

IVEY HARRINGTON BECKMAN

Driving Lessons



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Luke's mom was out of town, so his dad drove him to school for a few days. When Mom was back in the driver's seat and pulled into the school parking lot, Luke asked, "Mom, where were all the idiots this morning? When Dad drove me to school last week, he saw a lot of idiots!"

When I heard this story in church, I laughed — then I winced. Alas, I also have 20/20 idiot vision. Just the other morning, I was driving to work, navigating a dark, twisty back road. In my rearview mirror, I saw a car coming — fast. The driver pulled so close to my bumper that I couldn't see his headlights. Immediately I thought, *Idiot*. When he whipped around me on a blind curve at breakneck speed, I thought, *Super idiot*. I fumed, even as worship music floated through my CD player. Then I heard the words, "Be glorified in my life." I winced again and wondered, *If Jesus had to drive a car, how would He handle a red sports car Velcroed to His bumper?* I'm fairly certain He wouldn't call the guy an idiot. If Jesus were driving with me to work, perhaps the conversation would go like this:

Me: That guy's an idiot.

Jesus: He's driving that way for a reason, Ivey. Why don't you pray for him?

Me: Sure. I'll pray that he gets a ticket.

Jesus: You could do that, but a ticket won't get to the real problem.

Me: And what problem would that be?

Jesus: He's blind.

Me: He's driving a car blind?

Jesus: Sort of. He's driving with a heart blind to the needs of others and to his own real needs. Sure, he needs to slow down to drive safely, but his primary need is to slow down and get to know my Father. When you really get to know My Father, you see your own needs and the needs of others a lot more clearly.

Me: I'll be honest here, Jesus. I've seen a lot of cars with fish-symbol bumper stickers driving like id ... uh, I mean driving inconsiderately, myself included. What does that say about us?

Jesus: It says you're letting your human nature take the wheel. My Father isn't glorified when you do that, and you don't come off looking so hot either. Try this: Each time you start your engine, ask God to take the wheel so your driving is a ministry rather than a menace. When another driver is rude, pray for him. That way, inconsiderate drivers won't drive you crazy; they'll drive you to your knees.

Me: Jesus, this is definitely going to require me to "Pray without ceasing."

Jesus: Yes, I know. Isn't that great?



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is the editor in chief of *HomeLife*. If you have a story in which you were able to let "Jesus take the wheel," Ivey would love to hear from you. Send your story to homelife@lifeway.com.