

THE MY-WAY HIGHWAY



And your ears shall hear a word behind you, saying, "This is the way, walk in it," when you turn to the right or when you turn to the left.

Isaiah 30

There was not a car in sight. No buses, no trucks, no blaring horns. Just people. Thousands of them strolling along the road in the warm spring sunshine. All of them going in the same direction.

Grassy banks sloped down to the road on either side. Families were picnicking on the grass, watching the endless stream of chatting, laughing souls flowing by.

What happened to the police barriers and the demonstrators we used to see along this road? Everything seems so peaceful. Everybody's happy. They're flowing along in serene contentment. No terrorists, no angry mobs.

But where is this river of humanity going?

You fall in step and ask a young woman, "Where are we going?"

"How should I know?" she laughs, and dances along as happy as a clam.

Off in the distance is a mountain range. "Will we have to climb those mountains?" you ask.

"How should I know?" she grumbles and hurries ahead.

Hours pass, and now the mountain looms up like a dark cloud. At the foot of the mountain is a tunnel, swallowing the happy walkers into its gaping mouth.

"Don't go in there!" thunders a voice by the roadside. "That tunnel leads to nowhere!"

The man has a wild look in his eyes as he cries,

"This way! Come this way! Here is the path that leads to safety."

The human stream ignores the wild-eyed stranger as it flows into the tunnel. Young and old. Mothers, fathers and children. Soldiers and sailors, business suits, clerical collars, musicians, artists, politicians. They keep marching blissfully into the tunnel, and are never seen again.

“This way, people! This is your last chance. Over here! Take this path. It’s your only hope!” shouts the wild-eyed prophet.

“He’s a mad man,” says a well-dressed clergyman, shaking his head and rolling his eyes.

“When did they let him out,” laughs a young woman, as she tosses her empty water bottle.

But hold on! A handful of people are peeling away from the crowded road and following a narrow path in the shadow of the mountain cliffs.



You decide to take the old prophet’s advice and join the breakaways. Things are strangely silent as you trudge along the narrow path together.

Was that old man telling the truth? How can we be sure?

After many hours you and your fellow pilgrims cross a stone bridge over a rushing river. Through the trees you can see a magnificent palace. Everyone gathers before its massive door and waits.

The door opens; a woman dressed in white opens her arms toward the group and says, “Come, for all things are now ready.”

She leads the pilgrims into a Banquet Hall with a table piled high with food.



Gathered around the table are people from every nation on earth, joyfully eating and drinking and talking. You are ushered to a chair with a gold plate engraved with your name.

It's called the *My Way Highway*. When I travel this road, I am focused on doing things my way, pursuing my dreams, my fulfillment, my security.

On this road I am told that I have every right to have things go my way. All I have to do is buy the mouthwash that will make me desirable, get those investments that will make me secure, buy the car that will impress the world. It's the road to success and satisfaction.

It's surprising how many Christian folks travel this road. Even though they're into Christian culture, Christian literature, Christian music, Christian TV, they're still on the *My Way Highway*. Yes, and in our churches we hear such comforting messages, such soothing words. "Everything's going to be okay," is the message that soothes our souls.

But here's this guy calling out to us, "Don't go there! Turn around! Come this way!"

He points to a puny little gate and a puny little path that runs below the cliffs with only a few travelers making their way toward a thing he calls the Kingdom of God.

"Enter by the narrow gate; for the gate is wide and the way is easy, that leads to destruction, and those who enter by it are many. For the gate is narrow and the way is hard, that leads to life, and those who find it are few." (Matthew 7)

When Jesus says, "Follow me," he's calling us to something very different from the *My Way Highway*. He's calling us to follow him on the one path that leads to Paradise, that *IS* Paradise all the way to Paradise.

That narrow path which few dare to take is the one path of true freedom. Right here, in the middle of this crazy world, is a path that is flooded with the light of heaven.

This path is the doorway to the Kingdom of God.



It IS God's kingdom.

“The Kingdom of Heaven is like treasure hidden in a field....”

Just as surely as it's impossible to serve God and Mammon at the same time, it's impossible to walk the Kingdom Path and *the My Way Highway* at the same time. Many of us try. We want to walk with God, but we still cling to the *My Way* road. That's why God sooner or later brings us to the tunnel. He brings us to a place where we have to decide.

It could be a few words spoken by a stranger. It could be a crisis in our life, or an unsettling dream that we can't get out of our mind. It could be a revelation that comes crashing into our heart like a falling star. Whatever it is, the Lord is saying, *“This is the way. Walk in it.”*

Today the *My Way Highway* is as busy as ever. Sometimes it's peaceful; sometimes it's a war zone, but it's always crowded.

And the voice of the Shepherd can still be heard above the din, *“This is the way! Walk in it!”*

God alone knows which road each of us is on right now. Some of us are blissfully dancing down the *My Way Highway*, singing “Praise the Lord!” as we go.

But if we're still on the *My Way* road when that tunnel looms up, we will have to choose.

God give us the courage to get off the *My Way Highway* and follow the Master in simple obedience, when he says,



“This is the way, walk in it.”

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Featured Art: 1st piece “The Challenge of Sin” by Kate Austin. Remaining pieces by Elizabeth Wang T-00213-OL, T-13218C-CW, T-01053-OLT-12605-CW at [Radiant art UK](http://RadiantartUK.com)

Prayer- Yes Lord, give us the courage to get off our “my way-highways”, to stop pursuing our “rights” to obtain what brings us fulfillment and security in this world. May our ears hear your voice behind us calling us “this is the way, walk in it”.... “Come this way.” May we find paradise now, as we choose the path you call us to, heavenly light amidst the chaos. Give us the desire and the vision to see the freedom and the beauty of following you wherever you call us. Maranatha Mirror

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