

THE STEWARDSHIP PAPERS

A Voice Crying in the Wilderness

I was getting tired of my old job, so I started “looking around.” This can cause all sorts of unpredictable things to happen, because any change in my “course” in life seems to set me on an unknown path and into a wilderness, so to speak.

But, there it was(!): a job closer to home, the ability to retire at an early age if I wanted to, good pay, and opportunities to travel to places that, up to now, I’d only been able to dream about.

Why, then, did the aspect of accepting this new position cause me to pace the floor? All I had to do was say, “Yes!” and, yet, I kept putting off the final decision. My husband watched the internal dilemma manifest itself in sporadic eating and sleeping habits, until finally, he said in his quiet, calm voice, “If you have any doubts at all, you shouldn’t even think about taking the job.” God advice for me, since it had been my experience that doubt didn’t come from the Lord. But I still was curious...What could possibly have been causing my doubts? It seemed like a good deal:

Less work and more than enough money.

All the cities of the world “at my command,” so to speak.

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(Hmmm...where have I heard this before? Sometimes, things can be “too good to be true.”)

And then, suddenly, it hit me. In the job interview, I had been told that I would probably have to carefully watch what I had to say to the parties that I would be dealing with...that words had to be chosen in such a way as to allow these other parties to feel as if they had the upper hand, but were, in actuality, they did not. I was told that it was a game that everyone played and that I had to be “politically astute.” Daaaaa...What was I thinking?!

The “Word” is full of truth, not hypocrisy. A lie is a lie, no matter what disguise you may care to wrap it up in. And a lie does not come from God. In Him there is no darkness, only light, only understanding. This job was designed to undermine another’s understanding of the real situation.

So, my doubt was well founded. The still small voice inside of me did not cast the doubt; rather, it acted as a beacon for the truth, while I had tried to hide it “under a bushel”...or shove it out of the way in which I thought I wanted to head.

How wonderful it was that God also supplied a slightly louder voice (in this case, emanating from my “significant other”), telling me, in terms that I could best understand, to think about what I was actually hearing, instead of what I wanted to hear...tempting though it may have been.

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In fact, I had come very close to allowing my thoughts and beliefs about the truth to become a twisted, jangled mess, when I should have been following the voice in the wilderness that said

“Make straight the way of the Lord.” [Matt. 3:3]

Or...Make way for the Truth.

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