

Peace in a Crazy World

In all my years of life, I have never seen the world as crazy as it is today. When I was a kid, I thought the world was perfect. I thought every family was an all-American family like ours. My parents made sure we kids weren't exposed to very much of the real world, and that was good by me. We didn't have a TV that worked very well, and we never really watched it much anyway. The thing I remember about our TV whenever we did get to watch it was about every ten or fifteen minutes the picture would disappear. Then there would just be a little tiny dot in the middle of the screen for about five minutes and then the picture would come back on. That was really frustrating, and so we just never watched it much. Besides, there were a million and one things to do outside on the farm that was far more exciting than watching TV.

We always ate our meals together as a family and then cleaned up and did the dishes as a family too. My folks made sure the kitchen was clean before we moved on with the evening. While some were taking baths the rest of us went to the living room and played with our farm toys or read books or magazines. After everyone had their baths, it was time for some family reading when my dad and mom would take turns reading us some exciting chapter books out loud as we lay around on the floor or couch trying not to fall asleep. Most of the stories were about missionaries in far off lands living out their faith. Life was pretty good, and we were pretty well protected from the concerns of the outside world. Who knew that President Kennedy, Martin Luther King Jr. or Robert Kennedy had been assassinated? I sure didn't.

I do remember trying to watch the cubs or Notre Dame football games on TV once in a while. I remember it well as my brothers tried to adjust the rabbit ears on the television antennae so we could see more clearly what was going on. I remember thinking it looks like there's a snowstorm on the baseball field, but really it was just the horrible reception. TV and technology were bad, but life was good, and we kids lived innocently in a simple world.

The first things I remember about the outside world being a little different from our homelife was during the days of the Vietnam War. There was a casualty report on the radio each day when the news came on. My mom always had the Christian radio station on in the kitchen throughout her day and I would hear the news from time to time. I remember wondering if I would have to go and fight the communist in the Vietnam War when I was older. Then, just like that it was over, and we were hearing the stories about the POW's being released and their subsequent stories of torture and struggle at the hands of our enemies. I think that's when I realized that life wasn't quite as perfect as I thought it was.

That's about the time my faith became serious and I trusted Jesus Christ as my Savior because I had grown up hearing of his great salvation and the gift of eternal life through faith in Him. Romans 10:9 says *that if we confess with our mouths that Jesus is Lord and believe in our hearts that God raised Him from the dead, we will be saved.* Some people say it's too hard to believe that the Bible is true about God coming to earth as a man to die for our sins, but I've never found it difficult to believe. The alternative of living on my own without God's love and grace is much too daunting a task. It's so much better to trust the Savior and walk side by side with Him in faith each day. I challenge you to give Him a chance today. You'll never regret it. Even though

the world is crazier than ever, God's peace and confidence will reign in your heart as you grow in grace and truth. Until next week, God bless.