



## *Stuck in a Drift*

Happy New Year! Are you excited about what the future holds? Or better yet, are you excited because you know who holds the future? Have you grown in this last year? Have you learned anything about yourself, about others, or about God? Life can truly be an adventure if you have the proper perspective. A God trusting one. Also, you need to be willing to do things differently from the majority.

We have chosen to trust God this last year and step out in faith, and God has not disappointed us. He has brought us through, provided for our needs, and answered our prayers that we have given to Him with humbled hearts.

The other day, we had a surprise party for Yosi's sister with our church family, which was very nice. We had Mexican tacos made with soy curls and a chocolate cake that Yosi made with freshly milled flour. We had some friends flying in that day from Fairbanks, so we had asked them to bring a bunch of corn tortillas for tacos. Unfortunately, due

to blizzard conditions and flight cancellations, the tortillas didn't arrive on the appointed day because the luggage was placed on a different flight, which then went to another town and didn't reach ours. However, with some generosity from our friends here, we were able to obtain some tortillas locally, although at a significantly higher cost.

After the meal, we got to use the gymnasium at the church to move around while blizzard conditions blew outside in the cold night. After everyone left, we finished cleaning up and headed out. It was suggested that we go in search of Christmas lights. Although we live in a small community that is off the road system, there are still a few folks who feel festive enough to put up lights. It was in search of these individuals' houses that we went driving. There was one neighborhood that we had heard might have lights, so we went there first. Although the light displays were not as elaborate as some of the displays we used to see back in

Tennessee, they gave us something different to do on this cold, windy night.

On our return trip to the house, I wanted to use a different road to keep things interesting. How interesting the detour would be was yet to be discovered. We turned onto a road that would take us on a scenic route home, and within a quarter mile, we found a snow drift across the road. I saw it was tall but not too long, so I smashed through it, thus provoking exclamations from my mother-in-law, who was riding shotgun. Unfortunately, there was another drift on the other side of the first, and this one was long. I was able to stop before hitting it and turn around to retrace our tracks. We then went the other direction on the same road. We made it a little way before finding ourselves deep into a drift that was less abrupt and obvious. We got far enough into it to make it count and then sank, with the belly of the car resting on the snow.

Once we stopped, I convinced myself that I could dig us out. I got out in the -23 F windchill and armed with a small tree that I cut out of the woods, and commenced digging around and under the car. I dug and dug. Yosi helped until she got cold, and then her sister came out later and helped until she got cold. I was determined to not phone someone for help! It was a matter of my pride at this point. Plus, it was late, and I didn't want to bother anyone. We tried moving the car periodically, but that just served to show us how stuck we were.

Isn't this how we, sinful human beings, are? By God's grace, we may realize that we need help, but often we don't ask for it. We might not even think about asking. Maybe we're too proud to ask. We may not like the type of help we get or what we might have to give up to receive assistance. Sometimes we'd rather struggle vainly against impossible odds, trying over and over the same thing, hoping for a different outcome. While God is waiting ever so patiently for us to confess our guilt, to ask for forgiveness, and also for help. He gives us quiet time away from distractions, allowing us a chance to reflect on our situation and also on Him. It's up to us to take advantage of the escape method provided and let Him guide us through the steps of repentance, forgiveness, and empowerment, culminating in eternal life with our Creator, Redeemer, and Friend.

Back to our situation in the snow drift. It was after 11:00 PM at this point, and I got into the car to try to back up one more time. Aaaaaand...nothing. Just spinning wheels. I broke down and texted one of the elders from church who didn't live too far away and also had a 4x4 truck. Thankfully, he was just about to go to sleep, but he saw my text message

right away. He came and decided it was best to take the family home before trying to get the car out, just in case the truck got stuck too. He left me with a snow shovel and drove off into the night, and my family and I started making a path out of the drift that was growing by the minute.

The night was clear, and the stars were out; I felt blessed to be in nature, breathing the fresh air. However, after about 20 minutes of fighting the drifting snow and making little progress, I was praying for a better option. Then I saw snowplow lights coming down the road. The elder had gotten his plow truck and, within five minutes, had cleared a path to our car, and we only had to shovel a small pit directly behind the vehicle. Then, with a gentle tug on the tow strap, the car was out.

We are so blessed here with a supportive church family that helps us out whenever they can. Even more than that, though, we all have a heavenly Father who is always mindful of us. We're never in a situation that escapes His notice. In fact, He's more tuned into what's going on in our lives than we are. If we're willing to surrender to Him, He can untangle even the worst mess we're in. Won't you find a quiet place and talk with Him today?



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