

One Sunday our preacher Dustin told the story of backing into his own car with his family's other car that morning. I felt for him, for I have done this twice. Once was by hitting a car I used to own before I was put into what I call the husband re-location program. I called my cousin Steve, the insurance adjustor, in a bit of a panic and he advised me to take a toilet plunger and pop the biggest part of the dent out.

Another time I rented a U-Haul truck for a move and was asked by the clerk if I could drive it. Naturally I told them yes. But then I drove the truck next to my car to load a cooler from it and when I began to drive off, I saw in the corner of my eye my car rise up like it had hydraulic lifts. I realized that I had driven into my own car, and the most embarrassing part was that people ran in to tell the clerk that someone had hit a car in the parking lot. I had to explain that it was my own car and they did not need to report it. The truck was so massive that it was not damaged, and fortunately my car was not significantly damaged either.

We have such a tendency to mess up. Wouldn't it be great if, when something like that happens, a shining light would illuminate everything and a voice from above would say, "This is my awkward son, in whom I am somewhat disappointed. But I will take care of this." Then He would fix it miraculously.

This won't ever really happen, but in a higher sense this is what Christ is doing for us in cleaning up all of our mess and bearing it to the cross. And we come out of the "shop" as good as new.