

Creek Side



by Lisa Pineira

After breakfast at War Eagle Mill, our group of three married couples, a single and me, ambled over to the creek. The children outnumbered the adults. We caught fish in a colander, chased crawdads, and rescued a few floating flip flops. From time to time a little hand would slip into mine, usually in a spot where the current got stronger.

Rocky, who ate dinner at my house the previous night with his parents, grabbed my hand when his flip flops slid on rocks. Matti, who had introduced herself to me before breakfast, held my hand asking if I'd take her to water deep enough to get her swimsuit wet. But at one point, a reddish-haired boy I didn't even know slipped his hand into mine. He showed me two tiny shells he had found. "Wow! Look at those shells," I said. We explored together adding shells to his collection until he could barely hold them all.

Surprised that this boy I didn't know still slipped his hand in mine after picking up each shell, I noticed his fair skin pinken. I asked him where his shirt was. He pointed across the creek to a pile of shirts near my water bottle. Since I was thirsty and he needed his shirt, we started wading across the stream. His hand clasped mine tightly whenever the current got swifter, the rocks got slippery, or the water got deeper.

Still wondering who he was, I remembered that someone had called him a name starting with E. I took a guess at his name and called him Eric. He stopped, looked up at me and squinted. I wondered if he had just realized he didn't know me either. "My name is Ethan," he said. As I told him my name he forged on tugging me along. I was amazed at Ethan's trust in me.

*What a picture of trusting God, I thought. When we meet Him, we slip our hand into His. Daily we walk hand and hand with Him. Sometimes the current of life gets stronger and we grasp His hand tightly. Sometimes the way is slippery so we cling harder. And sometimes, God says something or does something we don't expect. We look up at Him and squint, wondering if He really is Who we thought. We wonder, *can He really be trusted?**

Ethan chose to continue to cling and trust. How about you?

Reflect and Respond

- 1) Have you slipped your hand into God's? Are you clinging and trusting? Or have you pulled your hand away, afraid to trust, deciding to venture on alone? Take a walk with God today, telling Him where you're at in this process.
- 2) Read Psalms 37:23-24 and 73:23-28. The Hebrew word hand in these verses is yad which refers to the open hand of God indicating power, means, direction, etc. Do you tend to view God as near with an open hand? Or do you view God as distant or with a closed fist? Why?
- 3) Tell a friend where you are at trusting God. Pray together for childlike trust that depends on God's strength and power and never let's go of His hand, even when the current quickens.



Lisa Pineira enjoys biking, hiking, and fireside chats on her deck. She is involved in discipleship relationships with adult women as she serves with Campus Crusade for Christ.