

Devotional Thoughts :: THE PRICE OF NEGLECT (a little story from anywhere town)

THE PRICE OF NEGLECT (a little story from anywhere town) - posted by dottiejean, on: 2012/8/18 17:44

I have been living in a very small town of 69 people in northern rural America. Each person here has a story that probably deserves a book's worth of attention. But I want to talk about a baby boomer who lives next door and how his life style has blessed me with several "red flag" reminders in my Christian life.

"Boomer" does not know the Lord....don't think he wants to. I have heard frightening stories of how crammed his little cabin has become with half-eaten meals in styrofoam take-outs that simply need to be dropped off at the dump. But why make the effort to do that when it's so much easier to just stack one on top of another in rows til they reach the ceiling. Right?

Well, the other day he found out why. The local aggressive black bears shredded his make shift front door, jumped thru his open window and trashed that sweet little cabin. From my wee travel trailer, I watched Boomer as he was forced to put the effort into reaching for a trash bag to gather up the stinky results of his neglect.

But Boomer's story does not end here. One day while I was walking my dogs down our one road town, I saw his gold colored 70's pick-up truck approaching. Handsome truck it was in it's day. I needed to ask him a question so waved him down and crossed the road to his driver's side. He politely yelled, "HEY, BE CAREFUL. I DON'T HAVE ANY BRAKES." After he left, I thanked the Lord that my life had been spared...ha.

For the last number of weeks, I have noticed his fine old Ford truck parked at the other end of town. Just today I heard why it had been abandoned. It simply would not start.

Another colorful individual here, who makes it her business to observe everyone else's business, told me that a bear had smelled more stinky left-overs in the truck and had popped out the back window endeavoring to reach the moldy food. T his latest "breaking & entering" had forced Boomer to spend considerable time trying to start his truck.....because, you see, neighbors don't like it when vehicles are abandoned on their property and left to the bears. Unsuccessful at starting the truck and ending with a wild flurry of expletives, Boomer simply walked away and proceeded to give the truck to the first male who came along.

Lucky young man who was in the right place at the right time. Daniel immediately arranged for the truck to be towed to his place and began to work under the hood. I wish I could have been there to see the explosive excitement on his teen age face. All this handsome but neglected old truck needed to get running was.....OIL.

Oil.....does that remind you of anything? The symbolism in this story screams at me. Without the oil of God's Holy Spirit in me, I don't work either. In addition, a vehicle without brakes is like a life without wisdom and the ability to say NO....you keep on going until you crash. And what about the stinky, neglected areas in my life that have been ignored and stacked on top of each other to be dealt with another day? Undealt with sin attracts the devil like old food attracts bears. The longer I wait in dealing with sin simply informs the destroyer himself that he has legal right to "break and enter" again and again.

I like Boomer. He's sociable and always has wild and entertaining stories to tell. But the poor chap also has no depth, no common sense or wisdom, no commitment to make something of himself in order to be a contribution, and a laziness that has diseased his entire world. His life speaks to me.

Re: THE PRICE OF NEGLECT (a little story from anywhere town), on: 2012/8/18 18:15

Oh Dottie, what a wonderful story .

It's well written and it is so true of the things going on around us having a purpose to be a message to us all.

I thought of the 5 foolish virgins - that instead of filling their time with ways in which to get the needed oil - they fill their lives with 'junk'. Maybe not even 'sin' per-say but non-redeemtive pass times.

The one that got the oil, the young man, was the one that now is prepared for being transported and not by his own legs/flesh.

Yours is quite a story and worth sending to other Christian mags or web sources to be passed on.

GOD help barfly and GOD Bless you for being here to share.
Very-very good analogy. Bless you for 'seeing' it!

Re: - posted by dottiejean, on: 2012/8/18 18:29

Thanks Sister....I appreciate your comments. I perhaps should have given him another name cuz I surely would be eating crow if this story circled back around to this little town.

I've only been here a year and it's taken me forever to win some friendships. I was informed that I would need to live here for 12 years before I would be accepted. But the Lord has opened a few hearts and I have actually found several Ch'tns to have a little fellowship with. I come from a long family line of committed Ch'tns so it has been a lonely experience. But to fellowship with people who find the Lord thru untraditional ways and means is still sweet.

Blessings upon you