

PK's Perspectives... Faith

The Bible (*Hebrews 11:1*) tells me “faith is the reality of what is hoped for, the proof of what is not seen.” I’m cool with the “hope” part of faith: not so much the “unseen” part. Five verses later, the Bible tells me “without faith it is impossible to please God.” Full disclosure: for me, living by faith is fretful. To follow Someone I can’t see on a path I can’t predict is daunting. I’m thinking I live a greater percentage of my life by misplaced faith rather than by faith in God. I live mostly by faith in my abilities, finances, friends, family, education, and common sense which is probably the reason for any deficiency of spiritual strength, vigor and adventure in my life. I’m afraid to truly walk by faith in/with God; living each day by faith is fretful.

Gayle and I were on vacation in the mountains last week. I had my granddog Avett with me because Joshua was in Haiti. We stayed in a cabin at Track Rock Campground that was about 2 tenths of a mile from my mother’s camper, easy walking distance along a dirt/gravel road when it’s daytime.... or even twilight. But on Tuesday night I stayed at my mom’s camper visiting with family until 10:30. Gayle had long since returned to our cabin; Avett and I started the short walk back to the cabin. The ambient light from the campground faded quickly and we were plunged into absolute darkness: the moon hiding behind clouds, the trees overhead creating a canopy of black nothingness. This fact did not bother Avett in the least but it bothered me greatly. I couldn’t see where to step...I knew there existed some shallow potholes that held rainwater...and I knew there were two curves to navigate but I literally could not see where to place my next step. I came to a complete stop. No flashlight. No phone. Monsters lurking in the trees and Avett making enough noise to alert the monsters to our precise location. But I did have Avett’s leash in my hand so I called him to heel, attached the leash to his collar and let him take the lead.

I’m aware that this qualifies as one of those “You had to be there...” stories. But something deeply spiritual happened to me over the course of the next two or three minutes. Avett started walking until there was tension on the leash and then I began following. I could not see anything. It was as if God had turned out the lights! But I knew I had to trust that my dog was seeing what I could not. I put one foot in front of the other while wondering if Avett even knew how easily I could break an ankle stepping into a pothole. Avett didn’t try to pull harder or faster than I could go; he just kept a steady tension that I followed. We rounded the final curve, began to pick up some light from my cabin’s porch and I discovered that we were smack dab, absolutely dead center in the road and headed safely toward the cabin. In that moment, I experienced an amazing deepening of what it means to “walk by faith” and I am so glad I failed to grab a flashlight (*now, not so much in the moment*) before leaving my mom’s camper!!!

God is unequivocally able to lead me through my life. I don’t have to see the path. I don’t even need to know the next step. God knows where all the potholes are located on my path. God knows the perfect pace for my journey. I just need to stay connected...to attach myself to the hem of His glory...to pursue the beautiful tension of His leading and my following in order to navigate the journey of life. I think there will always be a certain amount of fretfulness associated with walking by faith owing to the fact of my human condition...but if I allow that fretfulness to pull me deeper into His sheltering wings, then fretfulness turns out to be a good thing! Following God, whom you can’t see, on a path you yourself can’t discern is incredible. I deeply long to journey through the unknown with the One who knows it all. Cya Sunday morning, PK.