

DELIVER US FROM EVIL!

It was just a speeding ticket. I didn't really have any excuse for it. I was in the left lane doing about 85. But, hey! I was passed by a van with a mattress strapped to the top with duct tape ... going about 100 in the slow lane. Why did he pull me over? Maybe if I'd told him I wasn't speeding he might have let me off. But, no, that would've been a lie – thank God I didn't do that. Better a speeding ticket than an outright lie. Right? I know I was speeding. But so was everybody else. *I* wasn't the only car going over the speed limit. But I was the one that got pulled over. And I was the one that got the ticket.

Which is worse? The external injustice of being pulled over ... but, wait! That wasn't unjust. After all, I *WAS* speeding. It was unfair. Yes! In all fairness everyone on the Ohio Turnpike that day should have been pulled over. But what's wrong with unfair? Everybody's not a professional basketball player. Everybody's not in great physical shape. Everybody's not equal. Unfair may be ... well ... not *FAIR* -- but is it wrong?

So which is worse? Being in a less-than-fair situation? Or is it worse to think about doing the wrong thing? To think about trying to wheedle out of a bad situation? I mean, I only *THOUGHT* about lying. I didn't *DO* it. I didn't *DO* anything. ... right? ... I just thought about them. Thank you God for protecting me from myself. Too bad I didn't just *THINK* about not speeding.

Wow. What a fragile thing our life of grace is. It's like a Christmas tree ornament. A *SPIRITUAL* Christmas tree ornament. Beautiful. Delicate. Shiny. But fragile. Fragile. Day in and day out, it gets juggled around, jostled around, dropped ... WHOOPS ... pshew! Caught it!

OK. Thank you God. Thank you for keeping me safe. Safe from myself. Safe from my lousy driving. And safe from my own stupid ideas. Thank you, God, for wrapping me in Your strong arms of grace. And thank you, God, for supplying the grace to let me stay *WITHIN YOUR GRACE* for a little while longer. Thanks God. Thanks.