

How do You think of God?

At first, I saw God as my observer, my judge, keeping track of the things I did wrong, so as to know whether I merited heaven or hell when I die. He was out there, sort of like a president. I recognized His picture when I saw it, but I really didn't know Him.

But later on when I met Christ, it seemed as though life were rather like a bike ride, but it was a tandem bike, and I noticed that Christ was in the back helping me pedal. I don't know just when it was that he suggested we change places, but life has not been the same since, Apostolic life, that is. Christ makes life exciting.

When I had control, I knew the way. It was rather boring, but predictable... it was the shortest distance between two points.

But when He took the lead, He knew delightful long cuts, up mountains, and through rocky places and at breakneck speeds; it looked like madness, He said, "Pedal!"

I worried and was anxious and asked, "Where are you taking me?" He laughed and didn't answer, and I started to learn to trust.

I forgot my boring life and entered into the adventure. And when I'd say, "I'm scared", He'd lean back and touch my hand.

He took me to people with gifts I needed, gifts of healing acceptance and joy. They gave me their gifts to take on my journey, our journey, my Lord's and mine.

And we were off again. He said, "Give the gifts away; they're extra baggage, too much weight. "So I did, to people we met, and I found in giving I received, and still our burden was light.

I did not trust Him, at first, in control of my life.. I thought He'd wreck it; but He knows bike secrets, knows how to make it bend to take sharp corners, jumps to clear high rocks, fly to shorten scary passages.

And I'm learning to shut-up and pedal in the strangest places, and I'm beginning to enjoy the view and the cool breeze on my face with my delightful companion, Christ. And when I'm sure I just can't do anymore; He just smiles and says "Pedal."

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