

“A Lesson from a Little Dog”

By Laurie Pearson DeMint

I've enjoyed going on walks for years, but I am certainly enjoying it more now that we have a puppy, Zoe, who comes with me.

Zoe is almost full grown at about 15 pounds. She's no pushover though and pulls against me whenever she sees anything else with a heartbeat. Sometimes she walks beside me and that is so pleasant. But usually, she pulls the leash where she wants to go, lingers at bushes, darts at squirrels. If I walked wherever she wanted to go, we would ruin beautiful yards and likely get hit by a car. The puppy training book I read says that when Zoe pulls, I should stand still until she looks at me and stops pulling.

We live in a wonderful neighborhood for walks, and we usually pass at least one other dog and owner out walking. Today, we passed an even smaller dog, maybe 9-10 pounds. I'm glad he was on a leash because ooh-wee, he was feisty. He showed all of his teeth and launched towards us, trying to move his 200-pound owner. Zoe wasn't sure which way to pull so she pulled toward, then away, then toward, foolishly flirting with obvious danger.

It's funny to see these little dogs acting so feisty. They truly have no idea how little they are. I smiled and thought “they just don't know how small they are, do they”?

Then it hit me. I'm the same way with God.

I pull at that leash. You put me 5 minutes late for an important appointment and I will show you all my teeth. Traffic? Overworked and overwhelmed? Things not going the way I want or planned? I get feisty, moody, irritable. I'm not good at being content to walk with the Lord. I'm not good at just taking the route He planned, with some easy slack in the leash. Perhaps I tug because I just don't know how small I am. And I really don't know how BIG God is. And perhaps He, in His infinite kindness and patience, is standing still, waiting for me to look at Him and stop pulling.

Does God sometimes smile at my silly fretting, or my irritated rants? And does He wistfully think, “if she just knew how small she was, she would chill out.” Or “if she just knew how capable I am, she would just walk with me and quit pulling.” Knowing my size and wisdom of the best route compared to God's would change my thinking, which would then change my feelings and my behavior.

Father, please remind me of how small I am. Show me how big you are and help me to walk close to you. Thank you for taking me on lots of walks. Thank you, Lord, for giving me constant chances to learn that you are safe and that your route is best. Thank you that you always invite me to come walk with you. It is amazing and wonderful that you don't get frustrated when I pull on your leash of complete and perfect love.

(Thanks to Laurie for this article and for her participation with and support of The Anchorage. Laurie is a girl graciously captured by the love of Jesus at a young age. She is becoming someone who loves to consume and treasure transformative words of truth. She is becoming someone who loves nature because she sees God in every glimpse. She is becoming someone who delights in the constant company of a Savior. While these “becomings” are hopeful, she needs a lot of mercy, grace, and patience. She currently loves her family, loves to imagine traveling all over the world, and loves fountain drinks from clean gas stations.)

Wanting to honor our Table Sponsors here as well for covering exactly the meal expense at our Annual Friend Raiser in February.

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