

HOWe THINGS ARE ...

So work has been interesting lately (I know. It's hard to describe work things in such a way that people don't just quit reading --- not because work is boring, just because in order to tell someone something interesting, you have to catch them up on way too much background information --- it's like reading a book where the plot doesn't really get interesting until half way through the book. Sure, some people will stick with it, but most people will quit reading before they get to the interesting part).

So brief work synopsis: big deal project; I'm in charge of said big deal project; various people are unhappy, skeptical. I'm all peacemaker inclined. I hate when there's conflict. I like when everyone's happy and getting along. Intellectually, I know conflict is a good thing and that, in fact, we should be worried if we all agree (it's true you know --- if two people agree on everything, one of them is unnecessary). Also, occasionally I have actual, legitimate concerns about said big deal project.

And what I learned (or one thing I learned):

You know how if you're worried about something, it's a pretty good indication that you haven't exactly given that something to God. **If** I believe that God is in control and God has a plan and my whole purpose is to implement God's plan, seriously, how do I justify worry? As it turns out, for me, giving things to God works like this. "God, this is your deal. This big deal project (and/or whatever the particular issue is): it's all yours. You can have it". And then approximately 45 minutes later, I'm behaving like I have amnesia and that giving control never happened. So the process repeats.

So Wednesday, I'm having this conversation with God (again). My conversations with God about giving up control generally last until I feel like I've given up control (and the weight's been lifted), right? I say, "God, this is your project, not mine. You can have it". And then I check. "Nope, still worried". So I continue, "God seriously, not me, you. You have a plan and I like your plan. You are good and plus I was made to like your plan... it's yours, okay?". Unfortunately, on this particular day, I'm just not feeling like the weight's lifted (I know, reality is not dependant on how I happen to feel).

The thing is: up until Wednesday, I believed that giving up control looked like me, walking along carrying this big old weight (the things I'm worried about). And God's saying, "don't you think maybe I should take that for you?". And eventually I agree and hand it over. Except Wednesday when I still felt like I was carrying those things even after I handed it over, I realized, regardless of how I feel, I'm not still carrying the big weight and in fact, I NEVER WAS.

The picture isn't me, carrying weight and then handing it over to God. It's me recognizing I've only been pretending like I'm carrying something God was carrying all along. I don't experience a weight lifted when I give something to God because he took my burden. I experience reality. There is no weight on me (and there never was). I'm not God; I can't carry *anything*. And there's more... reality is: **even if** whatever it is I'm worried about happens (e.g., whole project goes horribly wrong --- "wrong" defined as "not the way I want it to go" of course), **even then**, God is who God is.

Stuff you could pray about...

- Huge praise how I needed a Help Desk person and I have one. It seems that God always provides people just at the time we need them, but not so much in advance.
- I fit in my new house (my remaining stuff fit I mean). I was concerned. And also, I like my new place.
- I had a fun and successful trip to AZ --- like how I had a garage sale there and sold my "free" box ...

My contact stuff:

Sheryl Howe

sahowe@wbt.org • 704-243-0208

6114 A Webster Way, Waxhaw, NC 28173

Home Office/Financial Contributions:

(Check payable to Wycliffe/Enclose a note stating: For Sheryl Howe)

Wycliffe Bible Translators

PO Box 628200, Orlando, Florida 32862

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