

## September 2008—A Moth in a Glass

*"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.  
My help cometh from the LORD, which made heaven and earth" (Ps. 121:1-2)*

In early May, I was blessed and thrilled to be in Montana for revival meetings in the Bitterroot Valley. I took a few extra days and crossed over the mountains to spend time at our log cabin at Triple Creek. We are building it with our own timber and are now four years into what we estimate will be a ten year construction project.

While most of the snow was gone, I had to bust through (that's the official mountaineering term) 18" drifts with the 4x4 pickup. Inside I lit the kindling and got the fire roaring to warm the place up. Alone, by fire light, I sat in our cabin and once again reveled in the abundant provision of our Lord and the valuable opportunity for study, prayer, reflection and planning.

It was quiet—delightfully quiet, and I treasured it! While I love to be with people, I also take special pleasure in opportunities to be all alone. As the cabin warmed up and I started my studies by the light of a vintage oil lamp, I heard a faint, yet constant rustling from somewhere in the cabin. As the soft noise continued I investigated and found a moth caught in the globe of an oil lamp that had been set aside; I'd been hearing the frantic fluttering of his wings as he tried to escape his predicament.

As I continued my work on a sermon, I moved this *jail lamp* to my table so I could observe the little critter. He worked so hard! Round and round, back and forth: rarely stopping to rest—then only for an instant—and then back to frenzied bursts of exertion in his attempt to escape.

His solution would have been simple: all he needed to do to break out of this life threatening dilemma was look up; the top of the globe was open! But in his no nonsense busyness, he didn't have time to look up! He would have worked himself to death had I not finally taken pity and set him free.

That started me musing. One of the many blessings of my service as president of Continental Baptist Missions is that I know *the task* is beyond me. Whether it's the challenges of interpersonal relationships, administrative tasks, the needs of Church Planting in America, our budget or even the economy: *I have to look up!*

As my thoughts at the cabin continued I thanked the Lord that in every ministry, I've always had a sense of my inadequacy. That's a good thing because *any* significant ministry of God is over my head! Left to myself, I would use *my* strengths, *my* resources and *my* dedication to *get the job done* and I would . . . I would . . . I would go in circles like a moth in a globe! I'd try to accomplish the tasks at hand with frenzied bursts of

physical and spiritual exertion. There would be no time to look up to the Savior, and ultimately, I'd accomplish nothing more than to have traveled back and forth and round and round in frantic useless labors.

*Bill*