

The Guard Rail
Sunday June 21, 2009

As I was arriving at church for Sunday school, I stopped to pick up some paper at the end of the driveway. The church is located near the lake, so the church driveway doubles as a parking space for fishers.

Picking up paper was not an unusual thing for me. Where we live it is almost customary to pick up paper thrown out on a daily basis or use to be anyway. To keep from being furious about it I turned it into a ministry and was thankful that I could bend over (now I have one of those grippers, no bending required). With every piece of paper I pick up I pray for every hand that has touched the paper. I make it a point of contact for a soul being drawn into the kingdom and that they would have the same boldness to spread the gospel as they do spreading paper. What I have found is that over the years I'm picking up less paper. In my mind I'm thinking the devil don't want any paper thrown out around our house anymore.

Well, after leaving church, I got to the end of the driveway and what did I see. You hit the nail on the head "Paper", lots of paper. Again, I decided to stop and pick up the paper. As I was picking up the paper, I noticed a dog going in the opposite direction. Immediately you think that there must have been some food thrown out also. Another thought is whether or not this is an aggressive or friendly dog. I made a decision to continue picking up the paper and the dog seemed to be minding his own business.

As I got near to the dog, I noticed that he started heading back in my direction. It was a bull dog. As he got near, I noticed that his friendly tail was in the air just a wagging. I was able to see that he was missing an eye. It was no longer in the socket and he appeared to be very thirsty and had also missed a few meals. He was also in desperate need of grooming. I decided that I was not going to leave him without at least getting him some water and there was a store nearby where I could get some food for him.

I went back to the church to find something that I could put water in. When I got back down to the road I didn't see the dog, but you know what I saw, another piece of paper. I pulled over to get the paper and then the dog started coming near me again. I held the water down near his mouth so he could drink and it somewhat seemed that he was not interested. I kept holding it under his mouth and finally his tongue, which was hanging out of his mouth of obvious thirst, hit the water and he started lapping. Then he lost the water pail again and I repositioned it and he hit it again. I then realized that he was unable to see or having difficulty seeing. He was still sticking his tongue out as if to drink but could not find the water. By this time my heart was really touched and I began to pour a little water on his tongue and he continued to drink.

Then a heard a voice speak to me and say, I've got some people out there and they are blind and can't see, but they are thirsty and need some water to drink (living water). He said, "I've got them behind a guard rail so they won't get hurt until you can get to them." The dog had kept walking into the rail as if to go out into the highway, but the rail prevented him from doing so. Now I understand why

How many of us have wondered aimlessly in the wilderness of life, thirsty but not knowing what we were thirsty for and God protected us until he could get us to taste of Him and see that he is good.

I called 911 and asked if they could send animal control to pick up the dog. The dispatcher said they probably wouldn't get him today but she'd ask a deputy to check him out.

I felt led to share this story and my wife confirmed it. I pray that the Holy Spirit would use it in some way to speak to your heart as he did mine.

Blessings!
Chalton