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## Pastor's Column

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### Pedal!

At first I saw God as my observer, my judge, keeping track of the things I did wrong, so as to know whether I merited heaven or hell when I die.

God was out there, sort of like a president—I recognized the picture when I saw it, but I really didn't know God.

But later on when I met Jesus, it seemed as though life was rather like a bike, but it was a tandem bike. I noticed that Jesus was in the back, helping me pedal. I don't know just when it was that He suggested we change places, but life has not been the same since.

When I had control, I knew the way. It was rather boring, but predictable—it was the shortest distance between two points. But when Jesus took the lead, he knew delightful long cuts, up mountains and through rocky places at breakneck speeds. It was all I could do to hang on! Even though it looked like madness, He said, "Pedal!"

I worried and was anxious and asked, "Where are you taking me?" Jesus laughed and didn't answer, and I started to learn to

trust. I forgot my boring life and entered into the adventure. And when I'd say, "I'm scared," Jesus would lean back and touch my hand. He took me to people with gifts I needed—gifts of healing, acceptance, and joy. They gave me their gifts to take on my journey, my God's and mine.

And we were off again. Jesus said, "Give the gifts away—they're extra baggage, too much weight." So I did give the gifts away to the people we met and I found that in giving I received and still our burden was light.

I did not trust Jesus at first, in control of my life. I thought He'd wreck it. But He knows bike secrets, knows how to take sharp corners, jumps to clear high rocks, fly to shorten scary passages. And I am learning to shut up and pedal in straight places, and I am beginning to enjoy the view and the cool breeze on my face with my delightful, constant companion, Jesus.

And when I am sure I just can't do any more, Jesus just smiles and says, "Pedal!"

—Author Unknown

*F. A. Mike*