

BICYCLING WITH GOD

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At first I saw God as my observer, my judge, keeping track of the things I did, so as to know whether I merited heaven or hell when I die. He was out there, sort of like the president. I recognized his picture when I saw it, but I really didn't know him.

But later on, when I recognized my higher power, it seemed as though life was rather like a bike ride, but it was a tandem bike, I noticed that God was in the back helping me pedal.

I don't know just when it was He suggested we change places, but life has not been the same since. When I had control, I knew the way. It was rather boring but predictable. It was the shortest distance between two points.

But when He took the lead, He knew delightful long cuts, up mountains and through rocky places and at breakneck speeds. It was all I could do to hang on! Even though it looked like a mess, he said, "Pedal!"

I worried and was anxious and asked, "Where are you taking me?" He laughed and didn't answer, and I started to learn to trust.

I forgot my boring life and entered into the adventure. When I'd say, "I'm scared," He'd lean back and touch my hand.

He took me to people with gifts that I needed — gifts of healing, acceptance and joy. They gave me their gifts to take on the journey — God's and mine.

And we were off again. He said, "Give the gifts away; they're extra baggage — too much weight." So I did, to the people we met, and I found that in giving I received, and still our burden was light.

I did not trust Him at first, in control of my life. I thought He'd wreck it. But He knows bike secrets, knows how to make it bend to take sharp corners, jump to clear high rocks, fly to shorten scary passages.

And I'm learning to be quiet and pedal in the strangest places, and I'm beginning to enjoy the view and the cool breeze on my face with my delightful constant companion.

And when I'm sure I just can't do it any more, He just smiles and says, "Pedal!"

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