

Pk's Perspectives... Walking Worthy?

No lie – I don't get people. Okay, sometimes I understand why people do the things they do; but there are those times when I'm like, "What are they thinking?"

Today, I went to Wendy's drive-thru to get a Taco Salad for lunch and pulled in behind two other vehicles that were already in line. The woman driving the pickup truck at the head of the line was simultaneously placing her order, talking on her phone, and smoking a cigarette. Upon finishing her order, the driver of the pickup promptly flicked her cigarette out the window and began slowly driving to the first window to pay for her order. I watched the pickup truck lady's cigarette butt die a slow death on the asphalt while the car directly in front of me inched up to the ordering box. I was so tempted to get out of my vehicle, retrieve the cigarette and return it to the driver of the truck while saying, "Here, you dropped this when you were ordering." I sat there asking myself, "Why would someone think it's okay to throw his or her smoldering cigarette butt out the window?" I couldn't come up with a good answer. So I tried to convince myself that maybe the cigarette lady thinks that cigarette butts are biodegradable and she is simply bettering the local ecosystem. Nah. I'm fairly certain she wasn't thinking any such thing. This was one of those times that I really don't get people...smh!?! (For those of you wondering if I at least retrieved the cigarette butt and put it in a trash can, the answer would be "No." I did not. I should have... I could have...but I didn't.)

The other day I was making a considerable trek through the Walmart parking lot because the only available parking spaces were the ones farthest from the entrance. It was a cold, drizzly day. As I'm nearing the store, someone whips into one of the prime Handicapped spaces. Initially, I'm glad this handicapped person is able to park nearer to the store entrance (I had looked for and seen the official Handicapped thingy hanging from the rearview of the vehicle). As I hunched deeper into my coat, an athletic young man – 18-24ish – bounded from the driver's door of the Handicapped authorized vehicle and sprinted to the front door of Walmart with an amazing display of vim, vigor, and vitality. There was no one else in the vehicle. Oh yeah, I looked. This dude either acquired the Handicapped sticker fraudulently or he was bumming off of someone else's Handicapped sticker. Either way – why would he do that? I really don't get people.

When I see someone take out his or her well-chewed gum and stick it to the underside of a table or chair, I'm amazed the person somehow thinks it's okay or normal to do so. I so don't get people. I know a girl who will purchase an expensive dress for a special occasion, save the tags/receipts, wear the dress to the event, and then return the dress for a refund...claiming that it doesn't fit or it's not the right color. How does she think this is suitable behavior? I don't get people.

But when I'm not jacked up with indignation and/or bewilderment at the goofy behavior of my fellow human beings, I look at my own life and wonder if there are things I'm doing that are so insanely inconsistent with being a follower of Jesus Christ that people shake their heads while exclaiming, "I don't get Christians." In Scripture, we are encouraged to "have a walk worthy of our calling in Christ Jesus." If I'm doing something that distracts people from the reality of Christ in me, then I need to stop it. The same applies to you. Cya in Sunday School & Worship, PK.