

Wednesday Word

Psalm 121:1- "I lift my eyes to the hills. From where does my help come?"

I grew up in University Place in the late 80's and early 90's. It was a small, unincorporated community back in those days but has since grown substantially. When I was a kid, we did not yet have sidewalks - we just had a gravel shoulder on the side of all the streets. About a mile down from my home was a Market Foods grocery store, small ice cream shop and video arcade. I would ride my bike down there just about every day in the summer to stock up on candy and snacks and just have a fun adventure.

One afternoon I was riding down to the store with my brother who was younger by three years. We were racing downhill through the gravel on the shoulder of the road. My brother lost control of his bike and wiped out hard. I stopped to go see if he was ok and he was fine save a few gashes on his knee. It was just the two of us and I needed to get him home somehow. My brother just laid on the ground refusing to cooperate with me or just respond. He was not crying he was just laying their limp. This particular afternoon, we were going to the store to pick up a few things for my mom and since my brother refused to cooperate, I decided to leave him there and go to the store for some bandages and water.

I got through the store as quickly as possible and rushed back to the spot where my brother was. When I arrived, there was a minivan pulled over and a lady wrapping my little brother up in a diaper and loading his bike into her van. I went up to her and told her what was going on. She said my brother wouldn't talk to her and she just couldn't leave him there. I got on my bike, and she followed me to my house where she dropped my wounded kid brother and his bike off.

Years later this became part of our family lore and we talk about this story often. But there is a lesson to be learned through this funny story. If I would have just waited with my brother for some help to arrive, I could have saved myself all the stress and worry of trying to fix him on my own. I could have been there to instruct the gal who stopped to help with better instructions, and I wouldn't have left my 6-year-old brother on the side of the road.

We find ourselves in many different situations throughout life. Maybe you're like me and instead of thinking and praying things through, you like to take control and work to bring about your own resolution to the problem at hand. I remember the lady in the minivan said she saw me riding away from my brother and was able to tell that something was wrong. So many times, God's assistance or support is right around the corner, and we don't have the patience to wait. We have learned to trust ourselves more than him. In some cases, we feel we know our situation better than He does and we launch into action without praying or considering His Word.

The Challenge today is considering a current situation or challenge you are facing. How can you stop and wait for the help or the hand of the Lord? Are you able to slow down and look for his resolve? If we can do this, we will see how great and mighty our God is!