

Losing My Phone and Gaining Some Wisdom

Well, it finally happened. The thing that I knew might happen at some point and time occurred. As I was doing my evening chores which involved driving up the road to my brother's farm to pick up feed for my dairy cows, I answered a phone call. That wasn't such a big deal in and of itself, but when I said good-bye and returned my phone into my vest pocket, I apparently didn't get it into the pocket all the way. I was unaware that my phone hadn't reached its destination and was slipping down the inside of my vest and onto my lap. When I arrived and hopped down out of my truck to use the loader to scoop up my feed, my phone went flying into the slush. Of course, I was completely unaware of this and it was dark. When I finished loading my feed and had driven back to my farm, I was going to glance at the weather app on my phone to see how cold it was supposed to be like overnight. I reached into my vest pocket and my heart skipped a beat as I quickly realized my phone was gone. Now if you are like me, it is safe to say that our phones have become extremely important in our daily lives and I knew this was not going to be good thing if I couldn't find it lying on the truck floor or in the loader.

Beginning with a thorough examination of my feed truck I searched and searched and retraced my route looking intently for the missing black phone using my flashlight in the darkness. When I got back to my brother's place, I walked through the slush peering for it like an eagle hunting for its prey. Finally, I went home feeling like a part of my body had been amputated. I knew my phone was pretty important in my daily life, but I was shocked how much it affected me not to have it in my pocket. Being a husband, father, grandpa, pastor, son and brother in this high-tech world, I have many moments of texting, facetimeing, messaging and checking emails throughout my days and nights, and suddenly this was ripped out of my grasp.

It is really rather sad how dependent we are on our phones. It wasn't all that long ago when we didn't have cell phones and somehow, we survived day to day although I don't remember how we survived. I think it was about twenty years ago when cell phones came on the scene. They were big and bulky and rather slow, but we used them when we were traveling, and they were a lot handier than the old pay phones that we found here and there. Now we carry our own little computers right in our pockets to help us navigate through life.

Anyway, the next morning my nephew let my wife know by text that he had found my phone in the now quite frozen slush as he was getting ready to mix feed for their cows before church. We were already at church when the text came in and became kind of excited to hear the news until he said that the phone would probably have been ok had it not been run over with the loader. Here's the thing the case was completely in tack, but the screen had been shattered and there was no life in her. After church we checked it all out and by evening I had a new phone in my hand and just in time to catch up on all my texts and messages that had come in while I was offline so to speak. We're calling it my early Christmas present.

Losing my phone did cause me to examine how important this little technology box has become in my life, a little too important, I fear. I confessed to the Lord that I didn't want anything to be so important that it comes between Him and I. The truth is I do use my phone a great deal to stay connected to family and church, so it is especially critical to have it, but it was a good reminder

for me to keep my communication with my Savior as my top priority. Philippians 4:6-7 says, *Be anxious for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God. And the peace of God, which passes all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.* My new phone was quite expensive, but having His peace each and every day is priceless. Until next week, God bless!