

“FOLLOW ME” I.O.U.

Inside

BLOWN UP or BLINDED in 3 SECONDS would have been the disastrous results of a person I was training to work in the printed circuit electroplating room I was the director of. This trainee was clearly someone who detested anyone telling him, “You FOLLOW ME; follow my instructions. When filling this tank put the large amount of water in first and then add this dangerous acid. Do you understand? Do you follow?” The explosion was averted, but the teacher – student relationship was caustic from that moment on. In the workplace, in yours and mine, rules and instructions protect lives leave no place for stubborn independent actions.

I remember a childhood teacher/student, leader/follower game that was one of my early favorites; maybe yours too...Follow-The-Leader. The more followers I had and the longer they FOLLOWED ME, the higher my ego climbed. Little did I realize then what a dangerous journey I began.

I'm now reading a book of the life and character of the giant-killer that became king. Many of its pages are filled with scripture and sadness. My struggle often, is to continue reading. I'm seeing again the terrible murderous consequences that are harvested when David was a hero to be followed on the battlefield, but then shirked his “FOLLOW ME” leadership at home.

As I read, my spirit continues to ask me if I've displayed a double standard “FOLLOW ME” as God-assigned leader of my home. In our homes do we try the “Do as I say, not as I do” process, and then wonder why God is not honored by every family member? This segment reminds me of the FOLLOW ME – I. (Inside)

Outside

Wings the size of a football field flexed as the Goliath of jet aircraft came into view with cautious adjustments for perfect runway alignment. The 32 plus tires will have little clearance for miscalculation. The engines large enough to swallow a bus, are throttled back and this actual aircraft makes contact with the runway. This monster airplane took its time to come to a stop with no other aircraft challenging its position. The pilot must have imagined the little truck with the yellow beacon to be grasshopper-sized as it moved with confidence out in front of the Goliath jet. The little truck turned so it was facing the same direction as the jet. A switch was flipped on and a large sign on the back of the truck came to life with large bright letters that told the pilot, “FOLLOW ME”.

Without hesitation two of the monster engines became louder, and the monster followed the grasshopper. But why not? You see, under the two bright words, “FOLLOW ME” were two smaller words that spelled out, “AIRPORT AUTHORITY”.

Like a big semi-tractor trailer truck following a little kid pulling a little red wagon, the two vehicles made their way along the well lighted taxiway to the assigned parking spot for the 32 tires and all they carried. It doesn't take hours in pilot training to understand the little FOLLOW ME truck knew exactly where he was going... he'd been there many times before... his goal was to get the Goliath jet safely to the right place.

In stark contrast, you can see the many passengers getting off the jet and entering the airport corridors. Many are intent on using their pocket communicators and obeying the rules of their favorite social network; something like Twitter for instance. Thumbs fly over the miniature keyboard following the “FOLLOW ME” rules of engagement. But that's where the disaster begins. Social networking prides itself on all the secrecy and free thinking of every person. Using secret codes and made-up

names welcomes deceit, deception, and disaster anyone anywhere on earth, where thumbs respond to the “dead-end” FOLLOW ME's. There is no accountability; no “communicator authority”. There is no more perfect garden for evil actions and daily disasters.

Upward

Duck-Talk Translation is not one of the gracious gifts God has given me. But I witnessed a parade of 9 little fuzzy balls with feet, stopping a second to bite a blade of grass and then scurry back up in line following their beautiful Canadian Goose mom. While mom is looking side to side for danger, I'm guessing her soft quack-quacks are “FOLLOW ME and stay close” life saving commands.

Sitting in my car near the lakeside I soak up the warm sun and smile at God's incredible school all around me. In almost any direction I look, I'm reminded by His gift of nature and all its tender and sometimes terrifying reminders for me to “FOLLOW HIM”. I feel a very special position in His creation in that I'm to FOLLOW HIM, not by instinct with robot actions, but by faith and love as child follows their parent.

I can't remember how many decades ago I began thinking of my earthly existence as a school; a daily – almost moment by moment classroom filled with walls, books, and blackboards endlessly echoing to me, “FOLLOW ME. I have made you and all you see. No one loves you more than me. FOLLOW ME”.

Sunday mornings I would put on my best clothes, glance around the inside of our log cabin home made with railroad ties and the large limestone fireplace. In a few moments I was in my junior class reciting with joy, “The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want...”

How is it that 6 decades later I still hear the “FOLLOW ME”? The problem with this FOLLOW ME is that “ME” is actually me; myself. I make myself my own leader. With no more brains than a duck, we can see this spells trouble; the kind that would take any jet airplane down in flames with no survivors.

The on-course life must understand that making Christ our Savior and thanking Him for our salvation paid for by His shed blood is not the only credo for the strong happy Christian. He must nothing less than our Savior AND LORD. The “and Lord” is our making His “FOLLOW ME” voice through His word, our daily destination. Our daily steadfastness to His FOLLOW ME leading must be so clear and consistent others can be drawn to the Lord Jesus as we disciple them in word and deed.

THE ULTIMATE is the very near event for every born-again Christian everywhere. It will be when He appears in the clouds and calls us to FOLLOW HIM to a heavenly home. That promised home He has prepared for us to spend a blessed eternity praising Him for all goodness; that is to each person that has made the life-choice to FOLLOW HIM”.