

# GOD'S HIGHWAY



Gary Wadding

Vicky, my Sweetie Pie for the past 31 years, was not impressed by my motorcycle. In fact, it was strike one against me. My skydiving was strike two. It wasn't going to take much more to have me out of the game. Only the grace of God kept me in the picture long enough to whittle her down; and one day she agreed to ride on the back - if I would be really careful. (I was never so careful in all my life.) She agreed to go again, and it was all downhill from there. Soon I got off and taught her to ride for herself. She was a quick learner and soon mastered the basics. The next step was to get her own bike, and ride on the big road. Her small beginning was a moped, but quickly she saw that it was so slow as to be dangerous on any street in our town. Her next ride was a Honda 125S, a nice little bike. Again, just big enough to get her really interested, but not enough to satisfy. My older Suzuki GT 250 needed just a little work to make it worthy of becoming hers. My enjoyment of the two-stroke engine, kick starter, etc was not shared by her, and soon this one was doomed too.

During a NC CMA rally, we stopped at the Honda shop in Charlotte. She spotted a silver Honda GL500I just like mine. It was a recent trade-in and hadn't been cleaned up yet, but all the parts were there, and it ran. I made the dealer an offer that he could easily refuse, but he accepted. Although this bike was considerably bigger than her previous toys, she jumped on it and learned to handle it in the campground, riding on a gravel road and pine needles. What a girl!

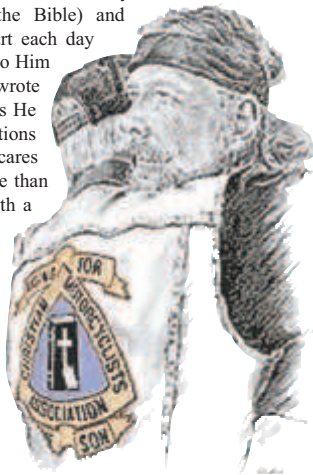
Now for the next big challenge: she had never ridden more than about 50 miles away from home, and never on an interstate highway. Here we were, almost 500 miles away, with one day to get home. She was naturally nervous about riding her very new bigger motorcycle a very long distance on that very big superslab, in a very large group of about 8 bikes. I was concerned too. At the end of that day she was very tired and worn out, but parked her bike right alongside mine in our own driveway in Florida. I was extremely proud of her, and still am - but we had a little secret. She didn't ride alone. I was right there inside her head. We used the magic of FM radios. We each had one in our helmet, and we talked almost the whole way down I-95. I told her to do exactly what I did. I told her when to shift up into the next gear, and when to go down to a lower one. I warned her about any little bump that was coming up, every change in the road, etc, etc, etc. Most of her radio air time was spent laughing and telling me that she was having a ball.

The guidance that came from my voice in her ear was sufficient



to overcome her natural fears and worries on that ride. It kept her from making dangerous mistakes. It was the key to getting her all the way home safely. That same help is there for each one of us on God's High Way. Would you like to hear God Almighty give you directions and encouragement? Some say they don't need God's advice. That's just plain dumb, and even they don't believe they have all the answers. Some say they can't hear from God, so what might be the problem? First, maybe you never really asked or wanted His opinion. What if Vicky never asked whether it was normal to see the tachometer at 8000 rpm? She would have blown the engine on her ride, and it would have been a terrible day. A second thought; maybe He got tired of having His advice ignored. I might have stopped talking to Sweetie Pie if she just did her own thing and disregarded my loving and helpful directions. Lastly, what if you didn't use the means given to you? If Vicky never turned the radio on, she would have heard nothing and assumed that I didn't care about her. She would have made her own decisions, and probably regretted many of them. Sound familiar?

The means of hearing given to each of us by God is His written directions (the Bible) and His direct line (prayer). Start each day listening for His voice. Talk to Him all day long. Read what He wrote down for you. Use the means He provided. Follow the directions you get. Discover that He cares and wants to talk to you more than you ever imagined. Ride with a laugh and have a ball, and make it safely all the way home with a Voice To Guide You, on God's High Way.



A Voice To Guide Her