it won’t be out too long. **FOUR HOURS LATER!!!**

I couldn’t sleep sitting up! I couldn’t nod off without my machine. And what was that **CRAZY STORM** doing?!! I could only see it in brief flashes of light. **I NEEDED THE ELECTRICITY TO COME BACK ON!!** How am I supposed to meet and greet people at God’s house, not to mention preach a great sermon when the electricity isn’t on and I am unable to sleep?!

Then I heard it. That still small voice that seems to rattle you sober (no, I wasn’t drinking). Just a thought. A spiritual whisper. “Why don’t you need Me like this?”

Ouch. That hurt, but He was right. I am more dependent on the electric company than I am on God. I can’t function without lights, A/C and someone on TV leading me through the storm. But how often do I try to do life without needing God to guide me.

Am I dependent on God **ALL THE TIME**? Does my need for Him wax and wane? What does this look like and would I **KNOW THE DIFFERENCE**? I want to be completely connected to God in every aspect of my life.

What are you more dependent on than God?

From My Heart,
Billy