

Bike Ride with Jesus

At first I used to see God as my judge and keeper. It was His job was to point out my mistakes and keep a record of them. I didn't really like him or know Him. He was like the teacher with the cane who dealt out punishment.

Then I met Jesus Christ. He seemed so different to God, even though I knew He was God. Living life with him seemed to be like a bike ride, but it was a tandem bike but I noticed Jesus occupied the rear seat and helped me peddle. I don't remember exactly when it was, when He suggested we change places and that He would ride in the front seat. Life has not been the same since!

When I was in control of the bike, I knew the way, it was rather boring, but predictable and I knew the shortest distance to where I was going. When He took control, He took delightful detours, up high mountains and through rocky places at breakneck speed. It was all I could do to hang on, even though it looked like madness to me. He just said, "Peddle, peddle!" I was anxious and worried, and I asked, "Where are you taking me." He just laughed and did not answer.

After a while I started to learn to trust Him and I forgot my boring life as I entered into His life and adventures. When I would say I was scared, he'd lean back and touch my hand. He took me to people who had gifts I needed like healing, acceptance and joy. As we progressed on our journey He encouraged me to give these gifts away to others we met. I found that in giving I received more than I needed in return.

Life took on a whole new meaning. He knew how to take the sharp bends and corners safely, and He knew how to jump clear of the high rocky places. He even knew how to make us fly over torrents and gorges and scary high passes. It was incredible!

I'm learning to shut up now and just peddle. Even in the strangest places I am beginning to enjoy the view and the cool breeze on my face as I ride with my companion, Jesus Christ. And when I'm sure I can do no more, He just smiles and says, "Peddle, peddle".

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