

Pk's Perspectives... Missing Scissors

The chances of finding a thing increase greatly if you know where to look for the thing you're trying to find. It can be so very frustrating to not find the thing you're looking for when you believe you are looking in all the right places.

In our kitchen, just like in many of yours, we have a knife block thingy sitting on the counter that holds all manner of cutlery. One hole in our cutlery block is much larger than all the rest and is designed specifically to hold scissors. I love it. I always know where I can go to find the scissors when I need them. Except not everyone puts the scissors back in the cutlery block when they are finished using the scissors. There will be these long stretches of time when the scissor hole in the cutlery block is glaringly empty...like a black hole that has devoured the scissors. If I dare ask, "Hey – has anyone seen the scissors?" the answer seems always to be "Did you check the cutlery block?" so I no longer ask the whereabouts of the scissors when they go missing from the cutlery block. I just start looking...

I have found the scissors on the fireplace mantle; I have found the scissors on top of the cabinet in the carport; I have found the scissors on the couch...a couple of times this has been a bit of a painful discovery; I have found the scissors on the bathroom counter; I have found the scissors by virtue of stepping on them as I walk through the den; I have found the scissors on the front sidewalk; I have found the scissors on top of the dryer, on the dining table, on the foyer table, and – my personal favorite – in the catch-all kitchen drawer that's about 5 feet away from the cutlery block with a scissor sized hole in need of scissors!

Recently, like 3 or so weeks ago, I needed the scissors. I went to the cutlery block. You guessed it: scissor hole but no scissors. Gayle was gone to St. Simons Island with two of the young girls she disciples so I didn't have to waste time asking about the missing scissors. I just started looking. As you now know, I never know where to look for the scissors...I just have to start looking everywhere. I get into this mode where my scissor radar is on high alert even when I'm involved in another task. Walking through the house I'm looking for the scissors. Taking out the trash I'm looking for the scissors. Cutting grass I'm looking for the scissors. Preparing food I'm looking for the scissors. But this latest episode of "Find the Scissors" had been unproductive until I started cleaning up the kitchen one evening. I opened the dishwasher and there – beautifully displayed on the top rack – were the missing scissors. The DISHWASHER!! Who thinks to look in the dishwasher for absent scissors?!?!?!?

It can be so very frustrating to not find the thing you're looking for when you believe you are looking in all the right places. This is especially true for people who are looking for answers to the deep questions and yearnings of the heart. Johnny Lee famously sang about the frustration of finding the one thing that can satisfy the yearnings of the heart when he crooned, "Looking for love in all the wrong places...". The one thing the heart longs for above all else cannot be found in this world. Yet the relationship and sense of purpose that we so desperately crave is not hidden so that only a lucky few discover it. Oh no, the answer to the desire of our heart declares Himself openly and loudly. Jesus says to us, "Look! Here I am. I am the Way, I am the Truth, and I am the Life for which you so feverishly search." Once you come to Jesus, you understand your search has ended! And the greatest thing you can do in life is guide your friends that are looking in all the wrong places to the cross of Christ. Cya in SS & Worship, PK.