

THE STEWARDSHIP PAPERS

Today

One of the hardest things that I've had to learn in this life is to "let go and trust in God." I'm not certain that I have yet mastered this lesson, but the experience of today goes a long way toward reinforcing the concept.

Yesterday, my husband had the entire electrical system on my car's dashboard torn apart in an attempt to fix it. Now, in spite of the fact that he is just about the best "fixer" I know, I had made it very clear that I didn't want ANYONE messing with my car and that, eventually, I would take it into the dealer and let them deal with a dashboard that dimmed and went black occasionally. Wordlessly (and more than a little miffed), I went into the house and practiced some music.

On the way to work, today, the dash dimmed a couple of times in its usual way, and on the way home, the dashboard lights went completely out. OK, nothing new and different yet. But, a few more miles down the interstate, when the lights came back on, the digital speedometer, which had previously been showing 55 miles per hour, now registered zero, even though I was still moving at the same speed. By ten miles from work, the brightness of the "service engine soon" indicator caused my disposition to take a nose dive.

Why didn't anyone listen to me?!

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This was to have been my son's car...his inheritance. It was the only thing he had said that he'd wanted. Funny that I should remember that. Tomorrow would have been his 27th birthday...if he'd remained in this world...but he's been living with God since he was 20. Oh, I know he's OK, but every once in awhile I get angry that he didn't seem to listen much, either.

Let go of the anger, I thought. Let go.

My husband was just trying to help. My son was just being a child.

I gave the car a pat on the dash. "I know that you're just a mechanical device, but if you have a REAL life in some other dimension," I thought, "it's OK if you just want to stop what you're doing here and go home." I looked around at the traffic and noticed...that my anger was gone.

Suddenly, the "engine needs help" light went off. And the speedometer started wandering through a seemingly random display of numbers.

"Why, you're reprogramming yourself!" I laughed. And the little car kept up this mind boggling display for another 15 miles.

In my mind, I saw my son as he was when he was 10 years old. He had totally rewired a mike and amplifier to a toy spaceship and had hung it from his ceiling.

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When we walked into his room, he had disappeared, but his voice was coming from the spaceship. Not so different from the way things are now. I can't see him, but I know that he's OK.

A mile from home...and, amazingly, the dashboard was back to normal.

Tomorrow, things may be different, but why worry about tomorrow when today's troubles are enough for today. And today, by letting go, car and driver...body and soul...are doing just fine. Thanks be to God.

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