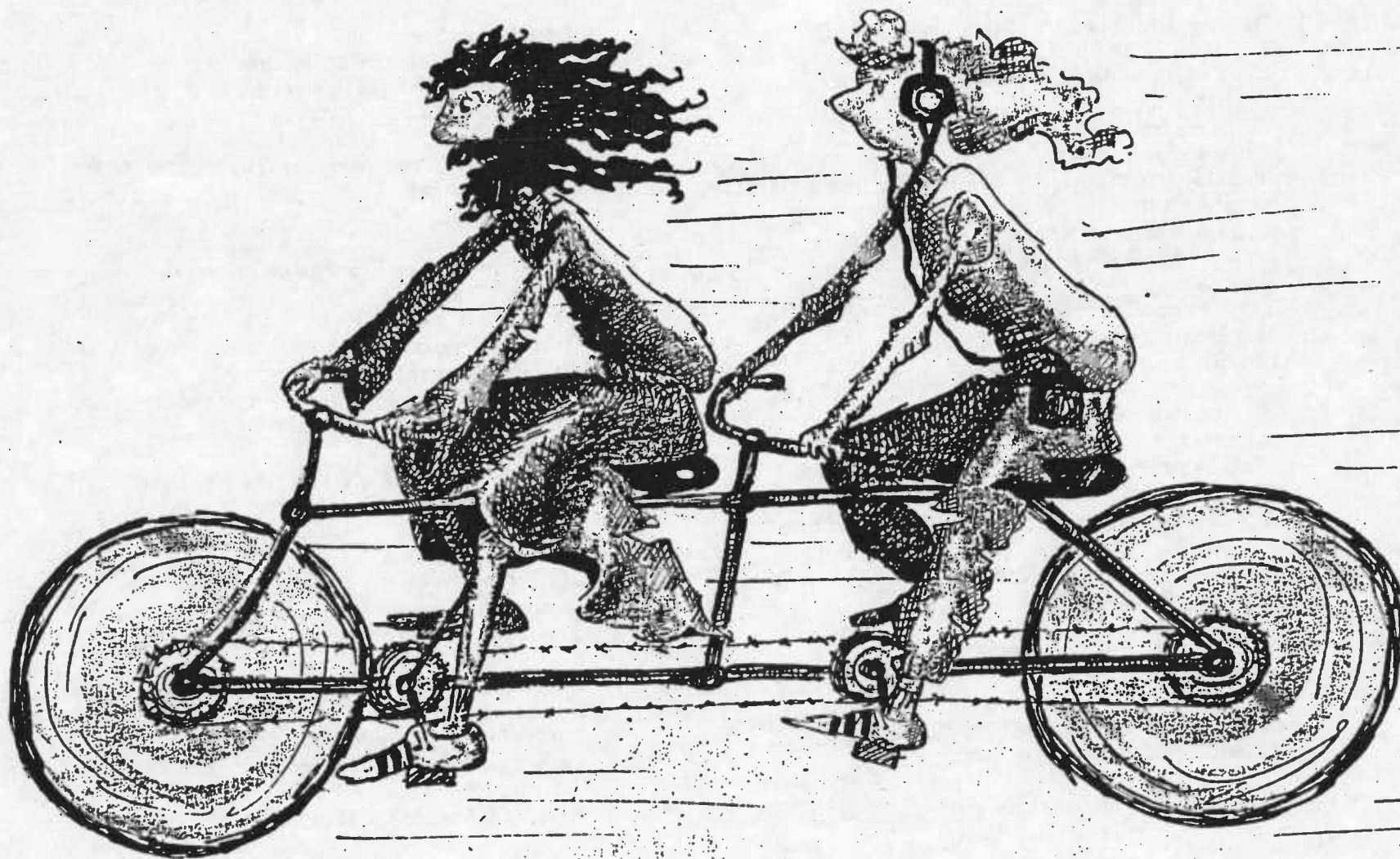


An unnumbered anonymous Elliott Thinksheet, 12 Mar 97 (would be my father's 100th birthday)  
A POETIC CORRECTIVE TO NARCISSISTIC AUTONOMY

2832B



# The Road of Life

At first, I saw God as my observer, my judge,  
keeping track of the things I did wrong,  
so as to know whether I merited heaven  
or hell when I die.

He was out there sort of like a president,  
I recognized His picture when I saw it,  
but I really didn't know Him.

But later on  
when I met Christ,  
it seemed as though life were rather like a bikeride,  
but it was tandem bike,  
and I noticed that Christ  
was in the back helping me pedal.

I don't know just when it was  
that 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 predicable ...  
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  
at breakneck speeds,  
it was all I could do to hang on!  
Even though it looked like madness,  
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.  
And 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 gifts to take on my journey,  
my Lord'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,  
knows how to jump to clear high rocks,  
knows how to fly to shorten scary passages.

And I am learning to shut up

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, Jesus  
Christ.

And when I'm sure I just can't do anymore,  
He just smiles and says, "...Pedal."