

## *Pk's Perspectives ...In all Things, Trust the Lord*

I had a faith shaping experience during this past Christmas season. On the surface, the experience sounds slightly comical but it did cause a moment of spiritual reflection. Let me explain...

It's Christmas Eve morning. My larger family was descending on Cochran to celebrate Christmas; my mom and her husband Gary would not only be staying at our home — Gayle and I had made the decision to put them in our downstairs bedroom which has it's own bathroom so that they wouldn't have to navigate the stairs. So Christmas Eve morning found us moving all of our toiletries to an upstairs bathroom, changing sheets on the bed, and I was cleaning the master bath in advance of their arrival.

Again - let me remind you, this was Christmas Eve morning, two to three hours before our guests were to arrive. I was kneeling over the white throne, using a new, full length pumice stick to clean down into the neck of the toilet, nearly elbow deep in toilet water, reaching with the pumice stick to scrub a stain...and it broke it half! A malevolent toilet monster sucked the broken half into the bowels of the toilet my parents would be using. I couldn't find it with my hand; I couldn't get it back with the plunger. I didn't know what to do but I remember thinking, "Who the heck am I going to get to come out on Christmas Eve to fix my toilet and how much is this going to cost me?"

I just stood there for a moment, trying to stare down my toilet, and actually thought about asking God to miraculously bring that piece of broken pumice stick back into the main bowl of the toilet so I could retrieve it and avoid a clogged sewer line. Let me say this: I have no doubt God could have brought that pumice stick out of the ceramic bowels of my toilet. But I wasn't as certain about whether or not I should ask God to use His supernatural power in such a situation. I mean, there's a truckload of bad juju happening in the world and I wasn't sure that my endangered sewer line ranked very high on God's "To Do" list. And since I'm being honest, my motivation to seek Divine help was mostly about avoiding humiliation and the expense of getting a plumber to my house on Christmas Eve rather than the pleasure of God. I told you this was a faith shaping experience — I'm looking forlornly into the toilet as I'm mulling these thoughts about asking God's help!

After a couple of minutes of wrestling with such thoughts, the words I spoke to my Father were very childlike: "Abba, I know you know what's going on in my bathroom. You know everything! I trust you with this toilet/pumice stick/possibly clogged sewer line. Settle my heart. Whatever the need, I trust you to provide. Help me to giggle in the face of situations that threaten my peace. Give me a fresh breath of Your Christmas joy. Thanks." I then reached out and flushed the toilet. "What happened?" you ask. The toilet flushed and continues to flush to this very day.

Trust. Simply trusting God in the journey as opposed to trusting God for your desired outcome. Isaiah says, "You keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on you, because he trusts in You." (26:3) Unqualified trust...it would seem an easy thing to possess. Until you're faced with a renegade pumice stick and have to re-learn the essence of trust! Grace & peace, love you. PK.