



REFLECTIONS

July 26, 2015

I tell you the truth, anyone who will not receive the kingdom of God like a little child will never enter it."

Mark 10:15

Tests of Faith

"Jump," my dad encouraged. Then he continued, "Just jump. I will catch you." I heard his words yet I stood shivering at poolside, afraid. Daddy was treading water in the deep end of the pool, and as a very young boy, I was afraid of the deep water. I also worried about surrendering control, even to my dad. I knew he loved me and would protect me; still I stood afraid of the deep water. My head had gone under before and I had come up choking water from my lungs. So, fear consumed my mind.

Daddy was a very loving father. I felt the presence of his love for me every day of my life. Oh, there were some tough lessons he taught over the years and the sting of his discipline still resonates in my memory. But his love for me was never in doubt and the security of his protective arms was ever present. Yet on that day at the pool, my faith in him was not a feeling or a state of mind. It was a decision I had to make.

Tests of faith confront us all every day. Each day introduces something uncomfortable to worry about. But Jesus said of it, "... *do not worry about your life, what you will eat; or about your body, what you will wear. Life is more than food, and the body more than clothes. Consider the ravens: They do not sow or reap, they have no storeroom or barn; yet God feeds them. And how much more valuable you are than birds! Who of you by worrying can add a single hour to his life? Since you cannot do this very little thing, why do you worry about the rest?* (Luke 12:22-26)

When Jesus told him to, "*Follow me,*" Peter faced a test of faith. He must have been concerned about the unconditional commitment he was asked to make. He must have felt concern about surrendering control of his life even to Jesus. Peter had a decision to make.

And I had a decision to make that day by the pool. That day I faced the test of faith versus fear—safety of the poolside versus faith my in father's protective arms. If I did nothing, I was protected from the threatening depth of the water. But with the faith of a little child, I jumped; and Daddy caught me just as he promised.

Faith is not a matter of reason, feeling, or of a state of mind. Faith in our loving Father is a choice.

And we are called to make that choice every day.

You are the light of the world,

Richard +

www.reflectingthesavior.org