

Don't Just Do Something

by Max Lucado

Funny how it is the weary who are most reluctant to rest.

A few years ago my daughter had just learned to keep her balance on a two-wheeler bike and was ready to leave the safety of the front street and try the hill behind our house. She'd never ridden down a hill before.

We sat atop the descent and looked down it. To her it was Everest. "You sure you want to try?" I asked.

"I think so," she gulped.

"Just put on your brakes when you want to stop. Don't forget your brakes."

"Okay."

I rode to the midway point and waited. Down she came. The bike began to pick up speed. The handlebars began to shake. Her eyes got big. Her pedals moved in a blur. As she raced past she screamed, "I can't remember how to stop pedaling!"

She crashed into the curb.

If you don't know how to stop, the result can be painful. True on bikes. True in life.

Do you remember how to stop?

Ahh, I know what you're thinking. I can see it in your face. There you are. Looking at me from my monitor with dubious eyes and furrowed brows. "But, Max, Sunday is the only day I have to get caught up at the office." Or, "That's easy for you to say, Max. You're a preacher. If you were a housewife like me and had four kids like mine ..."

It's not easy to slow down.

It's almost as if activity is a sign of maturity. After all, isn't there a beatitude which reads, "Blessed are the busy"? No, there isn't.

But there is a verse which summarizes many lives: "Man is a mere phantom as he goes to and fro: He bustles about, but only in vain; he heaps up wealth, not knowing who will get it" (Psalm 39:6).

Do you take pride in your frenzy at the expense of your faith?

Are Andrea's words yours? "I don't remember how to stop." If so, you are headed for a crash.

Slow down. If God commanded it, you need it. If Jesus modeled it, you need it. God still provides the manna. Trust him. Take a day to say no to work and yes to worship.

-from *And the Angels Were Silent*