

When we purchased our house here in 1993, we inherited a problem that took several months to remedy. The basement room flooded after significant rainfalls. The sump pump installed by a previous owner was not adequate to prevent the flooding.

For months the first clap of thunder and the slightest rainfall would awaken me from sleep and chase me to that basement room, there to

watch for any sign of water. Many nights were spent running my trusty wet-dry vac and a couple box fans. Carrying a full ten-gallon vacuum bucket up a flight of steps soon takes a toll on one's back and legs!

The remedy to this problem likewise demanded back-breaking labor, not to mention significant time and expense. But, alas, the persistent effort finally paid off. I could not rest or consider selling my house until I was able to honestly and confidently say that my basement was dry. After several months with no moisture in my basement — and that despite some very significant rainfall — I was finally able to sleep through the storms without giving a moment's thought to my basement room.

The real test of my confidence came last month, when our region of the country was drenched and saturated with several inches of rainfall. I can testify that I never thought about my basement room one time over the course

of those two or three days of continual rainfall. I had finally conquered my problem and was able to relax.

Then it was on the third day of rainfall that I smelled it as I walked past the stairway leading down into the basement room. Yes, water has an odor! I slowly walked down the steps, hoping against hope that my nose was playing a dirty trick on me. But it wasn't. The floor was wet. It was then that I recalled I had unplugged the sump pump on that end of

the basement room a few years ago, confident that I had adequately resolved the problem, thereby eliminating the need for it.

I learned a lesson that day — a spiritual lesson. I can never afford to be overly confident that I have grown to a point of spiritual maturity that vigilance is unnecessary with regard to temptation and sin. When confidence lulls one into a state of relaxation is when the Evil One strikes. Prayer, Bible study, and fellowship with God's people may correspond to the sump pump that keeps the flood of sin at bay. There is never a point at which these are unnecessary. To ignore them is to give sin an opportunity to seep back into our lives. I pray that those who have neglected these precautions will smell the seepage of sin before it floods their souls. I plead with you to remain vigilant while the sun shines so that you may live in victory when the storm clouds gather and thunder rumbles.

