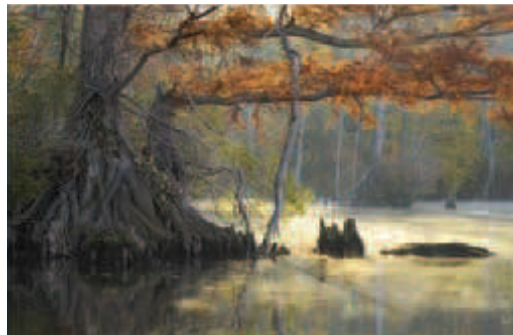




Gary Wadding

# GOD'S HIGHWAY



One of my delights is to just head off into the sunset with very little plan, if any. I usually take a map or atlas along just in case I really mess up, but I often just take a compass reading and go from there. Go west, young man, or whatever.

Needless to say, this is not my wife's favorite type of ride. She generally has a standardized list of questions: where are we going, why are we going there, who will be there, how long are we going to stay, what time will we get back, what is the weather going to be, where are we going to eat, what should I wear, etc, etc??? I wonder if this might be the result of an undisclosed, mandatory high school class required for all girls before graduation.

Another question that comes up a lot is, "Why don't you stop and ask directions?" Why in the world would I do that and take the excitement out of my trip? Besides, I always know where I am, mostly, in a nonspecific sort of way. All boys were required to go to an undisclosed, mandatory high school class where we were taught that it is unmanly (whatever that means) to ask another person for directions if you are in no eminent danger. These high school classes sure do make life interesting for us, don't they?

While blazing a new trail through my beloved America, I occasionally find that I am less certain than I would like to admit. Once we had been on the road all day and close to our destination, Virginia Beach, VA. It was just starting to get dark, so it was time for the dreaded motel choice. In order to avoid the high prices, I took a turn off the main road and headed to a place that I seemed to remember being advertised on a billboard somewhere. Vicky admired a motel that we passed, but I said it was too expensive; besides, I knew where a good one was, just ahead, I think. In a few miles we saw a sign that said "You Are Now Entering The Great Dismal Swamp". That shook me up for a minute, remembering from history that many early settlers

died of disease in that swamp near Jamestown; but my manliness kept me going ahead. In about 30 minutes it was darker but I happily saw a sign up ahead. It read "You Are Now Entering The Great Dismal Swamp". It was the same sign. This flared up the female question: "Why don't you stop and ask directions?" In spite of my obvious great circle route, I kept moving ahead with false assurances. When we came upon the same sign for the third time, I had to give in. I turned around and went back to the expensive motel. It was painful to me, but not as painful as the knot on my head would have been if I had kept going.

None of us like to admit when we don't know where we are going on a trip, or in our life. We think we can get around some cost if we find the shortcut, or look for a cheaper solution to the obvious need. By the time we realize that we can't fool ourselves any longer, the consequences may be pretty terrible. The pain isn't always limited to us either. It often spreads to the ones we love, and other innocent bystanders. The divorce courts and prisons are full of people who knew they were off track and needed help, but refused to stop and ask.

God so loved you that He sent His only begotten Son to make it possible to get back on track. He paid the terrible price that it took to make this U-turn from the Highway to Hell. Jesus has been there at your side all the time, trying to get you to stop and ask Him for help. He has a great trip set up for you and me, but He allows us to choose our road. We can choose our road, but we can't choose where that road ends. Consequences come along with our choice, right or wrong.

Be a real man and admit that none of us has all the answers to life, especially life after death. Stop and ask Somebody who has been there, and has come back for us. Jesus was once asked about the way to Heaven. He basically said there is no way for you or me to make it. But then He gave us the good news, "I am the way, the truth and the life. Nobody comes to the Father but by Me." Stop and ask. It's the real manly thing to do. Get onto God's High Way.

